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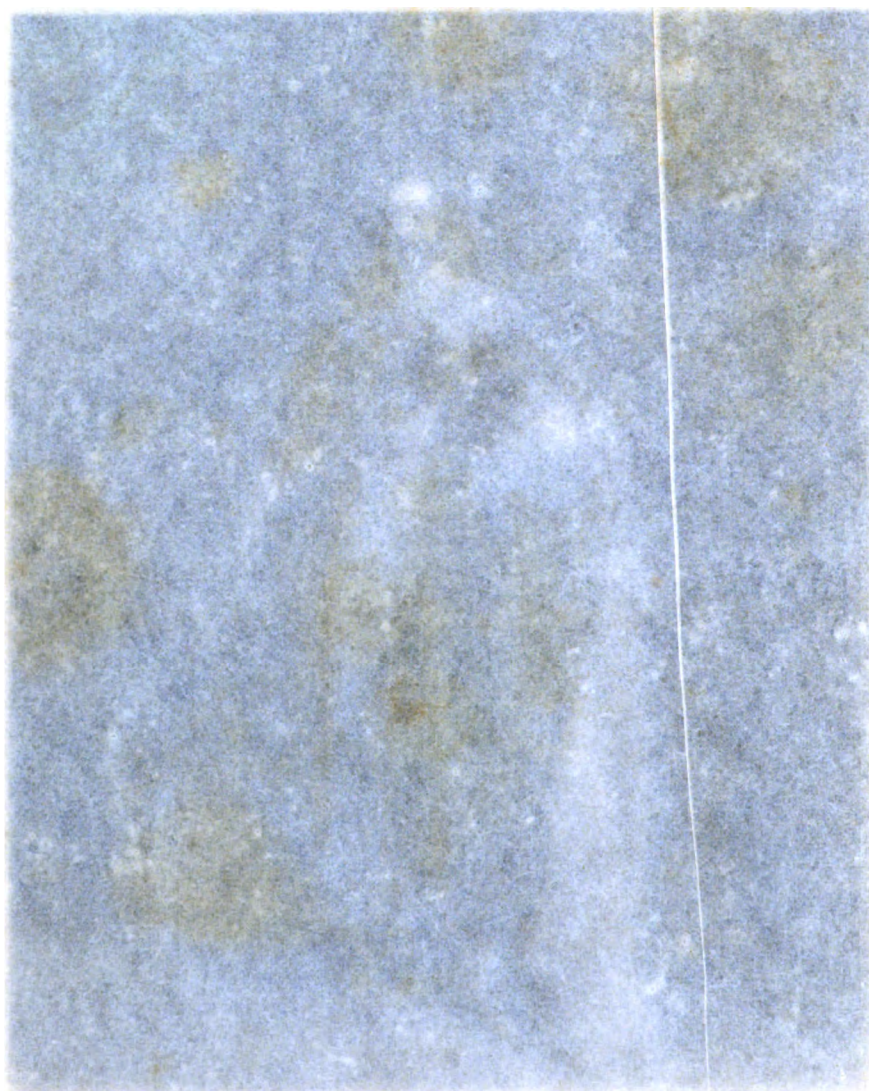
ALFRED HILL, LONDON

CHARLES I.

*Portrait of Charles I.*

THE





THE

# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

~~~~~  
MAY TO AUGUST, 1846.  
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THE  
E C L E C T I C   M A G A Z I N E  
OF  
FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

MAY, 1846.

From the Edinburgh Review.

THE QUESTION OF PRIVILEGE.

[The following eloquent and manly defence of liberty has been imputed to the pen of Lord Chief Justice Denman. Though specially designed to rebuke an encroachment upon popular rights which does not exist here, its noble principles and fervid arguments will find a response in every free heart.—ED.]

1. *Minutes of the Proceedings of the House of Commons, July 5, 1845.*
2. *Minutes of the Proceedings of the House of Commons, Aug. 5, 1845.*
3. *Minutes of the Proceedings of the House of Lords, July 10, 1845.*
4. *Report from the Select Committee (of the House of Lords) appointed to search for Precedents in reference to the Petition of Thomas Baker for protection.*
5. *Minutes of the Proceedings of the House of Lords, 10th and 14th of July, 1845.*
6. *Lord Brougham's Speech on Privilege of Parliament. With his Protest against the decision of the House of Lords. July, 1845.*

THE proceedings of both Houses of Parliament above referred to, show that persons  
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who conceived themselves injured by false evidence, given against them behind their backs, to Committees of either House, brought actions for the purpose of vindicating their character from the slander; and that each House, on being informed, by petition of the party sued, that such action had been brought, sent for the plaintiff and his attorney, and, by direct menaces, compelled them to stay their actions, and so far submit to the imputations which the evidence had brought upon them. This was said to be done in exercise of Privilege of Parliament.

The fact cannot fail to awaken the most serious reflections in all constitutional minds. To interpose the authority of either House between any one of the Queen's subjects and the remedy which the law may give him against another for an invasion of his personal rights, would appear to be a most questionable practice; yet the step was taken by the House of Commons almost as a matter of course; in a thin house, towards the close of a session, with scarcely the form of a debate, and without any division. This vote of the Commons became a precedent for a similar vote, on a similar occasion, in the Lords. The greatest judicial body in the empire was strongly warn-

ed against the proceeding; they did not adopt it till a committee had examined and reported on the precedents connected with the subject. Their report will be noticed hereafter. The cause of alarm is greater from the powerful opposition offered to the vote by Lord Brougham, whose speech is before us. We much regret that the arguments by which he was answered, have not been also published with the authority of those who advanced them.

His Lordship's Protest does not allude to any formidable resistance by argument from the supporters of the vote; and we think that he is likely not to have passed over in silence any strong point in the pleading of his adversaries. We have some reason to think that many of those who had concurred in the resolution, were of opinion, too late, that they had done wrong; not only in proceeding so hastily in a matter so important, but in arriving at the conclusion which was adopted. At all events, we are satisfied that public opinion must be directed by this valuable document to the imminent and extreme danger to which important rights and interests stand exposed.

For the truth can no longer be veiled from sight by mysterious generalities; we are distinctly warned—should we not rather say threatened? Members of Parliament, in both its chambers, high in office and eminent in station, conspicuous for talent, distinguished in those professions which exercise most influence over the community—men differing in all political opinions, and connected with every party—have for the first time united their voices in maintaining this proposition,—that Englishmen are hereafter to enjoy their liberties, their properties, and their reputation, not according to the rules of any known law, but at the mere will and pleasure of a majority in either House of Parliament.

This proposition was certainly deducible as an inevitable corollary from the assertion of Privilege formerly put forth; since he who claims the right of sole judgment on the extent of his own privileges, and to declare them without appeal in each particular juncture, virtually claims authority to silence all tribunals and supersede all law. But this was reasoning and inference. The most apprehensive little expected to hear the principle boldly avowed, and to behold it in active operation.

Let us suppose a possible case under circumstances of daily occurrence. A new law has passed; adverse interests were to

be reconciled, and were protected by its various clauses,—reluctantly submitted to, by reason of the opposing influences. Without mutual sacrifices, the bill must have been thrown out. The battle was obstinately fought, but has been lost; or rather the law is the fruit of negotiation and compromise. The law has settled the question. but what if, afterwards, either of the extinguished interests should be patronized by Privilege? What if either House should resolve that the subject-matter was of its own exclusive cognizance? That the construction of acts relating to it, or of all such clauses, or of all railway acts, belonged solely to its jurisdiction? That if any suitor proceeded to enforce the right given him by the law, he and his counsel and attorneys should be sent to prison? That the judges, who, in the execution of their duty dared to decide on the point, should share their fate?

The advocates of Privilege will condemn the very supposition as monstrous. They admit that such a course would be wrong, and for that reason could not be taken. This is not what they wished or intended, nor any thing at all resembling this. They only wished, modest and considerate as they are, to set up an arbitrary, unlimited, uncontrollable power. Hear what was said by one of these grave judicial organs, whose encouraging and reiterated *dicta* were the food on which these swelling pretensions fed. In the reign of Queen Anne, Mr. Justice Powys, differing from the Chief-Justice, as his other two brethren also did, thus deals with one of the objections to the warrant issued by the House of Commons for the imprisonment of John Paty. 'The second objection is, that if this court cannot judge of the commitments of the House of Commons, and such a commitment is good, they may stop the whole course of law, and take upon them a despotic power. But this is a very foreign supposition, and ought not to be said by any Englishman. The House of Commons are a great branch of the constitution, and are chose by ourselves, and are our trustees; and it cannot be supposed, nor ought to be presumed, that they will exceed their bounds, or do any thing amiss.' And such language has been employed during the late controversy. Do not be so uncharitable as to fancy that we shall abuse an arbitrary power: we want nothing but the use of it.

We do not propose to discuss the question whether arbitrary power can be safely

trusted to a popular assembly, subject to so many influences from within and from without. ~~But~~ we propose briefly to meet the argument by the fact—the argument that no danger of abuse needs be feared, by the fact that it has frequently occurred. For this purpose we shall exhibit a list of cases, in which the English House of Commons,\* acting on a claim of Privilege, sometimes allowed by law and public opinion, and sometimes condemned, has grossly perverted the privilege, as claimed by themselves: a set of precedents to be eschewed: a bead-roll of decisions which no honest or rational men could uphold: a series of facts disgraceful to our country, in which the people's own trustees, chosen by themselves, have assumed a despotic power; and against the presumption above prescribed by the reverend Judge, have exceeded their bounds, have done every thing amiss, have trampled deliberately upon the first principles of justice. We speak of times anterior to August 1841, when the present Parliament was called into existence.

Thorpe's case was in the reign of Edward IV., in which Parliament consulted the judges on the course they ought to take upon the arrest of their own Speaker; but the judges, with many professions of the most profound respect, declared that that great assembly was the best and sole judge of its own privileges. That case may be safely left to the commentaries of Lord Holt, and to the following description of the Parliaments of that time, as given by Lord Brougham, in his *Political Philosophy*.

'The conduct of the Parliament, both Lords and Commons, in the times of which we have been treating, was as bad as possible in all particulars save what related to their own privileges. The nation can never be sufficiently grateful for the steadiness with which they then persisted in establishing their legislative rights, and their title to interfere in the administration of public affairs. But their whole conduct towards individuals and parties, the use they made of their power, was almost

always profligate and unjust in the greatest possible degree. During all Richard II.'s reign, all Henry VI.'s, all Edward IV.'s, and Richard III.'s, up to the accession of Henry VII., they blindly followed the dictates of the faction which had the upper hand—the prince whose success in the field had defeated his competitors, the powerful chief whose authority prevailed at the moment. The history of their proceedings is a succession of contrary decisions on the same question, conflicting laws on the same title, attainders and reversals, consigning one day all the adherents of one party to confiscation and the scaffold, reinstating them the next, and placing their adversaries in the same cruel predicament. Thus, in 1461, on Edward IV.'s victory, they unanimously attainted Henry VI., and all his adherents, including 138 knights, priests, and esquires, as well as princes and peers, and declared all the Lancastrian princes usurpers. A few years after, both Edward IV. and Henry VI. were actually prisoners at one and the same time. The next year, Edward, who had not regained his freedom and his crown for many months, was fain to fly the realm, when all his adherents were attainted without exception. Richard III., notwithstanding the unusual horror excited by his manifold crimes, after a few months wearing the crown, which he had been offered by many of the Lords and some citizens and gentlemen, but by neither house of the legislature, found it quite safe to assemble a Parliament, which at once recognized his incurable title, and attainted all his adversaries. When the Earl of Richmond defeated and killed him at Bosworth, and took the crown offered him by the soldiers on the field of battle, the Parliament immediately reversed all the attainders of the Lancastrians, and declared the princes of that house to have been lawfully seized of the crown. Nay, the Commons settled tonnage and poundage on him for life. They, however, added, as a kind of condition, in which the Lords concurred, and to which he assented, that he should strengthen his confessedly bad title to the crown by marrying Elizabeth, the representative of the York family. At the same time, partly as a means of finance, somewhat inconsistently with their opinion of the York title, they attainted, that is, confiscated, thirty of the York party, on the unreasonable and indeed unintelligible ground of having been in rebellion against Henry when he was only a private gentleman, Earl of Richmond. But it is to be observed that the statute limiting the crown to Henry and the heirs of his body, was made by the assent of the Lords at the request of the Commons.'—(Vol. iii. p. 248.)

From these unsettled times let us pass to the 17th century. Edward Floyd, in 1621, a justice of peace, and a gentleman of good estate in Salop, was impeached, before the Commons, for uttering uncivil speeches towards the Prince and Princess Palatine,

\* This observation is confined to England. In Ireland, it is well known that the House of Commons, in the 18th century, came to a vote that any clergyman claiming agistment title was a traitor and enemy to his country, and to the Protestant interest. They acted on this vote: and clergymen were severely punished for claiming a property as indisputably their own, as the land that may have been vested in a railway company, by an act which received the royal assent last August, belongs to that company; or the patrimonial estates of peers and members of Parliament, to their hereditary owners.



the son-in-law and daughter of King James I. His crime consisted in saying—'I have heard that Prague is taken, and Goodman Palsgrave and Goodwife Palsgrave have taken to their heels and ran away; and, as I have heard, Goodwife Palsgrave is taken prisoner;' and that these words were spoken 'in a most despicable and scornful manner, with a sneering and scoffing countenance, and with a purpose to disgrace, as much as in him lay, these two princes;' and the like at other times. Claiming the privilege of punishing by pillory and fine, on what they called impeachment, that is, an impeachment by themselves as accusers before themselves as judges, the Commons passed a sentence, calculated to efface all memory of those misdeeds of the Star-Chamber and High Commission Court, which soon after brought about the Civil Wars. Their resolution was, that Floyd's body should be scourged, tortured, mutilated, his feelings insulted, and his estate burdened with a fine of £1000.

That the affair, between judgment and execution, was wrested out of the hands of the House of Commons, and subsequently disposed of by the Lords, who maintained with some heat that this sentence was a deep infringement of their privileges, only aggravates the enormity. The Commons humbly deferred to this claim: the sole judges of their own privileges confessed that they had volunteered the exercise of a power which they did not possess. They however entreated their Lordships, that so heinous an offence might not escape condign punishment; and the Upper House, profiting by the example of the Lower,—catching the infection of their Protestant zeal and loyal indignation, pronounced a still severer sentence. Their Lordships, to the pillory and exposure, added a whipping at the cart's-tail. Some scrupulous peers, a small minority, would have excused him the whipping, because Floyd was a gentleman: none appear to have thought this circumstance any objection to nailing his ears to the pillory, or parading him through London and Westminster on horseback, with a placard on his back, and with his face towards the beast's tail. Their Lordships multiplied the fine fivefold, declared him infamous and incompetent to be a witness, and directed him to be imprisoned for the term of his life. He was not, however, in fact, whipped, though in all other particulars the sentence was rigidly enforced.

When, in the course of some great con-

stitutional contest, abhorrence of the judicial misconduct of Jefferies and Scroggs had been coupled with the wish that their very names might be blotted out from the memory of man, Erskine exclaimed,—'No! let them be held in everlasting remembrance! let them be handed down with shame and execration to the end of time!'—So let this hideous story of the sufferings of Edward Floyd be studied as an awful and practical lesson! A lesson to the community, showing every individual to what he may be exposed by the claims of arbitrary power;—a still more affecting lesson to the humane, the just, the enlightened, of the excesses of guilt and infamy into which they may be plunged by asserting such a claim. For here was no unwatched drunken rabble, no sudden impulse of excited savages: we have the recorded deliberation and the public conduct of the knights, citizens, and burgesses; and finally of the brave peers of England, the most cultivated part of a highly civilized nation—the statesmen, the lawyers, the land owners and merchants—the peers and prelates of a country long renowned in arts and arms, the contemporary admirers of Shakspeare and Bacon, the patrons of Milton and Waller;—all the leading men in a wealthy and powerful country, which even then boasted that it had enjoyed for hundreds of years the inestimable blessings of law and liberty.

The reign of Charles I. gives cause for much reflection on the subject of Privilege. The Long Parliament met in 1640, and passed many valuable laws. The abolition of the Star-Chamber, and High Commission Court, and of the right of the Privy Council to try criminal matters, is enumerated by Lord Brougham among the 'great and glorious achievements of this renowned body.\* But he censures all their subsequent proceedings, as 'framed, and possibly intended to alter the form of government.' Nor can any man deny that some of their claims of Privilege were absurd—as the vote that Archbishop Laud's church ceremonies were a breach of the privileges of the House of Commons;—some treasonable—as the votes to levy an army against the King—if the constitution was considered as resting on its lawful basis.†

\* *Pol. Phil.* Vol. iii. p. 276.

† The Long Parliament had become executive as well as legislative, when it performed some of its boldest operations,—such as condemning Paul Best to death for denying the Trinity. He

The defence of the Long Parliament is, that the King's violations of the law had thrown the constitution off its bias, and proved his determination to rule independent of all its checks and controls. If they were justified in *foro conscientie* for their resistance to this overstrained usurpation, under the name of prerogative, by opposing to it the only power they possessed—or rather by setting up a power never used before, and investing it with the venerable and well-known name of Privilege—their proceedings with that object can furnish no argument for the extent of power which the laws and constitution will recognize in peaceful times.

Walpole speaks with rapturous admiration of Quin's answer to the question, 'By what law could they execute the King?'—'By all the law that he had left them.' The law of necessity, which supersedes all other; the law of self-defence, of which, however applied, the unjust aggressor has no right to complain. In the commencement of those troubles, if the Commons could avert arbitrary power by no other means than the pretence of Privilege—if that weapon, *non hoc quæsitum munus in usus*, was the only one they had power to grasp—Pym and Hampden might be bound to wield it, however repugnant to the elemental constitution of a mixed government acting upon known laws; yet the shades of these great men have been preposterously invoked, as giving a sanction to interference with the administration of the laws, in the days of King William IV. and Queen Victoria.

Rulers and subjects may draw lessons of public morality and expediency from these tumultuous periods; but they furnish no precedents that can be applied when the empire of the law is re-established. The establishment of that empire, secured by the independence of the judges, is perhaps the most legitimate object of those struggles, and the prize not too dearly bought by all the horrors that accompanied them. They had hardly ceased during the reign of Charles II., or, if it might be truly said that the storm had subsided,

——'if the terror of the times was past, There still remain'd the scatterings of the blast.

The unsettled opinions of men, and the violent contention of parties, often shook the tranquillity of the state. Could any

was executed by virtue of an ordinance in 1646, not under a vote for breach of privilege.

thing prove it more strongly, than that the House of Commons elected in 1679 proceeded, almost immediately on their meeting, to punish their fellow-subjects who had exercised their undoubted right of petitioning the Crown on the exercise of an important and equally unquestioned prerogative, that of summoning a Parliament? Such petitions were visited as a breach of the privileges of that House of Commons, which had no existence when they were preferred. That 'our trustees, elected by ourselves, of whom no Englishman ought to say that it is possible for them to exercise a despotic power, or do any thing amiss,' should vote a petition to the Crown on public affairs a breach of privilege, appears like an incredible fable. Numerous, however, were the victims who could attest its truth. The sergeant-at-arms seized them by the hundred, and detained them till they paid money for their liberation. The people's representatives lodged their constituents in jail, in the name of Privilege, for daring to express their opinion on the conduct of a former Parliament. The grand-jury of Devon were thus dealt with by the House of Commons in which a Whig majority bore sway.

In 1701, the same drama was acted, but with the characters reversed. The grand-jury of Kent ventured to approach the House of Commons with a strong remonstrance against the Tory government of Queen Anne, for deserting the policy of King William and his Whig ministers. For presenting this petition Mr. Colepeper was imprisoned till the end of the session! What must be said of these proceedings? Were they altogether an abuse? Did the House at those different periods assume a privilege which they did not possess—a privilege inconsistent with their primary duty,—that of redressing the grievances of the people, which can be known by no other means so well as by their petition? Or did they but abuse the privilege of committing for contempt as a punishment for libels?

Of the inquisitorial functions of the House of Commons we hear much, and all Englishmen hear it with pride and satisfaction. These functions have been so exercised as to produce examples of signal benefit to the country: their existence is no mean security against flagrant misgovernment. Information must often have proceeded from polluted sources; but the House were not answerable for its truth, or the respectability of witnesses: they were

bound to receive all that was offered, and to seek for all that could be obtained. They might, indeed, have reasonably paused before they adopted for any purpose whatever the depositions of professed spies and double traitors; and when Dangerfield accused James II., then Duke of York, of compassing the murder of his brother, he seemed to warn them against too readily believing a charge so atrocious. They would have properly stored up the statement, which, however incredible, might have derived confirmation from the developments of time, from other facts, from witnesses less infamous. Here was good ground for vigilance and precaution—a good foundation for further inquiries. This was the use of Privilege.

But the Commons were not satisfied with securing the custody of these secret denunciations. They printed, published, sold them for money, sanctioned by the signature of their Speaker. No doubt, the price was moderate; and a handsome discount allowed the Trade to make large purchases of this foulest of all libels. And in what manner was the revenue thus raised to be employed? The profits of the sale were given to the slanderer!—a premium on secret falsehood, a temptation to other unprincipled men, a prejudice to the fairness of that trial which would have ensued if they had dared to test the truth of the evidence by an open impeachment.

The attorney-general afterwards prosecuted Sir William Williams, the Speaker, who, by order of the House, had published Dangerfield's information. He was convicted, and fined L.10,000, (of which he is said to have paid L.8,000.)—his plea of parliamentary privilege being overruled by the court. The Earl of Peterborough, calumniated in the same document, brought his action for libel against the Speaker, who did not attempt to set up the claim of Privilege in this civil action, but suffered judgment by default, and had to pay considerable damages. And these judgments were not reversed or questioned in any court of error; nor so, as many others were, condemned by the Parliament of King William.

No argument is required to prove that this series of proceedings was an outrageous abuse of one of the most valuable privileges entrusted by the constitution to the House of Commons.

Interference with the course of justice was not reserved for the year 1845. It oc-

curred one hundred and seventy years before, and exhibited some most singular features. The Commons, in an appeal case between Shirley and Fagg, and in two or three other cases then pending, asserted a privilege which they had claimed before, but have not always maintained. They resolved that the Lords had no right to decide appeals from courts of equity, where members of the Lower House were parties. Afterwards, they threw down this too invidious distinction; and declared that the Lords had no such right when any commoner was a party. They followed up their solemn resolution with one of the gravest import and most practical character, menacing the legal agents of parties prosecuting such appeals with their highest displeasure:—'Whoever shall solicit, plead, or prosecute any such appeal against any commoner, shall be proceeded against as a betrayer of the rights and liberties of the people of England.' One of the best speeches ever delivered in the House of Lords, was made by the first Earl of Shaftesbury in support of the judicature of the Lords, and against the interference of the Commons.\* The Lords had formerly taken notice of the imprisonment of the four counsellors, and resolved it to be 'an unexampled usurpation and breach of privilege against the House of Peers.—a transcendent invasion on the right and liberty of the subject, and against *Magna Charta*, the Petition of Right, and many other laws, which have provided that no freeman shall be imprisoned, or otherwise restrained of his liberty, but by due process of law.'

The Commons acted up to their recorded resolution, and sent four counsellors to prison for discharging their professional duty. These gentlemen sued out their *habeas corpus*, but were remanded by an obsequious court of law. They questioned the legality of this remand by a writ of error, which must have come on for decision in the House of Lords. To avoid the embarrassment and scandal of the collision, the Crown was driven to postpone all public business, and prorogue the Parliament, as a lesser evil. The very same series of proceedings was repeated, in the same order, in the following session. Some of our readers will probably first become acquaint-

\* See *Cobbett's Parliamentary History*, Vol. iv. p. 791.

† *Journal*, June 3, 1675.

ed with them from this narrative, and will of course be prepared to hear that a privilege deemed of such immense importance was effectually vindicated—that no such appeal was ever afterwards discussed at the bar of the House of Lords—at least, that the practice was not permitted to prevail without negotiation and conference, and some well-devised precautions of legislative wisdom. Hide, blushing glory, hide the humiliating result! The House of Commons, those exclusive judges of their own privileges, which they hold but for the benefit of the whole people, surrendered this privilege without another blow. They have tacitly acquiesced in this claim of the Lords—nay, more, they have been daily, from that hour to the present, incurring the guilt of betraying the rights and liberties of the people of England. Not a session has passed away in which members have not been parties prosecuting such appeals in their own case, or maintaining as advocates the cause of their clients.

Some will doubt whether it ever can be right to interpose Privilege between the advocate and client: there are some occasions on which it is manifestly indefensible. Suppose the Crown to possess such a power, what would be thought of its being exercised in a criminal prosecution? Conceive the Attorney-General, or the Lord Advocate, putting an individual on his defence against charges involving life or liberty, and then threatening him with summary vengeance if he should presume to obtain the aid of Counsel! Conceive a general notice to all practitioners of the law, that such as dared to appear in behalf of one accused, or to advise him on the means of establishing his innocence, should expiate their audacity in a jail! It would not be a whit more extravagant to utter the same threat against the party himself, who might possibly be much better qualified to defeat the prosecution; and thus accusation and conviction would be identical, and every man would be bound to submit to judgment against himself.

When the Earl of Danby, in 1679, was impeached by the Commons before the Lords for High Crimes and Misdemeanors, he sought to avail himself of the King's pardon for protection against the charge. Doubts were raised as to its legal effect. He wished the point to be argued by his Counsel; and some of the foremost barristers, men destined to fill at later periods the chief seat in our first common-law court,

were engaged for the defence of this distinguished culprit. They saw notices stuck up on the walls of Westminster Hall, that all who ventured to appear in his behalf would incur the displeasure of the House. The Earl (May 10) informed the House of Lords that he had 'expected to meet his counsel assigned by their Lordships for the defence of his plea; but he had received a message from every one of them, that they dare not appear to argue, by reason of a vote of the House of Commons, *whereby the petitioner is destitute of all counsel.*' Some may regret that such men as Holt and Raymond submitted to this injunction. We think it probable that Erskine would have resisted; and can form some idea of the use to which he would have turned this very topic, from his noble defence of Stockdale; when, not condemned by a vote, but prosecuted before a judge and jury, by order of the House of Commons, for a libel on that assembly.

We ought not, however, hastily to suppose that the Earl of Danby's counsel were deterred by fear from the performance of their duty. Possibly they felt a natural repugnance to the possibility of producing an unseemly collision between the two most venerable authorities in the state. The Lords ordered their attendance. The Commons insisted on their absence: the Sergeant-at-arms might have held them in custody for violating the inhibition; the Blackrod for disregarding the summons; or the last-named officer might have been directed to rescue them from the hands of the formidable Topham. Acquiescence would have been impossible on either side, and resistance might have ended in bloodshed.

Possibly these eminent lawyers thought that they best consulted their client's safety by yielding to an order so unjust and ungenerous. The advocate of a client prosecuted by unscrupulous power, may fairly speculate on producing a reaction in his favor, by giving that power its uncontrolled career. The enforced silence of counsel must have inclined any judges all the more to believe that the point raised ought to save the destitute petitioner.

But Privilege was here called into full operation—the privilege of doing injustice, of condemning unheard, of deciding without discussion, of putting learned men to silence, lest their arguments should wrest a victim from the hands of persecution!

We reach the era of the Revolution, one of the most glorious events in the history of

human affairs. Never had such great benefits been purchased at so little cost, or a vast change wrought with so little ground for cavil or complaint. The Parliament did well in asserting its great and undoubted rights, and in reversing the unjust attainders of the preceding reigns. Perhaps the House of Commons would have done well to proceed against some at least of the judicial delinquents by the known constitutional method of impeachment. They preferred the resort to Privilege. They committed to Newgate two ex-judges for no criminal or unlawful act, but for the faithful discharge of their duty. Both had been turned out of the judgment seat by Charles II. because they refused to bend the law to his tyranny; but they had been guilty of pronouncing a judgment in strict accordance with the law, ten years before, against Topham, the Sergeant-at-arms. No corruption or partiality imputed—their decision fully justified by clear legal reasoning—and even so explained by themselves as not to draw into doubt any privilege claimed by the House of Commons—their error, if error they had committed, atoned by expressions of sorrow only too humble: they were iniquitously detained in prison till the session ended. The proceeding is a dark stain on the character of that House of Commons.

The Privilege of the House of Commons to determine the right of their own members to contested seats in that assembly on petition, was perhaps the most undeniable of any. The jurisdiction involved an important trust, a public duty of cogent obligation. What severe penalties might have fallen on the libeller, who had dared to doubt the purity of their decisions! Yet there is strong proof, from competent authority—we might say from internal evidence—that in process of time every exercise of that right had become an abuse. Without the least regard to the legal merits of the case, every member who belonged to the prevailing party in politics was sure of success. As in the time of the civil wars of York and Lancaster, 'they blindly followed the dictates of the faction which had the upper hand.' Particular cases of iniquity and inconsistency might be edifying, but we are contented with the general fact. Mr. George Grenville told Mr. Knox, under-secretary of state—when incapable of serving the public in an official capacity—of his intention 'to endeavor to give some check to the abominable prosti-

tution of the House of Commons in elections, in voting for whoever has the support of the minister, which must end in the ruin of the public liberty.' So gigantic was the evil overthrown by the Grenville Act, that that measure is styled by Mr. Hatsell one of the noblest works for the honor of the House of Commons, and the security of the constitution, that was ever devised by any statesman or minister. The remedy was to take all these questions out of the jurisdiction of Privilege, and refer them to a tribunal erected by statute. Has it been wholly successful? Let those answer who remember the system of nominees appointed by the respective parties, and, though sworn as judges, scarcely ever known to vote against those who proposed them. Let those answer who remember the eagerness displayed on both sides to obtain a *good* Committee,—that is, one consisting exclusively, if possible, of one political party; and how rarely such speculations were deceived. Let those answer who, from time to time, have been laudably engaged in framing new securities for an impartial decision, by a series of new statutory enactments. On one great occasion the Grenville Act itself was repealed by a special vote of the House, which gave back to Privilege what ought to have fallen within the province of Law. They took upon themselves to decide on the merits of Mr. Fox's election for Westminster, and gave one more example of their readiness to abuse their power, in deference to the Prime Minister.

That now abandoned privilege was clung to with fondness. The party in power was unwilling to throw up the advantage derived from their majority. And, not satisfied with securing the seat of their adherent by their vote, they strove to make the same vote protect the returning officer from the legal consequences of a partial judgment, by which the electors in the losing interest were disfranchised. This led to the great case of Ashby and White. A person in a very humble condition—a cobbler,—as he was reproachfully reminded—tendered his vote at the election of members of Parliament for the borough of Aylesbury, and was rejected by the returning officer. The losing candidate petitioned the House of Commons, which declared that his vote was inadmissible. The elector, however, being advised that his vote was notwithstanding perfectly good, brought his action for the rejection of his vote. Lord Chief-Justice

Holt thought the action maintainable, while his three brethren held the contrary opinion—grounded on the notion that this was a question of Privilege which the House of Commons alone had power to decide. And it is certain that the House alone had power to decide who should occupy the seat, and, with a view to that result, whether the plaintiff had the right of voting. But the plaintiff contended that he had suffered wrong by the returning officer's rejection of his vote; and for this wrong the House of Commons never pretended that they could give him redress. An incongruity would indeed have appeared between the decision of the House of Commons and that of the Court of Queen's Bench; but this is no more than the conflict that frequently happens between two courts of law deciding any matter incidentally. It constantly occurred between two decisions of the House itself, when the same point arose in favor of the Minister's friend, and against him.

The majority in the House of Commons, however, passed a resolution to the same effect as the judgment of the majority of the Court; they did not in the first instance threaten the plaintiff with their displeasure, and he brought his writ of error on that judgment. The House of Lords, after consulting all the judges, decided in favor of the Chief-Justice's opinion, and reversed the judgment of the majority of the Court; and another rejected elector, possessing the same right of voting, fortified by this, the highest legal authority, brought his action also against the returning officer for the same grievance.

Now Privilege took the field. The House of Commons sent him and several others to Newgate for this exercise of a clearly legal right. He sued out his *habeas corpus*, but was remanded to prison by the same majority of the Court which had denied that legal right. He sued out a writ of error on this judgment of remand. What, then, was the resource of the chosen trustees of the people, *quos magnum aliquid dubiâ pro libertate decebat*;—those who had been pronounced but a few days before, by judicial authority, incapable of exceeding their bounds, or doing any thing amiss? They actually stooped to present a humble address to the Crown, praying that this writ of error might be withheld, and the subject deprived of the benefit of a legal judgment on his right to personal freedom, secured by so many statutes, which

had made the *habeas corpus*, as was vainly hoped, the all-sufficient bulwark of that inestimable blessing.

All the twelve judges being consulted, were of opinion that the writ of error lay in such a case; and ten of them (two others not differing, but only doubting) were clearly of opinion that it was grantable *ex debito justitiæ*, and could not be withheld;—a doctrine, by the way, without which the *habeas corpus* would be a word without meaning. Thus baffled, the House of Commons, with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause, had recourse to Privilege. They condemned Paty and others, and voted that the four counsel and two attorneys named in their several resolutions, 'in pleading upon the return to the *habeas corpus* on behalf of the prisoners committed by this House, are guilty of a breach of the privileges of this House,' and should be taken into custody. The lawyers produced to the Sergeant-at-arms a protection from the House of Lords,—assigning them to give legal assistance to their clients, and forbidding all Sergeants-at-arms to meddle with them. There is reason to believe that the Commons, with marvellous inconsistency, admitted the validity of this protection. The five suitors appear to have lain in jail till the end of the session; but this was speedily terminated by the Crown, which prorogued Parliament. Let it be stated that all these measures were strenuously resisted by the Whig party in the House of Commons;—the heir-apparent of the house of Cavendish taking a conspicuous part in the debate, ably supported by Cowper and King, future Chancellors, and by the popular name of that lawyer who is handed down to posterity with grotesque respectability, as having 'never changed his principles or wig,' Sir Joseph Jekyll, afterwards Master of the Rolls.

The Lords on this occasion, as they have on many others, asserted the true principles of constitutional freedom. They found it necessary to declare, by a formal resolution, one of those elementary truths which, in ordinary circumstances, are too plain either to be questioned or asserted. 'Neither House of Parliament hath any power, by any vote or declaration, to create to themselves any new privilege that is not warranted by the known ways and custom of Parliament.' Again, 'The deterring electors from prosecuting actions in the ordinary courts of law, and terrifying attorneys, solicitors, counsellors, and sergeants-

*at-law, from soliciting, prosecuting, and pleading in such cases, by voting their so doing to be a breach of privilege of the House of Commons, is a manifest assuming a power to control the law, to hinder the course of justice, and subject the property of Englishmen to the arbitrary votes of the House of Commons.\**

But the original object of a war so violent, which could only be just if necessary, and for which the Commons first took up arms, was not left to be secured by their all-sufficient Privilege. It was afterwards happily settled by Act of Parliament. How settled? Instead of its being written in indelible characters in the great book of the English constitution, that the Commons only can judge on the subjects' vote at elections, and that an elector cannot sue the returning officer for refusing it, the Crown, the Lords, and the Commons, declared the very reverse; and gave the aggrieved elector a defined remedy for that acknowledged injury. In strict conformity with the principles of the common law, so ably maintained by Holt, as they had previously been taught by Hale, and were afterwards avowed by Willes, a Chief-Justice of almost equal reputation, the subject's right was established to do that freely at his own will and pleasure, which the House of Commons declared he could not do without a breach of their Privilege. The great lawyer last named distinctly repudiated all power in the House of Commons to make its voice heard in a court of law on that subject. 'I declare for myself that I will never be bound by any determination of the House of Commons, against bringing an action at common law for a false or double return; and a party may proceed in Westminster Hall, notwithstanding any order of the House.'

Some other abuses must be dealt with *en masse*. The protection of the servants of members of Parliament from arrest, had been recognized as a privilege from an early period; on the principle that their attendance on their masters ought not to be interrupted, while they were devoting their time to the service of the country. Though the reason could hardly be thought applicable during adjournments and prorogations, yet the privilege prevailed through the year, and during the existence of the Parliament. This most liberal allowance was pressed by abuse of the meanest kind

to a boundless latitude. Many members raised an income by selling their protections to bankrupt traders; to needy debtors who could not, or to rich swindlers who would not, satisfy the just demands upon them. The practice appears to have been by no means uncommon, though Col. Wanklyn, when detected, was expelled the House for it in the reign of Charles II.

The mere continuance, however, of the acknowledged privilege deserves the name of an abuse. No man could believe, in the eighteenth century, that the freedom from arrest of a member's servant was necessary, or at all conducive to the member's discharge of his parliamentary duty. Yet the exemption remained. The footman of a learned civilian was released, as a privileged man, by a vote of the House, from an imprisonment which he had incurred as the father of a bastard child.

The privilege of members themselves to be exempt from all legal process, was equally established by the prevailing practice, and was equally unworthy of a civilized country. However indisputable a plaintiff's right, he could not safely attempt to enforce it against a member either by action at law or suit in equity. But, while the House resented all recourse to legal process against its members, the habit of deciding matters in their favor by a process of its own became inveterate. To assert a right of way over a member's land was punishable as a breach of privilege: those who fished in waters wherein a member claimed an exclusive right of fishing, were sent to prison for breach of privilege: to replevy cattle distrained by an honorable member, however unlawfully, was a breach of privilege. An attorney sent a bill of costs to his client, which the latter thought too high. He might have had it taxed by the officer of the court; but, being a member of Parliament, thought the shortest proceeding the best, and procured the incarceration of the unfortunate and unpaid solicitor for a breach of privilege.

There is something remarkable in the inconsistency displayed by different parliaments, and their varying views of their own power;—now enthroning it aloft, now contentedly placing it in the humblest position. Some instances have already been alluded to; but there was one privilege of the highest value, which few would deny to be essential to the functions of Parliament—the exemption from personal arrest. In civil actions, when the law was such that

\* *Lords' Journals*, Jan. 14, 1704.

any one might restrain the liberty of any other by an affidavit, the inconvenience that might probably result to a just creditor from the release of his debtor in a particular instance, could not be weighed against the public mischief of exposing every obnoxious member to arrest. The law has ever regarded this privilege as sacred. In criminal cases, where the trial and conviction of guilty men is a paramount object, but the guilt can, in the first instance, only be suspected and charged, a practical difficulty arises, which, however, law and privilege, through the mediation of common sense, and with the sanction of time, had well overcome. It was perfectly understood that members might be apprehended on a regular charge of *treason, felony, or breach of the peace, AND IN NO OTHER CASES.*

During many years of the reign of George the Third, the domestic history of England is almost monopolized by the achievements of a restless and factious jobber, warring against an unpopular court and ministry; and their efforts to overwhelm him. The privilege of both Houses was exerted in this warfare. Having been imprisoned by a warrant of the secretary of state, not for treason, or felony, or a breach of the peace, but on an unproved charge of libel, John Wilkes sued out his *habeas corpus* in the Court of Common Pleas, and was by that Court restored to his liberty; by virtue of his privilege as a member of Parliament. That privilege was allowed by Lord Camden and his brother judges, as a known part of the law of England. But no sooner did the minister find it convenient to remove an obnoxious member, than the obsequious and self-denying, majority in derogation of their own privilege as it had always been understood, came to the resolution—‘That privilege of Parliament does not extend to the case of writing and publishing seditious libels; nor ought to be allowed to obstruct the ordinary course of the law in the speedy and effectual prosecution of so heinous an offence.’\*

This resolution was placed upon the table of the House of Lords, and their lordships concurred in it. The great speech

in the debate was that of Lord Lyttleton.\* ‘Your Lordships will on no account depart from that maxim, which is the cornerstone of all government, that JUSTICE should have its course without stop or impediment. JUS, FAS, LEX, POTENTISSIMÆ SINT. Obstruct this, and you open a door to all violence and confusion, to all iniquity, and to the cruelties of private revenge; to the destruction of private peace, the dissolution of public order; and, in the end, to an unlimited and despotic authority, which we must be forced to submit to as a remedy against such intolerable evils. *The dominion of law is the dominion of liberty. PRIVILEGE AGAINST LAW in matters of high concernment to the public, is OPPRESSION, is TYRANNY, WHEREVER IT EXISTS.*’

These general sentiments, so just and constitutional, and expressed with such fervid eloquence, might have appeared, indeed, a little out of place as applied to a privilege which had been acknowledged to be lawful in a court of justice, and was founded on ancient practice, and on no slight reasoning. But mark the strange operations of this wonderful power of privilege!

Having a clear right of action against the two Secretaries of State, the Earls of Egremont and Halifax, for the illegal seizure of his papers under an illegal general warrant, Wilkes brought his suit against both; as well as against the messengers and inferior officers who had, by their orders, transgressed the law. Against these agents he recovered large damages; but when he was desirous of expediting his suit against the two noble peers, who were the real culprits, he found himself fettered at every step by the privilege of peerage. This privilege interposed a check and impediment to all his movements. While they were listening to the admirable sentiments of Lord Lyttleton, and probably encouraging the orator with enthusiastic cheers, the two Earls determined to forego no means of obstruction which, as peers, they could raise. Privilege was like the seventh charmed bullet in *Der Freischutz*, and gave a fatal wound to that very justice of which all the noble lords were so much enamoured. These delays prevented the trial of either of the actions till one of them was defeated by Wilkes’s outlawry, the other by the noble defendant’s death;—an

\* *Comm. Journal*, 23d Nov. 1763. *Lords’ Journal*, 29th Nov. 1763. The same Journals, at the same period, are full of votes directed against individuals suing members, or their servants, in respect to their private rights.

\* See Vol. XV. of *Cobbett’s Parl. Hist.* p. 1365.



instructive fact properly preserved by Mr. Adolphus, on the same page which had just recorded the patriotic declamation of Lord Lyttleton against offering any impediment to the free action of the law.

The House of Lords condemned another libel from the same pen as a breach of privilege. It was an indecent sarcasm on Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester, who, some years before, had published, with commentaries, the works of Pope. As an editor of that poet, and of one far greater poet, the right reverend prelate had achieved the pre-eminence of being the worst of commentators; but we must not permit ourselves to deviate into the bewitching details of literary anecdote. The complaint fell to the ground in consequence of Wilkes's flight to France.

Wilkes was destined to struggle again and again with Privilege. Being elected for Middlesex, he was expelled as a libeller; a second time, too, elected without any opposition, and expelled. Chosen a third time by a majority of more than a thousand votes, he was removed from the House, which coolly ordered the return to be amended, by striking out his name, and inserting that of his defeated opponent in its place. The freeholders were disfranchised, and their elective right transferred to that majority which Mr. Grenville had always found so willing to do the bidding of the ministers of the Crown,—by the vote of that majority at the dictation of those ministers. In vain did Lord Chatham and the whole body of the Whigs resist this notorious abuse of privilege. The privilege was to expel an unworthy member. The abuse consisted in excluding the expelled member when a second time returned by the constituent body; treating the offence of libel (of which, indeed, he had been convicted only by their vote) as a permanent disqualification. All traces of these unconstitutional proceedings were indignantly expunged from the Journals when the Whig party came into power.

The privilege of debating in secret appears to be something *sui generis*—something superior even to privilege itself. Under the name of a Standing Order, it has been always held to impose on the House the positive obligation of taking one step, and one only. For if any one member chooses to remark, in the Speaker's hearing, the presence of a single stranger during a debate, all the business of the House is instantly suspended till the stranger is

removed:—a state of things wonderfully at variance with the supposed necessity for another supposed privilege—that of publishing any paper whatever, however injurious to others, in order that the representative may be enabled to explain his own parliamentary conduct on all occasions, to his constituents.

The exclusion of strangers (that is, of reporters, for the public has no interest in the attendance of any others) has not been frequent during the last fifty years; the results have sometimes been singular. The motion is generally made, or rather the stranger pointed out by some supporter of the ministers of the day, but so injudiciously and clumsily, that these have more commonly been ashamed and annoyed than relieved. At the outbreak of the war in 1803, Mr. Fox attacked the conduct of the preceding negotiations in one of his ablest and most ingenious speeches, which was circulated in the usual manner through the country and the world. The friends of government felt the immense importance of Mr. Pitt's answer—one of his most powerful efforts, a strikingly eloquent incentive to a warlike policy; but this speech was lost to the country by the exclusion of the reporters. Again, on some complaint respecting the Prince of Wales's conduct towards his wife, an honorable member shut out the public from knowing what passed in the House of Commons by the ordinary and accurate reports of the newspapers, notwithstanding which, a tolerably full account of the debate made its appearance; the part which every member had taken was announced to the public, and though the line of argument might be less faithfully preserved, we may be sure that no unwelcome truth was lost, nor any severe animadversion suppressed. This glaring defiance of so notorious a privilege, whether proceeding from a member or an officer, or some lurking stranger, was prudently passed over; for no less glaring was the demonstration, that in our present state of society, secrecy of debate is impossible. The privilege, though still nominally existing, is practically at an end; by a whimsical reverse, it is now never mentioned in either House except for the purpose of giving additional publicity to the reports of debates in parliament.

The exclusion of strangers in 1810 was in itself extraordinary; and was followed by consequences connected with our leading argument. The people of England as

that period were ashamed and mortified by the disgrace that had fallen upon their arms in the expedition to the Isle of Flushing ; and full of indignation at the monstrous mismanagement to which it was ascribed. A parliamentary inquiry was commenced ; but the debates were kept secret. Strangers were excluded, and some harsh remarks were made in debate on the reporters as a body. A club, accustomed to meet and discuss public measures, propounded a question which reflected on the member who moved this exclusion, Mr. Yorke ; and on him also who indulged in those remarks. The placard containing the question was laid on the table of the House, which resolved to assert its dignity, and summoned the printer.

The charge preferred by Mr. Yorke was not for libel or contempt, but (*credite, posteri!*) for a violation of the Bill of Rights! The process was opened by unfolding that great Constitutional Charter, out of which the clerk solemnly read two extracts ; one from the list of grievances—‘Prosecutions in the *Court of King’s Bench* for matters and causes cognizable only in Parliament,’—one from the list of securities against the repetition of grievances—‘The freedom of speech, and debates or proceedings in Parliament, ought not to be questioned in any *court or place* out of Parliament.’ It was thus assumed that the British Forum in Bedford Street, Covent Garden, was a court or place in which the Bill of Rights had prohibited speeches in Parliament from being questioned, and that such a questioning was one of the reasons for the expulsion of James II. The printer gave up Mr. Gale Jones as the real delinquent, and he was called to answer. He claimed the right of Englishmen to canvass the conduct of their representatives in Parliament, but acknowledged with expressions of regret that the language of the placard was indefensible. He was sent to Newgate, where he was confined till the session ended. More than once in the course of it, Sir Samuel Romilly endeavored to procure his liberation, but without success ; though he was warmly supported by no less an ally of the Minister than Sir William Grant, the illustrious Master of the Rolls.

It was on this occasion that Sir Francis Burdett, after opposing the vote for Jones’s imprisonment, addressed a letter to his constituents, with an argument against the power of the House to commit for libel.

This publication was also voted a libel, and the House had to consider of the writer’s punishment. The Whig party, then in opposition, while most of them were disposed to hold this privilege high, sought to bring the matter to a close by a reprimand to be administered by the Speaker to Sir Francis Burdett ; but the Ministers and the majority insisted on his imprisonment, and the honorable baronet was sent to the Tower.

Having in his argument denied the lawfulness of such imprisonment, he commenced an action at law against the Speaker for signing the warrant under which he was arrested. New debates arose. A proposal to commit to prison the solicitor who had served the Speaker with notice of action, was made ! but overruled. It was resolved that no steps should be taken for staying the action, but that on the contrary the Speaker should appear and plead, stating the proceeding of the House as his defence, the validity of which was thus submitted to the judgment of the Court of King’s Bench. The court unanimously upheld the arrest as legal ; and their judgment was unanimously affirmed, first in the Court of Exchequer Chamber, and afterwards in the House of Lords.

The utmost agitation, however, prevailed in the public mind. It broke out in meetings, resolutions, petitions to Parliament, some so intemperately worded as to secure their own rejection. There was rioting and loss of life, and the utmost estrangement between the Parliament and the public ;—feverish discontent on one side, the jealous irritation of wounded self-importance on the other. Mean time the national business was wholly neglected by the House ; a diversion was effected in favor of the accused Ministers, and the inquiry into the causes of our disasters at Walcheren defeated.

On a dispassionate review of these transactions, after an interval of five-and-thirty years, it is difficult to believe that they attained any one of their objects. Probably no doubt can now be entertained, that the exclusion of the public from these debates was unwarrantable ; that the British Forum was justified in the substance of its censure, though perhaps too strongly worded ; that the Bill of Rights was not invaded, except by those who so ludicrously brought it into the controversy ; that common prudence dictated the passing over Jones’s offence in silence ; that the dignity of the House would have been more conspicuously vindicated by refusing to take up such a quarrel ; that it

would have been much more expedient to dismiss Sir Francis Burdett with a reprimand, than parade him through the streets of London, a triumphant martyr, to the Tower. But 'out of evil cometh good:' some advantage resulted, not the less valuable from being directly opposite in its nature to that which had been expected. The House of Commons refused to stay the action, or commit or threaten the party or his attorney, who appealed to the law. The House of Commons was not afraid to submit the existence as well as the exercise of the privilege then disputed, to the decision of a court of justice. Nor was the court deterred from entertaining those questions, and hearing them largely discussed, though the attorney-general, as counsel for the Speaker, demanded a judgment favorable, on the simple ground that the plaintiff had been imprisoned by authority of the House. The privilege there acted upon was admitted by the court to afford a justification, not because it was claimed as a privilege by the House, or declared by them to be their privilege; but because it was a privilege of the House of Commons well known to, and always recognized by, the law. The remarkable passages in the judgments of Lord Ellenborough and Mr. Justice Bayley, where they adopt the manly principles of their great predecessor Holt, and shake off the fetters by which former judges had permitted both themselves and their fellow-subjects to be enthralled, are alone an immense gain to the cause of constitutional freedom.

The part taken by Sir Samuel Romilly deserves to be admired and studied. His *Diary*\* contains a most interesting picture of what was passing in his mind—a mind no less ingenious and reflecting, than upright and independent. He strongly objected to the penal visitation of both these offenders—expressing his doubts whether their publications, being in fact no obstructions, could justly be punished as libels; but his clear opinion against violently prostrating all the safeguards so carefully provided by the recent law for persons accused of libel, and subjecting them to discretionary punishment at the mere will of their prosecutors.

On the 13th of August, 1835, it occurred to the House of Commons to resolve 'that parliamentary papers and reports, printed for the use of the House, should be rendered accessible to the public by purchase, at the lowest price they can be furnished, and

that a sufficient number of extra copies should be printed for that purpose.' And it seemed good to them, in March, 1836, to resolve 'that such papers should be sold to the public at the price of one halpenny per sheet; that a discount of 12½ per cent be allowed to the Trade, and that Messrs. Hansard should account for the proceeds to the House of Commons.' As most of these papers consist of partial statements, often coming from an interested quarter, but bearing hard upon the character and interest of absent men, and as the appetite for attack is strong and general, it may be lamented, when this novel arrangement was made for their indiscriminate sale, that no precautions were taken for protecting individuals from slander by their publication. An *imprimatur* might here have afforded some security; the revision and selection of papers might have been entrusted to an impartial Committee. Supposing the privilege of circulating libels for money to be clear and indisputable, some means of rendering its exercise harmless would have been just and decent. But the manner in which it was exercised may certainly be cited under the head of abuses. We take as a sample, a petition presented to the House,—pouring forth in coarse language the most malignant and absurd calumnies on the present Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, and on a jury, which, under his direction, had found a verdict against the petitioner. That jury had done no wrong; that learned judge had only performed his ordinary duty in a manner wholly blameless; yet, because the party lost the verdict, he imputed corruption to this jury, naming all the twelve; and the gentlest and purest of judges was held up to execration as a more capricious tyrant than Jefferies—a terror to his milder brethren on the Bench. This libel was circulated far and wide, at the cost of a few halfpence, under the sanction of the House of Commons, and necessarily bought and preserved by all who wished to have their Appendix to Parliamentary Votes perfect.

Certain Commissioners had made a report to his late majesty on the interesting subject of prison discipline; which, in conformity to Act of Parliament, was laid before the House of Commons. Their inquiries brought valuable information to the legislature, which it might also be desirable to publish. But they unfortunately had picked up on their way a trivial matter of detail, which led to a controversy between the Commissioners and the court of Aldermen,

\* Vol. II. of his *Works*, 309–321.

respecting the management of the prison of Newgate. The Commissioners introduced the name of a person, without necessity, in such a manner as the law would deem clearly libellous. If the House had appointed such a Committee as we have alluded to, this irrelevant passage would probably have been left out of the printed copy—at least the person's name would have been struck out. The House, however, apparently without any examination of the contents, directed the whole Report to be printed and sold in pursuance of their resolution; and Mr. Stockdale commenced his first action against Mr. Hansard, the agent appointed by the House for that purpose.

The Chief-Justice of the King's Bench, on the trial, was called upon by the defendant's eminent counsel, Lord Campbell, then Attorney-General, to direct the jury to acquit him, on the ground that the resolutions to print and sell justified this publication. The Chief-Justice thought otherwise, and expressed his opinion in strong language. The law, as he laid it down, might have been questioned, either on a motion in Court for a new trial, or by bill of exceptions; which would have transferred the whole matter directly to a superior court. But no such step was taken. The heavy damages awarded by the jury were paid without dispute.

A Committee was immediately appointed by the House, 'to examine precedents with respect to the circulation and publication of printed papers, and to ascertain the law and practice of Parliament prior to, and since the order for the sale of such papers.' The Committee took a much wider range, deeming it also expedient to consider, in the most general terms, 'the subject of parliamentary privilege, and the jurisdiction of this House to determine the extent of its own privileges.' They affirmed the existence of that privilege, in the first place: they proceeded to resolve, that the liberty of publishing papers is an essential incident to the constitutional functions of Parliament, more especially to the representative branch of it. They added, that 'the institution of any proceeding to bring their privileges into discussion or decision before any other court or tribunal is a high breach of privilege; and renders all parties concerned therein amenable to its just displeasure, and to the punishment consequent thereon.' They conclude with this never-to-be-forgotten admonition to the courts of justice, 'That for any court or tribunal to

assume to decide upon matters of privilege *inconsistent* with the determination of either House of Parliament thereon, is contrary to the law of Parliament, and is a breach and contempt of the privileges of Parliament."

We freely discussed, in this journal, these not too clear, and not even very grammatical resolutions shortly after their appearance, and do not mean to comment upon them now. We proceed with the narrative of events. While the committee were in deliberation, the same plaintiff had commenced a second action against the same defendant for publishing another copy of the same libel. The House, which had adopted the resolutions of the committee, but superadded another while this second action was pending—a resolution that this very act of publishing was in exercise of their privilege—then determined to defend the action for Hansard, and to plead in his name, as their predecessors in 1810 had done; when Sir Francis Burdett brought his action of assault and false imprisonment against the Speaker himself, for his warrant issued in obedience to a vote of the House.

The plea was Privilege. The plaintiff denied its validity as a defence, and the judges were thus compelled, by the act of the House, to decide that point. They heard arguments of great ability, and of very unusual length, and decided unanimously that the defendant was not justified. Each of the four judges delivered his reasons for thinking, first, that a court of justice is not bound by a declaration of either House of Parliament as to the extent of its own privileges; and secondly, that the order of the House did not protect its agent, when sued in an action for libel by a calumniated fellow subject.

Different opinions may be, and have been entertained, as to the correctness of this decision; but if the law can confer a vested right, this plaintiff, having obtained the judgment of a competent court in his favor, had a right to sue out execution upon that judgment, and he accordingly, in the common course, required the Sheriffs to levy his damages and costs. And if ever the law cast a plain duty on its officer, it was that so imposed upon these Sheriffs. They were bound by their oath of office, and must have been compelled by the court, on application, to perform this duty. Yet that very House of Commons which had expressly refused to take measures for stopping the action; which had directed its officer to submit his defence to the judgment

of the court; which declined to bring that judgment before a Court of Error, and did not, even by a vote, declare the judgment illegal—chose to interfere in this last stage, which their own proceeding had rendered inevitable. They strove by menaces to deprive the plaintiff of the fruits of this judgment, and actually incarcerated the Sheriffs for carrying it into effect.

The Sheriffs sued out their *habeas corpus*. And if the House, following the precedent of Paty's case, had returned all these facts as the cause of detention, nearly the same question which was left undetermined in 1704 must have been decided. But they thought it became them to make a general return, that the Sheriffs had been guilty of a contempt and breach of privilege; and the court, in conformity with the authorities, was bound to give credit to this general charge, and remand the Sheriffs to custody; as they must equally have done if a similar return had been made by any competent court, and in strict analogy to what they lately have decided in a case brought before them from the *Cour Royale* of the Island of Jersey.

Upon this general survey of the proceedings of former Houses of Commons in matters of privilege, may we not rest the proof of our proposition,—a proposition in itself not revolting to reason? Is it not clear from experience and the evidence of facts, that the House of Commons, like every popular assembly, and every human institution, is capable of abusing its power? Here is frequent and flagrant abuse, both in the assumption of privileges when they did not exist, and in the mode of exercising them where perhaps they did. It is abuse, too, committed in all ages.

The champions of Privilege do not pretend any other security against its abuse, than public opinion—public opinion which may come limping, *pede claudo*, years after the mischief has been done, can never interpose swiftly enough to prevent it, and can never make amends for it. The respectful remonstrance of public opinion against the falsified return which placed Luttrell in the House, instead of Wilkes, as member for Middlesex, was treated by the House with scorn; and might even have been visited, in conformity with some precedents, with vengeance as a breach of privilege. But these same champions of public liberty, and trustees for the people, have suggested but one way in which public opinion can make itself felt—the rejec-

tion of the offending member, when next he presents himself as a candidate for a seat in Parliament. And if he happened not to have obtained a seat in the Upper House, by creation or succession, and if he had performed those promises of bribery, which possibly procured his former election, and if he coveted the honor of representing one of the newly enfranchised boroughs, or any popular constituency, it is possible that at the end of four, or five, or of six years, the victim of an unjust persecution, or his widow, or his or her executors or administrators, may hope for the satisfaction of seeing the abettor of injustice thrown out of his seat. But all men are slow to suspect the government under which they live; the people of England habitually confide in their own branch of the constitution. Abstract possibilities of danger do not disturb the repose of the great majority. Let us not deceive ourselves; force and its consequence, success, dazzle men; and bold acts of tyranny are not very unpopular. Neither Henry VIII. nor Cromwell have received the just measure of indignation from posterity. Violence may even command praise and sympathy, if its object be sagaciously chosen. Most of 'the people out of doors,' who gave a thought to the sentence on Edward Floyd, probably said that he was rightly served for being a bloody Papist. The imprisonment of the Sheriffs in their year of office, was a good joke for some in the House, and no doubt for many out of it. When allusion was made to the possibility of so dealing with the Judges, it was consistently treated with some merriment. The propensity in vulgar minds to take part with the strong against the weak, when unjustly trampled upon, is a most important fact in the history of human nature. That it exists, all experience proves. The cruel punishments of Prynne and others in the reign of Charles I., excited more scorn against the sufferers who were made ridiculous, than indignation against their hateful oppressors. This is the direction in which the current of satire is too ready to flow. We noticed in our last Number the proud triumph achieved by the true patriot, Daniel De Foe, when, sentenced to the pillory for his virtue, he was greeted by the disabused people with applause, instead of being covered with insult. But we had also to record of a man of letters, a wit, and a divine—no meaner judge of human nature than Jonathan Swift—that he speaks of this same man with contempt, *because* he had been in

the pillory. The lesson is taught by him, *qui nil molitur ineptè*, when his hero, Jack Cade, wins the hearts of his followers by establishing the privilege of uttering bad grammar; and condemns the Lord Sands (after a suitable admonition) to be hanged with his pen and inkhorn about his neck; for the enormity of talking of a noun and a verb, and such heathenish sounds as no Christian ear can endure to hear. And it is this evil principle which gives importance and value to a system of fixed laws, administered by known and responsible officers, in preference to summary jurisdiction, to be exercised at discretion by that 'tyrant majority,' which is so often tempted to throw aside all the restraints which reason and justice would impose.

No single instance occurs to our recollection, of a member losing the favor of his constituents for a corrupt vote on an election petition; or an absurd one on the privilege of staying actions against members of parliament; or a tyrannical one for expelling a member, or imprisoning a supposed delinquent. Even the proceedings against Wilkes, with all his popularity, do not appear to have led to such a result. Public opinion was at the moment, indeed, strongly excited; it was almost goaded to madness and rebellion. But other subjects engrossed attention, and this wrong was no more avenged than it had been prevented, by public opinion. The late votes against Mr. Stockdale and the Sheriffs were never brought up at a contested election; yet disapprobation of the measures was manifested by the verdicts of successive juries, whose English hearts burned within them,—inflamed by the single thought, that Privilege was assuming to overrule the Law; and who awarded large and increasing damages in actions most unreasonably brought, though no personal or party feelings were engaged on either side of the quarrel.

Public opinion, then, though it may find some irregular means of venting its anger against oppressive and unjust proceedings, sometimes at the hazard of general tranquillity, does not, and for obvious reasons never will, administer that legitimate check and control over them, which is appealed to as the only barrier for the protection of the people against abuse of privilege; much less will it give redress to the injured.

The unfortunate difference between the House of Commons and the Court of Queen's Bench was brought to a conclusion by an Act which gave to both Houses

of Parliament the power of publishing any paper, upon their own views of expediency or necessity; and of protecting their publisher from actions for libel by the certificate of their Speaker—informing the court where such action might depend, that the publication was by such authority. This Act originated in the Lower House, and is well known to have owed its success in the House of Lords mainly to Lord Denman; who supported it there against a strong opposition, and extended its provisions (as common justice required) beyond the immediate agents of either House, to all publishers who should circulate true copies, or faithful abstracts, of papers which had been printed by its authority. The advocates of uncontrolled Privilege consistently opposed this Act, which was regarded as a compromise, and were naturally disgusted with so fatal a blow to their claim. For they perceived that a sole jurisdiction of declaring what privileges they pleased, with an all-sufficient power to enforce their declaration, is utterly repugnant to their submitting to ask assistance from the other two branches of the legislature for that purpose.

In passing the Act of Parliament, it was taken for granted that private feelings would be considered in these publications, and that nothing injurious would be sanctioned without an ascertained necessity. This must have been at all times the wish of honorable men, engaged in inquiries connected with great public interests, and unbiassed by personal motives. Publicity, in its general results, is undoubtedly the friend of truth; it is, moreover, unavoidable in matters of general concernment. Even where it brings out the names of private individuals, it affects them much less than they themselves could expect; since due allowance is made for *ex parte* statements, character cannot permanently suffer without a full investigation, and the most careless have been taught to suspend their judgment till all the evidence is laid before them.

The Act protects none but those who *print* by the authority of either House of Parliament, and thus enables a sufferer to proceed against the informer who has falsely accused him. The false accuser is dragged into the light by its operation; and to him it holds out no indemnity. Suppose, then, that a malignant enemy, or an interested competitor, plans the ruin of an innocent man by slander; and finding a parliamentary committee engaged in some in-

quiry connected with his office, his trade, or his profession; and knowing the good opinion of certain respectable members of the committee to be important to his success in the world, to his character and general estimation, he is tempted to come before them with calumnious attacks: certain that these will be whispered about in society, that probably they may find their way into a Blue Book, and be proclaimed to all who take an interest in the subject, at the public expense, and under the most venerable public sanction. A friend who heard the statement, draws to it the attention of the injured man—informing him that his reputation is gone for ever, unless he promptly refutes the slander. Conscious of his innocence, able to demonstrate the falsehood of every allegation against him, furnished also with proof of the malice of his adversary, he commences an action against his false accuser—not against the printer who has been ordered to record his testimony, but against the inventor of a lie that may work his ruin.

Suppose this case, and that the defendant should apply to the House of Commons, and charge the plaintiff with breaking its privileges. The answer most naturally to be expected *a priori* from the House, is scorn and derision. Or, indeed, the member to whom the petition was confided, might with propriety spare the House all trouble; and at once tell his constituent, that to his case no considerations of privilege could possibly attach. 'What!' he might say, 'do you admit that you have been uttering falsehood from malignant motives, wronging your neighbor, deluding the committee by misrepresentation, (itself a high contempt,) and inducing the House to circulate your slander through the country at a halfpenny a sheet? and do you think that the House will screen you from the just reward of your wickedness? The very supposition is a libel on the House. Rather fly from the wrath that awaits you at the hands of those whom you have thus betrayed into the commission of an outrage, which never can be repaired but by the action you complain of.'

If the defendant should protest his perfect innocence, and affirm that he has candidly stated the truth, and innocently afforded valuable information tending to the redress of a public evil, the answer is equally obvious—'This is no matter for petition; the House neither can nor ought to interfere, having no means of judging between

you, no power to do right to the plaintiff if injured by false charges, nor to you, if you have acted honestly, and are attacked for telling the truth. This interference with the complaint preferred against you can do you no good, unless that complaint be well founded; if it is groundless, the action brought enables you to vindicate your veracity and public spirit in the only effectual manner, in open court, by the verdict of a jury given after hearing evidence on both sides.'

Yet we find it recorded in the journals, that a person who complained of such an injury, and brought his action for redress, was threatened with the displeasure of the House of Commons, and the punishment consequent thereon; and both the plaintiff and his attorney were frightened into an abandonment of the action. The public took no alarm, for the general mind was wholly occupied with gainful speculations. Some few thinking men observed the vote with anxiety, and soon more materials for wonder were afforded them. For another humble suppliant bowed himself to the ground,—notifying to the House that he had received an injury of the same nature—that his name had been fraudulently signed to a false petition—that his character was suffering from this unauthorized act, almost amounting to forgery, and could be justified by no other means than bringing an action. Such, however, is his veneration for the great assembly which has given publicity to the libel, that he will not think of invoking the aid of the law without the previous permission of that assembly; and so entire his confidence in its justice, that he is certain that the permission will be granted. We are told that his earnest petition for an object apparently so just and reasonable was rejected with menaces.

The precedent so lately set was likely to be followed in the Upper House, if similar circumstances should appear to make it applicable; to hesitate where the Commons had acted so promptly and decisively, might have implied a want of proper spirit. We must confess that the petitioner, the party sued, was ushered in before their lordships in the most favorable manner. His sponsor was the Duke of Richmond, a nobleman more elevated by his qualities than even by his high rank, whose approbation is praise. He was introduced as a veteran soldier, who, like the Duke himself, had served with reputation under the Great Captain in Spain and at Waterloo; as one whose military ser-

vice had been rewarded by a responsible office in the police force; and who, in that situation, had collected information, which he was compelled, by an order of the House, to lay before the Committee on the laws against gaming. It was added on the same authority, that the information was all true, and that the action was brought against him by one who justly suffered from it, being guilty of all the enormities imputed.

After such a description of the cause and the actors, it might seem wonderful that the case was not at once disposed of by acclamation—by immediately punishing the breach of privilege already committed, and stopping all further proceedings. An instant decision was pressed for; but the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief-justice, and Lord Brougham, obtained a few hours of delay, that the decent ceremony of searching for precedents might be performed before a new precedent was added to them.

The Committee reported those 'most immediately applicable to the matter of the petition.' They did not cite the unrescinded resolutions of the Lords in 1675, and in 1704, cited above; nor that which followed Lord Lyttleton's speech in 1763. But the cases in point to which they directed attention, were in number four. One of them was in 1768. Biggs sued Hope for having, '*in obedience to the orders and immediate commands of the House*, taken him into custody' for riotous behaviour, which obstructed the approaches of the House. 2. Hyde, a magistrate, in 1788 caused Aldern, a constable, to be indicted for *an assault in obeying the orders of the House*, in refusing Hyde admission to Warren Hastings' trial, without a ticket. Defendant had been honourably acquitted, but Hyde was committed for his contempt in preferring such an indictment. 3. Wharton, in 1826, was summoned for writing a letter tending to a challenge to Fonblanque, in consequence of words spoken by the latter in *arguing a question as counsel at the bar of the House*; he apologized and was discharged. 4. The noted umbrella case stood last. It appears to have been thus: Frederick Plass, one of the doorkeepers of the House, complained to their Lordships that John Bell had served him, *when attending his duty in this House*, with two processes from the Westminster Court of Requests; and Bell informed Plass 'that the first process was issued to *recover the value of an umbrella left by Mr. Bell with this Plass on the night*

*of the Friday preceding; that Bell gave him the umbrella, and he put it away in the usual place; that on Friday the 23d Bell served Plass, when on duty in this House, with an order from the Court to pay Bell 17s. 6d. debt, and £2, 10s. costs, for the use of Bell.\**

These cases could not be supposed to furnish an example of staying legal proceedings commenced by one slandered by false evidence before a committee. But they must have been thought to rest on a principle which would justify a vote for so doing; and as their Lordships immediately came to such a vote, we must presume that such a principle was extracted from them. By what process, we own ourselves incapable of discovering. The last case, that of the umbrella, which was the most relied on, is evidently a punishment for serving the process of the Court of Requests on one of the officers of the House, while there attending its service. Most clearly, on perusing it, no other offence is charged.

The production of these documents, and of several others so much less like the case in hand, that the committee did not regard them, gave but a short respite to the plaintiff and his attorney, who were summoned, and released on their assurance that they had intended and were conscious of no offence; but that having been so unhappy as to incur the displeasure of that august assembly, they would discontinue the action. On the motion for requiring this of them, the Speech and Protest of Lord Brougham were made. They will be the text on which all future commentaries on the use and abuse of privilege must be written—the treasury from which all arguments must be drawn. They are too generally read to be here copied or abstracted; but some observations on points of detail may not be wholly superfluous.

Adverting to the noble Duke's description of the transaction, and the parties to it, Lord Brougham remarks, that these might have exhibited the reverse of that description in every respect. Consider

\* A case nearly in point might have been found in the Commons' Journals, in the 3d year of William III. Sir Ralph Megget petitioned against an election for Southwark, and was reported to have said that he was sure of a majority, right or wrong. For this saying he was sent to jail. As he denied having ever used such words, he sued the slanderer for falsely imputing them, and was sent to jail a second time for this breach of privilege.



now for a moment how the question would have stood, if that had been the case. Suppose the petitioner to have been the keeper of a low gaming-house, who before a committee for inquiry into the state of the police, had volunteered his evidence against an inspector, promoted to that station for bravery and good conduct in the victorious army, but exposed to malice for the faithful discharge of his duty; and suppose all his evidence to have been a base fabrication to injure this honest man. All this might have been the fact, but of course no word of it would have transpired in the petition. The truth would be made apparent at the trial; but, according to the practice now established, that can never take place.

In this debate, it appears to have been assumed, even by so candid and calm a judge as the Duke of Wellington, that the mere relation of a witness was enough to entitle the petitioner to the protection of the house against an action. But with all the deference and respect which is due to that great name, we must submit that the truth of the evidence is a much more important matter. The plaintiff undertakes to prove its untruth. We ask, with all humility, what right can there be to act as if you knew it to be true, and at the same time deny all means of discovering whether it be true or false?

The same answer is good to the argument urged by the learned occupant of the Great Seal, and some of his highly revered predecessors. 'We protect from actions at law, the officers of our Court who execute its process.' This may possibly be very proper where you are perfectly sure that your officer has done so, and nothing more; but this is not an officer—he is a witness—the plaintiff says, a false witness. You cannot know which is right without that trial, which one of the parties seeks, and the other is anxious to prevent. If perjury has been committed, the son of Belial is certainly no officer of the Court, or of the House, in committing it. On other grounds, the Protest clearly demonstrates that no analogy exists between this case and the protection of officers, or parties in the Court of Chancery.

But the intervention of the House is also justified on that most suspicious ground, the interest of the plaintiff himself, who must fail (it is said) because no action can be maintained for perjury. If so, the defendant, the petitioner, is safe at all events, however steeped in falsehood. But we

cannot adopt this general proposition of law till it shall be promulgated by judicial authority; which it never can be as long as an action for a malicious prosecution, or for an unlawful arrest, procured by a false oath, is held to be maintainable. Let us also observe, that this ingenious reason is wholly inapplicable to evidence laid before the House of Commons, by which no oath can be administered. A party thus slandered and seeking redress, is exactly in the situation in which James Duke of York would have stood, if he had sued Dangerfield for calumniating him, and not the Speaker, Sir W. Williams, for printing and publishing the calumny.

But suppose that a person should present himself before a committee of the House of Lords, and falsely swear that A is the holder of so many railway shares, or that he has given his assent to some sacrifice of his property; by reason of which false representation, A is made liable by the Act to certain payments, or loses his land without compensation. If A should bring an action against the witness, by whose falsehood his interests are so much affected, the Court would stare at such defence as this—'Very true, I have stated a falsehood respecting you, and you have suffered enormous damage from my false evidence; but that false evidence was given upon oath, and you have, therefore, no remedy against me.'

If, indeed, the witness has spoken nothing but the truth, or even if he has communicated nothing but what he really believes to be true, it is hard that he should be harassed by an action, and put to the expense of defending himself against vexatious litigation. We freely admit that no unfounded action ought to be commenced; but we as strenuously deny that it can be politic to lodge in the hands of either House of Parliament the discretionary power to prevent this evil on *ex parte* applications. The delays and expenses of the law are among the heaviest evils that afflict men in society. Legislators cannot be too active in devising the means of reducing them, and of discouraging all the arts of legal chicanery. The Courts themselves are astute in the application of remedies, and they ask for the means of carrying them still further; but allowing the mischief to exist to a grievous extent, it were a much greater evil to close the Temple of justice indiscriminately—excluding by the same act both well-founded demands and extor-

tionate attempts, by prematurely crushing the only means of ascertaining their true character.

A criminal proceeding for perjury, an information or indictment, is no less harassing than a civil suit, and its consequences may be much severer. Privilege has not yet interposed to prevent it; for which a reason was assigned in a late debate in the Lords, that in criminal proceedings the Crown is a party. To this argument, as to many employed upholding indefinite privilege, a twofold refutation may be directed. 1. It is not virtually true; for all the world knows that the Crown is very rarely the real prosecutor in such cases. Though the process must issue in the name of the Crown, the real prosecutor is he whose character or whose interest has been injured by the false witness, and who deems the necessity of a public exposure a paramount duty, to be performed in spite of all the cost, risk, and anxiety, which belong to such proceedings. But, 2. Is the reason a good one? Is the distinction just? Is it in the genuine spirit of that Privilege, so potent for the destruction of private rights, to be suddenly paralyzed by a conflict with the Crown?

If the object of such prohibitory resolutions be thus questionable, the means of enforcing them will hardly appear more praiseworthy. A party is imprisoned and fined by payment of fees, that others may be deterred from asserting a just claim for redress; in perfect ignorance that he has violated any privilege. His attorney is sent to jail for exercising his profession for the advancement of justice. If he knew that this might be styled a breach of Privilege, he could not know that the House would think proper to take it up as an offence. Counsel have hitherto been spared. The times in which we live have hitherto been relieved from witnessing such scenes as the House, from a sense of dignity, acted in the reign of Queen Anne, when the Sergeant-at-arms was playing at hide-and-seek with eminent Barristers in the Temple cloisters; and had to inform the House that he had well-nigh caught one, who escaped at the hazard of his neck, by the help of his sheets, from a back window up two pair of stairs.

Even these harsh measures may fail to extirpate the heresy, and put down contumacy. Late experience may teach this to the most careless observer; for the disinterested love of martyrdom is implanted in

some breasts by nature, and others have courted it successfully as a profitable speculation. It is perfectly notorious, that a skilful watching of the Table of Terms and Returns may enable the practitioner to commence and conclude his action, so that the damages and costs may be levied and paid before it is possible for Parliament to interfere. On their re-assembling, their first step might probably be to visit with their high displeasure all who had been concerned in the discussion or decision; not only parties, counsel, attorneys, sheriffs—and why not witnesses and jurors also?—but certainly, in the terms of the resolution adopted by the last Parliament but one, the judges of those courts and tribunals which may have decided ‘any matter of privilege inconsistent with the determination of the House.’ But the object of the plaintiff and his attorney would be in the mean time fully attained.

To meet this danger but one expedient can be devised. An address might be presented to the Crown, just before the usual time of prorogation—praying that Parliament might not be prorogued, but that the two Houses might adjourn. The Crown again! What if the Crown refused? What if the Lords dissented?

A remark of a more general nature must here be introduced. In case of any difficulty in the execution of any warrant issued by the House, who must supply the force requisite for that purpose? The Crown.

These inconvenient consequences are hinted at with reluctance, and not without pain; because they might occur where Privilege was not obstructing the law, or squabbling with its officers, but manfully engaged in a noble and legitimate contest, in the discharge of its highest duties, and in defence of the real liberties of the people. But they may supply forcible reasons for acting with caution in a matter of so much delicacy, and against overstraining powers, in their own nature hard to be wielded. And it is indisputably true, that every exercise of privilege which wants the sanction of public opinion, and is condemned by considerate men, must weaken its authority on other occasions, when all such would wish to see it active and triumphant.

We have just touched upon the most striking, perhaps also the most really important, part of this great subject—the relation which it bears to, and the influence which it must have upon, the administration of the

law in our Courts of Justice. And here, in the first place, we would state our strong sense of the unfortunate position which this question has assumed. The disagreement that has arisen is in itself a great calamity. It is a lamentable thing if a Court of Justice has denied the existence of a real Privilege of Parliament: or if the House of Commons has asserted as a right that which the Courts can justly refuse to recognize.

But if the reports obtained through the ordinary breach of privilege may be trusted, strange misconceptions appear to have been engendered in the heat of controversy, and to have taken possession of some superior understandings. The controversy has been regarded by many as a struggle for political power. A foreigner might have imagined that two great rival bodies in the state were contending for the same authority, and aiming to secure thereby a preponderance in the machine of government—as if the House had, in direct terms, insisted on the right of inspecting and reviewing all the judgments of all the Courts; or the Queen's Bench had affected to impeach ministers, or grant supplies, or decide on a disputed right to sit and vote in Parliament. An opinion was growing that the Court was obstinate and presumptuous; and that as the weaker body it ought, by reason of its comparative weakness, to have abstained from disturbing the public tranquillity, by yielding up with a good grace the point in dispute.

A very little reflection must explode this fallacy. The House of Commons, like every other privileged body, may exercise its judgment on the propriety of acting at any particular crisis. Both Houses wilfully connive at a daily invasion of an undoubted privilege committed by every newspaper in publishing their debates. They may also imprison for a libel, or forbear to imprison, as, on a view of all the circumstances, they may think fit. Under the recent Act, if a bookseller were sued for something contained in a Blue Book, the House would have to consider whether they ought to direct the Speaker to send his certificate to a Court of Law. So, if it had been made clear to the House, that the plaintiff Stockdale had really suffered in his character or fortune by a publication culpably negligent; or that the plaintiff Howard had been needlessly annoyed by the Sergeant-at-arms in the execution of his warrant; the House might have declined to interfere in behalf of either defendant.

Cases may well be conceived, in which they would address the Crown to make compensation to the injured man; others, in which there would be no injustice in leaving their officer to abide the consequences of his own misconduct.

But the Court is in no sense a party. The parties in the late proceedings were those whose names appeared on the record as plaintiffs and defendants in the respective actions. The House of Commons elected to become a party, by a process not unlike that of interpleader, taking up the defence of its agent and officer. The Court put forward no claim whatever. Being set in motion by the ordinary means, it attempted to do no more, and it could do no less, than exercise the jurisdiction entrusted to it by the law and the constitution. It could not prevent the plaintiff from suing out his writ of summons, or filing his declaration, or demurring to the defendant's plea, or demanding judgment. The Court can never be a party. Individual judges might be made parties against their will, if they incurred the high displeasure denounced, by being involved in the penal consequences flowing from it; as we commonly style the convict a party to that process which may terminate in his imprisonment, exile, or death.

In the case where judgment was suffered for want of a plea, the Court was merely passive—an instrument in the plaintiff's hands for obtaining the damages awarded by a jury, as ignorant of what was passing in its name as the steam is of the progress of the train. So when the defendant pleaded the privilege of the House of Commons as his justification, and the plaintiff by his demurrer questioned its sufficiency, the duty imposed on the Court was different, but was in the same degree clear, restricted, and inevitable. Their duty was to hear what could be urged by Counsel on both sides, and determine according to law—that is, to the law as it existed in their own opinion, and not another's. Each party had a right to require them to form this judgment, and to declare it. Some distrust of their own first impressions may have been inspired by the opposite views proclaimed in an assembly so enlightened; but they could no more deprive the plaintiff of that benefit—which, after full consideration they were convinced the law conferred upon him—than the Prophet of the Lord could utter any other words than those which his great Master commanded.

A distinguished member of the the legal profession from our own part of the island, is reported to have expressed, in the House of Commons, an opinion, that a Scottish court, if placed in the position of the Queen's Bench, *would have given way*. We hope that he did not profess that sentiment, and believe that it is unfounded. It would exhibit a distinction between the Courts sitting in London and Edinburgh not very honorable to the latter. At least we are certain that so learned and honorable a person, if, when holding a judicial seat, he shall be tried in so severe an emergency, will find that he *cannot* act upon his own doctrine. Should he in the seat of justice be threatened with the displeasure of the Crown or of the Parliament, in the event of his coming to a particular decision, he will answer, 'It is not necessary for me to please either Crown or Parliament, but it is necessary for me to do my duty. I can listen to no expression of *voluntas pro ratione*. It is for the purpose of controlling that will of another, that my reason is called upon to decide.' The important principle requires to be frequently asserted—more especially in these days of compromise—that judicial duties are not vicarious, and cannot be delegated. Parties may waive their rights, rather than suffer an inconvenience at their own mere option; with Counsel and Attorneys the question of casuistry may strike different minds in different points of view; but the Judge cannot run away from his duty, or leave it to other hands.

A perusal of this now voluminous controversy, shows that the Judges thought it had reached a point in which only one decision was possible; as soon as the doctrine by which alone the defendant could succeed, appeared to be at open variance with first principles. When they found his justification to rest not on the long enjoyment, the expediency or necessity of the privilege, but on the fact that the House declared it to be a privilege, they thought their own task ended; and anticipated the concurrence of all who knew that we live under a system of laws, and are subjects of a mixed government. 'For here,' (as more than one of them distinctly intimates,) 'we find a direct claim of arbitrary power for one branch of the legislature, which implies the entire subversion of all law.' 'This looked like a *reductio ad absurdum*—a bar to all further argument; the proposition was stranded, nor could law or common sense float it over such a shoal.

Among the *dicta* of Judges, cited on the argument, was one in the time of the usurpation, when the Upper Bench refused to discharge Captain Streater on his *habeas corpus*; simply because he had been committed by order of the Parliament. 'Some one must be master,' said the Chief-Justice. And no doubt, in every state an ultimate arbitrary power without appeal must, under all governments, somewhere exist. The question is, where? The answer of all dispassionate inquirers can be but one—in the three Parliamentary Estates of the realm—in Queen, Lords and Commons. It is grasped by one in the name of Privilege, as it had formerly been by another in that of prerogative. The constitution has lodged the sacred deposit of sovereign authority in a chest locked by three different keys, confided to the custody of three different trustees. One of them is now at length, after ages of struggle, effectually prevented from acting alone; but another of the two is said to enjoy the privilege of striking off the other two locks, when, for any purpose of its own, it wishes to lay hands on the treasure.

The *argumentum ad hominem* was clothed in various disguises. 'You yourselves, ye judges of Westminster Hall, enjoy the arbitrary power that you would condemn. Your decrees are final, the execution of them is without appeal; and, furthermore, they are frequently wrong, for they are reversed on error.' An arbitrary power in the judges! bound as they are by statutes and rules, by authorities, precedents, and forms; their judgments reversible by two successive courts of error; their members subject to impeachment for malversation and oppression; and to removal for ignorance or incompetency, for partiality or intemperance, or indiscretion, or any ill quality that can impair the usefulness or efficiency of a magistrate!

But then, it is said, the course of study which lawyers must pursue, disqualifies them from comprehending these high matters. Their habits cripple the mind and weaken the perception. Privilege is understood by few; its mysteries can only be fathomed by a reach of thought, not to be expected from professional men. 'It is too wonderful and excellent for you—you cannot attain unto it.' The faculty is confined to the members of either House, and need not be sought for, as it cannot be found, beyond their walls.

We have heard such remarks gravely

made, with the sincerest respect towards themselves, and to the disparagement of others, by some such men as would have supplied Shakspeare with additional *dicta* to enrich the illustration of his dignified favorites, Dogberry and Shallow. The solemn and empty formality of some, who lamented the narrow-mindedness of the judicial body, has given their sentiments the appearance of too bold an irony. But, to treat this topic practically, it must be admitted that in fact the subject of these debates is, for the most part, avoided by the statesmen, the merchants, the landed proprietors, and left to the lawyers; to that very class whose disqualification, from professional habits, is thus assumed. We think it rightly left to them, as most conversant with the discussion of such principles;—all the more if they have also enjoyed a seat in the House of Commons. But in that case we might respectfully ask, why such persons, after they had passed the best twenty years of life there, are to be suddenly denuded of all that could be learned there, on being promoted to the Bench; and why a younger lawyer, by any means which can obtain him a seat in Parliament, before his studies have terminated, or his practice begun, becomes suddenly endowed with the gift of penetrating these mysteries?

'There is no mystery in it. We have no College of Augurs in St. Stephen's—no freemasonry envelopes the archives. When Privilege comes under examination, we all have equal access to the same sources. We resort to the same books, which open of themselves at the same well-known passages. If, in ancient times, some of the Judges have addressed the legislative bodies in tones of self-abasement on the one hand, and of reverence, approaching adoration, on the other, to avoid the embarrassment, and perhaps the danger, of interfering when Privilege was named, others, in the very earliest times, have fearlessly proceeded to examine and decide upon it. This is abundantly exemplified in Mr. Justice Holroyd's learned discussion of the case of *Burdett v. Abbott*—one of the ablest, clearest, and fullest arguments ever addressed, even by that great lawyer, to a Court.

If some Judges have been disposed to compliment away the liberties of Englishmen to either House of Parliament, it is no more than others did in evil times, to conciliate the favor, or avert the high displeasure of the Crown. If some have refused to suspect the possibility of a majority of

the Commons staying an action from improper motives; others have refused to liberate members of Parliament, who sued out their *habeas corpus* when imprisoned by the King for words uttered there in debate. Never let it be forgotten, that by the opinion of a majority of the Judges, when holding office at the will of the Crown, the King could impose a tax of his own single authority, and rule the land without any Parliament.

Lord Holt's conduct was as different from theirs as honesty from servility, or light from darkness. When John Paty was brought before him, imprisoned by the House of Commons for the crime of bringing a lawful action, he thus expressed himself—'I will suppose that the bringing of such actions was declared by the House of Commons to be a breach of their privilege, but that declaration will not make that a breach of privilege which was not so before. But if they have any such privilege, they ought to show precedents of it. The privileges of the House of Commons are well known, and are founded upon the law of the land, and are nothing but the law.' In another part of his admirable judgment, 'I shall,' he says, 'presume to maintain that here is no privilege broken, for I take it for granted that privilege is stated and settled by the law of England, and is not an uncertain and undefinable thing.'\*

These sentiments are not the emanations of a feeble or narrow mind. Such epithets might perhaps be more justly applied to those who forget that the laws were entrusted to their administration for the protection of the people against all arbitrary power, by whomsoever assumed or threatened. Such epithets might with more propriety, though perhaps not without irreverence, or even danger, be transferred to those who have employed language so unworthy of their stations; or to some who have thought to build so wide a superstructure as arbitrary power on so minute a basis, and who, in a dream of self-complacency, have fancied

\* He illustrates this by well-known examples. Privilege does not extend to treason, felony, or breach of the peace, nor did (till the decision of the House of Commons against that of the Court of Common Pleas) to libel; from the time of Wilkes's arrest till the Rockingham administration was appointed. The privilege of the House of Lords to fine for contempt, is not shared by the Commons. The former may imprison for an indefinite time, the latter only during a session. The former can examine upon oath, not so the latter.

that their own powers could be enlarged beyond all control, and the essential boundaries of the constitution removed by expressions like these, however frequently repeated.

It is not unworthy of notice, that the great case of *Stockdale v. Hansard*, which principally brought the present subject under general discussion, presented perhaps as many obstacles to the reception of our general views, as any that could have been imagined. It was an action for libel, and excited that sensitive jealousy in the public mind, which keeps guard over the freedom of the press. Moreover, the doctrine there maintained, appeared likely to prevent the circulation of important knowledge. Thus the literary public, happily now almost the entire public, took an alarm which would be merely absurd with reference to false witness before a committee. That the decision of the court was correct in law on the minor point, whether the privilege of publishing afforded protection to the agent of the House of Commons for a libel upon a private man, has hence been doubted by some—who overlooked an obvious distinction between the freer circulation of every kind of knowledge, which has become habitual and almost unavoidable in modern times—and the claim of a privilege to communicate documents to the public, in exercise of the real functions of Parliament.

This distinction was most clearly laid down by Lord Hale and the whole Court of King's Bench, in the case of *Lake v. King*, reported in the first volume of *Saunders's Reports*, and applied by Lord Erskine, in his usual voluminous style of reasoning, to the case of *R. v. Stockdale*, before adverted to. 'Before they sent their Attorney-General to prosecute in this place the publication of answers to their charges, they should have recollected that their want of circumspection in the maintenance of their own privileges, and in the protection of persons accused before them, had given to the public the charges themselves, which ought to have been confined to their journals. The course and practice of Parliament might warrant the printing of them for the use of their own members, but here the publication should have stopped, and all further progress have been resisted by authority.'

We do not, however, propose to argue the doctrine there laid down, after the fullest consideration. It is established and must be received as good law, since it was,

though unpalatable to the most powerful assembly in the kingdom, perhaps in the world, acquiesced in and unchallenged; neither impugned in the Exchequer Chamber, where ten additional judges might have been called in to reconsider what was done by four in the King's Bench; nor submitted to judicial scrutiny in the high tribunal which unites the advantage of consulting all the judges of the land, with that of a forensic discussion by the first and ablest advocates, after all the materials have been frequently examined, and full time has been employed in maturing its deliberations. That high tribunal being also a House of Parliament, interested in maintaining all just privileges, and bound in duty to preserve them.

Strange to say, this very advantage was by some treated as an argument against bringing a writ of error. 'What! can it be endured that the privileges of the Commons of England should be placed under the control of the Lords?' The answer is clear—that consequence *must* attach on any proceeding at law, in which a claim of privilege can fall to be considered in a court of justice. Unless the words of the resolution forbidding Privilege to be brought under discussion or decision are to be so literally construed, that the Speaker was wrong, when sued by Sir Francis Burdett, in defending himself by the plea of privilege; and unless Mr. Hansard was guilty of a contempt in resorting to the privilege of publishing for his justification in *Stockdale's* action; and unless the Sergeant-at-Arms was wrong in pleading the Speaker's warrant to Howard's late action of trespass, (which would be difficult to assert, seeing that the House of Commons directed this course to be taken in each of these actions, and in the last has actually sued out its writ of error,) the court must give *some* judgment on the record before them; and either party must have the right to submit that judgment, whatever it may be, to revision in a superior court. Thus, if the Queen's Bench had decided against the plaintiff, *he*, like Sir Francis Burdett, might have endeavored to obtain a different decision from the House of Lords. On that occasion Privilege was allowed as a legal defence; but many of the most enlightened friends to the constitution were much more disposed to lament, with Sir Samuel Romilly, the summary proceeding out of which the action grew, than to wish for its extension or repetition. Say what we will respecting the obstructions

that libels may produce, the union of so many offices in one body, acting as lawgiver, prosecutor, judge, jury, and executioner, under circumstances, too, where the worse the libel the greater heat must be excited—has something scandalous in its aspect. If it is not inconsistent with justice—the first requisite of penal visitation in a civilized country—it can hardly command that freedom from suspicion, and consequent public satisfaction, which is the second, but almost equally important object. And when each one of the inferior Courts, trusting to their character for its own vindication, had for near a hundred years discontinued the proceeding by contempt for libel, which the Commons' Committee urged as their precedent—it seemed unfortunate that the popular branch of the constitution resorted to physical force, guided by no other impulse than its own sense of the injury.

All, however, will admit, that between summary punishment for acts really offensive and contemptuous towards the House—and the stay of actions between two of her Majesty's subjects, brought for determining their private rights—no comparison can be drawn. If the officer or agent of the House is always to be thus protected for what he does in that capacity, we would humbly ask, whether a stationer dealing with Mr. Hansard in the articles of his trade, on the one hand, and the Blue Books on the other, must be restrained from bringing an action on the balance, or filing a bill for an account? The attorney or the counsel, who felt a prudent regard either for the client or for himself, taking warning from the recent votes, would assuredly advise him to sit down with his loss. And if plaintiffs may be restrained from commencing actions, it must be equally proper to restrain the parties sued from resisting them. The arm that annihilates the right to sue, cannot be so shortened as to leave the same person free to defend, when the same point is in issue.

We have already glanced at one subject which cannot be too seriously considered. It has not escaped Lord Brougham, but occupies a prominent place in his Protest. We mean the fact, that, in modern times, the Minister and the majority of the lower house of Parliament are of necessity closely allied—we ought perhaps to say—completely identified. *Eadem vocabula*. But Privilege, while it retains its name, has wholly changed its position and office. No longer the bold antagonist of Prerogative,

and the intrepid guardian of popular rights against the usurpation of the Crown, we may be sure that its aid will be invoked, if arbitrary designs should be entertained. We affect no apprehension on this score at the present moment; but we cannot forget that, in all the strong operations of Privilege during the last hundred and fifty years, it has worked the will of the Ministry for the time being; thus engrafting on powers carefully restricted by law an unlimited power, in the name of Privilege, to accomplish any object of the Crown.

If the House of Commons had declared General Warrants lawful—still more, if they had addressed the Crown to issue them for the effectual suppression of John Wilkes and his libels—he might possibly have been punished for questioning their legality afterwards in the Courts of Justice. The same thing might happen whenever popular feeling should be strongly excited. For example, if a foreigner or a subject were now minded to question the legality of opening letters at the Post office, by Government authority, some means for crushing the inquiry, by the intervention of Privilege, might be dexterously employed. In like manner, if some antique remnant of feudal sovereignty should be set up by the crown, either in its own right, or as appertaining to the Duchies of Lancaster or Cornwall, the subject who should, either by action or by plea, assert an opposite right, might find Sir W. Gossett an unexpected visitor at the consultation, and himself, his counsel and attorney, suddenly lodged in Newgate; while the Crown would thus travel to a favorable termination of a legal point by a short road, more royal than royalty itself.

One view of the subject, and a most important one, is taken by Lord Brougham, which received no answer from the Privilege party. How, he demanded, can you effectually protect your witness from an action? You may commit the plaintiff, and his attorney or his counsel, but that does not put an end to the action. You may order the defendant not to plead, but the action goes on; the plaintiff obtains unhesitatingly judgment for want of a plea, and a writ of inquiry ensues, damages are assessed, and execution is levied. Nay, even if the Judges are imprisoned, still the action survives. Nothing can more plainly show how completely these boasted privileges are at the mercy of any who may choose to brave the Houses. Now, Lord Campbell is too good a lawyer not to feel the inconvenience of this dilem-

ma in which the Houses are placed; and, accordingly, he brought in a bill for what he called remedying the evil, and supplying this glaring defect in the code of Privilege. But other champions of Privilege hold this proceeding of his Lordship in perfect abhorrence, and regard it as at once and for ever abandoning the whole of their claims and principles. So we shall hear no more of Lord Campbell's bill, and the argument which it was designed to meet must remain unanswered, as it is unanswerable.

Party politics are wholly foreign to this discussion. Both parties have sinned—both have suffered; yet the Whigs of former times could boast that Privilege was asserted by them in furtherance of popular rights—defying and resisting an unconstitutional system attempted by the Crown. Their denunciation and persecution of the Abhorers, of James Duke of York, of the Earl of Danby, had this redeeming quality. If they could not always maintain the precise issues which they raised, their cause was the cause of liberty and justice. Since the Revolution, when their efforts were crowned by securing the dominion of the laws, and the independence of the judges, they opposed, with all their might, the imprisonment of Colepeper and of Paty; and the monstrous career of iniquity recorded under the title of *Ashby v. White*. With all the powers of argument, eloquence, and sarcasm, they exposed the proceedings by which Wilkes was hunted down. The only exception to this praise, is the ungenerous vote which consigned the two Judges to Newgate for having faithfully discharged their duty.

Considering the part which this Journal has taken during so many years in the discussion of public affairs, we have not felt ourselves justified in being silent when we have seen a great change introduced, which we believe to be most unfavorable to our free institutions, and to the general interests of liberty. Nor could we hesitate as to the part which we ought to take. Much might be added to what we have now advanced—many of our materials might be placed in different lights. But we were not idle when the first ground for alarm was given; nor can we slumber now, when it has threatened a new and more practical danger.

Sincerely believing that the moderation and good sense which now regulate public affairs have been diverted by particular circumstances from giving due weight to these important considerations, we trust that they

will not be lost on our leading public men. Our earnest and sincere remonstrance would not have been thus urged, had we not been actuated by this conviction. If we had been required to state the worst consequences which the unlimited claim of Privilege could produce, we should have been disposed to say,—‘It may even interpose to obstruct the free course of justice, and the due execution of the laws.’ This consequence has ensued, but in a moment of haste and inflammation. Without any stretch of imagination, it may be multiplied indefinitely, and be found in a short time actively interfering with all the interests of every class. We do not, however, rest our argument on any examples—we rest on the general principle. M. Guizot does not warn against slavery by a specification of the calamities and crimes which it may engender; but denounces it in the general as *ce mal des maux, cette iniquité des iniquités*. So say we of Arbitrary Power, in all its forms, and under all its disguises.

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#### CHARACTER AND WORKS OF MELANCHTHON.

- (1.) *Veruch einer Charakteristik Melanchthon's als Theologen, und einer Entwicklung seines Lehrbegriffs, von FRIEDRICH GALLE.* (On the Characteristics of Melanchthon as a Theologian, and the development of his Doctrinal System: an Essay, by FRIEDRICH GALLE.) Halle, 1840. Zweite wohlfeilere Ausgabe, (Second, cheaper edition,) 1845.
- (2.) *Philipp Melanchthon, sein Leben und Wirken aus den Quellen dargestellt, von KARL MATTHES.* (The Life and Labors of Philip Melanchthon, represented from the original documents, by KARL MATTHES.) Altenburg, 1841.

THE first mentioned of these works is one to which the theological faculty of Halle adjudged the first place among several essays, written, on their invitation, in 1837, respecting the changes which took place in Melanchthon's doctrinal opinions. The second is, we presume, a purely spontaneous production. Both of them unquestionably owe their existence to a growing con-




viction that the character and merits of Melanchthon, though clearly such as Germany is, of all nations perhaps, best able to appreciate, had not of late years received that consideration from his countrymen to which they were intrinsically, on so many grounds, entitled.

It is indeed true, that from the year 1574, when the Wittenberg divines issued their "*Exegesis perpetua controversiæ de cœna domini*," until nearly the close of the eighteenth century, the extraordinary services and merits of Melanchthon were obscured by a dark cloud of prejudice and calumny throughout the Lutheran States. The spirit of reproach and opposition which had so much embittered his later years, was by that publication roused to the highest pitch. His friends and followers, who before had enjoyed the particular favor of the Electoral court of Saxony, were now deposed and imprisoned. His theological doctrines, so far as they deviated from the most rigid Lutheranism, were condemned and suppressed. His fame and services became the prey of his long embittered and now infuriated enemies. To such lengths did the feeling against him reach, that, in 1610, his "*Loci communes*," which had for years been gradually going out of use, were, by an order of the Elector, superseded by a compendium of Leonhard Hutter's, bearing the same title. It is even said that the orthodox zeal of Hutter so far carried him away, that at a public disputation he tore down Melanchthon's portrait from the wall of the apartment, and trod it under foot. Excepting in the brief biographical sketches of Melchior Adam, the impartiality of which is their chief excellence, and the cursory notices of Juncker,\* nothing appears to have been done to restore the public credit of Melanchthon, till 1760, when the day of his decease was again, for the first time, commemorated. Yet even then the feeling against him had but partially subsided; for when Strobel, in 1777, re-edited Camerarius' life of him, enriched with valuable notes, the work was attacked with unquenchable virulence by Gotze, the well-known adversary of Lessing. Astonishing as it may seem, and really is, no memoir of Melanchthon, adapted to the edu-

cated reader, appeared between the work of Camerarius and the two books enumerated at the head of this article, except a Dutch biography by Abraham vande Corput, published in 1662, and the well-known English life of him, by Dr. F. A. Cox.

It is not our intention to discuss the points of variance between the crypto-Calvinists of Germany, and their rigid Lutheran opponents, or to give any lengthened details respecting the sacramentarian, synergistic, and adiaphoristic controversies, which raised so thick a mist of obloquy around the illustrious reformer's name. Those who desire fuller information than is supplied by the compendious narratives of Mosheim, Hase, and Guerick, will find ample satisfaction in the pages of Schrockh and C. W. F. Walch. We necessarily look upon those controversies from a different point of view to that assumed by either of the conflicting parties. Besides, we feel at this moment but a secondary interest in them. They concern us now, only as, in common with other facts relating to Melanchthon, they supply the matter necessary to a correct appreciation of his principles, character, and claims upon the gratitude of posterity. To form such an estimate is not by any means an easy task. Much, indeed, both of Melanchthon's history and character is obvious to all. It lies on the surface of every historical compendium relating to the German Reformation. But to obtain an accurate idea of his intellectual and moral character, to trace up the development and causes of his theological convictions, to unfold the reasons of various passages of his public life, and to form a true estimate of his influence on the men and institutions of his own and subsequent ages, requires careful study and no small discrimination. We do not profess to solve these problems here. We do not even think that all the materials available for their solution are yet in possession of the public. But the works before us supply some facts which have not, to our knowledge, been related in any previous narrative; and, for this reason, though neither of them is free from great blemishes, we have thought it well to introduce them to our readers. The learned world is yet waiting for the completion of Bretschneider's important work, usually quoted in Germany under its general title of '*CORPUS REFORMATUM*,' though bearing also the more special one of '*Philippi Melanchthonis Opera, quæ supersunt omnia*.' This elaborate undertaking has

\* *Das goldene und silberne Ehrengedächtniss des theuren Gottes-Lehrers, D. Martini Lutheri, &c.*, 1706, pp. 562. Juncker also published, in 1719, a Latin work, intitled, '*Vita M. Lutheri nummis atque iconibus illustrata*,' pp. 432, which we have not seen.

now reached the twelfth volume, and is in high esteem both for the large number of previously unpublished documents which the editor's diligence has brought to light, and the acumen with which those documents have been deciphered and assigned to their respective dates and places. Some of the newly published letters have shed so much light on particular transactions of Melanchthon's life, that, with the prospect there is of our possessing not only more of the same quality, but probably nearly all of his remains that ever will be rescued from oblivion, it would be unwise to speak with entire confidence on certain points. We are not anxious to pronounce a judgment which might be reversed. Still we must be guided by the information we possess, till more perfect knowledge is obtained; and besides this, there are in all historico-moral questions, some matters which admit of a safe and equitable judgment, without waiting for the last details of evidence. The peculiar point of  which is sometimes indicated to the modern observer by the relation in which his own age and its prominent characteristics stand to the spirit of the times in which the object of his contemplation lived and acted, will not unfrequently supply a calculus adequate to the solution of not a few intricate and long-disputed questions. We are mistaken if this will not be found the case with regard to some of the most perplexed discussions in which the subject of this paper has been involved.

Philip Melanchthon, or, as he was called in childhood, Philip Schwartzerd, was born on the 16th of February, 1497, at Brettin, a pleasant little town in the lower Palatinate, not far from where Carlsruhe has since been founded. His father was an armourer in high repute, and enjoyed the patronage, not only of the Elector Palatine and other princes and nobles, but also of the Emperor Maximilian, who on one occasion testified his satisfaction with his services by granting him a coat of arms. It is of greater moment, in exhibiting the development of his son's character, to notice that he was a remarkably upright, generous, and conscientious man. It is indeed hard to say whether Melanchthon derived more of his constitutional character and disposition from his father or his mother. He appears to have possessed his father's earnestness and charity, without his superstition: and as his mother, with all her strictness, was a sociable and cheerful woman, we

should probably not err in ascribing her son's entire freedom from asceticism, not exclusively to the more liberal spirit induced by his classical and philosophical studies, but, in some measure at least, to a temperament derived from her, and strengthened by the sympathetic influence of her example and instructions in his early years.

After receiving some instruction in the free-school of his native town, Melanchthon, with his younger brother and an uncle of nearly his own age, was provided with a private tutor by his maternal grandfather. Under this tutor, who is described as very superior to most of the teachers of his time, and to have grounded his pupils very carefully, and drawn them out by continual questioning, he made considerable progress, especially in his grammatical studies. And no wonder, for to the diligence and strictness of the master, who, as Melanchthon afterwards said, '*dabat plagas mihi, et tamen ea moderatione quæ erat conveniens*,'\* were added corresponding diligence and the most promising gifts on the part of the scholar. Melanchthon is reported to have been as sharp a disputant at this time as even the schoolmen could have desired to see. In school hours, as he himself says, there was no end to questions on his part, and when school was over, he would get several of his young friends together, to dispute with them on what he had just read and learned. Also when travelling scholars, as they were called, came, as was sometimes the case, to Brettin, he seldom allowed them to depart without holding a literary 'passage of arms' with them, from which he frequently came off conqueror. Thus he continued, till he had nearly completed his 11th year, when he lost, first his grandfather, and shortly afterwards his father, and was removed with his two companions to the Latin school at Pforzheim. Here he had Symon Grynæus for a schoolfellow, and Georg Simler, the rector of the school, and afterwards distinguished as a jurist, for his principal instructor.†

At the time of which we are speaking, several of the grammar schools of Germany

\* Explanatt. Evangel. dominic. iii. 384, where there is more to the same purpose.

† Melchior Adam has applied to Simler the passage just now quoted from Melanchthon's *Explanationes*; but there can be little doubt that Melanchthon intended his first tutor, Unger, in that reference.

were enjoying a most auspicious revival. The trite, mechanical exercises in monkish Latin were giving way to others more favorable to the sharpening of the intellect, the excitement of a genuine thirst for knowledge, and the cultivation of a truer and a purer taste. In these advantages Melanchthon largely shared. Simler had been a pupil of the celebrated Dringenberg, of Schlettstadt, and having under his tuition acquired what was, for the time, a considerable knowledge of Greek, delighted to imbue a few of his best scholars with this his favorite acquirement. It may be imagined that Melanchthon was neither neglected nor neglectful. Surmounting all the difficulties inseparable from the rudimental training of the time and the dearth of books—for these were still scarce in Latin, much more in Greek, and were therefore frequently written out piecemeal by students—he exerted himself with such intense industry and success, that he soon outstripped all his companions, and when he proceeded to the University, acquired almost immediately the name of **THE GREEKIAN**.

‘The most important circumstance connected with his stay at Pforzheim, was, however, beyond all question, his good fortune in becoming known to one who, by his learning and reputation, was destined to exert a most decided influence upon his whole future life. We mean the great John Reuchlin, who was now living in Wirtemberg as the President of the Suabian district court, and often visited Pforzheim, his native town, where at his sister’s house, he first saw the young Philip Schwartzerd. Attracted by the liveliness and talent of the boy, he used on these visits to converse with him in an amiable, friendly manner; and when he noticed the pains which the lad took to gratify him continually more and more, he conceived quite a fatherly affection towards him, called him his son, put his doctor’s cap upon his head, gave him several rare books, a Greek lexicon and grammar; and, according to a usage of those times, exchanged his German family name for the Greek synonyme Melanchthon; an act which he intended as his solemn introduction and initiation into the republic of letters.’—*Matthes*, p. 12.

There is a tradition that Reuchlin, who had himself been similarly inducted into the society of the learned—his family name being turned into Capnio by Hermolaus Barbarus—was induced to confer this freedom of Plato’s republic on his young friend, in consequence of a Latin comedy which, with the aid of his school-fellows, Melanchthon had got up for his entertainment.

The tradition is not improbable, though, as an explanation, it is unnecessary, for the names of many of the scholars and reformers of the sixteenth century show that such a change of name was not unusual. Classical names were probably, like modern coats of arms, more frequently assumed than conferred. When borne, however, as that of Philip Schwartzerd was, at the suggestion of one of the most distinguished brethren of the craft, such designations are truly badges and augmentations more honorable than those of heraldry. To one who has in idea followed Melanchthon through his subsequent career of labor and attainment, it requires no great play of fancy to conceive of him as conscious from that memorable evening, if not of a new, yet of a powerfully quickened impulse; just as the noble stripling of still earlier days, newly dubbed by some distinguished champion, and watching his armor through the night before the altar of his ancestral chancel, felt amidst the darkness and terrors he was called to brave, that he was now more of a man than before.

From Pforzheim, after two years’ residence there, Melanchthon went to Heidelberg, where he matriculated the 13th of October, 1509. Here he continued his Greek studies under Reuchlin’s brother, Dionysius, though at a considerable disadvantage, as the old methods were still retained, and the Greek and Roman languages were little valued in comparison with the school logic and metaphysics. He took his bachelor’s degree in 1511, soon after he had completed his fourteenth year. In Heidelberg, his proficiency was so marked, that when the Greek professor was ill, he was required to supply his place. Having announced himself as a candidate for the master’s degree in 1512, and being refused examination on account of his youth, he removed in the autumn of that year to Tübingen, where he matriculated on the 17th of September.

In Tübingen, Melanchthon greatly enlarged his sphere of study. He not only attended the Greek and Latin professors, but, as required by the university, entered, under Lempus, on the comparatively barren field of scholastic theology. Induced, probably by former personal attachment, he also attended the course on jurisprudence of his old master Simler, who had become professor of that science. Besides these, he devoted a considerable portion of time for three years to mathematics of which

he was in after-life very fond, and even paid some attention to medicine. Various manuscripts from his own hand have been preserved to our times, which attest both the variety of his studies at Tübingen, and the intense ardor with which they were pursued. He obtained his master's degree on the 25th of January, 1514, having the first place allotted to him among eleven candidates, and immediately afterwards commenced his almost unrivalled career of public instruction, as a *privatim*\* *docens*, or licensed university lecturer, upon the ancient classics.

We have been thus copious on the subject of Melanchthon's early training, because, though less perfectly known than his subsequent career, some knowledge of it is necessary to the appreciation of certain valuable points in his character. The energy and self-reliance which he displayed as a student, we believe to have been, with one or two well known exceptions as respects the latter quality, of eminent use to him in after-life. They were rather veiled, than suppressed by that remarkable caution, which so greatly distinguished him afterwards, and which, in conjunction with them, rendered such signal service, on several occasions, to the cause of the Reformation.

During Melanchthon's residence at Tübingen, the celebrated quarrel arose between Reuchlin and the Dominicans of Cologne. In this quarrel, Melanchthon was of considerable service to his patron, by writing pieces in his defence, and in other ways. There thence ensued a continual interchange of visits between them, which must have exerted the most beneficial influence on the young professor's mind. It also brought about the call to Wittemberg, which Melanchthon, at Reuchlin's recommendation, received from the Elector Frederic of Saxony, in 1518. Reuchlin, in his recommendation, does not hesitate to say, that he knew not any scholar who was even then superior to Melanchthon, except Erasmus. Erasmus' admiration of him, publicly recorded in his annotations on the New Testament, as early as the year 1516, is well known.† But of all the testimonies to

his learning at this period there is none more remarkable, or more honorable to him, than that borne by his former tutor, Simler, who must have known him thoroughly. Simler's words are: *Quotquot ibi essent docti homines, non esse tam doctos, ut intelligerent, quanta esset doctrina ejus, qui inde evocatus discederet.* He had, indeed, fully established his reputation, not merely by his academical lectures, but by his Terence (Tübingen, 1516,) his Greek Grammar, (1518,) and several other publications. No wonder, therefore, that Reuchlin, in the letter which communicated to him the Elector's invitation, should, after quoting the promise to Abraham: 'Depart from this country, and from thy kindred, to a land which I will show thee, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great, and thou shalt be a blessing,' in the overflowing of his affection add: 'This says the spirit to me; and this hope have I of thee, my Philip, my work and my consolation!'

In Wittemberg, Melanchthon found an ample field for the exercise of his talents. The applause with which his inaugural lecture was received, and the impression which it made on Luther's mind, are very generally known; for they have been told by Dr. Merle d'Aubigné. The cause of Luther's satisfaction is strikingly, though too exclusively perhaps, explained by Matthes:—

'What a joyful event, therefore, must Melanchthon's arrival in Wittemberg have been to him. For though the theologians there already stood by his side, he could not promise himself from any one of them such able assistance as he looked for from the thorough philological discipline, and the admirable faculty of expression, which this young scholar united to his deep and various knowledge. What progress might not the pure doctrine of the gospel make, when such a man, furnished, in the school of Reuchlin and Erasmus, with pre-eminent linguistic acquirements, and guided by sound

this memorable passage has been underlined, and is accompanied with a note in the margin—'Mentio Philippi Melanchthonis fit,' in the usual Italian script of the reformer. We have said *usual* Italian script, because of the remarkable diversity which is apparent in Melanchthon's writings at different times. This note, however, to those who know the reformer's hand, speaks for itself. A fac-simile of it is given in Mr. Leigh Sotheby's 'Observations on the Handwriting of Philip Melanchthon,' pl. xiv. ii. 3. In the preface to the same work there also occurs an extract, (translated from the *Corpus Reformatorum*, vol. i. p. 27,) from a letter of Reuchlin's to the Elector respecting the conveyance of Melanchthon's books, which is highly curious. It shows that Melanchthon had then a good library, and made much of it.

\* *Privatim*, in this connexion, does not signify that the instructions are private, but that the instructor, though he must be licensed, is *self-appointed*, not placed by the government.

† It is probably not so well known, that there is a copy of these annotations in existence which formerly belonged to Melanchthon, and in which

hermeneutical principles, should make the inspired documents of Christianity the subject of his exegetical prælections, should lucidly and convincingly develop their contents, and devote his energies in every practicable form, and with decisive earnestness, to the advancement of the Reformation?—*Matthes*, 30.

These expectations were fully realized. Melanchthon's name and efforts opened a new era for the university. Students thronged thither from all parts of Germany, and even from other countries, on purpose to attend his lectures. Though in 1517, there had not been more than 200 students inscribed for all the classes, Spalatin says, that in 1520, Melanchthon's lectures were attended by 600 hearers at a time, which was more by one-third than attended Luther's. Herebrand, in his funeral oration for him, says, that he sometimes had as many as 2000 students, among whom were princes, counts, barons, and many of noble families. This extraordinary success resulted partly from his untiring diligence in his vocation, partly from his uncommon attractiveness of disposition and manners, partly, and principally, no doubt, from the extraordinary union of information, scientific depth, and æsthetic cultivation which adorned his prælections. But the greatest, after all, of the many beneficial results of his settlement in Wittenberg was the confidence which immediately grew up between him and Luther, and their strong mutual influence. By this means, Melanchthon learned to realize a higher view than he had, probably, ever before taken of his calling as a scholar, and to make every effort in some way or other subordinate to the progress of evangelical truth. Although he never entirely ceased from giving classical and philosophical instruction, and very reluctantly consented, in 1519, to become a member of the theological faculty, he immediately commenced with the Epistle to Titus, that course of New Testament expositions which diffused the seed of gospel truth as far as his name was known.

The part he took in the memorable Leipzig disputation of 1519, though not admitted as a disputant, need not be here dwelt upon. This disputation had a powerful effect on himself in strengthening his attachment to the Reformation, and his resolution to assist its progress. A letter which he wrote to his friend Œcolampadius respecting it, having induced Eck to send forth an insolent answer to the "Wittenberg grammarian," as he termed him, Melanchthon

replied in a piece which left Eck no desire to continue the controversy. Among other points he handled in it was the Roman proof text of Peter's primacy, (*Matt. xvi. 18.*) on which he brought his earlier patristic studies to bear with great acuteness. The piece procured for him, much against his will, the degree of bachelor of theology, and a place in the theological faculty, with a salary of 100 florins; but cost him, no doubt, equally against it, the attachment of Reuchlin, and the library which that hitherto kind friend had promised to bequeath to him. Reuchlin was not averse to reformation, but, like Erasmus, would have had it brought about by the recognized ecclesiastical authorities, and he was much displeased that Melanchthon went so far. In the 'Corpus Reformatorum,' vol. i., p. 646, there is a curious letter from Melanchthon to Spalatin, on the subject of this lost library.

So severe was Melanchthon's application to study during the years 1519–20, that his friends were in great concern about his health. From this cause, principally, they urged him to marry; and at length with success. On the 18th of August, 1520, he married Catharine Krapp, the daughter of the then Burgomaster of Wittenberg. Though he entered on this relation with reluctance, he never repented of it.

When, in 1521, during Luther's seclusion in the Wartburg, private masses were abolished by the Augustinians in Wittenberg, Melanchthon was a member of the academical commission which sat upon the subject, and joined in recommending their disuse, but took no prominently active part. He has been depreciated, because, during the same period, he did not suppress the excesses of Storch and his companions, but with unreasonable severity. As a theologian, Melanchthon, was, at that time, comparatively a novice. The very discipline whereby he had attained his proficiency in letters and philosophy, was unfavorable to a hasty decision of new and previously unconsidered questions. To blame Melanchthon for not having manifested Luther's promptitude, is as unreasonable as it would be to find fault with Luther, because he never attained to Melanchthon's accuracy and grace. *Non omnia possumus omnes*. It may be admitted that Melanchthon deliberated too long, and that he suffered himself at first to be too favorably prepossessed by the fanatics, but had he done neither, he would, probably, have had but little influence in quelling the tumult they had raised. He

was but a young man, younger by twelve or fifteen years than Jonas, Carlstadt, or Amsdorf. Besides this, he held no ecclesiastical office, and though eminently skilled in philosophical disputation, he never felt that he had the talent of addressing popular assemblies.

In December, 1521, appeared the first edition of his '*Loci Communes*,' the first published fruits of his theological professorship. From the time that this came out until Luther's death, he was regarded as, next to him, the most prominent and influential instrument of the reformation in Germany. On his decease, Melanchthon was the *facile princeps* of German theologians. The visitation and superintendence of schools, as well beyond as within the limits of Electoral Saxony, were almost exclusively confided to him, as the person best qualified by learning, tact, and moral influence to establish, reform, or direct them. From the Diet at Augsburg, in 1530, which Luther was not permitted to attend lest Charles V. should regard his presence as an insult to his imperial crown and dignity, till the colloquy at Worms, in 1557, he was the principal advocate and representative of the Protestant cause against the Roman divines. During all this time, there was hardly a paper circulated by authority of any of the Electors of Saxony for the time being on doctrinal points, (and such papers were exceedingly numerous,) of which he was not the author. Besides these, he wrote treatises, commentaries, and letters, in almost incredible profusion. To sum up all in one brief sentence, it might, whether we regard his labors, or his sufferings, be said, that what Paul was among the apostles, Melanchthon was among the reformers. Excepting, Luther, Zwingle (who, however, was cut off at an earlier age) and Calvin, there is no one among them that approaches him, in the amount and variety of his public services. But though each of these may have done, or have endured, more than he in some one respect, his exertions and trials, as a whole, exceed those of either of them.

If Luther's noble stand at Worms be admitted to neutralize all comparison with any other single appearance of the reformers before the rulers of this world, it should not be forgotten how numerous were the occasions on which Melanchthon was obliged to attend the Diet, or that, though none of those appearances were made under circumstances which rendered him the object of such personal interest, or stimulated him

into enthusiasm, several of them were attended with considerable danger. Zwingle perished on the field of battle; but Melanchthon, though he died on his bed, was long and frequently engaged in conflicts of a much more painful character—conflicts into which the jealousies, the suspicions, and the calumnies of his brethren dragged him. Though not therefore—even in the secondary sense in which Zwingle might be termed one—a martyr, 'the sacrifices he made, and the trials he endured'—to quote Hall's expressive eulogy of Brainerd and Martyn—'entitle him to the honors and rewards of a *protracted* martyrdom.' And herein, doubtless, lies the chief distinction of his labors from the incessant and *painful* preaching, authorship, and correspondence of Calvin, who, though he suffered much from bodily infirmities, was, after his recall from Strasburg, with brief exception, the pride of his fellow-citizens, and the boast of the Reformed communion.

It may be said, that the peculiar troubles of Melanchthon's later life were, in some measure, his own fault. We were speaking of the fact, not of its cause; however, the point is worth inquiring into. But we must proceed methodically, and though it would be impracticable to consider even the more important scenes of Melanchthon's life and labors in detail, we will review those of them which have provoked the strongest censure, commencing with the earliest.

He was pusillanimous, it has been said, at Augsburg, in 1530, and all but betrayed the Reformation. On this point, we think, that even the more moderate historians have failed to exercise due discrimination. That with the management of the protestant cause almost exclusively on his own shoulders, he should look upon the issue with the most intense anxiety, will surprise no reasonable mind. We cannot wonder that this concern, connected as it necessarily would be with the reflection that an unprosperous issue of the business, should such arise, would be, in part at least, his doing,—the consequence of measures consented to in ignorance of their result, or of lapses of diligence, or care, or perspicacity, or firmness, or tact, or even just compliance on his side,—would, with his conscientiousness, amount at times almost to despair.—And when such thoughts came on at intervals, wave upon wave, deep calling unto deep, for several weeks, is it surprising that he should pour out his distresses in his cor-

respondence with Luther, or that his trouble and misgiving should even be discovered by his adversaries? Yet this is really the head and front of his offending. Attached from the deepest principle to the cause of the Gospel, he never, for a moment, thought of sacrificing it. The points of order and practice, which he was willing to concede as the ransom of otherwise imprisoned and manacled truth, were points on which his own mind was very imperfectly convinced, and which, at any rate, he considered as non-fundamental. And the anxiety which agitated him was not for himself, but for the nation, and the church at large. It may be admitted, that he did not act with unvarying decision, that he failed to seize and hold, with firmness, the one exact alternative, which, had he realized it, might have enabled him to possess his soul in patience, and leave the result to God.—All this may be admitted. But let not the anguish which the prospect of others' misery, and the prostration of the Gospel in Germany as a possible result of his own remissness, or imprudence, or overstrained impracticableness, be represented as pusillanimity.\*

\* Luther was in this respect more just than many who have written on it since, (see his Letters by De Wette, vol. iv. No. 1240,) though he errs (ib. No. 1235) when he compares Melanchthon's position at Augsburg with that of Huss at Constance. We could hardly desire a stronger proof of the fidelity and intrepidity with which Melanchthon defended the essentials of the gospel cause, than are afforded by the facts related in Veit Winsheim's funeral oration, and repeated in Selneccer's 'Historical Account of Luther's Life and Labors,' 'This,' says Matthes, who has abridged the statement, 'he showed, when, on the day after the [Augsburg] confession was read, he was appointed to consult with catholic dignitaries. On this occasion, without suffering himself to be in the smallest degree intimidated by the threats and fulminations which Cardinal Campeggio let fly at him, he answered his inquiry whether he would give way or not, with the greatest composure and firmness.—'We cannot give way or forsake the truth. We entreat, however, for God's and Christ's sake, that our opponents will not take offence at this, but that they will, as far as they can, discuss with us, and concede to us what we cannot give up with a good conscience.' When Campeggio heard this, he cried out—'Non possum! non possum! clavis non errante.' Amidst all this thundering, though Master Philip stood as one amongst lions, wolves, and bears, who were ready to tear him to pieces, he had a great and mighty mind in his little body, and answered undauntedly—'We commend our cause to God the Lord. If God is for us, who can be against us? Come what will, we are prepared for good or adverse fortune.'—Matthes, p. 128. It was well known that he was often in

We suspect that this injustice has been done to Melanchthon, under an unfair comparison. His behaviour has been contrasted with that of Luther, at Worms. But the circumstances are by no means parallel. Luther was cited to answer for himself; Melanchthon was the representative and delegate of his prince and party. The only question Luther had to consider was, whether or not he would *individually* submit. Melanchthon had the religious interests of nearly half the empire on his hands; and his assent or dissent was required as to the terms both of faith and practice, to which his partially enlightened countrymen were to be henceforth restricted. Suppose he had decided at once and irrevocably, that no concession whatever should be made even in less fundamental matters, as the maintenance of the bishoprics, for instance, and that war and confiscation, with all their horrors, had broken out in consequence of the disruption caused by his decision; would not many, whose consciences were not at all concerned in these external questions, but who had received the gospel in the love of it, have felt that the interests of religion, as they understood it, and certainly their own religious interests, had been sacrificed to a punctilious pertinacity?

There is a passage in 'Paley's Evidences,' which is of some interest in reference to this case. We shall be excused for quoting it. 'The truth is, there are two opposite descriptions of character under which mankind may generally be classed. The one possesses vigor, firmness, resolution; is daring and active, quick in its sensibilities, jealous of its fame, eager in its attachment, inflexible in its purposes, violent in its resentments. The other meek, yielding, complying, forgiving; not prompt to act, but willing to suffer; silent and gentle under rudeness and insult; suing for reconciliation where others would demand satisfaction; giving way to the pushes of impudence; conceding and indulgent to the prejudices, the wrong-headedness, the intractability of those with whom it has to deal. The former of these characters is, and ever hath been, the favorite of the world. It is the character of great men. There is a dignity in it which universally

considerable personal danger; but this never kept him away from any of the conferences at which his presence was necessary to the protestant cause, or prevented him, on many decisive occasions, from declaring his determination to maintain the truth at all hazards.

commands respect. The latter is poor-spirited, tame, and abject. Yet so it hath happened, that with the Founder of Christianity, this latter is the subject of his commendation, his precepts, his example.\*

The most cursory reader of history will recognize in these sketches the diverse constitutional characteristics of Luther and Melanchthon. The protestant leader at Augsburg was, to a great extent, especially in private matters, what the second sketch describes. But we must also insist that in Melanchthon, while, in reference to private matters, this disposition, though sometimes excessive, was never degrading, as respected public interests, it was always under the control of prudence and of conscience.—Nothing, as we shall presently show, could more decisively prove this than his conduct with regard to the several points of doctrinal difference which arose between himself and the more rigid Lutherans.

There is, unquestionably, something very sublime in Luther's strength of faith.—Veit Deitrich tells us, that it was during his seclusion at Coburg, at the time the Augsburg negotiations were so deeply harassing his friend, that he composed his famous hymn, 'Ein Veste Burg ist unser Gott,' both words and air; and that he often played it for his relief. Speaking of the issue of the negotiations, he also, very much to the purpose writes to Melanchthon: 'The end and issue of the business terrifies thee, because thou canst not comprehend it . . . God has laid this up in a sure place, which thou hast not in thy rhetoric, nor even in thy philosophy: it is called faith, in which all things are comprehended which we either see or conceive of.' We feel the truth of this. But shall we say that there is no truth in what Melanchthon said, when, being reminded of the strength and consolation which Luther so frequently derived from prayer, he replied, 'If I do not perform my part, I can expect nothing from God in prayer?' It is easy for the unconcerned observer to ask, But why did he not ask help to do his part? We cannot for a moment imagine that Melanchthon neglected to do this. It may be that his anxiety too much controlled his faith in prayer. But it is evident, if we had no other proof of it than this expression, that a conscientious desire to do his duty, and a conviction that God ordinarily works by means appreciable by reason, were at the bottom of his deep distress.

\* Evidences, Part II. c. ii.

It is also easy, as easy indeed as it is gratuitous, to assert that if Melanchthon had displayed on this occasion the undaunted faith of Luther, all would have issued well. The reply is very simple: How was it that when, after the thirty years' war, Bohemia lay entirely at the Emperor's mercy, every vestige of protestantism was so speedily obliterated in that unhappy country?

Should this defence be deemed unsatisfactory, we would remind our readers of an instance, stated by Denon, and after him by Foster, in his essay on Decision of Character. Foster has justly observed, that the strongest trial of judgment occurs in cases of urgency, where something must be done, and where the consequences of deciding, right or wrong, are of great importance. He first refers to the case of a physician treating a patient whose situation, while it renders strong means indispensable, also renders it extremely doubtful which ought to be selected. 'A still stronger illustration,' he observes, 'is the case of a general, who is compelled, in the very instant, to make dispositions on which the event of a battle, the lives of ten thousand of his men, or, perhaps, almost the fate of a nation may depend. He may even be reduced to choose between two dreadful expedients. Such a dilemma is described in Denon's account of one of the sanguinary conflicts between the French and Mamelukes, as having for a while held General Desaix, though a very decisive commander, in a state of anguish.' Now let Melanchthon's position be considered. Let the political state of Germany, the mutual relations of the emperor and pope, the irreconcilable divisions between the protestant party itself respecting the Lord's Supper, and the subtle manner in which the conditions of the papal and imperial party were proposed, in unconnected detail, and *à plusieurs reprises*, and it will be evident that it was a position calculated to distract and overburden a mind no less decisive than Desaix's.

We pass on to Melanchthon's conduct in the matter of the Interim. As the histories of Drs. Waddington and Merle d'Aubigné do not, either of them, reach this period, we shall briefly narrate the circumstances to which we refer. After the fatal battle of Mühlberg, in 1547, and the capture and imprisonment of the Electors of Saxony and Hesse, the Emperor was, for a time, all-powerful in Germany, and protestantism lay prostrate at his feet. He therefore determined to enforce obedience in matters of



religion, and for this purpose convened a diet, to decide upon some temporary arrangements which he would enforce till the decision of a general council, when all must submit without reserve. At this diet, a string of articles, prepared, as is supposed, under the sanction of the Margrave of Brandenburg, by Julius von Pflug, the deposed Bishop of Naumburg, Michael Helling, the titular Bishop of Sidon, and the Brandenburg court preacher, Johann Agricola, were promulgated by an imperial edict, commanding their unconditional reception in all the protestant States. This was the celebrated Augsburg Interim.

'Few of the princes, in the face of all the resources which the emperor now possessed, had either strength or courage to dispute his will; and a melancholy state of things overspread nearly the whole evangelical church. In southern Germany, the emperor enforced his edict by his soldiery, and many hundreds of ministers who could not consent to receive an adulterated doctrine, wandered with their wives and children up and down the country, without food or shelter. The elector Maurice, of Saxony, [who had been nominated elector in the room of the deposed John Frederic,] to prevent the same disorganization in his territory, prudently adopted a middle course. He resolved, as far as he should find it practicable, to introduce [restore] the outward ceremonies which were ordered in the Interim, though without intending to impair in any way the substance of the truth. He, therefore, forwarded the articles to his divines, at the head of whom stood Melanchthon, for their consideration, informing them that they might approve of as much of it as they could.\* After several consultations, which led to no satisfactory result, and the most persevering efforts, he succeeded, in the spring of 1549, in introducing a new liturgy. This retained the fundamental doctrines of protestantism in all their

purity, but in the article concerning the church, allowed the jurisdiction of the bishops over the entire clergy, only with the condition that they must be bishops of an apostolical faith and character, under which condition Luther himself would have had no objection to recognize their right. The alterations in the order of service consisted (in addition to the change of surplice, and the order that the candles on the altar should be lighted during divine service) in the following particulars:—confirmation was restored, but only in the sense of a renewal of the baptismal covenants; extreme unction was *permitted*; certain additional festivals were to be observed; and fasting was made obligatory, but under so many limitations that the ordinance was deprived of nearly all its importance.'—*Galle*, pp. 58—60.

The bitterest reproaches were heaped upon Melanchthon for the share he had in bringing about this modified concession to the Interim. Yet it is difficult to see how, with his views of civil and religious duty, he could have acted otherwise than he did. From the opening of the deliberations, he protested manfully against the smallest deprecation of doctrine. In respect of ceremonies, he allowed nothing which Luther had not repeatedly advised. The passing of the modified articles at Leipzig, (thence called the *Leipzig Interim*,) and the confirmation of the new liturgy, were accompanied with declarations on the part of Maurice's commissioners, as to how they were understood and should be carried out, which removed almost every objection which was raised against them. And Melanchthon, through whose persevering remonstrances it had been that the Pegau conference had been broken up, because the bishops of Naumburg and Meissen saw that they could not reconcile the evangelical party to the doctrines of the Augsburg Interim, felt that, though some things had been done at Leipzig which he could have wished otherwise, he could truly say—'*Lipsica actio non facit in ecclesia mutationem, quia controversia de missa et canone rejicitur ad alias deliberationes.*'

The truth is that our reformer was, at this time, between two fires. One of the worst consequences of Luther's dogmatism, and the undisputed authority which he had exercised over his party, was the tenacity with which the more sanguine and choleric of his adherents cleaved to even his extreme opinions. Hence every suspected deviation, however slight, became the occasion of alarm and controversy; and points of comparative indifference were discussed with a

\* *Galle*, whose statement we have extracted, as a specimen of his book, is not here so explicit as he should have been. The elector's directions to his divines at Pegau were, that they should 'comply with every thing which was admissible without detriment to the authority of the Holy Scriptures.' The direction, as stated in the extract, was indeed very authoritatively given at the Torgau conference; but this was a state convention, not a meeting of divines; and the reason by which it was then enforced was an appeal, not to the scriptures, but to the fears of the convention, the commissioners declaring that otherwise 'the country would be exposed to the greatest calamities.' When the Torgau articles were submitted to the divines, they were directed to 'improve them, but so that the emperor might see that in nothing pertaining to their obedience, which was consistent with a good conscience and God's word, would there be any deficiency on the part of the elector and his subjects.'—*REV.*

warmth and earnestness—to say nothing of bitterness and violence—which should have been reserved for matters of the last importance. The animosity which their head had manifested towards Zwingli, inherited by his disciples, split them up into factions, each of which had its own leader, who, though no larger than the frog in the fable, must distend himself, if possible, to Luther's size and consequence. There is not, perhaps, a more humiliating scene in the whole range of ecclesiastical history than is exhibited in the state of Lutheranism, during the latter part of the sixteenth century, and much of the seventeenth; vanity, passion, and dogmatical inflexibility, combined together, raised the odium theologicum to a most disgraceful and destructive height. Heats and dissensions, censures and condemnations, imprisonment, exile, and even death, marked its unchristian course, and proved its virulence. Nor had the churches rest from it, until they sunk into the torpid slumbers of an icy rationalism..

Of this bad spirit, Melanchthon was the first and greatest victim. The controversy which arose upon the Interim was supplied with fuel from the transactions of previous years. Melanchthon had not advanced a step in clearing his doctrinal convictions from the cloudy twilight which, except on the great article of justification by faith, shrouded the theology of Wittenberg when he was called thither, without provoking some new enemy. From 1527, when Agricola first branded him with heresy on account of the importance he attached to the law as an instrument of conviction and repentance, until the outbreak of the intermistic controversy, he had been a perpetual offence to the more rigid Lutherans. In 1536, and again in 1537, Cordatus raised a strife on account of his views respecting the activity of the human will in conversion.\* In 1544, on many accounts one of the saddest seasons of his life, Amsdorf thought he did good service to religion by inflaming the mind of Luther, now feeble and often peevish through advancing age, against the sacramentarian opinions of his colleague. So strong, indeed, and inconsistent was the feeling against him during this whole period, as the presumed advocate of clearer views

and greater freedom than the stereotyped creed of Luther permitted, that his counsels were sought in confidence, in order that, when obtained, they might be made matter of accusation against him; and when Cardinal Sadoletus, known as one of the purest Latinists in Italy, addressed a complimentary letter to him, in commendation of his distinguished merits in the advancement of classical learning, the zealots of his party, instead of rejoicing in the reputation of their most eminent professor, accused him, though the letter was never answered, of an inclination to go over to the papal side.

We have said that when the strife about the Interim broke out, Melanchthon was between two fires. On the one side were the advocates of the imperial or Augsburg Interim, including his old enemy Agricola; on the other, the opponents of all concession, even in observances which left the substance of the Gospel untouched, among whom the principal were Amsdorf, and the able but impetuous Flacius Illyricus. Maurice's unlooked-for change of policy, and his success against the emperor in 1552, occasioning the Passau treaty, soon, indeed, dissolved all disagreements about the Augsburg Interim, but the quarrel with the other party, even when the Leipzig Interim was also relaxed, continued fierce and bitter.

The reasons of our conviction cannot be fully unfolded within the limits to which we are here restricted, but after carefully considering all the principal passages of this affair, the acts, the official writings, and even the private letters of Melanchthon, we are satisfied that he came out of this most trying ordeal of principle, if not entirely free from blame, yet with a character in which conscientious integrity, and a determination to uphold the fundamentals of the Gospel, cost what they might, were eminently conspicuous. We do not judge him by the light of our own age. He held views with which we have no sympathy, on the nature and extent of civil and ecclesiastical obedience, and on the *right* of princes to provide a religion for their subjects. He would have maintained their right to dictate a religion to their subjects, provided that it was the true one. All enforced confessions, all confessions authorized as the exclusive standards of a state religion, take this for granted; and on this subject he was not before his age. But shackled as he was by this unsound principle, which put the whole case in a false position, his conduct deserved small censure, even if not entitled,

\* From an expression in a letter of Melanchthon's to Brenz, it would appear that Cordatus spared no indignities.—'Hic cum Hydra decerto, uno represso, alii multi exoriuntur. Quidam Cordatus nuper abjectum libellum Locorum Communium pedibus calcavit.'—*Corp. Ref.* iii. 390.

as we think it was, to respectful admiration. It is true that in a letter to Flacius, written in 1556, he says, referring apparently to the explanations and engagements of Maurice's commissioners—'You shall be victor; I yield, I contend not for those ceremonies, and wish exceedingly that the church may find peace. I confess also that in this matter I was wanting, and I pray God to forgive me that I did not withdraw from these deceptive councils.' But how is this language to be interpreted? As the language of a man convinced of having acted a base and treacherous part which conscience would not justify? Is it not rather that of one who felt that he had been to some extent deceived, but who also, in the secret of his own conscience, felt that he was armed so strong in honesty that he could afford his bitterest enemy the advantage of this frank acknowledgment? To do justice to Melanchthon we must remember, that when the question was first opened he took great pains to explain the distinction which was made between things fundamental and indifferent; that in recommending the latter on a principle of concession, he did not act merely from fear, as his enemies alleged, but conformably with his constant views upon the subjects of church discipline and order; that he expressed with equal determination to friend and foe that he would consent to no infringement whatever of the essential doctrines of the gospel; and that with a self-denial of which there are but few examples in history, he was, during the whole time these stormy collisions and hostile machinations proceeded, refusing the most flattering invitations, written by royal hands, from Denmark and England,\* in order that he might stand by his country and his church in the day of their calamity. Let these things be remembered as they ought, and we think there will be little question left as to the preponderance of praise or censure due to Melanchthon in the matter of the Leipzig Interim.

But leaving this point to the reader's judgment, let us remove to another position. Let us view our reformer at an earlier period of his eminently varied life, and ascertain the bearing on his character of some other circumstances in which we find him.

\* The invitations from England commenced even in the reign of Henry VIII. They were renewed with much earnestness on Edward's accession; and the last was written by Edward himself, in May, 1553, only two months before his death.

We have in view the part he took with reference to the Landgrave's double marriage, and the distress of mind he fell into in consequence. To defend Melanchthon in the sanction which he gave to this marriage is out of the question. Neither the co-operation of Luther and Bucer, nor the pains which were taken in their joint declaration to urge the points most likely to dissuade the Landgrave from his purpose, will justify him in the smallest degree. This Melanchthon felt; and his feeling is at once his conviction, and his best and only apology; an apology not for the offence but the offender, and for the offender only, because it evinces the sincerity of his repentance. The scene which follows has been described by Luther's biographers, but it may be interesting to read an account of it as described in a memoir of Melanchthon. Our Reformer had set out on a journey from Wittemberg to Hagenau in Alsace, evidently out of health and spirits, and having taken to his bed at Weimar, the elector had written to Luther to come to him. The sequel is thus described by Ratzenberger:

'When Luther . . . (with Cruciger and Melanchthon's son Philip) arrived in Weimar, he found every thing, unhappily, just as had been represented to him. Melanchthon's eyes were quite dim, his consciousness had left him, his speech had failed, his hearing was gone, and his countenance was relaxed and fallen in. As Luther said, '*facies erat Hippocratica*.' He recognized nobody, eat and drank nothing. When Luther saw him in this unconscious state, he was exceedingly terrified, and said to his companions, '*God preserve me! How the devil has dishonored this vessel.*' He then immediately turned to the window, and prayed earnestly to God. '*At that time,*' said Luther, '*God was constrained to stretch out [the hand] to me, for I threw down the wallet before the door, and plied his ears with all the promises of hearing prayer which I could recount from the Holy Scriptures, [telling him] that he must hear me,—that so I should at another time trust his promises.*' Hereupon he grasps Philip by the hand, and says, '*Bono animo esto, Philippe, non morieris.*' Though God has just cause to slay thee, he willet not the death of the sinner, but that he turn and live. He hath pleasure in life, and not in death. Has God called and received the greatest of all sinners who have come upon the earth, as Adam and Eve, back again into favor,—how much less will he reject thee, my Philip, or suffer thee to perish in sin and sorrow! Therefore do not give place to the devil, and become not thine own murderer, but trust in the Lord, who can bring the dead to life again, can wound and bind up, can strike and heal.' For Luther knew well the condition of his heart

and conscience. On this grasping of the hand and encouragement, Philip again begins to draw his breath, but cannot, notwithstanding, say any thing till after a good while. Then he turns his face directly towards Luther, and begins to implore him, for God's sake, that he will detain him here no longer. He is on a good journey, Luther must suffer him to depart; in nothing better can come to him. 'By no means, Philip,' said Luther; 'thou must serve our Lord God yet longer.' Thereupon Philip, by little and little, became more cheerful; and Luther ordered that something might be got as soon as possible for him to eat, and would have given it him himself. Philip, however, refused to take it. Then Luther urged him with rough words, saying, 'Hearest thou, Philip? Make short work of it; thou must eat for my sake, or I will put thee under excommunication.' With these words he prevailed on him to eat, though but a little; and thus, by degrees his strength returned again."—*Ratzenb. Annales Vit Mel. p. 17.*

There is perhaps no scene in the life of Luther or Melanchthon more characteristic than that which has been just described. We no more doubt Luther's sincere contrition for his fault than we do Melanchthon's: his letters to the elector and to Eberhard von der Tanne, are sufficient proof of it. But if he showed more force of character on this occasion than his friend, the latter manifested greater tenderness of conscience. There was in Luther an ardor and a bustle, resulting from his sanguine temperament, which caused his private feelings, however violent, nay, partly through their violence, to be of brief duration. Melanchthon, who, notwithstanding his incessant activity, was of a patient and reflective character, retained his convictions till they swelled into a torrent, and threatened to destroy even life itself. There was weakness in this, unquestionably, but it was the weakness of a virtuous mind, the only weakness with which Melanchthon is fairly chargeable, and one redeemed by frequent instances of energy and intrepidity.

We made a passing reference just now to the invitations which Melanchthon received, during the first heats of the interimistic controversy, to Denmark and England. These were not solely the fruit of his great reputation for learning and candor; they were mainly caused by the success which had attended his efforts in planting the Reformation, and forming a solid, evangelical system of school instruction in different States of Germany. To detail his services in these respects would take up much more space than we can give to them. It must suffice

to say that besides repeated visitations which he made to the churches in Thuringia, and other territories belonging to electoral (afterwards ducal) Saxony, he labored with the happiest results at Leipzig, Nuremberg, and Berlin. Even remote universities, as Königsberg, which was founded in 1544, were constructed or remodelled according to his plans, and furnished in many instances with teachers whom he had formed. His pupils were the life of literature over a large extent of northern Europe, and his elementary treatises on grammar, rhetoric, logic, ethics, and physical science, were in the hands of almost all the educated youth of Saxony, and the neighboring States.

From the time of Luther's death, in 1546, Melanchthon became the acknowledged head of the Evangelical divines. We have seen into what suspicion and reproach his gradual emancipation from what the rigid Lutherans called orthodoxy brought him. His later years were passed amidst continual vexation and anxieties, under which nothing could have sustained him as he was sustained, but the testimony of a good conscience, and the determination that he would, if possible, preserve the Lutheran churches from open rupture and mutual condemnation. He saw that there were various parties in them, but still he hoped that these might, by the exercise of a wise caution on his part, be prevented from becoming distinct and hostile communions. He also knew that his own more liberal system, both as respected the doctrines of grace and the nature of our Lord's presence in the eucharist, was not likely, if put in marked distinction to the current exposition of orthodoxy, as derived from Luther's writings, to receive the sanction of the elector. He therefore refused, in the most persevering manner, to give currency to any other form of expression than those contained in the recognized symbols of the church, it being his belief, that, if the controversial spirit which had been the bane of Lutheranism could but be suppressed for a time, the symbols might afterwards be explicitly interpreted in harmony with the gradual improvements to be expected in biblical exposition. His prudence saved his principles from condemnation, and the churches and universities from the loss of their best teachers, as long as he lived; but the first faint gleamings of court favor which shone upon his disciples afterwards, betrayed them into such excesses as at once and for ever ruined them.

The more liberal party was immediately broken up. Its leaders, as stated in the opening of this paper, were deposed and imprisoned. And what previously had been only the private views of Luther and his more bigoted admirers, were incorporated into a symbol—the “Formula Concordiæ,” published in 1577—which, burning like a firebrand till its fuel was exhausted, then hung as a clog upon the neck of orthodoxy till creeds and orthodoxy fell into contempt together.

The moral of this forcing of opinions is not far to seek, and Melanchthon appears to have discovered the true principle some years before he died. He was at least convinced of the utter uselessness of decretal synods, for when, in May, 1553, the Elector Maurice communicated to him at Torgau the intentions of himself and other princes, to convene a conference at Erfurt, in the following June, Melanchthon replied, the Landgrave might remember how little the conferences at Schmalcald and Marburg had effected; that the princes and divines were now more widely separated than they were then, and that therefore some would not even attend, and among those who did attend no unity would follow. “Nazianzen,” he continued, “has long since said that he had seen no synod in his time which had not been the occasion of greater divisions than existed before.” In using Gregory’s words to represent his own conviction, Melanchthon has given us the lessons of his own experience, and it was the experience of a man who had to do with synods and their decrees in almost every form, and who must have known the nature and effects of them, if any man could hope to do so.

Melanchthon died the 19th of April, 1560, aged sixty-three. We transcribe from Matthes the account of his last days. This account, though less complete than Dr. Cox’s, is an interesting pendant to that we have already given of his early life and studies, and shows that he was the same hard student, the same conscientious laborer, the same friend of union to the last.

‘Before, however, the appointed time arrived [the time for a convention at Bremen, which he was expected to attend], Melanchthon was called away from this world, which at last had become a valley of mourning to him, into that land of everlasting peace, towards which his soul had long looked with strong desire, and whither all his older friends—Luther, Caspar Borner (1547), Caspar Cruciger (1548), Veit Dietrich (1549), Martin

Bucer (1551), Bernhard Ziegler (1552), Geo. von Anhalt (1553), Jacob Sturm (1558), and Johann Bugenhagen, had gone before him. At the end of March, 1560, he travelled to Leipzig, to examine the stipendiaries, as he had done for several years. When he returned, on the 5th of April, the north wind met him so raw and bitter, that he was overtaken with a cold shuddering fit. On the 8th of April this was succeeded by a fever, with cough and shortness of breath. He had not slept during any part of the night, and was therefore so weary and weak in the morning, that he could scarcely sit upright. He took his seat at his writing-table, but his powers were quite exhausted, so that he was obliged to go and lie upon his settle from time to time. His son-in-law, the physician Caspar Peucer, suspected that he was again suffering from the stone, and would have had a bath got ready for him; but he said, he had for several years been weak about this time, and that, besides, this year there was an eclipse of the sun at the equinox, and would be in conjunction of Saturn and Mars about eight o’clock. He wished to go to his wash-hand stand, but could with difficulty reach it, and said, ‘I shall go out as an expiring candle.’ Notwithstanding this, he had made up his mind to go to his lecture-room, and read on dialectics. ‘Only half an hour,’ said he; ‘I must read half an hour, then I will take the bath.’ He was able to continue his lecture but a quarter of an hour. The following day he was better. He corrected several funeral orations for Duke Philip of Pomerania, who had died on the 24th of February, and said pleasantly, ‘I have nothing in hand now but funeral matters. This good prince was named Philip. Perhaps I shall be the next Philip to follow him—one from the people.’ On Maundy Thursday he received the communion once more at church. On Good Friday he held his last festival-meditation, on Isaiah 53. The following night he slept undisturbed; and when he awoke, it seemed to him as if he were singing, as he had done when a boy in church, the words, ‘I have desired to eat the passover with you before I suffer.’ In the course of that day he drew up the Easter programme, took it himself to the printers, and looked in again after dinner to see how the setting up had proceeded. This was his last walk in the street. The next night his fever returned, so that, on Easter Sunday, the 15th of April, he was again quite weak. Notwithstanding, he was determined to hold his Easter-meditation; and was much displeased when he learned that his hearers had been dismissed. On Easter Monday, he was much in conversation with his friend Camerarius, who had arrived on the Saturday; but said to him, ‘I have a desire to depart, and to be with Christ.’ As he got better, Camerarius returned home on the 17th. Exactly at this time, however, the fever returned again; he became weaker and weaker. On the 18th of April he allowed a travelling bed to be

made up for him in his study, lay down in it, and said, 'This is a travelling bed; what if I shall take my departure in it?' \* \* \* \* On the 19th his pulse became weaker and weaker, and at eight [in the evening] he fainted. All the professors came to his house, and before it stood a crowd of students inquiring after the health of their beloved instructor. The superintendent, Paul Eber, M. Fröschel, and M. Sturio read to him some chapters from the Bible; in which he said his heart was much impressed by the words: 'As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God.' Then he prayed a long time by himself, and once or twice was heard to lisp the words, '*That they all may be one as we are.*' All who were present sunk on their knees, and prayed with him. Peucer asking him if he desired any thing, he answered, 'Nothing but heaven; let me rest and pray. My end is not far off.' In the evening at seven o'clock he fell asleep.—*Matthes*, pp. 380, 382.

It is to be regretted that all the portraits we possess of Melancthon, except those on medals, are from the dry, stiff hand of Lucas Kranach, who was certainly unable to lend a grace where it was wanting, even if he could (of which, however, we know of no proof), commit to his canvass those which were presented to him. There is, indeed, a drawing by Hans Holbein, in the Queen's collection at Windsor, upon which Melancthon's name is inscribed, and which has been re-engraved in Germany as a youthful portrait of the Reformer. It is understood to have been in Holbein's portfolio when he came to England, in the reign of Henry VIII., and is supposed to have been taken at Erasmus's suggestion. We are convinced, however, that the tradition respecting it is not authentic. We wish, indeed, it were, for there is much more life and grace, as well as better drawing, in it, than in the best of Kranach's. Yet even Kranach was not able to miss entirely the sweetness that played about Melancthon's mouth—(our readers will find it in the engraving lately made by Müller, from perhaps his best picture)—and it was clearly all but impossible to overlook the ample, towering forehead, which is so much in harmony with our reformer's clear, expanded intellect. Melancthon's eyes are said to have been remarkable for their beauty, lustre, and penetration. Judging from his portraits, he sometimes wore his beard, sometimes shaved himself close, and not unfrequently, like Richard Baxter, possessed his chin in that intermediate state, which, in an age when beards are not usually worn,

conveys the unpleasant idea of negligence. His stature was small and slight, but he was well proportioned, though in his youth he had an awkward motion of one shoulder when he walked, which Staphylus and Sarceries are said to have been foolish enough to imitate. When he spoke, his manner was very animated, and he gesticulated freely with his hands. In advancing years he suffered greatly in his health, from incessant occupation and frequent want of sleep. To this was added severe bodily sufferings sometimes from the stone, all which produced at length a considerable alteration in his appearance.

His public character we have already partially exhibited. His private one was every way worthy of it. It was his practice, notwithstanding his continual occupation, to attend as he had opportunity, the lectures of the younger teachers, that by his presence he might give them consequence in the eyes of the students. He was eminently charitable to the poor, and generous to his friends. Indeed he too frequently gave when he would have done better to have refused; and his kindness in assisting on all occasions, even those who had no claim upon him, was excessive.\* At table he was very sociable, would cheerfully relate what, in his extensive intercourse with men of all ranks, he had seen and heard of a nature calculated either to please or instruct, and had no objection to temper dignity with mirth. He was accustomed to quote Plautus's saying, '*Homo homini ignotus lupus est,*' and to call those who always sat in society with their mouths shut, and their eyes fixed upon the person who might be speaking, *insidiatores*. He said it was inhumanity and barbarism, and that *sæpe tacens odii semina vultus habet*. At the same time, he neither indulged in unseemly ridicule himself, nor suffered it in others. He betrayed no secrets. He abstained from exaggerations. Vulgarity in every form was hateful to him; but especially in that most odious of its many forms, indecent allusion. He willingly conversed with none who were not, like himself, urbane and chaste.

\* His letters and Camerarius's memoirs furnish many illustrations of this. He was continually writing prefaces for his friends, or letters of recommendation for students, or theses or academical discourses for professors. According to Camerarius, the latter were delivered, word for word, as written by Melancthon, '*atque visæ sunt chartæ cum humidis adhuc literis reliquæ afferri iis, qui jam pronuntiare composita ab eo priora cœpiant.*'

He was a faithful friend. Of this no better proof is needed than the number of faithful friends whom he possessed. We shall not stop to defend him from the charge that has been made against him of speaking what he did not feel respecting Luther in his funeral oration. That he loved Luther ardently there can be no doubt; as little can there be that Luther, in his later years, frequently wounded him, and that he deeply felt it. He said as much, both before and after Luther's death. But his doing so proves his honesty in what he elsewhere said, unless it should be thought impossible that love should continue where any offence has been received. Melanchthon was not one in whom the impression made by innumerable benefits received from Luther, during the confidential intercourse of years, could be obliterated by the clouds which, in the later years of Luther's life, passed over the horizon of their friendship. He could state the truth when circumstances seemed to call for it, but he loved his friend no less. His conduct to the widow and children of Luther, during the trials which succeeded the battle of Mühlberg, disarms this scandal of its sting.

As little is it necessary to defend him from the charge of being unfaithful to John Frederick. We remember indeed the time when we did think him unfaithful. But a clearer insight into John Frederick's character showed us that Melanchthon could have done no good by following him to Weimar or Jena. He could not, we are persuaded, have entered his service after the temporary dissolution of the Wittemberg university, without sacrificing every prospect of usefulness as a public man.

But the amiable and friendly character of Melanchthon is not attested only by the numbers of those who knew and loved him intimately. His correspondence with Cramer, Calvin, and others whom he did not personally know, or knew but imperfectly, evinces the same thing. And it is still more fully displayed in his correspondence with some who had deeply injured him. Of this his letters to Flacius Illyricus, one of which we have quoted, are a striking example. Nothing is more evident on the face of his extensive correspondence, than that it was his fixed determination, as much as possible, to live peaceably with all men; and that the reciprocation of the offices of friendship was one of the principal enjoyments of his life.

'Still he found his sweetest recreation and entertainment in his family circle, and it was here that all the depth, intimacy, and childlike innocence of his pure religious feeling unfolded themselves. Here, as he himself said, was the little church, in which his soul was habitually raised to heaven, and filled with unbounded joy. Here were the beloved souls, whom it was his duty, according to the will of God, to form and educate for life eternal. \* \* \* \* He often sat by the cradle of his daughters, or granddaughters, almost all of whom were brought up in his house, with a book in one hand, and the other holding the cradle-strap. He himself related of his Anna, that she once came to him, and wiped his tears with her little apron, and how much this proof of her sympathy went to his heart. She was his eldest child, and was on this account, though still more on account of her gentle, quiet character, especially beloved by him. \* \* \* Besides these children and grandchildren, there should also be reckoned, as belonging to Melanchthon's family, his old servant John, a native of Suabia, who lived thirty-four years in his house, acted as his house-steward, instructed his children, and through his honesty and faithfulness, was of great, not to say indispensable, value to him. Melanchthon reposed in him the most unreserved confidence, corresponded with him, when on a journey, in Latin, and set great store by his judgment on religious subjects. In the programme, in which he announced his death, Melanchthon made the most affectionate allusion to his character and services. Where servants are of this class, and are so beloved, a house may certainly be regarded as an *ecclesiola Dei*.'—*Matthes*, 385, 386.

Melanchthon's religious character may be well enough inferred from what we have already written. The gospel of salvation by the grace of God, through faith in the atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ,—the gospel of the New Testament, was, as we have seen, the object of his most incessant anxiety in life, and in death it was his all-sufficient consolation. If his faith respecting this heavenly treasure appeared less firm than Luther's, let us remember that there was no deficiency as respects the power of the Gospel, but only lost the knowledge of it should again be lost for a season. Yet he doubted not at all that it was the cause of God, and that as such it was secure in truth and steadfastness. One of his most favorite passages, and which he was accustomed to write in the albums of his friends, was Isa. lix. 21. A leaf bearing this verse, written with his own hand in Luther's private copy of the Bible, may still be seen, with other similar memorials of Luther, Bugenhagen, Cruciger, Jonas,

and Agatho, in Luther's cell at Erfurt. He feared not for the gospel, but for his countrymen, lest, after that they had heard it in truth, they should again lose it, either under the corrupt glosses of tradition, or the horrors of war and persecution. His desire for peace and unity, was, as his last moments show, not merely a constitutional feeling, but a conscientious principle.\* His love of truth was ardent and unquenchable: many of his greatest trials sprung from his determination not to call any man master, or to drink from the narrow cisterns of systematic theology, while he had access to the full clear fountains of the living word. He was a man of prayer. If he did not blaze like the phoenix, he soared with the lark, for he rose very early, and opened every morning with devotion. Nor did his own private resources ever cause him to undervalue the public means of grace. He knew that those who took most with them to the house of God, brought most away; and coming once in his perusal of the Psalms, to Psalm xxvii. 4, 5, 'One thing have I desired,' &c., he was heard to say, 'Ah! Lord, let me ever dwell where thou hast a little church.' When his daughter's removal to Königsberg with her husband Sabinus was spoken of, this was a principal consideration with him; 'in Königsberg, it is well: there the house of God is frequented, as it is here.' For he saw nothing praiseworthy in the pretensions of those who undervalue social worship, but declared, 'My nature is most alien to that Cyclopæan life which despises order, and turns with disgust from customs because they are such, as if they were a canker.'

But it is Melanchthon's special and peculiar praise that he was the first who openly enlisted the revived literature and science of the sixteenth century in the service of the reformation. Whatever the

\* He was indeed, as might be inferred from his unwearied activity, naturally very susceptible. Camerarius said of him, 'Humor, quem flavæ bilis nomine appellat, abundantior materiam præbebat affectionibus animi vehementioribus.' When we consider this, his self-possession and patience amidst the unrelenting persecutions he endured are really extraordinary. Few men, even in our own time—to lay no stress on the ruder habits of the sixteenth century—would have maintained such perfect self-command as he did for a long course of years. He not only avoided, in his controversial writings, the use of passionate and provoking expressions, but continued to the last his efforts to conciliate his adversaries, and restore peace to the church.

Lutherans possessed of either was principally the fruit of his exertions. He, too, though not the originator of their theology, (in which respect even Luther must, to some extent, resign the palm to Augustine,) was its first scientific expositor. His claims upon the gratitude of Protestants on these accounts are entitled to a passing notice.

In his lectures on the ancient classics, he laid great stress upon their value as a mean of intellectual discipline. 'Scopæ enim monui,' he says, 'ita instituendum esse animum, ut duas has virtutes, *scientiam judicandi* de rebus humanis et *facultatem dicendi* meminerit sibi omnibus nervis parandas esse. Et ad hoc tanquam ad scopum oportet referre vigilias, lucubrationes, denique studia omnia. Nam qui aut non formarunt judicium literis, ut intelligant rerum ac morum discrimina, quæque in bonis, quæque in malis ducenda sint, aut non possunt ea, quæ sentiunt, perspicuo sermone docere, hi mihi præter corporis speciem nihil humani habere videntur.'

We have before adverted to the various publications by which Melanchthon strove to advance the cause of education. New editions of the classics, grammars, glossaries, chronicles, treatises on rhetoric, logic, ethics, politics, and the elements of physical science attest his unwearied pains. In moral and intellectual philosophy, he was at first an eclectic, but afterwards attached himself decidedly, though not blindly, to the school of Aristotle, the study of whose works he recommended to precede those of Plato. In physical science, he was not very successful. Our extract relating to his last hours shows that he was a believer in the current astrology. In this respect, he was behind Luther. Yet some even of his physical writings—his *Commentarius de Anima*, and *Initia Doctrinæ Physicæ*, for instance, evince great acuteness and learning. With all his deficiencies, it should be remembered, that he was the first man who made it his business to unfold the intimate connexion between philosophy and practical life, and to exemplify the true harmony of science and religion.

But his theological labors constitute his greatest claim to the regard of posterity. To enumerate them all is neither necessary nor possible. He assisted in the construction and diffusion of the evangelical theology, not only by his academical lectures, but his commentaries, and other theological writings. He also, as is well known, aided Luther in his translation of the Bible; and



so necessary was this aid, that Luther excused the delay which occurred in the translation of the prophetic books of the Old Testament by stating as its cause, that the Elector had taken Melanchthon with him to Spire. Melanchthon's own theological works are exceedingly numerous. Some of them were of local and temporary interest, and have not been collected with the rest. A large number of them are exegetical. His method of exposition may be called the grammatico-dialectic. He used to say that a good theologian and true interpreter of God's word, must be first a grammarian, then a dialectician, thirdly, a witness. He did not dwell much on explanations of single words, but carefully compared the older versions with the original, and took great pains to illustrate the New Testament Hebraism. When the text was argumentative—one of Paul's epistles, for instance—he investigated the rhetorical disposition and scope of it with minute attention. Of his *Loci Communes*, the Confession of Augsburg, and Apology for it, it is less necessary to speak. These works, notwithstanding the calumny which was heaped upon their author during the seventeenth century, are to Lutheranism what Calvin's Institutes are to the Reformed communion. Like Calvin's work, the *Loci Communes* was considerably enlarged after the first edition; and the development of our reformer's theological system is very conspicuous in the additions which he made to it. He is spoken of occasionally, by those who wish to have it so, as if he had accommodated his theological system to the variations of his philosophy. There is no doubt that in this respect he admitted, as every thoughtful student must do, such model explanations as philosophy supplies on points which enter her domain. Some of these must, it is very certain, have varied with the progress of his studies. He also, it is true, speculated somewhat crudely, as many since have done, upon the mode of the Divine existence, the generation of the Son, and the procession of the Spirit. But he never conceded to philosophy the regulation of his religious belief. He was a supernaturalist in the full sense of the term, from the time he penned the first draught of his *Loci Communes* till his dying day.

Melanchthon's writings are of great æsthetic merit. Erasmus commended them as possessing, along with their remarkable erudition and rare eloquence, 'such grace

—quam genio suo debet potius quam ingenio,—that while he was exceedingly agreeable so all candid readers, there was not, even among his enemies, one whom he greatly displeased.' Equally honorable and characteristic of both is Luther's praise of them. 'I had rather,' said he, 'see Philip's books than my own, whether Latin or German, exposed for sale. I have been sent into the world to contend with devils; my books, therefore, are too stormy and warlike. I must grub up stumps, thorns, &c. . . . But Master Philip does his work tastefully and without fuss, builds and plants, sows and waters agreeably, according to the gifts which God has so richly bestowed upon him.'

We are not able to speak as we could wish of the works named at the head of this article. Both are rationalist in principle; and this element appears in remarks derogatory not only to the authority of Scripture, but to the character and explicit claims of our Lord. Where rationalism does not intrude, both of them indeed, and that of Matthes in particular, may be read with interest. Both authors have used the *Corpus Reformatorum*, as far as it had proceeded when they were written; that is, to the volumes published in 1838 and 1839. The work of Matthes, though by no means distinguished for the excellence of its narrative, is much more readable than Galle's, the style of which is slovenly and inaccurate. But both betray great negligence in other respects. In Galle's, some material errors, acknowledged in the preface to the first edition, are repeated verbatim in the second. Matthes has given a page of errata, for which he craves excuse on account of his distance from the press. We could supply him with a list, which would, probably, fill twenty such pages. We are loth to say so much in disparagement of works which necessarily contain much useful information.

From the London Daily News.

## TRAVELLING LETTERS WRITTEN ON THE ROAD.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

### IV.

#### A RETREAT AT ALBARO.

THE first impressions of such a place as this, can hardly fail, I should imagine, to be mournful and disappointing. It requires a little time and use to overcome the feeling of depression consequent, at first, on so much ruin and neglect. Novelty, pleasant to most people, is particularly delightful, I think, to me; and I am not easily spirited when I have the means of pursuing my own fancies and occupations; and I believe I have some natural aptitude for accommodating myself to circumstances. But, as yet, I stroll about here in all the queer holes and corners of the neighborhood, in a perpetual state of forlorn surprise; and returning to my villa; the Villa Bagnerello; (it sounds romantic, but Signor Bagnerello is a butcher hard by,) have sufficient occupation in pondering over my new experiences and comparing them, very much to my own amusement, with my expectations, until I wander out again.

The Villa Bagnerello, or the Pink Jail: which, vanity apart, is a far more expressive name for the mansion: is in one of the most splendid situations imaginable. The noble bay of Genoa, with the deep blue Mediterranean, lie stretched out near at hand; monstrous old desolate houses and palaces are dotted all about; lofty hills, with their tops often hidden in the clouds; and with strong forts perched high up on their craggy sides, are close upon the left; and in front, stretching from the walls of the house, down to a ruined church which stands upon the bold and picturesque rocks on the sea-shore, are green vineyards, where you may wander all day long in partial shade, through interminable vistas of grapes, trained on a rough trellis work across the narrow paths.

This sequestered spot is approached by lanes so very narrow, that when we arrived at the Custom house, we found the people here had *taken the measure* of the narrowest among them, and were waiting to apply it to the carriage; which ceremony was gravely performed in the street, while we all stood by, in breathless suspense. It was found to be a very tight fit, but just a possibility and no more—as I am reminded every day, by the sight of various large

holes which it punched in the walls on either side as it came along. We are more fortunate, I am told, than an old lady who took a house in these parts not long ago, and stuck fast in *her* carriage in a lane, and as it was impossible to open one of the doors, she was obliged to submit to the indignity of being hauled through one of the little front windows like a harlequin.

Well! when you have got through these narrow lanes, you come to an archway, imperfectly stopped up by a rusty old gate—my gate. The rusty old gate has a bell to correspond, which you ring, as long as you like, and which nobody answers, as it has no connection whatever with the house. But there is a rusty old knocker, too,—very loose, so that it slides round when you touch it—and if you learn the trick of it, and knock long enough, somebody comes. The brave courier comes, and gives you admittance. You walk into a seedy little garden, all wild and weedy, from which the vineyard opens; cross it, enter a square hall like a cellar, walk up a cracked marble staircase, and pass into a most enormous room, with a vaulted roof and whitewashed walls, not unlike a great methodist chapel. This is the sala. It has five windows and five doors, and is decorated with pictures which would gladden the heart of one of those picture-cleaners in London, who hang up as a sign a picture divided, like death and the lady, at the top of the old ballad; which always leaves you in a state of uncertainty whether the ingenious professor has cleaned one half or dirtied the other. The furniture of this sala is a sort of red brocade. All the chairs are immovable, and the sofa weighs several tons.

On the same floor, and opening out of this same chamber, are dining-room, drawing-room, and divers bed-rooms; each with a multitude of doors and windows in it. Up stairs are divers other gaunt chambers, and a kitchen; and down stairs is another kitchen, which, with all sorts of strange contrivances for burning charcoal, looks like an alchemical laboratory. There are also some half dozen small sitting-rooms, where the servants in this hot July may escape from the heat of the fire; and where the brave courier plays all sorts of musical instruments of his own manufacture, all the evening long. A mighty, old, wandering, ghostly, echoing, grim house, it is, as ever I beheld or thought of.

There is a little vine-covered terrace, opening from the drawing-room; and under

this terrace, and forming one side of the little garden, is what used to be the stable. It is now a cow house, and has three cows in it, so that we get new milk by the bucket full. There is no pasturage near, and they never go out, but are constantly lying down and surfeiting themselves with vine-leaves—perfect Italian cows—enjoying the *dolce far' niente* all the day long. They are presided over, and slept with by an old man named Antonio, and his son, two burnt-sien-na natives, with naked legs and feet, and who wear each a shirt, a pair of trousers, and a red sash, with a relic, or some sacred charm, like a bon-bon off a twelfth-cake, hanging round the neck. The old man is very anxious to convert me to the Catholic faith, and exhorts me frequently. We sit upon a stone by the door sometimes in the evening, like Robinson Crusoe and Friday reversed; and he generally relates, towards my conversion, an abridgment of the history of Saint Peter—chiefly, I believe, from the unspeakable delight he has in his imitation of the cock.

The view, as I have said, is charming; but in the day you must keep the lattice-blinds close shut, or the sun would drive you mad; and when the sun goes down you must shut up all the windows, or the mosquitoes would tempt you to commit suicide. So at this time of the year you don't see much of the prospect within doors. As for the flies, you don't mind them—nor the fleas, whose size is prodigious, and whose name is legion, and who populate the coach house to that extent that I daily expect to see the carriage going off bodily, drawn by myriads of industrious fleas in harness. The rats are kept away quite comfortably, by scores of lean cats who roam about the garden for that purpose. The lizards, of course, nobody cares for; they play in the sun and don't bite. The little scorpions are merely curious. The beetles are rather late, and have not appeared yet. The frogs are company. There is a preserve of them in the grounds of the next villa; and after night-fall one would think that scores upon scores of women in pattens were going up and down a wet stone pavement without a moment's cessation. That is exactly the noise they make.

The narrow lanes have great villas opening into them, whose walls (outside walls, I mean) are profusely painted with all sorts of subjects—grim and holy. But time and the sea-air have nearly obliterated them; and they look like the entrance to Vauxhall Gar-

dens on a sunny day. The court-yards of these houses are overgrown with grass and weeds; all sorts of hideous patches cover the bases of the statues, as if they were afflicted with a cutaneous disorder; the outer gates are rusty, and the iron bars outside the lower windows are all tumbling down. Fire-wood is kept in halls where costly treasures might be heaped up, mountains high; water-falls are dry and choked; fountains, too dull to play and too lazy to work, have just enough recollection of their identity, in their sleep, to make the neighborhood damp; and the sirocco wind has been blowing over all these things these two days, like a gigantic oven out for a holiday.

Last Friday was a Festa-day, in honor of the *Virgin's mother*, and the young men of the neighborhood, having worn green wreaths of the vine, in some procession or other, bathed in them, by scores. It looked very odd and pretty. Though I am bound to confess (not knowing of the festa at that time), that I thought, and was quite satisfied, they wore them as horses do—to keep the flies off.

Yesterday was another Festa-day, in honor of St. Nazarro, I believe. One of the Albaro young men brought two large bouquets soon after breakfast, and coming upstairs, into that great *sala*, presented them himself. This was a polite way of begging for a contribution towards the expenses of some music in the saint's honor, so we gave him whatever it may have been, and his messenger departed; well satisfied. At six o'clock in the evening we went to the church—close at hand—a very gaudy place, hung all over with festoons and bright draperies, and filled from the altar to the main door with women, all seated. They wear no bonnets here, simply a long white veil—the “mezzero”—which is very graceful and stately; and it was the most gauzy, ethereal-looking audience I ever saw. There were some men: not very many; and a few of these were kneeling about the aisles, while every body else tumbled over them. Innumerable tapers were burning in the church: the bits of silver and tin about the saints (especially in the Virgin's necklace) sparkled brilliantly; the priests were seated about the chief altar; the organ played away, fortissimo, and a full band did the like; while a conductor, in a little gallery opposite to the band, hammered away on the desk before him with a scroll; and a tenor, without any voice, sang. The band played one way, the organ played another, the

singer went a third, and the unfortunate conductor banged and banged, and flourished his scroll on some principle of his own: apparently well satisfied with the whole performance. I never did hear such a discordant din. The heat was intense all this time.

The men in red caps, and with loose coats hanging on their shoulders (they never put them on), were playing bowls, and buying sweetmeats immediately outside the church; and when half-a-dozen of them finished a game, they came into the aisle, crossed themselves with the holy water, knelt on one knee for an instant, and walked off again to play another game at bowls.

Hard by here, there is a large palazzo, formerly belonging to some member of the Brignole family, but just now hired by a school of Jesuits for their summer quarters. I walked into its dismantled precincts the other evening about sunset, and couldn't help pacing up and down for a little time, drowsily taking in the aspect of the place, which is repeated hereabouts in all directions.

I loitered to and fro, under a colonnade, forming two sides of a weedy, grass-grown court-yard, whereof the house formed a third side, and a low terrace-walk, overlooking the garden, and the neighboring hills, the fourth. I don't believe there was an uncracked stone in the whole pavement. In the centre was a melancholy statue, so piebald in its decay, that it looked exactly as if it had been covered with sticking-plaster, and afterwards powdered. The stables, coach-houses, offices, were all empty, all ruinous, all utterly deserted. Doors had lost their hinges, and were holding on by their latches; windows were broken, painted plaster had peeled off, and was lying about in clods.

Fowls and cats had so taken possession of the out-buildings, that I couldn't help thinking of the fairy tales, and eyeing them with suspicion, as transformed retainers, waiting to be changed back again. One old Tom, in particular, a scraggy brute, with a hungry green eye, (a poor relation, in reality, I am inclined to think,) came prowling round and round me, as if he half believed, for the moment, that I might be the hero come to marry the lady, and set all to rights; but, discovering his mistake, he suddenly gave a grim snort, and walked away with such a tremendous tail, that he couldn't get into the little hole where he lived, but was obliged to wait outside until his indignation and his tail had gone down together.

In a sort of summer-house, or whatever it may be, in this colonnade, some Englishmen had been living, like grubs in a nut; but the Jesuits had given them notice to go, and they had gone, and *that* was shut up too. The house, a wandering, echoing, thundering, barrack of a place, with the lower windows barred up, (as they always are here,) was wide open at the door; and I have no doubt I might have gone in, and gone to bed, and gone dead, and nobody a bit the wiser. Only one suite of rooms on an upper floor was tenanted; and from one of these the voice of a young lady vocalist, practising bravura lustily, came flaunting out upon the silent evening.

I went down into the garden; intended to be prim and quaint; with the avenues and terraces, and orange-trees, and statues, and water in stone basins; and every thing was green, gaunt, weedy, straggling, undergrown, and overgrown; mildewy, damp, redolent of all sorts of slabby, clammy, creeping, and uncomfutable life. There was nothing bright in the whole scene but a fire-fly—one solitary fire-fly—showing against the dark bushes like the last little speck of the departed glory of the house; and even it went flitting up and down at sudden angles, and leaving a place with a jerk, and describing an irregular circle; and returning to the same place with a twitch that startled one; as if it were looking for the rest of the glory, and wondering (heaven knows it might!) what had become of it.

## V.

### FIRST SKETCH OF GENOA.—THE STREETS, SHOPS AND HOUSES.

IN the course of two months, the flitting shapes and shadows of that dismal reverie have gradually resolved themselves into familiar forms and substances; and I already begin to think that when the time shall come a year hence, for closing this long holiday, and turning back to England, I may part from Genoa with any thing but a glad heart.

It is a place that "grows upon you" every day. There seems to be always something to find out in it. There are the most extraordinary alleys and by-ways to walk about in. You can lose your way (what a comfort that is, when you are idle!) twenty times a day if you like; and turn up again,

under the most unexpected and surprising difficulties. It abounds in the strangest contrasts, things that are picturesque, ugly, mean, magnificent, delightful, and offensive, break upon the view at every turn.

The great majority of the streets are as narrow as any thoroughfare can well be, where people (even Italian people) are supposed to live and walk about; being mere lanes, with here and there a kind of well, or breathing-place. The houses are immensely high; painted in all sorts of colours; and are in every stage and state of damage, dirt, and lack of repair. They are commonly let off in floors, or flats, like the houses in the old town of Edinburgh. There are few street doors; the entrance halls are, for the most part, looked upon as public property; and any moderately enterprising scavenger might make a fine fortune by now and then clearing them out. As it is impossible for coaches to penetrate into these streets, there are sedan chairs, gilded and otherwise, for hire in divers places. A great many private chairs are also kept among the nobility and gentry; and at night these are trotted to and fro in all directions, preceded by bearers of great lanterns, made of linen stretched upon a frame. The sedans and lanterns are the legitimate successors of the long strings of patient and much-abused mules, that go jingling their little bells through these confined streets all day long; and follow them, as regularly as the stars the sun.

When shall I forget the Streets of Palaces—the Strada Nuova and the Strada Balbi! or how the former looked one summer day, when I first saw it underneath the brightest and most intensely blue of summer skies: with its narrow perspective of immense mansions, reduced to a tapering and most precious strip of brightness, looking down upon the heavy shade below! A brightness not too common, even in July and August, to be well esteemed: for, if the truth must out, there have not been eight blue skies in as many midsummer weeks, saving, sometimes, early in the morning: when, looking out to sea, the water and the firmament have been one world of deep and brilliant blue. At other times, there have been clouds and haze enough to make an Englishman grumble in his own climate.

The endless details of these rich palaces! The great, heavy, stone balconies, one above another, and tier over tier; with here and there, one larger than the rest, towering

high up—a huge marble platform: the doorless vestibules, massively barred lower windows, immense public staircases, thick marble pillars, strong dungeon-like arches, and dreary, dreaming, echoing vaulted chambers; among which the eye wanders again, and again, and again, as every palace is succeeded by another—the terrace gardens between house and house, with green arches of the vine, and groves of orange-trees, and blushing oleander in full bloom, twenty, thirty, forty feet above the street—the painted halls, mouldering and blotting, and rotting in the damp corners, and still shining out in beautiful colors and voluptuous designs, where the walls are dry—the faded figures on the outsides of the houses, holding wreaths and crowns; and flying upward and downward, and standing in niches; and here and there looking fainter and more feeble than elsewhere, by contrast with some fresh little Cupids, who, on a more recently decorated portion of the front, are stretching out what seems to be the semblance of a blanket, but is, indeed, a sun-dial—the steep, steep, up-hill streets of smaller palaces, (but very large palaces for all that), with marble terraces looking down into close by-ways—the magnificent and innumerable churches; and the rapid passage from a street of stately edifices, into a maze of the vilest squalor, steaming with unwholesome stench, and swarming with half-naked children, and whole worlds of dirty people—make up, altogether, such a scene of wonder: so lively, and yet so dead: so noisy, and yet so quiet: so obtrusive, and yet so shy and lowering: so wide awake, and yet so fast asleep: that it is a sort of intoxication to a stranger to walk on, and on, and look about him—a bewildering phantasmagoria, with all the inconsistency of a dream, and all the pain and all the pleasure of an extravagant reality.

The different uses to which some of these palaces are applied, all at once, is characteristic. For instance, the English Banker (my excellent and hospitable friend) has his office in a good-sized Palazzo in the Strada Nuova. In the hall (every inch of which is elaborately painted, but which is as dirty as a police station in London,) a hook-nosed Saracen's Head, with an immense quantity of black hair, (there is a man attached to it,) sells walking-sticks. On the other side of the door-way, a lady with a showy handkerchief for a head-dress, (wife to the Saracen's Head, I be-

lieve,) sells articles of her own knitting, and sometimes flowers. A little further in, two or three blind men occasionally beg. Sometimes they are visited by a young man without any legs, on a little go-cart, but who has such a fresh-colored, lively face, and such a respectable, well-conditioned body, that he looks as if he had sunk into the ground up to his middle, or had come, but partially, up a flight of cellar steps to speak to somebody. A little further in, a few men, perhaps, lie asleep in the middle of the day; or they may be chairmen waiting for their absent freight; if so, they have brought their chairs in with them, and there *they* stand also. On the left of the hall there is a little room—a hatter's shop. On the first floor, is the English bank. On the first floor, also, is a whole house, and a good large residence too. Heaven knows what there may be above that; but when you are there, you have only just begun to go up stairs. And yet, coming down stairs again, think of this; and passing out at a great crazy door in the back of the hall, instead of turning the other way to get into the street again, it bangs behind you—making the dismalest and most lonesome echoes—and you stand in a yard (the yard of the same house) which seems to have been unvisited by human foot, for a hundred years. Not a sound disturbs its repose. Not a head, thrust out of any of the grim, dark, jealous windows within sight, makes the weeds in the cracked pavement faint of heart, by suggesting the possibility of there being hands to grub them up. Opposite to you is a giant figure carved in stone; reclining, with an urn, upon a lofty piece of artificial rockwork; and out of the urn, dangles the sag-end of a leaden pipe, which, once upon a time, poured a small torrent down the rocks. But the eye-sockets of the giant are not drier than this channel is now. He seems to have given his urn, which is nearly upside down, a final tilt; and after crying, like a sepulchral child, "All gone!" to have lapsed into a stony silence.

In the streets of shops, the houses are much smaller, but of great size notwithstanding, and extremely high. They are very dirty—quite undrained, if my nose be at all reliable—and emit a peculiar fragrance; like the smell of very bad cheese, kept in very hot blankets. Notwithstanding the height of the houses, there would seem to have been a lack of room in the city, for new houses are thrust in every where. Wherever it has been possible to cram a

tumble-down tenement into a crack or corner, in it has gone. If there be a nook or angle in the wall of a church, or a crevice in any other dead wall of any sort, there you are sure to find some kind of habitation: looking as if it had grown there like a fungus. Against the Government house, against the old Senate house, round about any large building, little shops stick close like parasite vermin to the great carcase. And for all this, look where you may,—up steps, down steps, any where, every where—there are irregular houses; receding, starting forward, tumbling down, leaning against their neighbors; crippling themselves or their friends, by some means or other; until one, more irregular than the rest, chokes up the way, and you can't see any further.

One of the rottenest-looking parts of the town, I think, is down by the landing-wharf: though it may be that its being associated with a great deal of rottenness on the evening of our arrival, has stamped it deeper in my mind. Here, again, the houses are very high; and are of an infinite variety of deformed shapes: and have (as most of the houses have) something hanging out of a great many windows, and wafting its frowsy fragrance on the breeze. Sometimes it is a curtain, sometimes it is a carpet, sometimes it is a bed, sometimes it is a whole line full of clothes; but there was almost always something. Before the basements of these houses, is a sort of arcade over the pavement, very massive, dark, and low: like an old crypt. The stone, or plaster, of which it was made, has turned quite black; and against every one of these black piles, all sorts of filth and garbage seem to accumulate spontaneously. Beneath some of the arches, the sellers of macaroni and polenta establish their stalls, which are by no means inviting. The offal of a fish-market, near at hand—that is to say of a back lane, where people sit upon the ground, and on various old bulk-heads and sheds, and sell fish when they have any to dispose of—and of a vegetable market constructed on the same principle—are contributed to the decorations of this quarter; and as all the mercantile business is transacted here, and it is crowded all day, it has a very decided flavor about it. The Porto Franco, or Free Port, (where goods brought in from foreign countries pay no duty until they are sold and taken out, as in a bonded warehouse in England,) is down here also; and two portentous officials, in

cooked hats, stand at the gates to search you, if they choose, and to keep out monks and ladies. For sanctity as well as beauty has been known to yield to the temptation of smuggling; and in the same way—that is to say, by concealing the smuggled property beneath the loose folds of its dress. So sanctity and beauty may by no means enter.

In some of the narrow passages, distinct trades congregate. There is a street of jewellers, and there is a row of booksellers; but even down in places where nobody ever can, or ever could, penetrate in a carriage, there are mighty old palaces shut in among the gloomiest and closest walls, and almost shut out from the sun. Very few of the tradesmen have any idea of setting forth their goods, or disposing them for show. If you, a stranger, want to buy any thing, you usually look round the shop till you see it; then clutch it, if it be within reach, and inquire how much. Every thing is sold at the most unlikely place. So, if you want coffee, you go to a sweetmeat shop; and if you want meat, you will probably find it behind an old checked curtain, down half-a-dozen steps, in some sequestered nook as hard to find as if the commodity were poison, and Genoa's law were death to any he that uttered it.

Some of the apothecaries' shops are great lounging places. Here, grave men with sticks sit down in the shade for hours together, passing a meagre Genoa paper from hand to hand, and talking drowsily and sparingly about the news. Two or three of these are poor physicians, ready to proclaim themselves on an emergency, and tear off with any messenger who may arrive. You may know them by the way in which they stretch their necks to listen, when you enter, and by the sigh with which they fall back again into their dull corners, on finding that you only want medicine. Few people lounge in the barbers' shops; though they are very numerous, as hardly any man shaves himself. But the apothecary's has its group of loungers, who sit back among the bottles, with their hands folded over the tops of their sticks; so still and quiet, that either you don't see them in the darkened shop, or mistake them—as I did one ghostly man in bottle-green, the other day with a hat like a stopper—for Horse Medicine.

## VI.

## IN GENOA.

ON a summer evening, the Genoese are as fond of putting themselves as their ancestors were of putting houses, in every available inch of space within and about the town. In all the lanes and alleys, and up every little ascent, and on every dwarf wall, and on every flight of steps, they cluster like bees. Meanwhile (and especially on Festa-days) the bells of the churches ring incessantly; not in peals, or any known form of sound, but in a horrible, irregular, jerking, dingle, dingle, dingle,—with a sudden stop at every fifteenth dingle or so—which is maddening. This performance is usually achieved by a boy, up in the steeple, who takes hold of the clapper, or a little rope attached to it, and tries to dingle louder than every other boy similarly employed. The noise is supposed to be particularly obnoxious to Evil Spirits: but looking up into the steeples, and seeing (and hearing) these young Christians thus engaged, one might very naturally mistake them for the Enemy.

Festa-days, early in the autumn, are very numerous. All the shops have been shut up, twice within a week, for these holidays; and one night, all the houses in the neighborhood of a particular church were illuminated, while the church itself was lighted outside, with torches; and a grove of blazing links was erected, in an open place outside one of the city gates. This part of the ceremony is prettier and more singular a little way in the country, where you can trace the illuminated cottages all the way up a steep hill side; and where you pass festoons of tapers, wasting away in the starlight night, before some lonely little house upon the road.

On these days, they always dress the church of the saint in whose honor the Festa is holden, very gaily. Gold embroidered festoons of different colors hang from the arches; the altar furniture is set forth; and sometimes even the lofty pillars are swathed from top to bottom in tight-fitting draperies. The Cathedral is dedicated to St. Lorenzo; and on St. Lorenzo's day we went into it, just as the sun was setting. Although these decorations are usually in very different taste, the effect, just then, was very superb indeed; for the whole building was dressed in red; and the sinking sun, streaming in through a great red curtain in the chief door-way, made all the gorgeousness its

own. When the sun went down, and it gradually grew quite dark inside, except for a few twinkling tapers on the principal altar, and some small, dangling silver lamps, it was very mysterious and effective. But, sitting in any of the churches towards evening, is like a mild dose of opium.

With the money collected at a Festa, they pay for the dressing of the church, and for the hiring of the band, and for the tapers. If there be any left (which seldom happens, I believe) the souls in purgatory get the benefit of it. They are also supposed to have the benefit of the exertions of certain small boys, who shake money-boxes before some mysterious little buildings, like rural turnpikes, which (usually shut up close) fly open on Red-letter days, and disclose an image and some flowers inside.

Just without the city gate, on the Albaro road, is a small house, with an altar in it, and a stationary money box—also for the benefit of the souls in Purgatory. Still further to stimulate the charitable, there is a monstrous painting on the plaster, on either side of the grated door, representing a select party of souls frying. One of them has a grey moustache, and an elaborate head of grey hair: as if he had been taken out of a hair-dresser's window and cast into the furnace. And there he is, a most grotesque and hideously comic old soul—forever blistering in the real sun, and melting in the mimic fire, for the gratification and improvement (and the contributions) of the poorer Genoese.\*

There are plenty of Saints' and Virgins' Shrines, of course: generally at the corners of streets. The favorite memento to the Faithful, about Genoa, is a painting, representing a peasant on his knees, with a spade and some other agricultural implements beside him; and the Madonna, with the Infant Savior in her arms, appearing to him in a cloud. This is the legend of the Madonna della Guardia: a chapel on a mountain within a few miles, which is in high repute. It seems that this peasant lived all alone by himself, tilling some land a-top of the moun-

tain; where, being a devout man, he daily said his prayers to the Virgin in the open air; for his hut was a very poor one. Upon a certain day, the Virgin appeared to him as in the picture, and said, "Why do you pray in the open air, and without a priest?" The peasant explained, because there was neither priest nor church at hand—a very uncommon complaint, indeed, in Italy. "I should wish, then," said the celestial visitor, "to have a chapel built here, in which the prayers of the Faithful may be offered up." "But Santissima Madonna," said the peasant, "I am a poor man; and chapels cannot be built without money. They must be supported, too, Santissima; for to have a chapel and not support it, is a wickedness—a deadly sin." This sentiment gave great satisfaction to the visitor. "Go," said she. "There is such a village in the valley on the left, and such another village in the valley to the right, and such another village elsewhere, that will gladly contribute to the building of a chapel. Go to them! Relate what you have seen: and do not doubt that sufficient money will be forthcoming to erect my chapel, or that it will afterwards be handsomely maintained." All of which (miraculously) turned out to be quite true. And in proof of this prediction and revelation, there is the chapel of the Madonna della Guardia, rich and flourishing at this day.

The splendor and variety of the Genoese churches, can hardly be exaggerated. The church of the Annunciata especially—built, like many of the others, at the cost of one noble family, and now in slow progress of repair—from the outer door to the utmost height of the high cupola, is so elaborately painted and set in gold, that it looks (as SIMOND describes it, in his charming book on Italy) like a great enamelled snuff-box. Most of the richer churches contain some beautiful pictures, or other embellishments of great price, almost universally set side by side with sprawling effigies of maudlin monks, and the veriest trash and tinsel ever seen.

It may be a consequence of the frequent direction of the popular mind, and pocket, to the souls in Purgatory, but there is very little tenderness for the *bodies* of the dead here. For the very poor, there are, immediately outside one angle of the walls, and behind a jutting point of the fortification, near the sea, certain common pits—one for every day in the year—which all remain closed up, until the turn of each comes for

\* In mentioning such things as this, I beg it to be expressly understood, that I have no intention to discuss the religious creed of the people, or to disparage their religious belief. When any offshoot of it strikes me as being ridiculous or offensive, I simply write down my own impression of that particular exhibition or practice, and desire to go no farther. I very earnestly wish my readers to bear this in mind, with a view to future letters.



its daily reception of dead bodies. Among the troops in the town, there are usually some Swiss: more or less. When any of these die, they are buried out of a fund maintained by such of their countrymen as are resident in Genoa. Their providing coffins for these men is matter of great astonishment to the authorities.

When the better kind of people die, or are at the point of death, their nearest relations generally walk off: retiring into the country for a little change, and leaving the body to be disposed of, without any superintendence from them. The procession is usually formed, and the coffin borne, and the funeral conducted, by a body of persons called a *Confraternita*, who, as a kind of voluntary penance, undertake to perform these offices, in regular rotation, for the dead; but who, mingling something of pride with their humility, are dressed in a loose garment covering their whole person, and wear a hood concealing their faces; with breathing holes and apertures for the eyes. The effect of this costume is very ghastly; especially in the case of a certain *Blue Confraternita* belonging to Genoa, who, to say the least of them, are very ugly customers, and who look—suddenly encountered in their pious ministration in the streets—as if they were ghoules or demons, bearing off the body for themselves.

Although such a custom may be liable to the abuse attendant on many customs here—of being recognized as a means of establishing a current account with heaven, on which to draw, too easily, for future bad actions, or as an expiation for past misdeeds, it must be admitted to be a good one, and a practical one, and one involving unquestionably good works. A voluntary service like this, is surely better than the imposed penance (not at all an infrequent one) of giving so many licks to such and such a stone in the pavement of the cathedral; or than a vow to the Madonna, to wear nothing but blue for a year or two. This is supposed to give great delight above; blue being (as is well known) the Madonna's favorite color. I have seen three or four women in the streets lately, who have devoted themselves to this act of Faith. Upon the whole, I think I like them nearly as well as some "Blue ladies" in England.

There are three theatres open in the city. The most important—the *Teatro Carlo Felice*: the opera-house of Genoa—is a very splendid, commodious, and beautiful theatre. A company of comedians were act-

ing there, when we arrived; and, after their departure, a second-rate opera company came. The great season is not until the carnival time—in the spring. Nothing has impressed me so much, in my visits here, (which have been pretty numerous,) as the uncommonly hard and cruel character of the audience, who resent the slightest defect, take nothing good humoredly, seem to be always lying in wait for an opportunity to hiss, and spare the actresses as little as the actors. But as there is nothing else of a public nature, at which they are allowed to express the least disapprobation, perhaps they are resolved to make the most of this opportunity.

There are a great number of Piedmontese officers, too, who are allowed the privilege of kicking their heels in the pit, for next to nothing—gratuitous, or cheap accommodation for these gentlemen being insisted on, by the governor, in all public or semi-public entertainments—and who are lofty critics in consequence, and infinitely more exacting than if they made the unhappy manager's fortune.

The *TEATRO DIURNO*, or Day Theatre, is a covered stage in the open air, where the performances take place by day-light, in the cool of the afternoon; commencing at four or five o'clock, and lasting some three hours. It is curious, sitting among the audience, to have a fine view of the neighboring hills and houses, and to see the neighbors at their windows looking on; and to hear the bells of the churches and convents ring at most complete cross-purposes with the scene. Beyond this, and the novelty of seeing a play in the fresh pleasant air, with the darkening evening closing in, there is nothing exciting or characteristic in the performances. The actors are indifferent: and though they sometimes represent one of Goldoni's comedies, the staple of the drama is French. Any thing like nationality is dangerous to despotic governments, and Jesuit-beleaguered kings.

The Theatre of Puppets, or *Marionetti*—a famous company from Milan—is, without any exception, the drollest exhibition I ever beheld in my life. I never saw any thing so exquisitely ridiculous. They look between four and five feet high, but are really much smaller; for when a musician in the orchestra happens to put his hat on the stage, it becomes alarmingly gigantic, and almost blots out an actor. They usually play a comedy, and a ballet. The comic man in the comedy I saw the other night,

is a waiter at an hotel. There never was such a locomotive actor, since the world began. Great pains are taken with him. He has extra joints in his legs: and a practical eye, with which he winks at the pit, in a manner that is absolutely insupportable to a stranger, but which the initiated audience, mainly composed of the common people, receive (so they do every thing else) quite as a matter of course, and as if he were a man. His spirits were prodigious. He continually shakes his legs, and winks his eye. And there is a heavy father, with grey hair; who sits down on the regular conventional stage-bank, and blesses his daughter in the regular conventional way, who is tremendous. No one would suppose it possible that anything short of a real man could be so tedious. It is the triumph of art.

In the ballet, an Enchanter runs away with the Bride, in the very hour of her nuptials. He brings her to his cave, and tries to soothe her. They sit down on a sofa (the regular sofa! in the regular place, O. P. Second entrance!) and a procession of musicians enter; one creature playing a drum, and knocking himself off his legs at every blow. These failing to delight her, dancers appear—four first; then two; *the* two; the flesh-colored two. The way in which they dance; the height to which they spring; the impossible and inhuman extent to which they pirouette; the revelation of their preposterous legs; the coming down with a pause, on the very tips of their toes, when the music requires it; the gentleman's retiring up, when it is the lady's turn; and the lady's retiring up, when it is the gentleman's turn; the final passion of a *pas de deux*; and the going off with a bound!—I shall never see a real ballet, with a composed countenance again.

I went another night to see these Puppets act a play called "St. Helena, or the Death of Napoleon." It began by the disclosure of Napoleon, with an immense head, seated on a sofa in his chamber at St. Helena; to whom his valet entered, with this obscure announcement:

"Sir Yew ud se on Low!" (the *ow* as in cow.) Sir Hudson (that you could have seen his regimentals!) was a perfect mammoth of a man, to Napoleon; hideously ugly; with a monstrously disproportionate face, and a great clump for the lower jaw, to express his tyrannical and obdurate nature. He began his system of persecution by calling his prisoner "General Buona-

parte;" to which the latter replied with the deepest tragedy, "Sir Yew ud se on Low, call me not thus. Repeat that phrase and leave me! I am Napoleon, Emperor of France!" Sir Yew ud se on, nothing daunted, proceeded to entertain him with an ordinance of the British Government, regulating the state he should preserve, and the furniture of his rooms: and limiting his attendants to four or five persons. "Four or five for *me*!" said Napoleon. "Me! One hundred thousand men were lately at my sole command; and this English officer talks of four or five for *me*!" Throughout the piece, Napoleon, (who talked very like the real Napoleon, and was for ever having small soliloquies by himself,) was very bitter on "these English officers," and "these English soldiers"—to the great satisfaction of the audience, who were perfectly delighted to have Low bullied; and who, whenever Low said, "General Buonaparte" (which he always did: always receiving the same correction) quite execrated him. Though it would be hard to say why, for Italians have little cause to sympathize with Napoleon, heaven knows.

There was no plot at all, except that a French officer, disguised as an Englishman, came to propound a plan of escape; and being discovered, but not before Napoleon had magnanimously refused to steal his freedom, was immediately ordered off by Low to be hanged. In two very long speeches which Low made memorable, by winding up with "Yas!" to show that he was English, which brought down thunders of applause. Napoleon was so affected by this catastrophe, that he fainted away on the spot, and was carried out by two other puppets. Judging from what followed, it would appear that he never recovered the shock, for the next act showed him in a clean shirt in his bed, (curtains crimson and white,) where a lady, prematurely dressed in mourning, brought two little children, who kneeled down by the bedside, while he made a decent end; the last words on his lips being "Vatterlo."

It was unspeakably ludicrous. Buonaparte's boots were so wonderfully beyond control, and did such marvellous things of their own accord; doubling themselves up; and getting under tables; and dangling in the air; and sometimes skating away with him, out of all human knowledge, when he was in full speech—mischances which were not rendered the less absurd, by a settled

melancholy depicted in his face. To put an end to one conference with Low, he had to go to a table, and read a book; when it was the finest spectacle I ever beheld, to see his body bending over the volume like a boot-jack, and his sentimental eyes glaring obstinately into the pit. He was prodigiously good, in bed, with an immense collar to his shirt, and his little hands outside the counterpane. So was Dr. Antomarchi; represented by a Puppet with long, lank hair, like Mawworm's, who, in consequence of some derangement of his wires, hovered about the couch like a vulture, and gave medical opinions in the air. He was almost as good as Low, though the latter was great at all times—a decided brute and villain, beyond all possibility of mistake. Low was especially fine at the last, when, hearing the doctor and the valet say, "the Emperor is dead!" he pulled out his watch and wound up the piece, (not the watch,) by exclaiming, with characteristic brutality, "Ha! ha! Eleven minutes to six! The general dead! and the spy hanged!" which brought the curtain down, triumphantly.

## VII.

### IN GENOA, AND OUT OF IT.

THERE is not in Italy, they say, and I believe them, a lovelier residence than the Palazzo Peschiere, or Palace of the Fishponds, whereof the greater part is mine as long as I please to hold it, and whither we removed as soon as our three months' tenancy of the Pink Jail at Albaro had ceased and determined.

It stands on a height within the walls at Genoa, but aloof from the town; surrounded by beautiful gardens of its own, adorned with statues, vases, fountains, marble basins, terraces, walks of orange trees and lemon trees, groves of roses and camelias. All its apartments are beautiful in their proportions and decorations; but the great hall, some fifty feet in height, with three large windows at the end, overlooking the whole town of Genoa, the harbor and the neighboring sea, afford one of the most fascinating and delightful prospects in the world. Any house more cheerful and habitable than the great rooms are, within, it would be difficult to conceive; and certainly nothing more delicious than the scene without, in sunshine or in moonlight, could be imagined. It is more like an enchanted

palace in an Eastern story, than a grave and sober lodging.

How you may wander on from room to room, and never tire of the wild fancies on the walls and ceiling, as bright in their fresh coloring as if they had been painted yesterday; or how one floor, or even the great hall which opens on eight other rooms, is a spacious promenade; or how there are corridors and bed-chambers above, which we never use and rarely visit, and scarcely know the way through; or how there is a view of a perfectly different character on each of the four sides of the building; matters little. But that prospect from the hall is like a vision to me. I go back to it in fancy, as I have done in calm reality, a hundred times in a day; and stand there, looking out, with the sweet scents from the garden rising up about me, in a perfect dream of happiness.

There lies all Genoa in beautiful confusion, with its many churches pointing up into the sunny sky; and down below me, just where the roofs begin, a solitary convent parapet, fashioned like a gallery, with an iron cross at the end, where sometimes, early in the morning, I have seen a little group of dark-veiled nuns gliding sorrowfully to and fro, and stopping now and then to peep down upon the waking world in which they have no part. Old Monte Facio, brightest of hills in good weather, but sulkiest when storms are coming on, is here, upon the left. The Fort, within the walls (the good King built it to command the town, and beat the houses of the Genoese about their ears, in case they should be discontented) commands that height upon the right. The broad sea lies beyond; in front; and that line of coast beginning, by the light-house, and tapering away, a mere speck in the rosy distance, is the beautiful coast-road that leads to Nice. The garden near at hand, among the roofs and houses, all red with roses, and fresh with little fountains, is the Acqua Sola—a public promenade, where the military band plays gaily, and the white veils cluster thick, and the Genoese nobility ride round, and round, and round, in state-clothes and coaches at least, if not in absolute wisdom. Within a stone's throw, as it seems, the audience of the Day-Theatre sit: their faces turned this way. But as the stage is hidden, it is very odd without a knowledge of the cause, to see their faces change so suddenly from earnestness to laughter; and odder still to hear the rounds upon rounds of applause,

rattling in the evening air, to which the curtain falls. But, being Saturday night, they act their best and most attractive play. And now, the sun is going down in such magnificent array of red and green, and golden light, as neither pen nor pencil could depict; and to the ringing of the vesper bells, darkness sets in at once without a twilight. Then lights begin to shine in Genoa, and on the country road; and the revolving lantern out at sea there, flashing for an instant on this palace front and portico, illuminates it as if there were a bright moon bursting from behind a cloud; then, merges it in deep obscurity. And this, so far as I know, is the only reason why the Genoese avoid it after dark, and think it haunted. My memory will haunt it, many nights, in time to come; but nothing worse, I will engage.

A nun took the black veil, the other morning, at one of the convents close by. I could not make up my mind to attend the ceremony, but my ladies went, and were received by the relations, male and female, with great politeness. There was a pleasant little party of them at the convent, as there usually is on these occasions. For the young lady being provided for, from that time, her brothers especially (if she have any) are very cheerful. On this occasion, they handed the cakes and ices (which are an essential part of the entertainment) in the best of spirits; and felt themselves by a reflected light, lions. In the course of the ceremonies, the poor girl came to the grate, and was addressed by a monk, who described to her the husband she had chosen, and said, "Your spouse, my daughter, has eyes like the dove. He has golden hair, like the beams of the morning. His nose is aquiline, his teeth are white, his voice is like the song of birds," and so forth. When the ceremonies were over, the cakes and ices were attacked with great vigor, and the company separated; the Brave Courier having been, from the first (to the great consternation of my relatives) beheld at the grate, taking a lively interest in the proceedings, and making audible remarks on the comparative beauty of the different nuns; and having afterwards done the honors of the ices with much gentility—pressing the relations to take a little more, and setting them the best example.

I strolled away from Genoa on the 6th of November, bound for a good many places, (England among them,) but first for Piacenza; for which town I started in the

*coupe* of a machine something like a travelling caravan, in company with the Brave, and a lady with a tolerably big dog, who howled dolefully, at intervals, all night. It was very wet, and very cold; very dark, and very dismal; and we travelled at the rate of barely four miles an hour, and stopped nowhere for refreshment. At ten o'clock next morning we changed coaches at Alessandria, where we were packed up in another coach, (the body whereof would have been small for a fly,) in company with a very old priest; a young Jesuit, his companion—who carried their breviaries and other books, and who, in the exertion of getting into the coach, had made a dash of pink leg, between his black stockings and his black knee-shorts, that reminded one of Hamlet in Ophelia's closet, only it was visible on both legs—a provincial Avvocato; and a gentleman with a red nose that had an uncommon and singular sheen upon it, which I never observed in the human subject before. In this way we travelled on, until four o'clock in the afternoon; the roads being still very heavy, and the coach very slow. To mend the matter, the old priest was troubled with cramps in his legs, so that he had to give a terrible yell every ten minutes or so, and be hoisted out by the united efforts of the company; the coach always stopping for him with great gravity. This disorder, and the roads, formed the main subject of conversation. Finding, in the afternoon, that the *coupe* had discharged two people, and had only one passenger inside—a monstrous ugly Tuscan, with a great purple moustache—of which no man could see the ends, when he had his hat on—I took advantage of its better accommodation, and in company with this gentleman (who was very conversational and good-humored) travelled on, until nearly eleven o'clock at night, when the driver reported that he couldn't think of going any farther; and we accordingly made a halt at a place called Stradella.

The inn was a series of strange galleries surrounding a yard; where our coach and a waggon or two, and a lot of fowls and firewood, were all heaped up together, higgledy-piggledy; so that you didn't know, and couldn't have taken your oath, which was a fowl and which was a cart. We followed a sleepy man with a flaring torch, into a great, cold room, where there were two immensely broad beds, on what looked like two immensely broad deal dining-tables, another deal table of similar dimensions in

the middle of the bare floor; four windows; and two chairs. Somebody said it was my room; and I walked up and down it, for half an hour or so, staring at the Tuscan, the young priest, the old priest, and the avvocato, (Red-Nose lived in the town, and had gone home,) who sat upon the beds, and stared at me in return.

The rather dreary whimsicality of this stage of the proceedings, is interrupted by an announcement from the Brave (he has been cooking) that supper is ready; and to the priest's chamber (the next room and the counterpart of mine) we all adjourn. The first dish is a cabbage, boiled with a great quantity of rice in a tureen full of water, and flavored with cheese. It is so hot, and we are so cold, that it appears almost jolly. The second dish is some little bits of pork, fried with pig's kidneys. The third, two red fowls. The fourth, two little red turkeys. The fifth, a huge stew of garlick and truffles, and I don't know what else; and this concludes the entertainment.

Before I can sit down in my own chamber, and think it of the dampest, the door opens, and the Brave comes moving in, in the middle of such a quantity of fuel, that he looks like Birnam Wood taking a winter walk. He kindles this heap in a twinkling, and produces a jorum of hot brandy and water; for that bottle of his keeps company with the seasons, and now holds nothing but the purest *eau de vie*. When he has accomplished this feat, he retires for the night; and I hear him, for an hour afterwards, and indeed until I fall asleep, making jokes in some out-house, (apparently under the pillow,) where he is smoking cigars with a party of confidential friends. He never was in the house in his life before; but he knows every body every where, before he has been any where five minutes; and is certain to have attracted to himself, in the mean time, the enthusiastic devotion of the whole establishment.

This is at twelve o'clock at night. At four o'clock next morning he is up again, fresher than a new-blown rose; making blazing fires without the least authority from the landlord; producing mugs of scalding coffee when nobody else can get any thing but cold water; and going out into the dark streets and roaring for fresh milk, on the chance of somebody with a cow getting up to supply it. While the horses are "coming," I stumble out into the town too. It seems to be all one little Piazza, with a cold, damp wind blowing in

and out of the arches, alternately, in a sort of pattern. But it is profoundly dark, and raining heavily; and I shouldn't know it to-morrow, if I were taken there to try. Which heaven forbid!

The horses arrived in about an hour. In the interval, the driver swears: sometimes Christian oaths, sometimes Pagan oaths. Sometimes when it is a long, compound oath, he begins with Christianity and merges into Paganism. Various messengers are dispatched; not so much after the horses, as after each other; for the first messenger never comes back, and all the rest imitate him. At length the horses appear, surrounded by all the messengers; some kicking them, and some dragging them, and all shouting to them. Then the old priest, the young priest, the Avvocato, the Tuscan, and all of us, take our places; and sleepy voices proceeding from the doors of extraordinary hutches in divers parts of the yard, cry out, "Addio corriere mio! Buon' viaggio, corriere!" Salutations which the courier, with his face one monstrous, beaming grin—returns in like manner as we go jolting and wallowing away through the mud.

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From the Westminster Review

#### LIFE OF DALTON.

1. *A New System of Chemical Philosophy*. Volume I., Part I., 1808. Volume I., Part II., 1810. Vol. II., Part II., 1827.
2. *Meteorological Observations and Essays; Constitution of the Atmosphere; Transactions of the Royal Society*, 1826.
3. *Theory of Mixed Gases; Nicholson's Journal; Signification of the word Particle as used by Chemists; Nicholson's Journal*.

It is a dangerous thing to meddle with the great; to seek to direct a man of genius must always be a vain effort, and to help him, even in his worldly concerns, may frequently do more evil than good. To search for genius is also a profitless task; we as frequently light upon a forgery as the lovers of art do, when they hunt through the streets and lanes of the city for some veiled painting of the old masters. The danger of losing great men, the known fact that they

have been lost, that they have mouldered among rubbish with an external appearance as unattractive as the materials with which they were surrounded, has often encouraged us to foster the weakest talents, and the meanest minds, whilst we have, consequently, been compelled to suffer, for a time, the evils of a quackery which we ourselves have carefully nourished. Too true it is, that from neglect, secret suffering has wasted many a soul capable of great exertions; and men worthy of the highest estimation of their fellow men have sunk from the exhaustion of repressed vigor; but, as Solon said, *a man cannot be accounted happy before he dies*, so may we say of the great. Frequently not seen, because the gift of speech, that speech which makes and commands an audience, was not given them; because the inner life, that life in which the true greatness really consisted, was not combined with the executive power necessary to its effectiveness. Greatness is a movement forward which can be seen only by such as look forward with it, the exertion of a force which the enervated cannot sympathize with.

England has been much blamed for want of affection towards its great men; the poverty of many, and the few salaries given by government to men of science and learning, having been looked upon as a proof. Surely the great thinkers of this country are not less known to it than the great thinkers of other countries are known to their fellows. We should rather say, that not even in those parts of the continent where education, to a certain extent is compulsory, is there to be found such a sympathy for a rising citizen as is seen in the British public. It is not by the executive part of the government that we must judge, not by any law to be found in parliamentary records, but by the general feeling of the people towards one who seems to show much of the great or the good. We all know that English individuality has never ceased to have a great influence in the progress of the nation, that the head only has not been at work, but every member, being full of life, has proved the energy of the system, and the healthy state of its sympathies. A bureau of learning may do much good, but it may also do evil by monopolizing the field; and at all events that system is bad which carries assistance so far as to smooth down the difficulties which engender the most determined enthusiasm. The result of this system, or want of system, has been, that men mix themselves more with their fellow-men, ap-

pear, as we say, before the public, and take a more active part in passing affairs. It does seem fitting that men who make discoveries should speak out plainly, and it is a fine sight to see the influence such a voice has from the regions of pure science down to the practical daily life of practical men. It is right that they who think and work should associate with others who think and work also, and whilst advancing knowledge co-operate with them in furthering the general progress of civilization. It may be said again, that such a state of things necessarily prevents deep learning; such certainly is one of its evils; but if England is not so far forward in certain departments as Germany, her learning has never fallen below the wants of the age, and the equability with which she has advanced, mentally and materially, has more than compensated for the prophetic strides taken by her relations.

Such a system is no doubt more calculated to produce effective than truly great men; the first grow from the system, the second independently, and it requires a mind of unusual strength to resist the current that drags him onward in its course, and thereby to maintain a dignified individuality by following his own. On the other hand the secluded great, whilst he labors most and leaves greater results, fails to exercise that personal influence on those around him, one of the most important marks of genius, and he leaves to others his accumulated treasures, but no posterity to succeed to the inheritance of his power. Such is not the case with him who breathes so much of his own breath of life into his pupils or his friends, that men equal, and sometimes superior, are brought into life. But, as has been said, to unite the two at a time when science is gained with such labor, and popularity by so much time, is scarcely possible, without the evidences of at least a partial weakness.

The works before us are the results of the labor of a man working out his own preconceived notions without regard to the events passing around him, a man long known to the scientific world as the father of chemistry, little known personally to scientific men, and not till late in life recognized by government as one who had done a great national service. He was born at Eaglesfield, near Cocker mouth, Cumberland, Sept. 5th, 1766. Here the name of Dalton is familiar; the remarkable fact that every little spot there, but especially in Lancashire, is inhabited by persons bearing

the same name as the place, shows much of the character and habits of the people, and if they are furnishing now many names in literature and in science, it may be because this almost indigenous people have their race yet to run. The father of Dalton had a small estate, which seems to have been a considerable time in the family, and it became the property of John Dalton, after the death of his elder brother, Jonathan, who inherited it from the father. In such a place as Eaglesfield, and at such a time, we cannot suppose that a man could have had an opportunity of giving his son a good education, and accordingly we find that he left school when about twelve years of age, and soon after commenced a school of his own, continuing it for two winters. In summer he worked on the farm, helping his father. It may appear strange to many that a boy of thirteen should keep a school, but such has often occurred in the north of England and in Scotland. An inquiring boy draws curious heads around him, and when once put in motion their progress is not stopped until they leave their village imprisonment for a greater scene of action and of thought; and one, now an ornament to his profession in London, learnt his grammar over his file and vice during the day, and taught it to others in the evening. We say this to put in its true light the fact of Dalton's early teaching; it is the natural consequence of an active mind among sluggish minds; the rural population is not so highly educated, that a boy of moderate education should not be able to take a much higher place in letters than they; and we see, by such examples, another instance of the power of knowledge on even mere mental activity, although in the possession of a mere child. Dalton's principal study was mathematics, which he learned in company with a boy of the name of William Alderson. This boy was in the service of a gentleman of the place, who took notice of Dalton when he was about ten years of age, and showed him several marks of kindness. Diligence seems to have been a distinguishing point in Dalton's character even at this early age, and he showed it often in encouraging the spirits of his companion, weary often with fruitless labor. Betting, which is on all points rather a favorite mode of settling disputes there, being in reality a mere remove from the exercise of physical force, was resorted to also as an incentive to study, and Dalton is said once to have gained, by the solution of a problem, a winter's store of

candles. It is strange that this man, so deservedly held on high, should all his life have given so much praise to what he calls unwearied assiduity, that he should have almost despised the claims of genius, and looked to mere accumulation as the source of power. No one can deny the power of riches, physical or mental, but fewer still the advantages of the mind fitted to use them. Now it is remarkable that Dalton's great work was done at a time when his knowledge of chemistry was small, when he had almost no stores from which to draw; and when in after years he had accumulated an immense number of facts, the result of his "unwearied assiduity," they in no wise added to his philosophy; but, let it be added, are a distinct proof that by listening to the calls of his own genius, and by working less, he would have accomplished more. The atomic theory was formed complete, he did his part; the details which he in vain attempted to obtain with accuracy, were worked out by others, whilst his valuable time was lost in obstinately persisting to manipulate.

A cousin, of the name of George Bewley, kept a school at Kendal, in which Dalton's brother Jonathan was usher. At the age of fifteen John Dalton joined him. Neither at this time, nor at any other period of his life, does he seem to have attended to the literary department of his studies, although he is said to have learned Latin and Greek pretty well, and to have had such an excellent memory that he has brought to the recollection of students of ancient literature odes of Anacreon which he certainly had not read for forty years. A few old Greek books were sold with his library, none of which, however, seemed to have been opened frequently. But to have attended to literature would have been an almost impossible thing for John Dalton; his faculty of observation was great; his pleasure was in observing and in notifying facts, and the 200,000 meteorological observations are a sufficient proof. He lived at Kendal eight years; this portion of his life has less interest for us; it was chiefly a time of education for him, and decided his future course. He became intimate there with a gentleman of the name of Gough, a man who, although blind from infancy, was possessed of high scientific attainments. Physical and mathematical science seem to have been his favorite pursuits, although, even as a botanist, he is said to have had high attainments; we find Dalton thanking him

in his earlier works as an unknown friend, and in his later works telling us his name, and doing that justice to his character which before his death Mr. Gough had forbidden to be done. His occupation at this time, he says, was to read and write for Mr. Gough, and to participate with him in the pleasure of successful investigation. Mr. Gough was the first who kept a meteorological journal at Kendal, and led Dalton into that branch of inquiry.

At this time Dalton's name may also be found often in the 'Gentleman's and Lady's Diary,' in which he answered mathematical and philosophical questions. But we must not so soon leave Mr. Gough. Dalton, in his preface, has paid him the highest tribute of respect; has acknowledged that he received a great deal from him, and considers the germ of all his discoveries to be contained in that portion of his works which was written whilst studying along with Mr. Gough. When we look at such a man, we may well ask the question—By whom is civilization advanced? Is it by him who is known to the world, or by him who is unknown? The most difficult periods of a discovery, and the most dangerous, are the periods of birth and of growth. The first idea is dark and gloomy; it may be some mysterious-like feeling merely. The great man fosters it till it becomes clearer, till it takes a form; then it may be grappled with by a very ordinary man; but the last is looked on as the first, and the first is often unknown. Those who lived in that part of the country must have heard of Gough. Mr. Wordsworth has spoken of him in the 'Excursion' in the following words, to which allusion we are indebted to Mr. Crompton, of Manchester:—

"Methinks I see him, how his eyeballs roll'd  
Beneath his ample brow, in darkness pained,  
But each instinct with spirit, and the frame  
Of the whole countenance alive with thought,  
Fancy and understanding; whilst the voice  
Discoursed of natural or moral truth,  
With eloquence and such authentic power,  
That in his presence humbler knowledge stood  
Abashed, and tender pity overawed."

From 1790 to 1793 Dalton was engaged in making observations, and in the latter year published his "Meteorological Observations and Essays." He then left Kendal and removed to Manchester. He is nowhere seen to more advantage than when, in the words of Prof. Sedgwick, he is bringing the turbulent elements themselves under his own intellectual domination.

These observations were continued with great care until the last day of his life, or rather the one preceding the morning of his death; on this last day he is said to have made a mistake in writing but afterwards corrected it. In this space of time he made upwards of two hundred thousand observations of various kinds relating to meteorology, and although the greater part are merely the noting down the state of the thermometer and barometer, this weary perpetuity of labor is more than most men can endure. No excitability made him pursue one subject when another ought to be attended to, no temptation led him out of his foredetermined course.

His observations on the weight of the atmosphere led him by degrees into chemical ground. He showed that every grain of water dissolved in air becomes an elastic vapor, capable of supporting 1-24th of an inch of mercury; that the rise of the barometer in summer indicated an increase in the amount of watery vapor in the air, and that the rise of the mercury did not depend on the specific gravity of the air only, otherwise summer and winter would show an equal barometer.

He endeavored to connect the aurora borealis with magnetic phenomena, but found that this had been done before him by Dr. Halley. The same thing occurred with his explanation of the trade winds, which had been given long before by Geo. Hadley, F. R. S. Such mistakes occurred frequently, from the very little which he read; there are few branches of science which would allow of such proceedings at the present time, when observations are to be found so frequently in all departments, not certainly always of value but at least of some interest. In 1793 he went to Manchester, to be teacher of mathematics to the college there. In 1799, when the college removed to York, he separated from it, preferring to take private pupils, a practice which he kept up till late in life. It is a pity that he should have been so long employed in this manner, especially as he had no great talent for teaching, and his time would have been much better occupied in thinking and observing, but he is said to have preferred this when a more easily obtained competency was offered him, saying that teaching was an amusement, and that if richer, he would probably not spend any more time in study than he was then accustomed to do.

About this time he wrote an English



grammar, a book very little known, and its appearance seems anomalous, and difficult to account for, unless we suppose that circumstances of a pecuniary nature compelled him to study what he was certainly not naturally most inclined to. In this work the original thinker appears; a firm and independent character may be seen in it, although a mind like his is not best fitted for working with such changeable and volatile laws as those of grammatical inflection and construction. We shall merely take a short view of his writings and his career, attending chiefly to the character of mind displayed in them, and leaving more minute details to such as have documents relating to each particular event. His character of mind we have quoted from his writings as well as from his most intimate friends.

In 1794, he became a member of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, when he read his first paper entitled "Facts relating to the Vision of Colors." He had that peculiarity of vision which cannot distinguish between red, pink, purple, and blue. He says, "I was never convinced of the peculiarity of my vision till I observed the color of the flower of the *Geranium zonale* by candle light, in 1792. The flower was pink, but it appeared to me an exact sky-blue by day; in candle-light, however, it was astonishingly changed, not having any blue in it, but what I called red, a color which forms a striking contrast to blue."

He believed that this was to be attributed to the color of the fluids contained in the eye.

It is true that there was found, on his death, a slight yellow color in the crystalline lens of the eye, but objects seen through it, when removed from the body, still preserved their natural color.

His eyes being to himself an object of considerable speculation, his friends desired that they should be examined on his decease. They were extracted by his friend and medical attendant, Mr. Jos. Ransome, and have since been examined by Sir David Brewster, without any further result than the opinion that the cause was functional, not mechanical. Such a distortion of his color-sight could not fail to cause him some annoyance at times, and tales of his strange mistakes in dress are told of him. It is a pity that any one should have given the name of Daltonism to this strange vision, for we must remember that, after all, few eyes were so good as Dalton's and ought to

be connected with an expression of excellence rather than of defect.

The list of his papers and their dates are given in one of the works before us; those from 1793 to 1804 gradually conduct us from meteorology to chemistry. Having come from Kendal, a meteorologist and mathematician, he advanced with all the cognate branches of investigation. He endeavors to determine the relation between the quantity of rain and dew, and the amount of water removed by rains and evaporation, the origin of springs, the power of fluids to conduct heat, the heat and cold produced by mechanical condensation and expansion of the air, the constitution of mixed gases, &c. He comes from the consideration of air and vapor viewed as an atmosphere to the same bodies in a more purely chemical point of view. He has given the elasticity of vapor at different temperatures, shown the method of determining the amount of vapor in the atmosphere, and the rate of evaporation at different temperatures. He makes important observations on the more mechanical properties of gases. Amongst these is diffusion of gases, at least as far as the mechanical part is concerned. The action of gases towards themselves, he explains, is not the same as towards gases of a different nature. The particles of each gas possess a certain repulsion towards particles of the same kind, but the particles of two different gases do not possess this repulsion. This is the reason, that if two bottles of gases of a different kind be connected even by a very small aperture, they mix completely in a very short time. Even if the upper gas be the light hydrogen, and the lower carbonic acid, both will be found to be equally diffused through the upper and under bottle. He established also the law that all elastic fluids expand 1-480 every degree of heat from freezing point to 212°.

It will still be impossible to give in this place all his researches, and we must now attend to those parts which are more purely chemical, as his name has risen chiefly by them, and he is best known in connection with them. It must, however, be remembered that the name of Dalton can stand high without the support of the atomic theory; the investigations which have been alluded to are a sufficient proof of this, and the improvements in meteorological observations, the great amount of data left by him, and the impulse given by him to the study, are works sufficient to point him out as one of the few, who, in submitting to the

labor imposed upon humanity have had the pleasure of finding it worth more than the food and the raiment or any other necessary or pleasure which it procured for self alone.

In considering the works of Dalton, the atomic theory must receive the chief attention; and to know the change which chemistry has undergone under it, we must first take a view of the chemistry of the period of the discovery, at least as far as it regards *quantity*, a word scarcely used in chemistry at the time, and an idea not defined but by the atomic theory.

Wenzel observed the fact of the mutual saturation of salts; when two salts mutually decompose each other, a certain quantity, *ex. gr.* four of soda saturates an acid, whilst fourteen of lead is required, and five of sulphuric acid are required when six or seven of nitric are necessary. Richter proceeded to analyze the different salts, and find the relative power of saturation of acids and bases, working on the fact known to Wenzel, the definite nature of the union which takes place between an acid and an alkali. He endeavored to establish accuracy in chemical calculations, but his view of the subject was too limited, his capacities of saturation were vague powers or forces, and wanted this unvarying unit which we shall see was introduced by Dalton, and gives the laws the form of a natural necessity.

Bergman had some very good notions on the relations of oxides and metals; he weighed the precipitated oxide, and calculated its relation to the metal used, the mode certainly of arriving at an atomic weight, but in him also the possible took place of the necessary and unchangeable.

Of all men who attended to this subject before Dalton, who saw most clearly how the matter stood, was Higgins, of Dublin. It is remarkable that in some places he has reasoned according to the true principles of combination, but not himself seeing clearly the foundation of his reasoning, he failed in coming to an universal expression for the facts. Or if he did see his way he failed in seeing its value, its use in investigation, its value in analysis, its many applications in theory and in practice, and its grandeur and beauty as a law of nature. He showed that a body uniting with oxygen took up first one particle, then another, and so on; that every particle united with a certain force, whilst the first particle would have a greater force than the second, and the second than the third, calculating the force of combination by numbers. He

calculated the combining power of bodies, by numbers expressing force of attraction, a principle which could not have led to the first laws of the atomic theory with any certainty, but which would have been found entirely at fault when compound atoms came to be spoken of. If, however, his principles be insufficient, such cannot be said of his words, which do express the atomic theory, and even the doctrine of compound proportions which may be gathered from them. Dalton's friends confess the former, the knowledge of the atomic theory, but claim for him that of multiple and compound proportions, lest he should lose all the honor: but the truth is, that where the one is well known the other must follow with ease. Higgins says, "Let S be a particle of sulphur, D a particle of dephlogisticated air (or oxygen) attracted by a force of  $6\frac{1}{2}$  and let the compound be volatile sulphuric acid. Let us suppose a second particle of dephlogisticated air to unite to S, so as to form perfect vitriolic acid; to receive the latter, S must relax its tendency for the former one half." In another part, again, he calls this a molecule of sulphuric acid, alluding to its union with bases. In another place (pages 36—37 of the edition, London, 1791) he says, "100 grains of sulphur require 100 or 102 of the real gravitating matter of dephlogisticated air (oxygen) to form volatile vitriolic acid, and as volatile vitriolic acid is very little short of double the specific gravity of dephlogisticated air, we may conclude that the ultimate particles of sulphur and dephlogisticated air contain equal quantities of solid matter; for dephlogisticated air suffers no considerable contraction by uniting to sulphur, in the proportion merely necessary for the formation of a volatile vitriolic acid. Hence we may conclude that a single ultimate particle of sulphur is intimately united to a single ultimate particle of dephlogisticated air, and that in perfect vitriolic acid every single particle of sulphur is united to two of dephlogisticated air." Considering that it was impossible at that time to see the true atomic weight of oxygen, we consider that Higgins had a good right to say that sulphurous acid contained one atom of each; and that if such be the case, the atomic weights of sulphur and oxygen are equal. This is reasoning in the true spirit of the theory. Had he measured more accurately, the addition in weight necessary to form sulphuric acid, he would have seen that it did not contain

a double quantity; but the truth is, that this could not be done directly, no means of obtaining it without water being known; and if we suppose he weighed it with an atom of water in it, he is certainly not far from the truth. But accuracy has nothing to do with the question: Dalton himself was never accurate, except in his general laws. We must give another quotation from Higgins (page 37). "As two cubic inches of light inflammable air require but one of dephlogisticated air to condense them, we must suppose that they contain equal numbers of divisions, and that the difference of their specific gravity depends chiefly on the size of their ultimate particles; or we must suppose that the ultimate particles of light inflammable air require two, or three, or more, of dephlogisticated air to saturate them. If the latter were the case, we might produce water in an intermediate state, as well as the vitriolic or nitric acid, which appears to be impossible; for in whatever proportion we mix our airs, or under whatsoever circumstances we combine them, the result is invariably the same. This likewise may be observed with respect to the decomposition of water. Hence we may justly conclude that water is composed of molecules, formed by the union of a single particle of dephlogisticated air to an ultimate particle of light inflammable air; and that they are incapable of uniting to a third particle, of either of their constituent principles." The above is from the second edition. We have not the first edition before us; and certainly all of us will be willing to repeat with Higgins, quoting Horace on his title-page, "*Est quodam prodire tenus si non datur ultra.*" But how we go *ultra* in this case, it is very hard to see; could it be said in plainer or truer language? So far as we know that it has never yet been done. It is almost painful, then, to be still inclined to repeat what we said above, that he was not gifted with a clear sight of the length and breadth and depth of his opinions. Had he continued reasoning in this mode he would have done all that Dalton has done, but he lost himself afterwards in the calculation of forces. His mind had the reasoning faculty predominating over the observing: it required a mind whose very reasonings were observations, whose every thought was a constant combining of physical properties, to carry this principle of combination into the whole extension of the science.

Whilst men were engaged in weighing simple bodies and compound ones, and obtaining their atomic weights, half consciously heaping proof upon proof, by mineral analysis, of the fixed laws of combination, proving daily that compounds contained always the same proportion of simple bodies, and actually expressing by clear words what occurred in the combination, we almost feel inclined to ask, was it necessary for Dalton to tell them what they meant? It was necessary. We may mention, that Higgins published another edition of his work (Dublin, 1814), in which the phrases are adapted more to the language of the time. He wrote also many attacks on Dalton, who had never known of his existence at the time he published his theory, and whose only reply was, "Who can answer such abusive language?"

We shall now give Dalton's announcement of his theory. At page 212 of the edition before us of the '*New System*,' he says, "In all chemical investigations it has justly been considered an important object to ascertain the relative weights of the simples which constitute a compound. But, unfortunately, the inquiry has terminated here, whereas from the relative weights in the mass, the relative weights of the ultimate particles or atoms of the bodies might have been inferred, from which their number and weight in various other compounds would appear, in order to assist and to guide future investigations, and to connect their results. Now it is one great object of this work to show the importance and advantage of ascertaining the relative weights of the ultimate particles both of simple and compound bodies, the number of simple elementary bodies which constitute one compound particle, and the number of less compound particles which enter into the formation of one more compound particle."

Here is expressed with the greatest ease all that was wanted. The succession of his investigations had prepared him for this of course; but they had only made clearer and given a universal character to the opinions, or rather his perceptions of matter, which he shows to have been familiar to him from the earliest period of his career. Dr. Thompson says that Dalton first informed him that the observation of olefiant gas and carburetted hydrogen first led him to look into the inner constitution of chemical compounds. He found that if

we reckon the carbon in each to be the same, then carburetted hydrogen gas contains exactly twice as much hydrogen as olefiant gas. This seemed to point out clearly that if there be one proportion of hydrogen in the one, and two in the other, the same must hold good in ~~all~~ the smallest particles also; and proceeding to the ultimate particle, it must contain one atom of carbon and one of hydrogen. That this suggested to him the theory can scarcely be considered quite correct. It may have first given him clear notions of its value, but his prior investigations all show that his mind was saturated, we may say, with the atomic theory, from his first appearance before the public. That the examination of these gases was one of the important processes through which the truth became perfected, we can well believe; and probably the order of investigation has been nowhere better given than by Dr. Wilson, of Edinburgh, in the "British Quarterly Review." His own investigations, his own experiments, were brought as proofs of his own conclusions; and when these gases were examined, the whole result seems to have fitted so well with his previous ideas as scarcely to have surprised him. Accordingly we find that he left Dr. Thomson, of Glasgow, to deal the subject to the public for several years, and when at last he published it, he brought it forward with little pomp, and as a truth beyond contradiction. When we give so much to those who worked upon the subject before Dalton, we do not mean to take any merit from him, and far out as they did work it they in nowise assisted him. This is not said from a knowledge of the facts that Higgins was unknown to him till 1810, and Wenzel and Richter till still later, and certainly not until some years after his discovery; but it is said from a knowledge of the nature of his own reasonings and the previous character of his mind displayed in his writings. The one idea which he had of atoms was so clear that all the others naturally flowed from it. Those who talked of the Wenzel and Richter salts, who spoke of the fixed forms of salts and minerals, and some gases, were now entirely silenced: the minerals, if constant, could not be otherwise; the salts, if not found constant, were considered to be badly analyzed; and this theory, if theory it be called, took immediate command of the finest balances, and endless theories were found rapidly to disappear, hiding

themselves in the darkness which produced them. If any theory can be found simple, it is his; if any universal, it is his; if any can be found which may be said to be unchangeable through ages, it is his. It has no fear of future; no alteration in the science can affect it, no discovery of elements in our present elements can in the least alter it. But if it be desired that we should believe that these combinations are formed by bodies with qualities such as he describes, hard and unchangeable, and that they approached each other in the manner in which he paints them,—an opinion to which he unfortunately attached much importance,—then must we, in company with the greater portion of thinking men which we have met, consider such an hypothesis as scarcely conceivable by the greatest stretch of his fancy, although some actually consider it to be the simple common-sense explanation.

But not to follow that subject: the idea of Dalton, as it was the germ of all that was known both before and after him, explained also why the weights of atoms should be in reciprocal proportions. In fact, to the truth then known it distinctly said, it is so, it cannot be otherwise; to the falsehood it said simply, such is not the case; and no one has been required either to confirm the one, or able to render infirm the other.

It may appear remarkable to some that we should talk of the atomic theory, and still talk of its undisputed stability. The word theory is used in its sense of a thing *well* seen, not in the sense in which it is sometimes used, as a thing *dimly* seen; and the practice of the age allows both meanings to the word. The combining proportions of bodies are known, and are not vague, nor can any thing change our view of them but a change in Nature's self. The idea of numberless hard bodies called atoms, created in the beginning, and imperishable but by a fiat of the Creator, saying, "Let there be nothing where the earth now is," is an hypothesis against which proofs sufficient could be brought, much beautiful matter might be written; but science is not yet in a position to give an explanation which shall express the universal feelings and opinions of men upon the subject. As chemists now use the term, the atomic theory is no hypothesis; it is the doctrine of combining proportions,—a law so universal, so beautiful, so unerring, so utterly without any repeal in the highest or lowest courts of explored nature,—such a sure guide to those works of nature which it superim-

tends,—that if any one is incapable of seeing a universal fitness in creation, he has only to look at the dullest lump of matter, of clay, sand, or mud, from any clime, formed at any age, be it matter kept for ages in the water or taken from the fires of the volcano, and the fitness is to be found, not by mere imagination, not by mere reasoning, but by taking the balance and proving that the oxygen in each of these specimens unites with an equal weight of silicon, aluminum, or calcium, and that each element, each particle of each, was made to fit each of the particles of its fellow-elements. Whether we can say the same of the whole universe is a different question. The fitness may not be in such minute particles when we leave our own solar system, or it may be somewhat altered when we leave our own globe; but so far we might safely suppose many general analogies in the elements composing our system, having so many of the same conditions of existence, and growing under so many of the same influences. Could we establish the particulars of the nebular theory,—could we prove that all the plants were in a gaseous form together,—we might then see more of the subject; but we see animal and vegetable life to have changed so much, so many movements like to creations made at various times upon the earth, so many adaptations of structure to habits, moral and physical creations made and unmade (whether by a law or without a law is not to the purpose), that he must be excused who pauses for a little before he believes that creative power, which would seem to be not a momentary impulse, but a continuous or it may be an eternal agent, has, or has had, something to do, as well with the inorganic as the organic structures of the earth.

It is an interesting thing to consider the cast of mind necessary to a great discovery, and the mind also which makes a discovery. With Dalton they are both one, as the extraordinary unity of the man left two forms of mind as a thing impossible for him. A physical constitution, calm, steady, unexcitable; a mental constitution the same; no violent feelings, no strong passions, no enthusiasm which could not be instantly repressed—not as much as to cause involuntary haste in moving a limb, in drawing a conclusion, or in making an experiment; no inertness tempting him to rest when he had strength to work; no weariness of mind, no fatiguing of his body; working neither too much nor too little for his

strength; no yielding to the opinions of others drawing him aside to the right hand or to the left; an imagination curbed or silent; those moral sympathies which the love of literature proves to be in men weak and neglected, developed no farther in him, the great searcher of nature, than may be seen in the most uneducated man in our social system:—he stands before us with an isolated grandeur sufficient to absorb the pity that some minds must feel for one whose moral sympathies are not drawn out in an equal ratio with his intellectual powers. Let us not be mistaken: Dalton was a kind man and an agreeable companion, an upright and a moral man; but these faculties were simple, and were not more highly cultivated than we see in ignorant minds. That he curbed all his passions and his expressions is certain; whether from principle or from the original formation of his mind we cannot say; but his soul never expanded in his warmest, and in his most animated and playful moments he was never without a breastplate. This bespeaks a man of strong will, of great self-possession. He had too much self-respect to be seen to seek fame, and was almost too proud to take notice of it when gained. Unaccompanied, however, with haughtiness, but the most child-like simplicity, his dignity seldom showed itself except on a few occasions, and even then it was not until many years of fame had given him a standing. If we are correct in giving these elements of his character this prominence, raising the observing and reflecting, but especially the former, and sinking the rest of the man down to a beautiful simplicity, rare in a great man, but not rare in many of the mass, we find at least an unusual character, and have some idea of the power requisite to do such work as he did. Before we say more, we shall give a few examples of his mode of reasoning, which show the great predominance of his observing powers, protruding themselves as they do every where, and at no time allowing themselves rest when the other faculties are in action. His reasoning is a succession of pictures, his conclusions are results of observation on those pictures laid before us, so that we almost suppose that we arrive at the conclusion without the trouble of reflection.

He says—

“When we contemplate the disposition of the globular particles in a volume of pure elastic fluid, we perceive it must be analogous to that of a square pile of shot, the particles must

be disposed in horizontal strata, each four particles forming a square; in a superior stratum each four particles rests upon four particles below the points of its contact with all four, being forty-five degrees above the horizontal plane, or that plane which passes through the centre of the four particles. On this account the pressure is steady and uniform throughout."

Again—

"A vessel of any pure elastic fluid presents a picture like one full of small shot. The globules are all of the same size; but the particles of the fluid differ from those of the shot, in that they are constituted of an exceedingly small central atom of solid matter, which is surrounded by an atmosphere of heat."

In such clear figurings does he continue to explain himself. By reasoning on an atmosphere of mixed gases, which have no repulsion for each other, but follow each the law of its own gravitation, he explains in a mechanical manner the law of the constant composition of the atmosphere, the particles of the gases falling downwards upon each other until they attain a position in which they can support the incumbent weight. He has not, however, attempted to explain how the little central particle exists in the large globe of heat which surrounds it, nor what use the centre can have, since the circumference does all the work, holds all the properties, and seems to know nothing of foreign relations, except that it was present when the deeds were drawn out, and appended its signature, which after all seems to be a mere matter of form.

Dalton's conception of atoms was so natural and easy to him, that he spoke of them as things which he could see. His usual illustration was a pile of shot. He talked of these invisible beings as a geologist would of the movement of a glacier, or of transported boulder-stones; and traced an atom of hydrogen through the masses of a pile of oxygen atoms, as an astronomer would a comet influenced by the attractions and repulsions met on all sides in its way through space. Newton had probably the grandest idea of matter words ever expressed, if indeed they can be said to express all that is contained in the conception, Gravitation, a universal dependence in creation, a unity in all existing things. Ages have been found requisite to teach man the omnipresence of God, and one man taught us the omnipresence of matter. Strange fact, that the influence of the clouds beneath us is felt everywhere; that there is nothing so trivial that it has not something to say in the govern-

ment of the universe; nothing so small that it should remain forgotten, when the powers of creation assembled together! We might almost say, every thing is every where. As Newton saw matter in its largeness and unity, Dalton saw it in its minuteness and separateness. The one saw the unity of the whole, the other strongly insisted on the individuality of its parts. Both spoke great truths.

We have observed that Dalton never read much, and probably more in his later than earlier life. His mind was peculiarly fitted for inquiring and recording, but peculiarly unfitted for following the reasonings of others. This seems to have happened not from mere obstinacy, but from a natural self-reliance, and a habit of believing so firmly whatever his senses took cognizance of; a proof that these were stronger in him than any other faculties; as many of the feelings, had they been more lively in him, would have tended to make him consider the works of others; and had he reflected more than he observed, he would have paid more attention to the reasonings of other men. He still preserved his own atomic weights when every chemist had adopted those now established.

In a long, steady, and busy life, but, as far as external movements go, entirely monotonous, Dalton's whole history may be found in the books before us. He lectured in the Royal Institution in 1804, and afterwards in 1810. Strange that Davy and Wallaston ridiculed his theory so much. Afterwards, when Davy was converted, he urged the claims of Higgins against Dalton, at which the latter was much displeased, but was too dignified to speak of the matter. In 1822 he went to France, where we need not describe his reception otherwise than in his own words, and in a man of Dalton's temperament they had all the meaning they bear. He said quietly to a friend on his return, "If any Englishman has reason to be proud of his reception in France, I have." He was made a Foreign Fellow of the French institute, Fellow of the Royal Society, and Doctor of Civil law, a title he prized very much; but he shone as President of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, to which he was elected annually from the year 1817 till his death, and to which he gave his principal papers. It would little suffice to tell of his visits to the great, of the visits of the great to him, of his presentation at court, and of the honor bestowed on him by the British

Association. But we may say that he seems to have been honored more as one who had risen from the dead, as a historical personage whose name was connected with the birth of chemistry, rather than a living, working cotemporary, so little does he seem to have mixed with the philosophers of his time. In 1837 paralysis weakened him very much, both bodily and mentally, and he never was again the great mind of earlier life. On the 17th May, 1844, he was still further reduced, but still attending the Philosophical Society, although unable to articulate the words he wished to utter. He still read the journals of the day, and made meteorological observations. On the 19th of July, 1844, an address of the society thanked him for his fiftieth annual meteorological report, and prayed that he might be long spared to them. He received the address standing, but could not reply otherwise than by a few words in writing, which he had prepared; "I feel gratified by this testimony of kind regard offered to me by my old associates of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester. At my age, and with my infirmities, I can only thank you for this manifestation of sentiment, which I heartily reciprocate." On the 26th he made his last observation, noting down the state of the thermometer and barometer, and finding that he had written "little rain this," in a previous observation, he took the precaution to add "day." His hand trembled at this time, but at six in the morning, when his servant left him, he seemed as usual, although he had spent a restless night. On coming again in half an hour he was found dead by his bedside. So gradually did this man go hence; with such calmness and repose was closed a long life wholly devoted to science.

In 1833 a pension of 150*l.* was granted him from the Civil List, and in 1836 it was raised to 300*l.* Some time between those two periods his paternal property fell to him by the death of his brother, amounting to about another annual 150*l.* To a man who lived so simply, this was more than was wanted, so that he left above 9,000*l.* at his death.

His body lay in state in the Town Hall, and a long procession followed him to the grave, whilst all business was suspended for the time in Manchester. He was buried in a vault in the Ardwick Green Cemetery. The long procession was much to the annoyance of some of the Society of Friends, but it did one good thing—it told out loudly

and plainly that a great man had taken leave of them. Such a circumstance ought not to happen as unheeded as if the great were buried daily. It is different when a rich or a strong man dies. These powers can be made again; these accumulations can be possessed and repeated, if not in one man, by the efforts of many; but when a mind that thought not as other minds do leaves this earth, we know not if it may please Heaven ever again to send us the like.

Dalton's body, like the whole texture of his mind, like every action which he performed, like every thought which he has expressed, was firm and well-knit. He was below middle size: his face is said to have resembled Newton's very much, but the head does not seem to us to have had any resemblance. A beautiful statue of him, by Chantrey, is placed in the Royal Manchester Institution, which resembles the living man very much. It was the intention of Manchester to erect some monument to him, although it has not been decided as to the best mode of doing so, whether by following the custom of all ages, and making a bronze or a marble one, or by making one in the form of a school of chemistry, which Manchester does not possess. Which is best might soon be decided. We read of a Greek to whom three hundred brazen statues were erected, to be pulled down in as many days. A living institution can fight for itself. It is interesting to us to know the daily life of a man who could make such investigations. Simple beyond the most of men, he lived with few wants in his house or in his laboratory, showing little of himself to his fellow-men, but marking the age with his footsteps. Unwearied, and mechanically regular in all things, he made his observations with no more regularity than he went to the bowling-green regularly on Thursday afternoon with a few friends,—not philosophers, not the great, but such as he had long known. He had great pleasure in visiting his old friends in Kendal and Keswick; and when one of his prouder companions wished him to leave the place in which they were met, as not being sufficiently dignified in appearance, he only said, "I see them seldom,—you, I can see every day in Manchester." Dalton was not a man to be frightened by any of the hobgoblins that hover around respectability, nor can we find a man any where so thoroughly independent, so thoroughly regardless of all the world said of him, in so far as allowing any change in his mode of thinking or acting.

We cannot ascribe to him the bright eyes of Lavoisier, of Davy, and of Liebig; for what he saw, however great, seemed to him so simple, so natural. The awe and majesty of Nature's laws first seen, did not affect him to rhapsody, and we may either call it greatness or weakness, as we feel inclined. Both qualities are respected by nature, both have their types in creation; the monotonous movement of the earth round its axis for the one, and the sudden glare of day on the dark night marks the other; the one a continuous, unexcited movement, pleasing but not joyful; the other a succession of rapid and great changes, in which the whole man is at one time deep in darkness and in sorrow, walking through the valley of the shadow of death; at another, scarcely able to support the excess of joy, for nature seems all gloriousness, and earth a constant round of thrilling joys. Some would prefer the quiet repose of the simple "Naturforscher," Dalton.

R. S.

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From Frazer's Magazine.

#### MARGARET LUCAS, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

"The whole story of this lady is a romance, and all she does is romantic."—PERRY.

WHEN Waller was shewn some verses by the Duchess of Newcastle, *On the Death of a Stag*, he declared that he would give all his own compositions to have written them; and being charged with the exorbitance of his adulation, answered, "That nothing was too much to be given that a lady might be saved from the disgrace of such a vile performance." This was said by the courtly Waller of the thrice noble, illustrious, and excellent princess, as she calls herself, Margaret Lucas, the wife of the thrice-noble, high, and puissant prince, William Cavendish, duke, marquis, and earl of Newcastle. But the worth of all the poems by the Duchess of Newcastle is not to be tested by her poem on the death of a stag; nor should her abilities be looked meanly upon through the contemptuous smartness of a happy remark.\*

\* By the way, Waller has a copy of verses *On the Head of a Stag*, far below even the middle level of the duchess's genius!

Wit and satire have done much to keep her down. Pope has placed her works in the library of his *Dunciad* hero:—

"Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great,  
There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines  
complete."

And Horace Walpole, a far inferior poet to the duchess, endeavored to turn to ridicule, not the duchess only, but the duke—to do for the names of Cavendish and Lucas what he had attempted to do for Sydney and for Falkland. But Walpole, who affected a singularity of opinion, raised a laugh, and a laugh only; there is too much good sense in the duchess's writings, and too much to love about her character, to deprive her altogether of admirers. Charles Lamb delighted in her works; Sir Egerton Brydges showed his respect for her genius by reprinting, at his private press, her own little, delightful autobiography, to which he appended a selection of her poems. And Mr. Dyce, who has as much good taste as variety of knowledge, is too well acquainted with her writings to dislike them; and, fresh from "Greek and Latin stores," can yet return to her pages with renewed enjoyment, and lose nothing in a reperusal of the complete works of the Duchess of Newcastle.

As if certain that some day or other the curiosity of after-ages would be extended to her own personal history, the duchess drew up *A True Relation of her Birth, Breeding, and Life*—the too short but charming piece of autobiography we have already referred to. Her father was Sir Thomas Lucas, of St. John's, near Colchester, in Essex; her mother's maiden-name was Elizabeth Leighton. Margaret was born about the year 1626.

"My father," she says, "was a gentleman, which title is grounded and given by merit, not by princes. He had a large estate. He lived happily and died peaceably, leaving a wife and eight children, three sons and five daughters, I being the youngest he had, and an infant when he died."

Of her brothers she says:

"There was not any one crooked or any ways deformed; neither were they dwarfish, or of a giant-like stature, but every ways proportionable, likewise well-featured, clear complexions, brown hairs, but some lighter than others; sound teeth, sweet breaths, plain speeches, tunable voices—I mean not so much to sing as in soaking, as not stuttering or



*wharling* in the throat, or speaking through the nose, or hoarsely (unless they had a cold) or squeakingly, which impediments many have." . . . . . "How they were bred," she continues, she was too young to recollect; "but this I know, that they loved virtue, endeavored merit, practised justice, and spoke truth." . . . . "Their practice was, when they met together, to exercise themselves with fencing, wrestling, shooting, and such-like exercises, for I observed they did seldom hawk or hunt, and very seldom or never dance, or play on music, saying it was too effeminate for masculine spirits; neither had they skill, or did use to play, for aught I could hear, at cards or dice, or the like games, nor given to any vice, as I did know, unless to love a mistress were a crime; not that I knew any they had, but what report did say, and usually reports are false, at least exceed the truth."

Of these brothers, one became the first Lord Lucas; the youngest was the Sir Charles Lucas, whose melancholy but heroic end is told so affectingly by Lord Clarendon. "He had," says his sister, "a superfluity of courage."

Her own breeding, she says, was according to her birth and the nature of her sex. Her mother, of whom she speaks in the highest and most affectionate terms,—

"Never suffered the vulgar serving-men to be in the nursery amongst the nurse-maids, lest their rude love-making might do unseemly actions, or speak unhandsome words in the presence of her children. As for the pastimes of my sisters," she says, and their pastimes were her own, "when they were in the country, it was to read, work, walk, and discourse with each other. Commonly they lived half the year in London. Their customs were, in winter time, to go sometimes to plays, or to ride in their coaches about the streets, to see the concourse and recourse of people; and, in the spring-time, to visit the Spring Garden, Hyde Park, and the like places; and sometimes they would have music, and sup in barges upon the water; these harmless recreations they would pass their time away with; for, I observed, they did seldom make visits, nor ever went abroad with strangers in their company, but only themselves in a flock together; agreeing so well that there seemed but one mind amongst them."

Margaret was a mere girl in her teens when she went to Oxford to become one of the maids of honor to Henrietta Maria; an office, she tells us, she had a great desire to fill, and to which she "wooded and won" her mother's consent to her seeking and accepting. But in the then disturbed state of the three countries, Oxford was not long a place for Henrietta; and the queen, ac-

companied by her youthful attendant, left, in 1643, the shores of England for the court of the French king. In April, 1645, for she has herself recorded the period, Margaret Lucas had the good fortune to see the Marquis of Newcastle for the first time. This nobleman, whose name for loyalty deserves to be proverbial, had come to Paris to tender his humble duty to the queen. The fight at Marston Moor, that ill-fated field to King Charles, had been fought some ten months before; and Newcastle, seeing the utter hopelessness of the king's cause and the complete exhaustion of his own finances, had resigned his command, and retired to the Continent.

"And after," says the duchess, "he had stayed at Paris some time, he was pleased to take some particular notice of me, and express more than an ordinary affection for me; insomuch that he resolved to choose me for his second wife; and though I did dread marriage, and shun men's companies as much as I could, yet I could not, nor had I the power to refuse him, by reason my affections were fixed on him, and he was the only person I ever was in love with. Neither was I ashamed to own it, but gloried therein, for it was not amorous love; I never was infected therewith; it is a disease, or a passion, or both I only know by relation, not by experience: neither could title, wealth, power, or person entice me to love; but my love was honest and honorable, being placed upon merit, which affection joyed at the fame of his worth, pleased with delight in his wit, proud of the respects he used to me, and the affection he professed for me." . . . . . "Having but two sons," she says in another place, "he purposed to marry me, a young woman, that might prove fruitful to him, and increase his posterity by a masculine offspring. Nay, he was so desirous of male issue, that I have heard him say he cared not so God would be pleased to give him many sons, although they came to be persons of the meanest fortune; but God, it seems, had ordered it otherwise, and frustrated his designs by making me barren; which yet did never lessen his love and affection for me."

The widower of fifty-two prevailed with the fearful maiden of twenty-one,—they were married.

"A poot am I neither born nor bred,  
But to a witty poet married,"

she was wont to say in after life, and certainly the Marquis of Newcastle was not without pretensions to literature; his comedies are bustling pieces of intrigue and wit, characteristic of his age, and very readable; at least we have found them so.

His lyrical attempts are sad failures. He was the munificent patron and friend of Ben Jonson and Sir William Davenant, and lived long enough to succor Shadwell and befriend Dryden.

"He was," says Clarendon, "a very fine gentleman, active, and full of courage, and most accomplished in those qualities of horsemanship, dancing, and fencing, which accompany a good breeding, in which his delight was. Besides that he was amorous in poetry and music, to which he indulged the greatest part of his time; and nothing could have tempted him out of those paths of pleasure, which he enjoyed in a full and ample fortune, but honor and ambition to serve the king when he saw him in distress, and abandoned by most of those who were in the highest degree obliged to him and by him." . . . . "He liked," Clarendon adds, "the pomp and absolute authority of a general well, and preserved the dignity of it to the full; and for the discharge of the outward state and circumstances of it, in acts of courtesy, affability, bounty, and generosity, he abounded; which, in the infancy of a war, became him, and made him, for some time, very acceptable to men of all conditions. But the substantial part and fatigue of a general he did not, in any degree, understand (being utterly unacquainted with war), nor could submit to, but referred all matters of that nature to the discretion of his lieutenant-general King, a Gentleman. In all actions of the field he was still present, and never absent in any battle; in all which he gave instances of an invincible courage and fearlessness in danger; in which the exposing himself notoriously did sometimes change the fortune of the day, when his troops began to give ground. Such articles of action were no sooner over than he retired to his delightful company, music; or his softer pleasures, to all which he was so indulgent; and to his ease, that he would not be interrupted upon what occasion soever; inasmuch as he sometimes denied admission to the chiefest officers of the army, even to General King himself, for two days together, from whence many inconveniences fell out."

The times pressed hard upon the marquise and his lady, as they did indeed upon every loyalist abroad. "The people would have pulled," she says, "God out of heaven, had they had the power, as they pulled royalty out of his throne." Of the large rental of his estate, not one farthing could the marquise get for his own use, and he lived on his credit abroad, which was large, till even it was exhausted. His wife was once left, she tells us, at Antwerp, as a pawn for his debts.

"He lived on credit," says the duchess, "and outlived his trust, so that his steward

was forced at one time to tell him, 'That he was not able to provide a dinner for him, for his creditors were resolved to trust him no longer.' Turning to his wife, he said, that I must of necessity pawn my clothes to make so much money as would procure a dinner. I answered that my clothes would be but of small value, and therefore desired my waiting-maid, Miss Chaplain, to pawn some small toys, which I had formerly given her, which she willingly did."

It was at this time that the duchess went to England with her husband's only brother, Sir Charles Cavendish, to try, and extract some money from the implacable Independents. The confiscated estates were at auction to any that would buy them, free, it was said, of any incumbrance, but the claims, and they were either few or rejected, of the wives and children of the old possessors. But the marchioness solicited in vain; Newcastle had been too steady a loyalist to receive any mark of favor or of justice from the Independent party, so that she had to return to her husband abroad with but a trifling produce from her mission.

"On my return," she writes, "his creditors came clamorous round me, supposing I had brought a great store of money along with me."

Even royalty itself was in a more reduced condition; and the duchess relates a saying of Charles the Second's to her, when dining privately at the table of her lord, when his funds were at their lowest, "That he perceived my lord's credit could procure better meat than his own."

When in London, she says,—

"I gave some half-a-score of visits, and went with my lord's brother to hear music in one Mr. Lawes his house, three or four times [the Lawes that called Milton *friend*], as also some three or four times to Hyde Park with my sisters to take the air, else I never stirred out of my lodgings, unless to see my brothers and sisters; nor seldom did I dress myself, as taking no delight to adorn myself, since he I only desired to please was absent."

But his lordship was not idle abroad. He lived at Antwerp, and in great state, in the house "which belonged to the widow of Van Ruben, a famous picture-drawer." His horses were of the finest breed. He was attended by all skilled in a knowledge of the stable, of the noble art of horsemanship.

\* Rubens' house, still shown at Antwerp.

ship, and the science of fencing.\* It was Newcastle who taught the profligate Villiers the cunning of the sword. Nor was his time misemployed in writing his noble book on horsemanship, a work, as Horace Walpole observes, "read by those who scarce know any other author." The duchess, too, learnt much from his tuition; "for I being young," she says, "when your lordship married me, could not have much knowledge of the world. But it pleased God to command his servant Nature to indue me with a poetical and philosophical genius, even from my very birth; for I did write some books in that kind before I was twelve years of age, which, for want of good method and order, I would never divulge."

The year of the Restoration was the sixteenth of the exile of the loyal marquis, and the year, too of his return. His lordship was among the first of the exiled loyalists to land, and so eager was he, though then sixty-six, to set his foot once more on English ground, that he left his wife to follow him at her own leisure, and crossed the Channel in a leaky vessel. How interesting is the duchess's picture of her lord's return:—

"My lord (who was so transported with the joy of returning into his native country, that he regarded not the vessel), having set sail from Rotterdam, was so becalmed, that he was six days and six nights upon the water, during which time he pleased himself with mirth, and passed his time away as well as he could; provisions he wanted none, having them in great store and plenty; at last, being come so far that he was able to discern the smoke of London, which he had not seen for a long time, he merrily was pleased to desire one that was near him to jog and awake him out of his dream, 'for surely,' said he, 'I have been sixteen years asleep, and am not thoroughly awake yet.' My lord lay that night at Greenwich, where his supper seemed more savory to him than any meal he had hitherto tasted, and the noise of some scraping fiddlers he thought the pleasantest harmony that ever he had heard."

Her ladyship soon followed her lord, and in the general joy, the marquis, whose services for the king had been unsurpassed throughout the war, was elevated by Charles, whose governor he had been, to a dukedom. The house at Clarksenwell received once more its rightful owner, and the people

\* Ben Jonson has two commendatory epigrams to the duke, on his horsemanship and on his fencing.—Gifford's *Jonson*, viii. 444: ix. 17.

about Welbeck and its neighborhood rejoiced again at the return of the princely proprietor. But from the court and the general intoxication which followed the restoration of the king, the duke and duchess absented themselves as much as possible. For this they were made the laughing-stock of the Villierses and Wilmots, the Ethereges and the Sedleys, that frequented the courts of St. James's and Whitehall. Even the king joined in the general ridicule of his satellites, and Sir Walter Scott, in his *Feveril of the Peak*, has entered into this feeling with his usual exactness, with his wonted vivacity and vigor.

Now and then the duchess made her appearance in public. One of her visits was to the Royal Society, and Birch, in his *History*, has recorded the visit, and the day on which it took place. Evelyn was there, and in his *Diary* has commemorated the occurrence:—

"May 30, 1667.—To London, to wait on the Duchess of Newcastle (who was a mighty pretender to learning, poetry, and philosophy, and had in both published divers books), to the Royal Society, whither she came in great pomp, and being received by our Lord president at the door of our meeting-room—the mace, &c., carried before him—had several experiments showed to her. I conducted her grace to her coach, and returned home."

But Pepys has the superiority over Evelyn:—

"30th May, 1667.—After dinner I walked to Arundel House, the way very dusty, where I find very much company, in expectation of the Duchess of Newcastle, who had desired to be invited to the Society, and was after much debate *pro* and *con*, it seems many being against it; and we do believe the town will be full of ballads of it. Anon comes the duchess, with her women attending her; among others the Ferabosco, of whom so much talk is, that her lady would bid her shew her face and kill the gallants. She is, indeed, black, and hath good black little eyes, but otherwise but a very ordinary woman, I do think, but they say sings well. The duchess hath been a good, comely woman; but her dress so antick, and her deportment so ordinary, that I do not like her at all: nor did I hear her say any thing that was worth hearing, but that she was full of admiration—all admiration. Several fine experiments were shewn her of colors, leadstones, microscopes, and of liquors: among others, of one that did, while she was there, turn a piece of roasted mutton into pure blood, which was very rare. . . . After they had shewn her many experiments, and she cried still she was full of admiration, she departed, being led out and in

by several lords that were there; among others, Lord George Berkeley and Earl of Carlisle, and a very pretty young man, the Duke of Somerset."

The excellent Evelyn has recorded some of his visits to this extraordinary woman :—

"18th April, 1667.—I went to make court to the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle at their house at Clerkenwell, being newly come out of the North. They received me with great kindness, and I was much pleased with the extraordinary fanciful habit, garb, and discourse of the duchess."

"25th April.—Visited again the Duke of Newcastle, with whom I had been acquainted long before in France, where the duchess had obligation to my wife's mother for her marriage there; she was sister to Lord Lucas, and maid of honor then to the queen-mother; married in our chapel at Paris. My wife being with me, the duke and duchess would both needs bring her to the very court."

"27th April.—In the afternoon I went again with my wife to the Duchess of Newcastle, who received her in a kind of transport, suitable to her extravagant humor and dress, which was very singular."

"When young," says the duchess, "I took great delight in attiring, fine dressing, and fashions, especially such fashions as I did invent myself, not taking that pleasure in such fashions as were invented by others: also I did dislike any should follow my fashions, for I always took delight in a singularity, even in accoutrements of habits."

Candid enough!

"At Welbeck," says Walpole, "there is a whole-length of the duchess in a theatric habit, which, tradition says, she generally wore."

Pepys, the most entertaining of journalists, has spoken of the duchess and her doings in several places throughout his interesting *Diary* :—

"30th March, 1667.—To see the silly play of my Lady Newcastle's, called *The Humorous Lovers*: the most silly thing that ever came upon a stage. I was sick to see it, but yet would not have but seen it, that I might the better understand her."

"11th April.—To Whitehall, thinking there to have seen the Duchess of Newcastle's coming this night to court to make a visit to the queen, the king having been with her yesterday, to make her a visit since her coming to town. The whole story of this lady is a romance, and all she does is romantic. Her footmen in velvet coats, and herself in an antique

\* *The Humorous Lovers* is the work of the duke, not of the duchess.

dress, as they say; and was the other day at her own play, *The Humorous Lovers*; the most ridiculous thing that ever was wrote, but yet she and her lord mightily pleased with it: and she at the end made her respects to the players from her box, and did give them thanks. There is as much expectation of her coming to court, that so people may come to see her as if it were the Queen of Sweden; but I lost my labor, for she did not come this night."

On the 26th of the same month and the same year (April, 1667,) Pepys saw his romantic duchess for the first time. His entry is in his usual short picturesque style :

"Met my Lady Newcastle going with her coaches and footmen all in velvet; herself (whom I never saw before), as I have heard her often described (for all the town-talk is now-a-days of her extravagancies), with her velvet cap, her hair about her ears; many black patches, because of pimples about her mouth; naked-necked, without any thing about it, and a black *just-au-corps*. She seemed to me a very comely woman; but I hope to see more of her on May-day."

Well, May-day came, and Pepys and his friend Sir William Penn went by "coach, Tiburne way, into the Park, where a horrid dust, and number of coaches, without pleasure or order. That which we, and almost all went for, was to see my Lady Newcastle; which we could not, she being followed and crowded upon by coaches all the way she went, that nobody could come near her; only I could see she was in a large black coach adorned with silver instead of gold, and so white curtains, and every thing black and white, and herself in her cap."

"On the 10th," says Pepys, "I drove hard towards Clerkenwell, thinking to have overtaken my Lady Newcastle, whom I saw before us in her coach, with a hundred boys and girls running looking upon her; but I could not; and so she got home before I could come up to her. But I will get a time to see her." If this time ever came, Mr. Pepys overlooked its entry. His last notice of the duchess refers to the biography of her husband :—

"18th March, 1668.—Home, and, in favor to my eyes, stayed reading the ridiculous history of my Lord Newcastle, wrote by his wife; which shows her to be a mad, conceited, ridiculous woman, and he an ass to suffer her to write what she writes to and of him."

The plays, poems, letters, essays, and philosophical fancies of the duchess fill some twelve folio volumes; all are scarce and all are interesting.

"My great desire," says the duchess, "is to be had in remembrance in after-ages. All I desire is fame; I would rather venture an indiscretion, than lose the hopes of a fame."

Unfortunately, her knowledge was more multifarious than exact; and her reason, overruled by an overflowing fancy, controlled by no kind of judgment or taste. She was indebted to herself for all her thoughts, reading little, and talking but with her lord or her attendants. Yet this masculine-minded but misdirected woman lived on in the belief—the pleasing belief—that she would stand high with posterity as an authoress.

"Perchance," she says, "many that read this book will hardly understand it. . . . I verily believe that ignorance and present envy will slight my book, yet I make no question, when envy is worn out by time, but understanding will remember me in after-ages."

The work by which the duchess is best known is the *Life of her husband*, the ridiculous history to which Pepys, as we have seen, alludes. Nor is the title the least curious part of this curious compilation; Jones's magnificent portico to St. Paul's was not more stately or taking than this doorway of the duchess:—

THE LIFE  
of the

Thrice Noble, High and Puissant Prince

WILLIAM CAVENDISHE,

Duke, Marquess, and Earl of *Newcastle*; Earl of *Ogle*, Viscount *Mansfield*; and Baron of *Bolsover*, of *Ogle*, *Bothal*, and *Hepple*; Gentleman of His Majesties Bed-chamber; one of His Majesties most Honorable Privy-Council; Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter; His Majesties Lieutenant of the County and Town of *Nottingham*; and Justice in Ayre *Trent-North*; who had the honor to be Governor to our most Glorious King, and Gracious Sovereign, in his Youth, when He was Prince of *Wales*; and soon after was made Captain General of all the Provinces beyond the River of *Trent*, and other Parts of the Kingdom of *England*, with Power, by a special Commission, to make Knights.

WRITTEN

By the Thrice Noble, Illustrious and Excellent Princess,

MARGARET, Duchess of Newcastle,

HIS WIFE.

London

Printed by A. Maxwell, in the year 1667.

[folio]

This is lengthy and pompous enough; but no one page is free from vanity, from folly, affectation, and good sense.

"Such a book, for instance," says Charles Lamb, "as the *Life of the Duke of Newcastle by his Duchess*; no casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable, to honor and keep safe such a jewel."\*

"When I first intended," says the duchess, "to write this history, knowing myself to be no scholar, and ignorant of the rules of writing histories, I desired my lord, that he would be pleased to let me have some elegant and learned historian to assist me; which request his grace would not grant me; saying, that having never had any assistance in the writing of my former books, I should have no other in the writing of his life, but the informations from himself and his secretary, of the chief transactions and fortunes occurring in it, to the time he married me. I humbly answered, that without a learned assistant the whole history would be defective; but he replied, that truth could not be defective. I said again, that rhetoric did adorn truth; and he answered, that rhetoric was fitter for falsehoods than truths. Thus was I forced by his grace's commands to write this history in my own plain style, without elegant flourishings or exquisite method."

Her grace went resolutely to work at once:—"I am resolved to write in a natural, plain style, without Latin sentences, moral instructions, politic designs, or feigned orations." "I write it," she says, "whilst my noble lord is yet alive, and at such a time wherein truth may be declared and falsehood contradicted; and I challenge any one (although I be a woman) to contradict any thing I have set down, or prove it to be otherwise than truth." But for the composition and style, she says:—"Nobody can certainly be more ready to find faults in this work than I am to confess them."

Of the principal passages of his life his lordship himself informed her; other intelligence she had from Rolleston, his secretary. It is not our intention to inquire into these; "they are as full of truth as of words," she herself says, and at this distance of time it would be unfair to question or impugn in any way her statements. We are told, and there can be no doubt of the fact, that the annual rental of his lordship's estates was about 22,293*l.* 10*s.* 1*d.* (for stewards' accounts deal always in pence,) and that in three entertainments to Charles I. he had spent the income of a year. Lord

\* ELIA. *Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading.*

Clarendon bears testimony to the magnificence of these feasts. "A pound then was equal to five pounds of our money."

The duchess's admiration of her husband, whom she had looked up to from the first, is perhaps pardonable,—it certainly is amusing. "His behavior," she says, "is manly without formality, and free without constraint." "I have observed," she says in another place, "that many, by flattering poets, have been compared to Cæsar, without desert; but this I dare freely, and without flattery, say of my lord, that though he had not Cæsar's fortune, yet he wanted not Cæsar's courage, nor his prudence, nor his good-nature, nor his wit. Nay, in some particulars he did more than Cæsar ever did." After this we may expect to hear her say, as she does, that "he was the best lyric and dramatic poet of his age!" without wonder. Nor can one refrain from a smile when they read that Archbishop Laud (who had left her husband a diamond pin of the value of 200*l.*) once said to King Charles, and the bequest confirmed the observation, "That my lord was one of the wisest and prudentest persons that ever he was acquainted with."

All this is, as Lamb thought, exquisitely delightful. But the duchess is not always in the vein of exorbitant panegyric, but lets us see at times a little of domestic portraiture in words. "In short," she says, "I knew him not addicted to any manner of vice, except that he has been a great lover and admirer of the female sex; which, whether it be so great a crime as to condemn him for it, I'll leave to the judgment of young gallants and beautiful ladies." She then enlarges on the elegance of his exterior, the becomingness of his dress, on his diet, and discourse. Of his diet, she writes, "He makes but one meal a-day, at which he drinks two good glasses of small-beer,—one about the beginning, the other at the end thereof, and a little glass of sack in the middle of his dinner; which glass of sack he also uses in the morning for his breakfast, with a morsel of bread. His supper consists of an egg and a draught of small-beer." The duchess herself lived on *boiled chickens and water*; her mind, she says, was so *active*, that her appetite became *passive*.

There is much of what Fanny Kemble calls *dear good little me* in all her ladyship's writings. Thus, she tells us (and how desirable is the information) that she cared not for cards or for revellings:—

"As for dancing, although it be a graceful art, and becometh unmarried persons well, yet, for those that are married it is too light an action, disagreeing with the gravity thereof." . . . "I am as fearful as a hare; for I start at the noise of a pop-gun, and shut my eyes at the sight of a sword, and run away at the least alarm." . . . "I speak but little, because I am given to contemplation; and though I have seen much company, I have conversed with few, for my nature being dull and heavy, and my disposition not merry, makes me think myself not fit for company; for I take conversation to be in talking, which I have not practised very much, unless it be to particular friends, for naturally I am so wedded to contemplation, that many times, when I have been in company, I had not known one word they have said, by reason my busy thoughts had stopped the sense of my hearing."

In learning languages she had a natural stupidity.

"I understand no other language than my own; not French, although I was in France five years. Neither do I understand my own native language very well; for there are many words I know not what they signify." . . . "I think it against nature," she says in another place, "for a woman to speak right; for my part, I confess, I cannot. . . . "As for the grammar part, I confess I am no scholar." . . . "My fancy is so quick, that it is quicker than the pen with which I write; insomuch, that my ideas are many times lost through the slowness of my hand, and yet I write so fast, as I stay not so long as to make perfect letters."

What she was writing, she tells us, she uttered audibly, and that her waiting-maids deciphered her hieroglyphics, and at times took down the wisdom that fell from her lips. "Many times," she confesses, "I did not peruse the copies that were transcribed, lest they should distract my following conceptions; by which neglect many errors have slipped into my works."

She has defended her own authorship, however, and ably, too.

"Instead," she says, "of running, like other wives, from church to church, from ball to ball, from collation to collation, gossiping from house to house, I dance a measure with the Muses, feast with the Sciences, and sit and discourse with the Arts. Our sex takes so much delight in dressing and adorning themselves, as we, for the most part, make our gowns our books, our laces our lines, our embroideries our letters, and our dressings are the time of our study; and instead of turning over solid leaves, we turn our hair into curls." . . . "Sure this kind of work," she apologetically adds, "is better than to sit still and censure my neighbor's actions, which nothing concerns me, or to condemn their humors because they do not

sympathize with mine, or their lawful recreations, because they are not agreeable to my delight; or ridiculously to laugh at my neighbor's clothes, if they are not of the mode, color, or cut, or the ribbon tied with a mode not; or to busy myself out of the sphere of our sex, as in politics of state; or to preach false doctrine in a tub, or to entertain myself in hearkening to vain flatteries, or to the incitements of evil persuasions, when all these follies, and many more, may be cut off by such innocent work as this." . . . .

And to the reader of her *Poems and Fancies* she says—

"Pray be not too severe in your censures, for I have no children to employ my care and attendance on; and my lord's estate being taken away, had nothing for housewifery, or thrifty industry to employ myself in." . . . "I began a book about three years since," says this scribbling duchess, "which I intend to name *The World's Olio*; and when I come into Flanders, where those papers are, I will, if God give me life and health, finish it, and send it forth in print. I imagine all those that have read my former books will say that I have writ enough, unless they were better; but say what you will, it please them, and since my delights are harmless, I will satisfy my humor.

For had my brain as many fancies in't  
To fill the world, I'd put them all in print;  
No matter whether they be well expressed,  
My will is done—and that please Woman best!"

A determined authoress, indeed! "This is to let you know," she says at another time, "that my book is neither wise, witty, nor methodical, but various and extravagant. I doubt it will never gain applause."

There were many in the duchess's day who affirmed that her conceptions transcended her capacity, denying her to be the true authoress of them. "As for my being," she says to the duke, "the true and only authoress of them, your lordship knows best, and my attending servants are witness that I have had none but my own thoughts, fancies, and speculations to assist me; and, as soon as I have set them down, I send them to those that are to transcribe them and fit them for the press."

"Truly," says the duke, in his *justification*\* of his duchess, "she did never imp her high-flying fancies with any old broken feathers out of any university. As for her *Poems*, where are the exceptions to these? Marry, they miss sometimes in the numbers and in the rhymes.

\* "An Epistle to Justifie the Lady Newcastle and Truth against Falsehood, saying those false and malicious Aspersions of her, that she was not Author of her Books."—*Plays*, fol. Load. 1662.

It is well known by the copies, that those faults lie most upon the corrector and the printer; but put the case, there might be some slips in that kind, is all the book damned for it?—No mercy, gentlemen? When, for the numbers, every schoolboy can make them on his fingers, and for his rhymes, Fenner\* would have put down Ben Jonson; and yet neither the boy nor Fenner so good poets! No, it is neither of those that either makes or condemns a poet; it is new-born and creating fancies that glorifies a poet; and in her book of poems I am sure there is excellent and new fancies, as have not been writ by any; and that it was only writ by her is the greatest truth in the world. It is said she has not the experience or the terms. But here's the crime,—a lady writes them, and to intrench so much on the male prerogative is not to be forgiven; but I know gownmen will be more civil to her, because she is of the gown too, and therefore, I am confident, will defend her and truth."

She was accused of pilfering from Des Cartes and Hobbes; and, in her vindication of herself, tells us what she knew of these two extraordinary men.

"Some say that from my *Book of Philosophy*, it seems as if I had conversed with Des Cartes or Master Hobbes, or both, or have frequented their studies, by reading their works; but I cannot say but I have seen them both; but, upon my conscience, I never spake to Monsieur Des Cartes in my life, nor even understood what he said, for he spake no English, and I understand no other language, and those times I saw him, which was twice at dinner with my lord at Paris, he did appear to me as a man of the fewest words I ever heard. And for Master Hobbes, it is true I have had the like good fortune to see him, and that very often, with my lord at dinner, for I conversing seldom with any stranger, had no other time to see those two famous philosophers; yet I never heard Master Hobbes, to my best remembrance, treat or discourse of philosophy, nor I never spake to Master Hobbes twenty words in my life. I cannot say I did not ask him a question; for when I was in London I met him, and told him, as truly I was, very glad to see him, and asked him if he would please do me that honor to stay at dinner; but he with great civility refused me, as having some business which, I suppose, required his absence."

The duchess, however, admits that, at times, the duke assisted her, with "this my lord writ," and such-like acknowledgments: "For I being no lyric poet, my lord supplied that defect of my brain with the superfluity of his own brain; thus our wits join as in matrimony,—my lord's the masculine, mine the feminine wit, which is no small

\* See Gifford's *Ben Jonson*, vii. 432.

glory to me that we are married souls, bodies and brains." "What a picture of foolish nobility," says Walpole, "was this stately poetic couple, retired to their own little domain, and intoxicating one another with circumstantial flattery on what was of consequence to no mortal but themselves!" Welbeck was, at least, as Gifford says, when commenting on this passage, as big as Walpole's baby-house at Strawberry-Hill.

The folio works of this indefatigable woman are stored with prefaces, notices, dedications, apologies, and advertisements. Every idea she considered of consequence, every fear required its committal to paper; the duke interested himself in her pursuits, and why, she thought, should not the public participate in their pleasure? Some of her requests from her readers are characteristic. "Let me entreat you," she says, "to consider only the fancies in this my book of poems, and not the language, numbers, nor rhymes, nor false printing; for if you do you will be my condemning judge, which will grieve my muse." This is before her *Poems and Fancies*; at page 123 of the same volume, she writes:—

"I must entreat my noble reader to read this part of my book very slow, and to observe very strictly every word they read; because, in most of these poems, every word is a fancy. Wherefore, if they lose by not marking, or skip by too hasty reading, they will entangle the sense of the whole copy."

At page 212:—

"I know those that are strict and nice about phrases, and the placing of words, will carp at my book, inasmuch as I have chose to leave the elegance of words rather than obstruct the sense of the matter:—

When that a Book doth from the press come new,  
All buy or borrow it, this Book to view,  
Not out of love of Learning and of Wit,  
But to find faults that they may censure it."

"Excuse and pardon me," she says in another place, "for making all this noise about my own books; I have launched my labors into the world, and am rejoicing at my own handiwork:—

Just like a bird, when her young are in nest,  
Goes in and out, and hops, and takes no rest;  
But when their young are fledg'd, their heads out-peep;  
Lord! what a chirping does the old one keep!"

A natural image naturally expressed.

The duchess's most unreadable works are

her six-and-twenty plays. Langbaine, however, ventured a commendation in their behalf.

"I know there are some," he writes, "that have but a mean opinion of her plays; but if it be considered that both the language and plots of them are all her own, I think she ought, with justice, to be preferred to others of her sex which have built their fame on other people's foundations."

Something like this the duchess herself says, in the general prologue, where the reader is entreated not to try her performances by the master-hand of Jonson's muse:—

"What length of time he took those plays to write, I cannot guess, not knowing his wit's flight;  
But I have heard Ben Jonson's plays came forth  
To the world's view as things of a great worth;  
Like foreign Emperors, which do appear  
Unto their subjects not 'bove once a year;  
So did Ben Jonson's plays so rarely pass  
As one might think they long in writing was."

"Greek, Latin poets I could never read,  
Nor their historians, but our English Speed;  
I could not steal their wit, nor plots out take,  
All my plays' plots my own poor brain did make."

Her volume of *Philosophical Fancies* was written in less than three weeks. In what space of time she composed her plays she has not thought fit to tell us.

A lady of the rank, and wit, and wealth of the Duchess of Newcastle could not be without her train of attendant flutterers.

"Methinks I behold in you," writes Dryden to the duke, before he had lost the *art of praising*,\* "another Caius Marius, who, in the extremity of his age, exercised himself almost every morning in the Campus Martius, amongst the youthful nobility of Rome; and afterwards, in your retirements, when you do honor to poetry, by employing part of your leisure in it, I regard you as another Silius Italicus, who having passed over his consulship with applause, dismissed himself from business and from the gown, and employed his age among the shades in the reading and imitation of Virgil. In which," he adds, "lest any thing should be wanting to your happiness, you have, by a rare effect of fortune, found in the person of your excellent lady, not only a lover, but a partner of your studies; a lady whom one may justly equal with the Sappho of the Greeks, or the Sulpitia of the Romans; who, by being taken into your bosom, seems to be inspired with your genius, and by writing the history of your life in so masculine a style, has already placed you in the number of the heroes. It cannot be

\* See his Dedication to Plutarch's *Lives*.



denied but that your grace has received a double satisfaction, the one to see yourself consecrated to immortality while you are yet alive; the other, to have your praises celebrated by so dear, so just, and so pious an historian."

This was the age of flattery, and Shadwell and Flecknoe pursued the duke and the duchess with the same sort of adulatory language; but it cannot be concealed that the excellent-minded Evelyn has the better of them in the force and variety of his encomiums. Her grace had made him a present of her works (complete), and of her husband's very useful book of Horsemanship, and Evelyn's acknowledgment is an unrivalled piece of forced and foolish flattery; a complete ransacking of the names of illustrious ladies of all countries and of all ages.

"I do not intend," says Evelyn, "to write a panegyric of your virtues, which all the world admires, lest the indignity of my style should profane a thing so sacred; but to repeat my admiration of your genius and sublime wit, so comprehensive of the most abstracted appearances, and so admirable in your sex, or rather in your grace's person alone, which I never call to mind but to rank it among the Heroines, and constellate with the Graces. Such of ancient days was Zenobia, queen of Palmyra, that writ the history of her country, as your grace has done that of my lord duke your husband, worthy to be transmitted to posterity. Your grace has title to all her perfections. Such was Anna Commena, who called Alexius father, and writ fifteen books of history. Such was St. Catharine of Sienna, St. Bridget, and Therese (for even the greatest saints have cultivated the sciences). Such was Fulvia Morata, Isabella Andreini, Margarite of Valois (sister to Francis I.), whose novels are equal to those of the witty Boccaccio. But all these summoned together possess but that divided which your grace retains in one. For what of sublime and worthy in the nature of things does not your grace comprehend and explain?"

Surely the arrow of adulation is here drawn to the head; and this is the mighty pretender, too, to the science, philosophy, and poetry of the *Diary* of the same individual!

Soothed with a series of letters full of flattery of this description, and buoyed up with a belief that her fame would stand high, and securely high with posterity, the duchess descended quietly to the grave, as Fulman informs us, on the 7th January, 1673-4. The produce of her brain was her only offspring. The duke survived her some three years, when he was laid by the side of his

wife and biographer, in the Chapel of St. Michael, in Westminster Abbey, where there is to this day a stately monument to their memories (erected at the duke's expense), with an inscription which has called forth the admiration of Addison, and of Mr. Washington Irving:—

"Here lies the loyal Duke of Newcastle and his Duchess, his second wife, by whom he had no issue. Her name was Margaret Lucas, youngest sister to Lord Lucas of Colchester, a noble family, for all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous. This duchess was a wise, witty, and learned lady, which her many books do well testify: she was a most virtuous, and loving, and careful wife; and was with her lord all the time of his banishment and miseries; and when they came home, never parted with him in his solitary retirements."

This is evidently, in part, the composition of the duchess herself; it is very beautiful.

We have as yet but looked upon the eccentricities of this extraordinary woman, whom it has been too long the custom to decry. There is no volume altogether without its good, without a redeeming sentence, without something to praise. The occasional poetry and good sense and wit of the duchess atone for all her whims and oddities of thought and manner. Her verse is eminently characteristic—vigorous at times, and at times poetical. We select a few pieces not generally known:—

#### "A REQUEST TO MY FRIENDS.

When I am dead and buried lie  
Within a grave, if friends pass by,  
Let them not turn away their sight,  
Because they would forget me quite;  
But on my grave a tear let fall,  
And me unto remembrance call.  
Then may my ashes rise that tear to meet,  
Receive it in my urn like balsam sweet.

O you that are my dearest friends, do not,  
When I am dead, lie in the grave forgot,  
But let me, in your mind, as one thought be;  
So shall I live still in your memory.  
If you had died my heart still should have been  
A room to keep and hang your pictures in.

Here is what she calls "An Elegy," pretty and fanciful in the extreme:—

"Her corps was borne to church on *gray-geese wing*,  
Her sheet was *paper-white* to lap her in.  
And *cotton* dyed with *ink* her covering black,  
With *letters* for her scutcheon's print in that;  
*Fancies* bound up with *verse*, a garland made,  
And at the head upon her *hearse* was laid;

And *numbers* ten did bear her to the *grave*,  
The *Muses* nine a *monument* her gave."

Nor is what she styles "A Farewell to the Muses" without its excellencies:—

"Farewell, my Muse, thou gentle, harmless sprite,  
That us'd to haunt me in the dead of night,  
And on the pillow where my head I laid  
Thou sit'st close by, and with my fancies play'd;  
Sometimes upon my eyes you dancing skip,  
Making a vision of some fine landskip.  
Thus with your sportings kept me oft awake,  
Not with your noise, for ne'er a word you spake;  
But with your fairy-dancing, circling wind,  
Upon a hill of thoughts within my mind.  
When 'twas your sport to blow out every light,  
Then I did rest, and sleep out all the night."

The following is impressive, but careless in its execution:—

"Great God, from Thee all infinities do flow,  
And by Thy power from thence effects do grow.  
Thou order'st all degrees of matter, just  
As 'tis Thy will and pleasure—move it must.  
And by Thy Knowledge order'st all the best—  
For in thy knowledge doth Thy wisdom rest.  
And wisdom cannot order things amiss,  
For where disorder is, no wisdom is,  
Besides, great God, Thy will is just; for why?  
Thy will still on Thy wisdom doth rely.  
O, pardon, Lord, for what I now here speak  
Upon a guess—my knowledge is but weak.  
But Thou hast made such creatures as mankind,  
And giv'st them something which we call a mind;  
Always in motion, never in quiet lies,  
Until the figure of his body dies.  
His several thoughts, which several motions are,  
Do raise up love and hope, joys, doubts, and fear.  
As love doth raise up hope, so fear doth doubt,  
Which makes him seek to find the great God out.  
Self-love doth make him seek to find, if he  
Came from or shall last to eternity.  
But motion being slow makes knowledge weak,  
And then his thoughts 'gainst ignorance doth beat.  
As fluid waters 'gainst hard rocks do flow,  
Break their soft streams, and so they backward  
go;  
Just so do thoughts, and then they backward slide  
Unto the places where first they did abide:  
And there in gentle murmurs do complain  
That all their care and labor is in vain.  
But since none knows, the great Creator must:  
Man, seek no more, but in His goodness trust."

The prose of the duchess is bold but involved, her thoughts and her style are peculiarly her own. We select a few of her most striking sentences; the mind continually active, could not fail at times to write something that was good:—

"The reason why women are so apt to talk too much, is an overweening opinion of themselves in thinking they speak well; and striving to take off that blemish from their sex of knowing little, by speaking much, as thinking that many

words have the same weight as much knowledge."

"Courts should be a pattern and an example of virtue to all the rest of the kingdom, being the ruler and chief head to direct the body of state; but most commonly, instead of clemency, justice, modesty, friendship, temperance, humility, and unity, there is faction, pride, ambition, luxury, covetousness, hate, envy, slander, treachery, flattery, impudence, and many the like; yet they are oftentimes covered with a veil of smooth professions and protestations, which glisters like gold when it is but coppered tinsel."

"Great memories are like standing ponds that are made with rain; so that memory is nothing but the showers of other men's wits."

"Poetry is so powerful, and hath such an attractive beauty, that those that can but view her perfectly could not but be enamored, her charms do so force affection. Surely those that do not delight in Poetry or Music have no divine souls or harmonious thoughts."

"Men who can speak long and eloquently, contrasted with those who can say but little, but that to the point, are like several sized candles, the longer or shorter ere they come to a snuff."

"Vanity is so natural to our sex, that it were unnatural not to be vain."

"Platonic love is a bawd to adultery."

"True affection is not to be measured; because it is like eternity, not to be comprised."

"There is no greater usury or extortion than upon courtesy; for the loan of money is but ten, twenty, or thirty in the hundred; but the loan of courtesy is to enslave a man all his life."

"Some have more words than wit, and more wit than judgment. And others have more years than experience, and more experience than honesty."

"Our natural English tongue was significant enough without the help of other languages; but as we have merchandized for wares, so have we done for words: but indeed we have rather brought in than carried out."

"Ben Jonson, I have heard, was of opinion that a comedy was not a natural or true comedy if it should present more than a day's action."

"In truth, I never heard any man read well but my husband, and have heard him say, he never heard any man read well but Ben Jonson, and yet he hath heard many in his time."  
—*Letters*, p. 362.

"King James was so great a lover of peace, that rather than he would lose the delights of peace, he would lie under the infamy of being thought timorous; for in that it was thought he had more craft than fear."

"Children should be taught at first the best, plainest, and purest of their language, and the most significant words; and not as their nurses teach them, a strange kind of gibberish, broken language of their own making, which is like scraps of several meats heaped together, or hash'd, mixt or minced: so do they the purest of their language; as, for example, when nurses teach children to go, instead of saying Go, they say, Do, do; and instead of saying, Come to me, they say, Tum to me; and when they newly come out of a sleep, and cannot well open their eyes, they do not say, My child cannot well open his or her eyes, but My child tant open its nies; and when they should bid them speak, they bid them peak; and when they should ask them, if they will or would drink, they ask them if they will dinck; and so all the rest of the language they teach children is after this manner. . . . Likewise they learn them the rudest language first; as to bid them say, such a one lies, or to call them rogues and the like names, and then laugh as if it were a witty jest. And as they breed them in their language, so they breed them in their sports, pastimes, or exercises, as to play with children at bo-peep, blindman's-buff, and cock's-hod."

"A gentleman ought to be skilful in the use of his sword, in the manage of horses, to vault, to wrestle, to dance: the first defends his honor and country; the next is for command in cavalry; the third makes him ready in the day of battle to horse himself; the fourth keeps him from being overcome by a clown or peasant, for the sleights in wrestling will overcome great strength; the fifth gives his limbs a graceful motion. His exercises should be masculine: for better it were to see a gentleman shoe a horse, than to play on the viol or lute, virginal, or any other musical instrument; for that sheweth the command man hath over beast. Or to carry a burthen on his back, than to sit idly at cards or dice: for idleness is like the sluggish worm, that is neither able to help nor defend itself."

"Some, in their praises of women, say, they never speak but their words are too many in number for the weight of the sense: besides, the ground of their discourse is impertinent, as inquiries who dined and who supped at such a table; what looks, words, and actions passed among the company; what addresses such a man made to such a woman, and what encouragement they received in their courtships; then who was at court, who at church; or slandering, or defaming one another; or bragging of themselves, what clothes they have or will have; what coaches or lacqueys, what love-servants they have or may have; what men are like to die for love of them: what feast they made for such a company; who took them out to dance at such a ball; who ushered them out of church, and who they saw there; and not of what they heard there; and for their pastimes, say they are seldom at home but to receive visits. Neither are they pleased

with the company of their own sex; for if there be no man amongst them, they are very dull, and as mute as one would wish; unless it be at a gossiping, where a cup of good liquor runs about."

"All women are a kind of mountebanks; for they would make the world believe they are better than they are; and they do all they can to draw company; and their allurements is their dressing, dancing, painting, and the like; and when men are catcht, they laugh to see what fools they were to be taken with such toys: for women's ends are only to make men profess and protest, lie and forswear themselves in the admiration of them: for a woman's only delight is to be flattered of men; for they care not whether they love truly, or speak falsely, so they profess earnestly."

"Some parents suffer their children to run about into every dirty office, where the young master must learn to drink and play at cards with the kitchen boy, and learn to kiss his mother's dirty maid for a mess of cream. The daughters are danced upon the knee of every clown and serving man, and hear them talk scurrilous to their maids, which is their complement of wooing, and then dancing *Sellinger's Round* with them at Christmas time."

"Some say a man is a nobler creature than a woman, because our Savior took upon him the body of man; and another, that man was made first: but these two reasons are weak; for the Holy Spirit took upon him the shape of a dove, which creature is of less esteem than mankind; and for the pre-eminency in creation, the devil was made before man."

Mrs. Piozzi gave a saffron color to her cheeks by painting. Thousands, by following a very foolish and pernicious fashion, had done the same before her.

"Painting the face, when it is used for a good intent, as to keep or increase lawful affection, is, perhaps, admissible; but in a widow, painting is most disallowable—a widow once, a widow ever. I am utterly against the art of painting, out of three respects; the first is dangerous—for most paintings are mixed with mercury, wherein is much quicksilver, which is of so subtle and malignant a nature, as it will fall from the head to the lungs, and cause consumptions, and is the cause of swelling about the neck and throat. The next is, that it is so far from adorning, that it disfigures: for it will rot the teeth, dim the eyes, and take away both the life and youth of a face, which is the greatest beauty. Thirdly, and lastly—the sluttishness of it, and especially in the preparatives, as masks of sear-clothes, which are not only horrid to look upon, in that they seem

"He to God's image, she to his was made,  
So farther from the fount the stream at random stray'd."  
DRYDEN.

as dead bodies embowelled or embalmed, but the stink is offensive. Then the pomatum and pultis, which are very uneasy to lie in, wet and greasy, and very unsavory; for all the while they have it on it presents to the nose a chandler's shop, or a greasy dripping-pan, so as all the time they fry, as it were, in grease; neither will their perfumes mend it, or their oils; and though I cannot say they live in purgatory, because they shun all hot places, for they cannot have the comfortable heat of the fire, and shun the natural heat of the sun, as they must live always as if they were at the North Pole, for fear the heat should melt away their oil, and oily drops can be no grace to their face. Dry painting shrivels up the skin, so as it imprints age in their face, in filling it full of wrinkles; wherefore paintings are both dangerous, ill-flavored, and sluttish, besides the troublesome pains. But for other adornments in women, they are to be commended, as curling, powdering, pouncing, clothing, and all the varieties of accoutrement."

One of the most interesting works of the duchess's composition is a large folio volume of *Sociable Letters*, for so they are styled, 211 in number. The odd eleven are for individuals with names, the 200 to some madame, evidently an admirer of the duchess and her writings. There is no such thing as a date throughout the work, and names are distinguished by initials, which, provokingly enough, are of frequent occurrence. The letters, however, seem to have been written wholly abroad, and the collection was printed at London in 1664.

There is, of course, a complimentary copy of verses by the duke, and a letter of gratitude and extravagant adulation from the duchess, with a preface to all professors of learning and art, and another to the Many.

"It may be said to me," she writes to her lord, "as one said to a lady, 'Work, lady, work—let writing books alone, for surely wiser women ne'er writ one;' but your lordship here bid me to work, nor leave writing, except when you would persuade me spare so much time from my study as to take the air for my health; the truth is, my lord, I cannot work, I mean such work as ladies used to pass their time withal; but I am not a dunce in all employments, for I understand the keeping of sheep, and ordering of a grange, indifferently well, although I do not busy myself much with it, by reason my scribbling takes away most part of my time." . . . "As for the present book of letters," she writes, "I know not, as yet, what aspersion they will lay upon it, but I fear they'll say, they are not written in a mode style, that is, in a complimenting and romantic way, with high words and mystical expressions, as most of our modern letter-writers use to do."

The twenty-first letter contains a sad character of her sex.

"I observe," she says, "that cards is one of the chief pastimes of our sex, and their greatest delight; for few or none of our sex loves or delights in poetry, unless a copy of verses made in their praise, wherein for the most part, is more flattery than wit." . . . Neither doth our sex take much pleasure in harmonious music, only in violins to tread a measure; the truth is, the chief study of our sex is romances, wherein reading, they fall in love with the feigned heroes and carpet-knights, with whom their thoughts secretly commit adultery, and in their conversation and manner, or forms or phrases of speech, they imitate the romance-ladies."

The forty-seventh letter is a long account of the pains that ladies take, and the cost they go to in getting, making, and buying fine and costly child-bed linen, swaddling-clothes, mantles, and the like, their banquets of sweetmeats, cakes, wafers, biscuits, jellies, and such strong drinks as hippocras and burnt wine, with hot spices, mulled sack, strong and high-colored ale, well spiced and stuffed with toasts of cakes. This should be read with Letter ciii., where there is an account of a gossip meeting.

Some of her descriptions are very graphic, such as that of the sanctified lady to whom black patches had become abominable, and fans, ribands, pendants, and necklaces, the temptations of Satan, and laced shoes and galoshes, as so many steps to pride. (Lett. li.)

"You were pleased, in your last letter," she writes (No. cxlvi.), "to request me to send you my opinion of Virgil and Ovid, as which I thought was the better poet. Truly, madam, my reason, skill, or understanding in poetry and poets is not sufficient to give a judgment of two such famous poets, for though I am a poetess, yet I am but a poetastress, or a petty poetess; but, howsoever, I am a legitimate poetical child of Nature, and though my poems, which are the body of the poetical soul, are not so beautiful and pleasing as the rest of her poetical childrens' bodies are, yet I am, nevertheless, her child, although but a brownet."

Here is a very beautiful picture of the qualities required of a ballad singer:—

"The vulgar and plainer a voice is, the better it is for an old ballad; for a sweet voice, with quavers, and trilloes, and the like, would be as improper for an old ballad, as golden laces on a thrown suit of cloth, diamond buckles on clouted or cobbled shoes, or a feather on a monk's hood; neither should old ballads be sung so much in a tune as in a tone, which

tone is betwixt speaking and singing, for the sound is more than plain speaking, and less than clear singing, and the rumming or humming of a wheel should be the music to that tone, for the humming is the noise the wheel makes in the turning round, which is not like the music of the spheres; and ballads are only proper to be sung by spinsters, and that only in cold winter nights, when a company of good housewives are drawing a thread of flax."—(Lett. ccii.)

Her admiration of Davenant's *Gondibert* is made the subject of a letter, (number cxxvii.), where she speaks with great discrimination when finding fault with the over-precision of his language and the compact closeness of his expressions, "for the language is like so curious and finely engraven a seal as one cannot readily see the figure engraven thereon without a magnifying glass."

Her love for the writings of Shakspeare breaks out in two or three places, nor has it been hitherto noticed that the duchess was among the first who dared to publish their admiration:—

"I wonder," she writes, "how that person you mention in your letter could either have the conscience or confidence to dispraise Shakspeare's plays, as to say they were made up only with clowns, fools, watchmen, and the like." "Shakspeare," she says, with admirable wit, "did not want wit to express to the life all sorts of persons, of what quality, possession, degree, breeding, or birth whatsoever; nor did he want wit to express the divers and different humors, or natures, or several passions in mankind; and so well he hath expressed in his plays all sorts of persons, as one would think he had been transformed into every one of those persons he hath described; and as sometimes one would think he was really himself the clown or jester he feigns, so one would think he was also the king and privy counsellor; also as one would think he were really the coward he feigns, so one would think he were the most valiant and experienced soldier; who would not think he had been such a man as his Sir John Falstaff? and who would not think he had been Harry the Fifth? and certainly Julius Cæsar, Augustus Cæsar, and Antonius did really never act their parts better, if so well, as he hath described them, and I believe that Antonius and Brutus did not speak better to the people than he had feigned them; nay, one would think that he had been metamorphosed from a man to a woman, for who could describe Cleopatra better than he has done, and many other females of his own creating? Who would not swear that he had been a noble lover? who could woo so well? and there is not any person he hath described in his book but his readers

might think they were well acquainted with them."—Pp. 245, 6, 7.

All this is excellent, but when the duchess tells us, some hundred pages on (p. 338), that her husband is as far beyond Shakspeare for comical humor, as Shakspeare is beyond an ordinary poet in that way, we love and respect the wife, but laugh outright at the silly weakness of the woman.

Here we stop, and in the belief, be it known, that our readers are as much in love with Margaret Lucas as Oliver Yorke is, or was old William Cavendish himself.

"Is this a lady's closet? 't cannot be,  
For nothing here of vanity we see,  
Nothing of curiosity or pride,  
As most of ladies' closets have beside.  
Scarcely a glass or mirror in't you find,  
Excepting books, the mirror of the mind.  
Nor is't a library, but only as she  
Makes each place where she comes a library." \*

From the Dublin University Magazine.

#### LIFE AND WRITINGS OF DAVID HUME.

*The Life and Correspondence of David Hume, from the papers bequeathed by his Nephew, Baron Hume, to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and other original sources. By John Hill Burton, Esquire, Advocate. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1846.*

OF the life of Hume, his own memoir, Adam Smith's letter to Strahan, and Mr. Ritchie's narrative, have hitherto been the principal accounts. In the course of last year was published Lord Brougham's lively sketch, with several of the letters which are preserved in one of the public libraries of Edinburgh, and which have been long accessible to any person interested in the subject. All these works, and especially the first, are of considerable interest; still, something more was wanting. If correspondence is to be at all published, and is referred to as authority, there is then the general fitness of at least as much of it being given as in any way bears on the subject, to illustrate which it is produced. Allusions, more or less distinct, have been repeatedly made to these letters, and to those of the Scottish divines with whom

\* On the Duchess of Newcastle's Closet.  
FLECKNOE'S Epigrams.

Hume lived in habits of friendliness, to prove that the infidelity with which Hume was infected extended its taint to them. If such fact can be established, (and we do not believe it,) it must be by other evidence; for from the parts of the correspondence given by Mr. Burton, no inference of the kind can be derived.

That no such account of Hume as Scotland ought to have supplied to the general literature of the country should have before appeared, is easily to be accounted for. Till of late years, the strong feelings, which any discussion of his views on religious subjects was sure to excite, would have rendered the publication, in all probability, a losing concern, and at all events be regarded by a great portion of the public as an offence. The Edinburgh publishers were not unlikely to remember the spirit in which, when in the General Assembly, a prosecution against Hume had failed, the parties who were his most active assailants immediately commenced proceedings against the publishers of an essay of Lord Kames's, which essay—so subtle was the zeal of the prosecutors in detecting latent infidelity—was written for the purpose of confuting the principles, supposed to be involved in Hume's doctrine, that we are unable to discover any real connection between cause and effect.\* A prosecution

for sorcery or witchcraft was no pleasant thing a century ago; and in later times, proceedings against a man for blasphemy or heresy were no joke. It would, we fear, be regarded even now as an insufficient defence to such an accusation to be able to show that Lord Brougham has affirmed the first crime to be impossible, or to suggest that it would not be easy to find a tribunal, consisting of more than one individual, likely to agree in what constituted the second. That a serious offence against society was committed by the publication of Hume's writings, was certainly the public feeling of the period in which they appeared; and under what name society was to punish it, was a matter that seemed of comparative indifference. Though the proceedings against Hume were defeated in the General Assembly, yet that against the publishers of Kames failed only by the death of the prosecutor.

Of late years the total defeat and rout of speculative infidelity has rendered it possible to reprint all such works with no other danger than the unpleasant consequence of the sale being insufficient to pay the publisher's expenditure. The result of inquiry has, in every instance, as far as we know, been directly opposed to that which the alarm of zealous but ignorant men suggested. Hume's "Inquiry into the Doctrine of Cause and Effect" led to those investigations in Germany which have ended in the total demolition of all the Babels which in Paris and Edinburgh had affronted high heaven. The "Inquiry into Miracles" has issued not only in the signal triumph of the defenders of revelation on the particular subject of controversy, but in what is of almost as much moment—in fixing attention to the fact, that what has been rashly assumed, and even expressed,\* to be a violation of the laws of nature, is never, in any true sense, such, but is in reality a new phenomenon not within the range of our ordinary experience—most often the expression of some more general law, the constant operation of which would be perceptible, but for hindrances thus for a moment removed. There can, we think, never be danger in the full discussion of any subject of scientific inquiry. Of this how remarkable a proof is given in the fact that Butler's "Analogy" and Hume's "Trea-

\* The title of Kames's book, which was prosecuted, was "Essays on the Principles of Morality and Natural Religion." Kames's theory is, that there is no real liberty to human beings, but that in our nature is implanted the feeling that we are free. It seems to be a statement, in the philosophical jargon of his day, of a doctrine that ought not to have been offensive to persons who would have, perhaps, been satisfied had the thought been expressed in the language of the theological schools. There can be no doubt that Kames thought he was answering Hume, though there is no distinct allusion to any particular passage in his essay, nor is he mentioned by name; and that Hume so understood his courteous adversary there is no doubt. In a letter to Ramsay, written in the year in which Kames's book was published, we find the following passage:—"Have you seen our friend Harty's essays? They are well wrote, [written,] and are an unusual instance of an obliging method of answering a book. Philosophers must judge of the question, but the clergy have already decided it, and say he is as bad as me! Nay, some affirm him to be worse—as much as a treacherous friend is worse than an open enemy. "Mr. Burton tells us, in a tone of grave humor, that "those who constituted themselves judges of the matter seem to have taken example from the stern father, who, when there is a quarrel in the nursery, punishes both sides, because quarrelling is a thing not allowed in the house."

\* "A miracle is a violation of the laws of nature."—Hume, *Essays and Treatises*. Edinburgh, 1793.

tise on Human Nature" were published within two years of each other. Hume's essay is forgotten, or holds a doubtful place in such books as record the shiftings of opinion on topics of metaphysical inquiry. It certainly is not read; while there probably is no man who at all seriously thinks of his own present duties or future existence, to whom Butler's work is not a frequent study; and yet, when the "Analogy" was first published, not only does Butler in his preface represent the prevalent opinion "of persons of discernment" to be against the truth of Christianity, but, what is more strange, his own book was looked upon with jealous and distrustful eyes. Even Gray, the poet, spoke of it with dislike and apprehension. "He dissuaded me," says Nichols, "from reading 'Butler's Analogy,' and said he had given the same advice to Mason." The true inference is, we think, that when the decencies of society are not invaded, no interruption whatever should be given to the publication of any work. The dull will fall, "swayed by the impulse of their own dead weight." Undoubtedly, prosecutions, whether in the civil or ecclesiastical courts, do nothing but mischief.

David Hume was born at Edinburgh, on the 26th of April, (old style,) 1711. His father's family was, he tells us, a branch of the Earl of Home's. His mother was daughter of Sir David Falconer, a successful advocate, compiler of books on Scottish law, and finally President of the Court of Session. Falconer was of a respectable family, and one of his sons succeeded, in the year 1727, to the title of Lord Halkerton. The father of Hume died while David was still an infant, leaving to his eldest son, Joseph, the lands of Ninewells, which had been for many generations in that branch of the family of Hume, or Home. The future historian, and Catherine, the sister, with whom at an after period Hume lived, were slenderly provided for.

David had the feeling of family pride in more than its due strength. It is a feeling with which we do not fall out, for its tendency, in any rightly constituted mind, seems to be to lead the individual to regard rather his tribe than himself; and we think it—on the whole, if a prejudice—one that encourages the generous affections. In a letter to Alexander Home, of Whitfield, he tells him of Ninewells having been the scene of many a foray in the days of old. He has to trace the name of his paternal estate through the mazes of a spelling that

would defy less diligent inquirers. In Hall's Chronicle, he finds a statement that the Earl of Surrey, in an inroad upon the Merse, made during the reign of Henry the Eighth, after the battle of Flodden, destroyed, among others, the towers of "East Nisgate and Winwalls. The names," adds Hume, "you see, are somewhat disfigured; but I cannot doubt but he means Nisbett and Ninewells—the situation of the places leads us to that conjecture." Ninewells, however, is not often mentioned in the records of such invasions, for the very sufficient reason that it lay near Berwick, "and our ancestors," says Hume, "paid contributions to the governors of that place, and abstained from hostilities, and were prevented [protected?] from ravages." It would almost seem that the historian is scarcely pleased with his ancestors for thus securing themselves from plunder, and thereby losing such distinction as is implied by names occurring in the records of the barbarities of older times. The historian tells that the early spelling of the name was Hume, which is that which represents the pronunciation. About the time of the Restoration, HOME became the way of writing it. The name often occurs in Rymer's "Fœdera," and is always spelt Hume. There is no doubt of the connection of the family with that of the Earl of Home; and on one occasion, if it were not that they were near relations, and that a feudal lord had a right to do what he pleased with his own, we should think that a brother of the Earl's pressed the privileges of kindred too far. The incident is given in Law's "Memorials."

"December, 1683—About the close of the month, the Earl himself being from home, the Lairds of Hilton and Nynhools [Nineholes or Ninewells] came to make a visit to the Earl of Home his house, and went to dice and cards with Mr. William Home, the Earl's brother. Some sharp words fell amongst them at their game, which was not noticed, as it seemed to them; yet when the two gentlemen were gone to their bed-chambers, the foresaid Mr. William comes up with his sword, and stabs [Johnston of] Hilton with nine deadly wounds on his bed, that he dies immediately; and wounds [Hume of] Nineholes mortally, so that it was thought he would not live, and immediately took horse and fled to England."

Law does not tell the whole story. A feature which he omits is supplied by Lord Fountainhills: "William Home made his escape to England on Hilton's horse."

From Kirkpatrick Sharpe we learn a little more of this romance. William Home, after many a long year, returned to Scotland, smitten with remorse, and anxious to ask pardon for what he had done, of the family of Johnstone. A near relative of Johnstone's, a resident in Edinburgh, was, "in the dusk of the evening, called forth to the outside stairs of the house to speak with a stranger muffled in a cloak. As he proceeded along the passage, the door being open, he recognized the murderer; and, immediately drawing his sword, rushed towards him, on which the other leapt nimbly down from the stairs into the street, and was never again seen in Scotland." Of such materials was the fabric of Hume's family pride erected. "I am not of the opinion," says David, speaking of his descent from the chieftains whom we have described, "that these matters are altogether to be slighted. . . . I doubt that our morals have not much improved since we began to think riches the sole thing worth regarding."

Our readers may, perhaps, fancy that the Nine-wells or Nine-holes took its name from the tragedy enacted on poor Johnstone and his fellow-sufferers, one of whom was pierced with nine wounds—no such thing—"The estate of Ninewells is so called from a cluster of springs of that number. They burst forth from a gentle declivity in front of the mansion, which has on each side a semicircular rising bank, covered with fine timber, and fall, after a short time, into the bed of the river Whitewater, which forms a boundary in front. The place is worth going to look at if it were only that it was Hume's residence in early boyhood, though never did a man look upon scenery with a less observing eye than Hume. Of imagination he cannot be regarded as wholly deficient who possesses in so high a degree as Hume did the power of animated and picturesque narrative; but the actions which he describes might as well have been "the battles of kites and crows" warring in the air, for any thing that we can ever learn from him of their locality. This is well stated by Mr. Burton.

"It was not part of his mental character to find any pleasing associations in spots remarkable only for the warlike or adventurous achievements they had witnessed. Intellect was the material on which his genius worked: with it were all his associations and sympathies; and what had not been adorned by the

seats of the mind had no charm in his eye. Had he been a stranger of another land, visiting at the present, or some later day, the scenes of the Lay and of Marmion, they would, without doubt, like the land of Virgil, have lit in his mind some sympathetic glow; but the scenes illustrated solely by deeds of barbarous warfare, and by a rude illiterate minstrelsy, had nothing in them to rouse a mind which was yet far from being destitute of its own peculiar enthusiasm. He had often, in his history, to mention great historical events that had taken place in the immediate vicinity of his paternal residence, and in places to which he could hardly have escaped, if he did not court occasional visits. About six miles from Ninewells, stands Norham Castle. Three or four miles farther off, are Twissel-bridge, where Surrey crossed the Till to engage the Scots, and the other localities connected with the battle of Flodden. In the same neighborhood is Holwell Haugh, where Edward I. met the Scottish nobility, when he professed himself to be the arbiter of the disputes between Bruce and Balliol. In his notices of these spots, in connexion with the historical events which he describes, he betrays no symptom of having passed many of his youthful days in their vicinity, but is as cold and general as when he describes Agincourt or Marston Moor; and it may safely be said, that in none of his historical or philosophical writings does any expression used by him, unless in those cases where a Scoticism has escaped his vigilance, betray either the district or the country of his origin."—Vol. I. pp. 8, 9.

The name of David Home (not Hume) appears in the matriculation book of the University of Edinburgh, as entering 27th of February, 1723. There is no record of his having taken a degree.

In his seventeenth year he commenced, and scarcely commenced before he abandoned, the study of the law. "I found," he says, "an insuperable aversion to every thing but the pursuits of philosophy and general learning, and while my friends fancied I was poring over Voet and Vennius, Cicero and Virgil were the authors I was secretly devouring."

Mr. Burton, himself a Scottish advocate, feels surprised that Hume should, in the days in which his lot was cast, have felt disgust for the study of the law. "The advocate of that day," he tells us, "often commenced his pleadings with a quotation from the young philosopher's favorite poet, Virgil, and then digressed into a speculative inquiry into the general of law and government; the philosophical genius of Themis long soaring sublime, until at last, folding her wings she rested on some vulgar question about dry mixtures, or an irritant



ey of a *tailzie* to the settlement of which the wide principles so announced were applied!" "So much for blarney—now for business!" said Lord Byron, and we think it not impossible that it was the union of blarney and business that disgusted Hume. The passion for literary distinction, however, early awoke, and he appears to have wisely resolved on not giving a divided allegiance to the most repulsive of the Black Graces. Among the letters of Hume, for the first time published, is one of exceeding length, which it would appear was written to an eminent physician consulting him on a state of health and spirits very minutely described. He describes himself as pursuing, after the age of fifteen, a very desultory course of study—books of reasoning and philosophy, poetry and the polite authors. "Every one," he says, "who is acquainted with the philosophers or critics knows that there is nothing yet established in either of those two sciences, and that they contain little more than endless disputes, even in the most fundamental articles." He tells of the nausea with which he regarded law, and of a fit of laziness which prevented any study of any kind for some months. Some feelings of anxiety followed about his circumstances which looked very blue, but "he took a dose of logic to compose him," and read the philosophers again.

"In this condition I remained for nine months, very uneasy to myself, as you may well imagine, but without growing any worse, which was a miracle. There was another particular which contributed, more than any thing, to waste my spirits and bring on me this distemper, which was, that having read many books of morality, such as Cicero, Seneca, and Plutarch, and being smit with their beautiful representation of virtue and philosophy, I undertook the improvement of my temper and will, along with my reason and understanding. I was continually fortifying myself with reflections against death, and poverty, and shame, and pain, and all the other calamities of life. These no doubt are exceedingly useful, when joined to an active life, because the occasion being presented along with the reflection, works it into the soul, and makes it take a deep impression; but in solitude they serve to little other purpose than to waste the spirits, the force of the mind meeting with no resistance, but wasting itself in the air, like our arm when it misses its aim. This, however, I did not learn but by experience, and till I had already ruined my health, though I was not sensible of it. Some scurvy spots broke out on my fingers the first winter

I fell ill, about which I consulted a very knowing physician, who gave me some medicine that removed these symptoms, and at the same time gave me a warning against the vapors which, though I was laboring under at that time, I fancied myself so far removed from, and indeed from any other disease, except a slight scurvy, that I despised his warning. At last, about April, 1730, when I was nineteen years of age, a symptom, which I had noticed a little from the beginning, increased considerably; so that, though it was no uneasiness, the novelty of it made me ask advice; it was what they call a *ptyalism* or *watryness* in the mouth. Upon my mentioning it to my physician, he laughed at me, and told me I was now a brother, for that I had fairly got the disease of the learned. Of this he found great difficulty to persuade me, finding in myself nothing of that lowness of spirit which those who labor under that distemper so much complain of. However, upon his advice I went under a course of bitters, and anti-hysterical pills, drank an English pint of claret wine every day, and rode eight or ten Scotch miles. This I continued for about seven months after."—pp. 32, 33.

The letter continues with an account of symptoms which seem exceedingly like those of perfect health. He gets fat, walks sixteen miles a day, has put together the materials of many volumes, but is not satisfied with any words which present themselves. The letter is in Hume's handwriting, and does not appear to have been ever sent. It is scarcely of the value that Mr. Burton ascribes to it; and is most remarkable for the exhibition of a turn of mind perceptible, we think, in all Hume's writings, of at the same moment seeking to pursue two inconsistent trains of thought—calling on his physician to treat him as a man in perfect health and in the deepest disease—making this, in short, like every other subject, rather a sort of play of the intellect than the serious inquiry of a person really alarmed for his health. This view of the matter is not rendered less probable by the fact that there is no evidence of the statement having been sent to any physician; and, indeed, we cannot but think the evidence on which Mr. Burton thinks it probable that it was meant to be sent to Dr. Cheyne, is very slight. It occurred to Mr. Burton when he first read the letter, that it was for "Arbuthnot, whose fine genius was just then flickering in the socket," the case was intended. Further consideration made Mr. Burton think that Cheyne was the favored correspondent. This notion arises from the circumstance

that Cheyne was a Scotsman—that in one of his books is an account of the case of a Scottish gentleman resident in Hume's neighborhood, which accident might direct Hume's attention to the book, and make him wish for Cheyne's advice. Internal evidence fixes Hume's letter to about the year 1734; and Mr. Burton looked over a book of Cheyne's—"Natural Method of curing Diseases of the Body and the Mind," published in 1742—in some hopes of finding Hume's case mentioned in it. Nothing is said of it there. We think it almost certain that Hume's letter was never sent, and we are far from sure that the history of the symptoms of a dyspeptic patient is not a romance drawn up with little more regard to actual fact than his essays describing "The Stoic, or the Man of Action and Virtue"—"The Epicurean, or the Man of Elegance and Pleasure"—and so on. This, perhaps, had he published it, would have been called "The Valetudinarian, or the Man who cannot live without a Physician."

If Hume's was more than a passing fear of ill-health, or a student's whimsical essay on an imaginary state of facts, he fortunately was too poor to indulge himself in the luxury of medical advice. He could not afford to be sick.

His means were, however, too slender to have him live without making an effort for their improvement; and he made a feeble trial of mercantile life. In 1734, he went to Bristol, with some introductions to eminent merchants; but after a few months he retired to France, determining "to make frugality supply the deficiency of fortune, to maintain unimpaired his independency, and to regard every object as contemptible, except the improvement of his talents in literature." He returned from France in 1737, and in 1738 published his first work—"The Treatise on Human Nature." Hume describes the work as having fallen dead-born from the press. This was not exactly the case. The screams of the infant were heard by some of the reviewers of that day, and it was dealt with severely in a publication still to be found in the dust and lumber of old libraries, called "*The Works of the Learned*." Nothing is so likely to try the temper of a philosopher as reading a review; and we advise any men who have Celtic blood in their veins never to read what we may say of their works—not that we think our honored publisher in as much danger from the excited feelings of any red-haired brother whom we may think it ne-

cessary to sacrifice according to the most approved rites of our infernal magic,\* as poor Jacob Robinson was, when one of his tribe dealt with David, on his return home after his sojourn in *partibus infidelium*, with his little pack of prohibited and plague-tainted goods, consisting, for the most part, of old clothes from the shop of Benedict Spinoza—"I be the Jew that uses the Christians well")—looking as good as new, and with trimmings and tinsel of the most approved patterns from the manufactory of Bayle and Co. The philosopher rushed in anger to the bookseller's. The bookseller thought he had an irresistible case. "No one, sir, but the old gentleman who wrote it, will ever read that article. I am sure I won't. I'd advise you, sir, not to say a word about it." All would not do. "He kept poor Jacob Robinson, in the paroxysm of his anger, at his sword's point, trembling behind the counter lest a period should be put to the life of a sober critic by a raving philosopher.†

Hume was not often thus discomposed. He sought an introduction to Butler; but a letter which Kames gave him he had no opportunity of presenting till after Butler had become a bishop, and then he shrunk from giving it. We regret that they did not meet.‡ He wished to have Butler's opinion

\* See "The Sacrifice of the Red-haired Christian," in the first edition of *Thalaba*.

† Dr. Kenrick. *London Review*, vol. v. p. 200. Anno. 1777.

‡ That Hume was not without some distrust of that part of his speculations which relates to miracles, is exceedingly probable. Just before the publication of his book on Human Nature, he writes to Lord Kames:—"I enclose some *reasonings* concerning miracles which I once thought of publishing with the rest, but which I am afraid will give too much offence, even as the world is disposed at present. . . . I beg of you to show it to nobody, except Mr. Hamilton, if he pleases, and let me know at your leisure that you have received it, read it, and burnt it. Your thoughts and mine agree with respect to Dr. Butler, and I would be glad to be introduced to him. I am at present mutilating my work—that is, cutting off its nobler parts—that is, endeavoring it shall give as little offence as possible, before which I could not pretend to put it into the doctor's hands. This is a piece of cowardice for which I blame myself, though I believe none of my friends will blame me. I was resolved not to be an enthusiast in philosophy while I was blaming other philosophers' enthusiasms." Surely this looks like a feeling that on the subject of miracles his doctrine was unsound. He modifies the other parts of his work so as to fit them for Butler's eye; but he omits altogether the Essay on Miracles. That essay, as afterwards published, contained nothing in the argumentative part so stated, as that it

of his book. "My own I dare not trust to; it is so variable, I know not how to fix it. Sometimes it elevates me above the clouds—at other times it depresses me with doubts and fears; so that whatever be my success, I cannot be entirely disappointed."

Some allowance is to be made for the formal courtesy of the period in fixing the value of the language used in Hume's correspondence. Robertson and others have been unfairly judged by those who have not taken this into consideration. This phraseology never misled the persons to whom it was used; and to us it does not appear, that, in any fair interpretation of a gentleman's conduct in the daily intercourse of life, this gives the slightest ground for the charge of infidelity, which has been daringly ascribed to the moderate party among the Edinburgh clergy of the period. Nothing whatever can be gained to the cause of truth by shutting out discussion, and that it should be carried on with the utmost courtesy secures not alone due attention to the statements of an antagonist, but the more important advantage of our own views being put forward without the disturbing influences of passion, or the temptation of appealing to any other test than that of pure intellect employed on its appropriate subjects. The temper in which Hume received from Dr. Blair Campbell's "Dissertation on Miracles," is highly creditable to him.

might not be shown to Butler. Hume's argument is by anticipation answered in the *Analogy*, or, at least, the elements of an answer are given. It is a poor pretence to say the suppression arose from courtesy to Dr. Butler. The only thing likely to offend him or any right judging person is the paltry subterfuge with which the essay closes, in which he affects to patronize Christianity. The mean sneers and the tricks of ambiguous language—suggesting in sarcastic allusion what the writer will not say in direct words—a style borrowed from the French, and in Hume's case wholly unrelieved by any thing like wit—are, indeed, plague spots. The single excuse for this style was the state of the laws in most countries in Europe, and certainly in Scotland, which made such publications liable to prosecution. There can be no reasonable doubt, we think, that all subjects should be open to the freest discussion. And this we believe, on a fair interpretation of decided cases, to be the law of England: but all doubt on a subject of such moment should be removed. In our notion of the law, (in which, however, we differ from a writer who, under the name of JOHN SEARCH, brought the subject some years ago before the public, with arguments of great force,) any real danger of a successful prosecution in England would arise from a jury regarding those passages of mock reverence as an intended insult. This would bring the case within another principle.

We quote it in connection with his "Treatise on Human Nature," because it incidentally tells us something of the origin of that work. He writes to Campbell—

"It may perhaps amuse you to learn the first hint which suggested to me that argument which you have so strenuously attacked. I was walking in the cloisters of the Jesuit's College of La Flèche, a town in which I passed two years of my youth, and engaged in a conversation with a Jesuit of some parts and learning, who was relating to me, and urging some non-sensical miracle performed lately in their convent, when I was tempted to dispute against him; and as my head was full of the topics of my *Treatise of Human Nature*, which I was at that time composing, this argument immediately occurred to me, and I thought it very much gruelled my companion; but at last he observed to me, that it was impossible for that argument to have any solidity, because it operated equally against the Gospel as the Catholic miracles;—which observation I thought proper to admit as a sufficient answer. I believe you will allow, that the freedom at least of this reasoning makes it somewhat extraordinary to have been the produce of a convent of Jesuits, though perhaps you may think the sophistry of it savors plainly of the place of its birth.

"This same Jesuit's College of La Flèche," adds Mr. Burton, "is familiar to the philosophical reader as the seminary in which Des Cartes was educated. The place which Hume had just left, has been seen to be associated with the birth and residence of a distinguished opponent of the Cartesian theory. We now find him perfecting his work in that academic solitude, where Des Cartes himself was educated, and where he formed his theory of commencing with the doubt of previous dogmatic opinions, and framing for himself a new fabric of belief. The coincidence is surely worthy of reflective association, and it is perhaps not the least striking instance of Hume's unimaginative nature, that in none of his works, printed or manuscript, do we find an allusion to the circumstance, that while framing his own theories, he trod the same pavement that had upwards of a century earlier borne the weight of one whose fame and influence on human thought was so much of the same character as he himself panted to attain."

The booksellers were better able to pay for metaphysics in the days of David Hume than they have been since. If it be regarded as literally true that the *Treatise on Human Nature* fell dead-born, we do not well see how John Noone, Hume's ill-starred publisher, was to get the fifty pounds which he paid David for the first edition, not to exceed a thousand copies. The author was, in addition, to receive twelve bound copies

of the book, a number more than sufficient to supply the whole demand. The book consisted of two volumes, and included Book the first, "*of the Understanding*;" Book the second, "*of the Passions*;" to which was afterwards added a third volume, containing Book the third, "*of Virtue and Vice in general*." This publication, re-cast several times during Hume's life, contains the germ of all his writings on subjects of metaphysics or morals.

The system of Hume is in its principles identical with that of Locke and Berkeley, and it is in its application to subjects with which it is in reality unconnected—and from such application Hume did not abstain—that the charge of sophistry can be fairly made against it. The understanding, to use the language of this school, can have no ideas—certainly can communicate none—which are not ultimately referable to sensation. This has, we think, been demonstrated by Locke; but this surely is nothing more than to examine the structure of what may be called the material mind: and to affirm from such analysis any thing whatever of its faculties in exercise—of its power, or of its want of power—would be as idle as to examine the dust of the earth for the purpose of denying that of it man's body could have been framed, or to use the anatomist's knife to find the residence of the vital principle. Did even the intellect constitute man's whole inward being, and were the understanding the seat of the affections and the moral nature—which Hume did not assert, and which we believe to be untrue—we think absolutely nothing in the slightest degree favorable to infidelity could be deduced from such concession: and some mischief has arisen from what we regard as the very common mistake, that in his philosophical principles is to be found the root of Hume's unbelief. We have little doubt that the true history of his state of mind on such subjects arose chiefly from the universal profligacy of the society in which he lived when in France, and in London too, where, we must remark, "religion was at the time set up as a principal object of mirth and ridicule, as it were by way of reprisal, for its having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world."\* To determine the boundaries of the human faculties was with Hume, as with more successful investigators, the object of inquiry; and we think he differs from other inquirers rather in the form in

which his propositions—varied in every successive edition of his essays—are stated, than essentially. Even in that boldest of all his views—the statement that we but learn the relation of cause and effect by experience, and that experience never shows us more than the facts of antecedence and sequence—when he says that from antecedence and sequence, however constant and even invariable our observation may represent the succession, causation cannot be with certainty inferred, we really see nothing that is not implied in almost every investigation in which a scientific man can be engaged, for Hume cannot be supposed consistently to deny the relation of cause and effect as an idea, when that very idea is what he is examining. In the very strongest possible statement of Hume's theory of this relation being one, not in things themselves, but in our mode of viewing them, and in its utmost consequence, it comes but to this, that without man's perceptions there is no external world to man. Nothing can be more painful than the dull pleasantries of Hume on what he calls superstition; which, however, has no peculiar concern with his argument, for his skepticism would affect it only in common with every thing else—i. e. would not affect it at all; and the wish to get his book into good company, as he would call it, seems to have been among the motives for these passages so interwoven with the context of his work, though not with the argument, that they are quite inseparable from it, and indeed render ambiguous, without considerable attention, much of what he says.

It is not at present easy, without a command of the several editions of Hume's writings, to determine in what degree they have been altered, or even which of the essays, as they now are arranged, were contained in a volume which he published in the year 1742, entitled "*Essays, Moral and Political*," which had a very considerable sale, and which Hume tells us Butler every where recommended.

Hume was a vain man, and never was man possessed so wholly by the demon that suggests literary distinction as the governing motive of a student's life. There is something almost sublime in the sense of desolation and dreariness in which the solitary student who had—fortunately but for a season—by abstruse research, stolen from his own nature all the natural man,\* ex-

presses his feelings at the close of the first book of the *Treatise on Human Nature* :—

"Before I launch out into those immense depths of philosophy which lie before me, I find myself inclined to stop a moment in my present station, and to ponder that voyage which I have undertaken, and which undoubtedly requires the utmost art and industry to be brought to a happy conclusion. Methinks I am like a man, who having struck on many shoals, and having narrowly escaped shipwreck in passing a small frith, has yet the temerity to put out to sea in the same leaky, weather-beaten vessel, and even carries his ambition so far as to think of compassing the globe under these disadvantageous circumstances. My memory of past errors makes me diffident for the future. The wretched condition, weakness, and disorder of the faculties I must employ in my inquiries, increase my apprehensions. And the impossibility of amending or correcting these faculties, reduces me almost to despair, and makes me resolve to perish on the barren rock on which I am at present, rather than venture myself upon that boundless ocean which runs out into immensity. This sudden view of my danger strikes me with melancholy; and as 'tis usual for that passion, above all others, to indulge itself, I cannot forbear feeding my despair with all those desponding reflections, which the present subject furnishes me with in such abundance. I am first affrighted and confounded with that forlorn solitude in which I am placed in my philosophy, and fancy myself some strange uncouth monster, who, not being able to mingle and unite in society, has been expelled all human commerce, and left utterly abandoned and disconsolate. Fain would I run into the crowd for shelter and warmth; but cannot prevail with myself to mix with such deformity. I call upon others to join me, in order to make a company apart; but no one will hearken to me. Every one keeps at a distance, and dreads that storm which beats upon me from every side. I have exposed myself to the enmity of all metaphysicians, logicians, mathematicians, and even theologians; and can I wonder at the insults I must suffer? I have declared my disapprobation of their systems; and can I be surprised if they should express a hatred of mine, and of my person? When I look abroad, I foresee on every side, dispute, contradiction, anger, calumny, and detraction. When I turn my eye inward, I find nothing but doubt and ignorance. All the world conspires to oppose and contradict me; though such is my weakness, that I feel all my opinions loosen and fall of themselves, when unsupported by the approbation of others. Every step I take is with hesitation; and every new reflection makes me dread an error and absurdity in my reasoning. For, with what confidence can I venture upon such bold enterprises, when, beside those numberless infirmities peculiar to myself, I find so many which are common to human nature? Can I be sure

that in leaving all established opinions, I am following truth; and by what criterion shall I distinguish her, even if fortune should at last guide me on her footsteps? After the most accurate and exact of my reasonings, I can give no reason why I should assent to it; and feel nothing but a *strong propensity* to consider objects strongly in that view, under which they appear to me."\*

A passage that follows is still more melancholy. Let it never be forgotten, however, that Hume is speaking but of the aspect which things assume as the result of the decomposition of our poor intellect in a philosopher's crucible; and that he tells us that "since heaven is incapable of dispelling these clouds, it fortunately happens kind Nature herself suffices for the purpose, and cures me of this philosophical melancholy and delirium either by relaxing this bent of mind, or by some avocation or lively impression of my senses, which obliterate all these chimeras. I dine, I play a game of backgammon, I converse and am merry with my friends; and when, after three or four hours' amusement I would return to these speculations, they appear so cold, and strained, and ridiculous, that I cannot find in my heart to enter into them any further."

"Experience is a principle which makes us reason from causes and effects; and 'tis the same principle which convinces us of the continued existence of external objects, when absent from the senses. But though these two operations be equally natural and necessary in the human mind, yet in some circumstances they are directly contrary; nor is it possible for us to reason justly and regularly from causes and effects, and at the same time believe the continued existence of matter. How then shall we adjust those principles together? Which of them shall we prefer? Or in case we prefer neither of them, but successively assent to both, as is usual among philosophers, with what confidence can we afterwards usurp that glorious title, when we thus knowingly embrace a manifest contradiction? This contradiction would be more excusable were it compensated by any degree of solidity and satisfaction in the other parts of our reasoning. But the case is quite contrary. When we trace up the human understanding to its first principles, we find it to lead us into such sentiments as seem to turn into ridicule all our past pains and industry, and to discourage us from future inquiries. Nothing is more curiously inquired after by the mind of man, than the causes of every phenomenon; nor are we content with knowing the immediate causes,

\* *Treatise of Human Nature*, book i. part 4; and Woodhouselee's *Life of Kames*, vol. i.

but push on our inquiries till we arrive at the original and ultimate principle. We would not willingly stop before we are acquainted with that energy in the cause by which it operates on its effect; and how must we be disappointed, when we learn that this connection, tie, or energy lies merely in ourselves, and is nothing but that determination of the mind which is acquired by custom, and causes us to make a transition from an object to its usual attendant, and from the impression of one to the lively idea of the other? Such a discovery not only cuts off all hope of ever attaining satisfaction, but even prevents our very wishes; since it appears, that when we say we desire to know the ultimate and operating principle, as something which resides in the external object, we either contradict ourselves, or talk without a meaning.—The intense view of these manifold contradictions and imperfections in human reason has so wrought upon and heated my brain, that I am ready to reject all belief and reasoning, and can look upon no opinion even as more probable or likely than another. Where am I, or what? From what causes do I derive my existence, and to what condition shall I return? Whose favor shall I court, and whose anger must I dread? What beings surround me? and on whom have I any influence, or who have any influence on me? I am confounded with all these questions, and begin to fancy myself in the most deplorable condition imaginable, environed with the deepest darkness, and utterly deprived of the use of every member and faculty.\*

We have transcribed these passages, as we think it important to show that Hume regarded his own studies as exhibiting, not human nature as it actually exists, but rather the skeleton of man's nature. In a letter to Hutcheson he expresses himself in much the same way. Hutcheson had complained of Hume's book not having any warmth in the cause of virtue,—“a warmth which he thought all good men would relish, and which would not displease amid abstract inquiries.” Hume says—

“I must own this has not happened by chance, but is the effect of a reasoning either good or bad. There are different ways of examining the mind, as well as the body. One may consider it either as an anatomist or as a painter; either to discover its most secret springs and principles, or to describe the grace and beauty of its actions. I imagine it impossible to conjoin these two views. Where you pull off the skin, and display all the minute parts, there appears something trivial, even in the noblest attitudes and most vigorous actions; nor can you ever render the object

graceful or engaging, but by clothing the parts again with skin and flesh, and presenting only their bare outside. An anatomist, however, can give very good advice to a painter or statuary. And, in like manner, I am persuaded that a metaphysician may be very helpful to a moralist, though I cannot easily conceive these two characters united in the same work.”—Vol. i. p. 112.

Hume had expressed, in a letter to Lord Kames, an unwillingness to return to his own country, without what he called some “settlement in life;” and it was probably not without reluctance that after the publication of the *Treatise on Human Nature*, he went to live with his mother and brother for a few years in Berwickshire. He says that he there recovered the knowledge of Greek. Mr. Burton tells us of some unsuccessful attempts he made to be appointed a tutor, or “governor,” as it was then called, to some young man of fortune, and he accepted a more delicate office, which attached him to the household of an insane nobleman. The Marquis of Annandale had been found a lunatic from the 12th of December, 1744—a few months after which date Hume engaged with him on the doubtful footing of a companion, receiving for his services three hundred a year. The engagement lasted but for a year, and there was a vexatious disposition to withhold part of the stipulated salary. At a later period of his life the marquis became calmer than when Hume lived with him; for it is still remembered that he used to walk about the neighborhood of Highgate with a keeper before him, and a footman behind. The latter would now and then tap him on the shoulder, and hand him his snuff box. During Hume's reign his imbecility was more active. Hume copied some of his epigrams, which he said were not inferior to Rousseau's, though the verification was but middling. The marquis also wrote a novel, of which, to gratify him, thirty copies were printed; he being led to believe that thousands were circulated. Hume thought he had got him off the publication scheme, by leading him to believe that Lord Marchmont and Lord Bolingbroke had seen the manuscript, and were against its being printed. He, poor fellow, got suspicious, and replied in a tone that startled David into compliance with an insane wish, which, were it evidence of lunacy, would affect many now at large. “*Par die je crois que ces messieurs veulent être les seules Seigneurs d'Angleterre qui*

\* *Human Nature*, book i. part 4, sec. 7.

éussent de l'esprit, mais jè leur montrerai ce que le petit A—peut faire aussi."

Mr. Burton feels that his reader is not unlikely to resent Hume's accepting what seems to be so humble an appointment; and he presses on our consideration the peculiar circumstances of Scotland—now the most industrious and far the best educated part of the empire, and with the greatest means of advancing its abundant population—but in which they were at that period, to use Hume's own words, but "two ranks of men—gentlemen with some fortune and education, and the meanest starving poor." We own that we do not quite agree with our author in regarding the office, under the circumstances in which it was accepted, altogether so humbling as he seems to think. The invitation which he accepted proceeded from Lord Annandale himself, and was suggested by his admiration of Hume's essays. Hume's early letters show that there was the strongest and apparently the best-founded expectations of his recovery. The office was one which the conduct of Lord Annandale's agent, whom Hume thought dishonest, and who feared the effect of such a mind as Hume's on Lord Annandale's, rendered intolerable; but this was scarcely to be anticipated. In fact it was the most respectable channel of subsistence open to a man whose habits were not active. "The only form in which a man poor and well-born could retain the rank of a gentleman, if he did not obtain one of the learned professions, was by obtaining a commission in the army, or a government civil appointment." David lived to have both, but probably would have had neither had he not added to his little fortune by such means as at this period offered.

Mr. Burton gives some amusing accounts of the difficulty which a gentleman then found to make out the means of life at all in Scotland. In Erskine's Institute of the Law of Scotland, a government situation is regarded as the sole way of advancing a young man of respectable connections. It is said there that it is "his guardian's duty to advance a yearly sum far beyond the interest of his patrimony, that he may appear suitably to his quality, while he is unprovided of any office under government by which he can live decently."

"Goldsmith," says Mr. Burton, "found a Scotch peer keeping a glove shop; and in the case of Lord Mordington, who had been arrested for debt, the bailiff made affi-

davit, that when he 'arrested said lord he was so mean in his apparel, as having a worn-out suit of clothes and a dirty shirt on, and but sixpence in his pocket, he could not suppose him to be a peer of Great Britain, and of inadvertency arrested him.' (Fortescue's Reports, 165.) This family was peculiarly celebrated—Lady Mordington having raised the question, whether a Scottish peeress who kept a tavern, was protected, by privilege of peerage, from being amenable to the laws against keeping disorderly houses." Mr. Burton does not state what we learn from the notes to the "Excursion," that the trade of a travelling merchant—by Southerners often called a pedlar—was a favorite occupation in such circumstances. "A young man going from any part of Scotland to England, of purpose to carry the pack, was considered as going to lead the life and acquire the fortune of a gentleman.\* When, after twenty years' absence in that honorable employment, he returned with his acquisitions to his native country, he was regarded as a gentleman to all intents and purposes."† This, to say the truth, is the mode of life we should have ourselves liked best of all that seemed to be then open to a young man in Hume's circumstances; but for this, David was already getting too fat,

\* The notion of a *gentle* trade went even farther than this. In King James's amusing song of the Gaberlunzie Man, the young girl who left her home with the gaberlunzie man says:—

"O kened my minnie I were with you,  
Ill-faredly would she crook her mou',  
Sic a poor man she'd never trow,  
After the gaberlunzie-man.

My dear, quoth he, ye're yet o'er young,  
And ha'e no learned the beggar's tongue,  
So follow me frae town to town,  
To carry the gaberlunzie on.

"Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,  
And spindles and whorles for them wha need,  
Which is a gentle trade indeed,

To carry the gaberlunzie on.  
I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,  
And draw a black clout o'er my e'e;  
A cripple or blind they will call me,  
While we shall be merry and sing."

The gaberlunzie—a word of uncertain derivation—is the bag in which the travelling tinker carried the implements of his trade, and "whatever he could lift." We transcribe these stanzas from Cunningham's Burns. The copy of the song in Percy's Reliques, is in a dialect slightly different. See a passage from Scott, quoted in the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, Vol. XVIII., November, 1841—Article on Burns.

† Heron's Journey in Scotland, quoted by Wordsworth.

and we think he chose wisely in preferring what we hope was to be called the place of private secretary; for if so, it would suggest a much pleasanter account of some execrable verses found in David's handwriting, than that which Mr. Burton gives, who supposes them to be the philosopher's own handiwork. Seventy-five pounds of Hume's salary remained unpaid. On this subject some unmeaning sentimentality had been uttered, as if Hume, in determining to enforce it at law, was acting shabbily. This is worse than nonsense. Hume's chief, if not only object, in this sacrifice of his time and comforts, is the salary promised; and is he to make a present of it, or any part of it, to the *estate* of an insane nobleman?

In the course of the next year he became, at the invitation of General St. Clair, "secretary to his expedition, which was at first meant against Canada, but ended in an incursion on the coast of France." "The office," says David, "is very genteel—ten shillings a day, perquisites, and no expenses." Hume was not only secretary to the general, but acted as judge-advocate. In the course of the same year he returned to Ninewells, to remain but for a short time, as he was again invited by the general to attend him as secretary in his military embassy to Vienna and Turin. David now wore the uniform of an officer, and was introduced at court as aid-de-camp to the general. At Turin the late Lord Charlemont became acquainted with him, and from Hardy's *Memoir of Charlemont's Life*, we transcribe a sentence:—

"Nature, I believe, never formed any man more unlike his real character than David Hume. The powers of physiognomy were baffled by his countenance; neither could the most skillful in that science pretend to discover the smallest trace of the faculties of his mind in the unmeaning features of his visage. His face was broad and fat, his mouth wide, and without any other expression than that of imbecility. His eyes, vacant and spiritless, and the corpulence of his whole person was far better fitted to communicate the idea of a turtle-eating alderman, than of a refined philosopher. His speech, in English, was rendered ridiculous by the broadest Scotch accent, and his French was, if possible, still more laughable; so that wisdom, most certainly, never disguised herself before in so uncouth a garb. Though now near fifty years old [Hume was but thirty-seven,] he was healthy and strong; but his health and strength, far from being advantageous to his figure, instead of manly comeliness, had only the appearance of rui-

city. His wearing a uniform added greatly to his natural awkwardness, for he wore it like a grocer of the trained bands. St. Clair was a lieutenant-general, and was sent to the courts of Vienna and Turin, as a military envoy, to see that their quota of troops was furnished by the Austrians and Piedmontese. It was, therefore, thought necessary that his secretary should appear to be an officer, and Hume was accordingly disguised in scarlet."—Hardy's *Charlemont*, vol. i. p. 15.

The result of Hume's campaign with Sir John Sinclair was, that after two years he found himself possessed of a fortune, "which," says he, "I called independent, though most of my friends were inclined to smile when I said so; in short, I was now master of near a thousand pounds."

On his return from Italy, he re-published parts of his old "*Treatise of Human Nature*" in some new shape. It never succeeded in any; and he was provoked at finding the theologians, who, he expected, would kick and cuff it into notice, otherwise, and probably much better employed. He went down to live in the country with his brother, and then composed one or two more essays, which had more success. "I found," he says, "by Warburton's railing, that the books were beginning to be esteemed in good company. However, I had a fixed resolution, which I inflexibly maintained, never to reply to any body." Quite right, David; if an opponent says any thing unanswerable, always let him have his own way. That same Dr. Warburton, the attorney bishop, is likely to have a good deal the best of it, as there is no one quality of mind in which he is not very much your superior. An unlucky squeeze of his hard hand might crush that poor *Human Nature* of yours out of existence.

In 1751, Hume went to live in Edinburgh. In 1752, he published at Edinburgh his *Political Discourses*; and in the same year at London, his "*Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals*," "which," he says, "in my opinion, (who ought not to judge on that subject,) is, of all my writings, historical, philosophical, or literary, incomparably the best. It came unmarked and undiscovered into the world."

In that year he became "Keeper of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh"—an office of which the emolument was but forty pounds a year, but which gave him a great command of books. Some disputes with the curators of the library, as to the purchase of books, made him think of resigning the office. However, the convenience



of the command of books was of great moment to Hume, who had now commenced his history of the House of Stuart, and his pride was satisfied by declining any longer to receive the salary, and transferring it to Blacklock, the blind poet, whose works are, we do not well know why, still included in every reprint of those collections which are called, by a strange misnomer, the *British Poets*. When Hume had the means of proving that he did not retain the office for the sake of the salary, the curators and he agreed better. At the end of 1754, appeared the first part of his great work, a quarto volume of four hundred and seventy-three pages—"The History of Great Britain, Volume I., containing the reigns of James I., and Charles I."

His own account of this event, and its effect on him, cannot be omitted:—

"I was, I own, sanguine in my expectations of the success of this work. I thought that I was the only historian that had at once neglected present power, interest, and authority, and the cry of popular prejudices; and, as the subject was suited to every capacity, I expected proportional applause. But miserable was my disappointment: I was assailed by one cry of reproach, disapprobation, and even detestation: English, Scotch, and Irish, Whig and Tory, churchman and sectary, freethinker and religionist, patriot and courtier, united in their rage against the man who had presumed to shed a generous tear for the fate of Charles I. and the Earl of Strafford; and after the first ebullitions of their fury were over, what was still more mortifying, the book seemed to sink into oblivion. Mr. Millar told me, that in a twelvemonth he sold only forty-five copies of it. I scarcely, indeed, heard of one man in the three kingdoms, considerable for rank or letters, that could endure the book. I must only except the primate of England, Dr. Herring, and the primate of Ireland, Dr. Stone, which seem two odd exceptions. These dignified prelates separately sent me messages not to be discouraged.

"I was, however, I confess, discouraged: and had not the war at that time been breaking out between France and England, I had certainly retired to some provincial town of the former kingdom, have changed my name, and never more have returned to my native country; but as this scheme was not now practicable, and the subsequent volume was considerably advanced, I resolved to pick up courage and to persevere."—*Own Life*.

That Hume's history of the House of Stuart should have provoked all, was but natural. There is no one motive of action which unites men into parties, which Hume acknowledges with approbation; and with

respect to religion—the strongest influencing power that animates either individuals or bodies of men—Hume was, unhappily; utterly skeptical, if we are not to use a stronger word. Through his work there was another great and insuperable fault. His acquaintance with English literature was imperfect in a degree that, in our days, must be altogether incredible. In his day, nothing seems to have been called literature except the showy publications that were addressed rather to the idle and disengaged portion of the public, than to the business mind of England. There is no country in the world in which the mind of the nation is less shown in that class of publications, which, except in accidental cases, are of little real value; nor is there any people whose men of business have been more the creators of its true literature than this same England. In the parliamentary history, in the state trials, in the law reports, in the pamphlets of the day, at almost all periods of our history of which we have any valuable records, are found masses of thought to which, in their real interest and importance, and often even in reference to the artistic skill with which arguments of great power are elaborated and exhibited, the works of our later literature bear no comparison whatever; and of all these, Hume was, except when by bare accident he looked farther than the popular works by which he was directed to his authorities, altogether ignorant. Hume thought himself a Whig, and perhaps the temper in which the French writers, whose tone he assumed, then spoke of proposed improvements in their political constitution, might have deceived him into the belief. In every government—the most tyrannical and absolute, as well as the most free—the peace of society must be the first object; and, though Hume would not admit it in words, he seems to think that whenever this is attained all is accomplished. Had Hume written the history of the Church, as he once thought of doing, woe to the poor reformers, unless indeed Rome had, in the days of her first usurpations, put forward, instead of her claim of antiquity, that of development—the dream, it would, no doubt, have seemed to him, of wandering dotage, and a symptom of approaching change.\* If Hume can be said to have had any sympathies, they were altogether with things as established; and

\* See Newman's Essay on "Development" of Christian Doctrine—1845.

to this, rather than to any thing else, are we to ascribe what we must regard as the entirely false spirit in which his narrative of the civil wars in the reign of the second king of the House of Stuart is conceived. The language of every early document whatever of our history, that can be brought to bear on the subject, proves that the claims of the popular party were not, as Hume would represent them, encroachments on the prerogative, but that the king of England was a limited power. The extent of his power was defined by the fact, that he could as king only act through responsible officers, no one of whom could, without a violation of law, exceed his proper duties. That the power of an English king had its legal limits, was expressed in the maxim so often strangely perverted into a meaning directly opposite to what was meant to be conveyed by it—*The king can do no wrong*. From our early history we do not think that with all the confusion of occasional civil wars, and the loose language of documents drawn up without particular reference to a point not in dispute, any case can be plausibly made by the advocates of the doctrine that arbitrary power in the monarch was consistent with the constitution of government in England. The doubt with respect to the rightful limits of the prerogative arose, we think, chiefly from the arrogant claims of the House of Tudor, and were suggested by the anomalous position in which the crown, and a great and influential portion of its subjects, were placed by the king's being declared Head of the Church, before the meaning of that new title, or the claims depending on it, were practically reduced to an assertion, that the clergy owed undivided allegiance to the state, and were subject to the same jurisdiction as the laity.\* To the accession of the family of Stuart, and to the false notions which James, brought up under the laws of another country, from the first took of his position, we ascribe the contest between the crown and people being placed by any one on the grounds which Hume endeavored to take. All the notions which James brought with him from Scotland were essentially and in first principles opposed to the theory and the practice of the English constitution. All his notions were referable to the civil law; and the effort to engraft on the English law and forms of government those of a system

essentially and in every thing different, and to simplify despotism, was a thing not very easily borne. It was easy enough for Hume to make a plausible case for the Stuart kings, on the supposition that the names of king and parliament had the same meaning in England as in countries where the laws and mode of government were essentially different; and while we are willing to believe that the usurpations of the Stuarts arose from their never having fairly considered the true points of difference, it seems to us demonstrable that a practical change wholly unjustified was sought to be made by them, which it was an absolute duty in the people of England to resist. James's talents had enabled him to systematize into a sort of theory his notions of kingly government, and when the vanity of an author was added to that of a monarch, it is no wonder that he deceived himself. It is a sad delusion when the feeling of loyalty degenerates into a baseless superstition, and the claim of a divine right is stated, as it was then stated by James, for the purpose of extending the power of the crown beyond any thing known by the name of kingly power in the government which he was called on by Providence to administer. To assert in argument, from the facts of a man being king, and of God, who rules in the affairs of men, having called him to that high trust, the further consequence that such man has a right to enlarge the powers committed to him whenever opportunity offers, is, we think, not only a doctrine wholly untenable, but offensive in the highest degree to those whose feeling of religion and loyalty are least questionable.

Hume has been accused of a dishonest perversion of facts on evidence that, wherever it has been examined, has wholly failed. Of this we shall hereafter give proofs, to our own mind entirely decisive.—Hume's history has faults enough without the aggravation of intentional misstatement; but it has beauties of narrative more than sufficient, where the reader is sufficiently guarded against the errors which we have indicated, to redeem many of its imputed faults, and the book is calculated to give more instruction, as well as more pleasure, than any other single account of the same period. It cannot supply, and no book can, the place of the original authorities; but it certainly is, in every respect whatever, in which they can be fairly compared, superior "to the orderly and solid works" of Turner,

\* See Strype's Life of Parker.

Mackintosh, Lingard, and all those whom Mr. Lander describes in his amusing jingle of words—which is not without some meaning too—as “the Coxes and Foxes of our age.”

From the North British Review.

# DISPATCHES AND LETTERS OF LORD NELSON.

*The Dispatches and Letters of Vice-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson; with Notes by SIR NICHOLAS HARRIS NICOLAS, G. C. M. G. Vols. I.—IV. 8vo. London, 1844—45.*

We do not know any edition of a work of this sort better executed than this is on the whole; yet we know no other such publication, the editor of which is more liable to animadversion. So long as Sir N. H. Nicolas has limited himself to perform his office of *editor*, he has been eminently successful, and his industry deserves praise; but when, led away by admiration for his hero, he undertakes to defend deeds which have met with the reprobation of men of all parties and countries, he inflicts a severe blow, not only on the memory of his hero, but on his own judgment. We say, “on his own judgment,” feeling satisfied, that, had not that judgment been warped by a bias for a man of so high a reputation as Nelson, Sir Harris would have been the last man to take on himself the awful responsibility of apologizing for conduct which has stamped an indelible stigma on Nelson’s name—conduct which made his most distinguished biographer say, that “to palliate it would be in vain; to justify it would be wicked: there is no alternative for one who will not make himself a participator in guilt, but to record the disgraceful story with sorrow and with shame.”\* Thus it is that the severity of history, in the case of so renowned a man as Nelson, is almost disarmed, and his crimes extenuated as foibles inseparable from human nature, and almost forgiven, if not forgotten. But when a man, like the editor of the work before us, is so far dazzled by admiration as to defend atrocities unequalled in Europe in our times, it

behoves impartial men to expose the futility of the defence, and to hold up to the execration of all honest men the criminal. It is only by the fear of posterity and of infamy, that men placed by circumstances in a position which enables them to defy with impunity the laws of humanity, of nations, and of society, can be deterred from breaking them; it is an encouragement to future atrocities, to uphold those of former times. The more illustrious the criminal, and the more respectable in point of talents—and still more in point of character—the advocate, the more is it requisite to expose the misdeeds of the one and the sophisms of the other, and prevent either of them from lending the weight of their names to the defence of what ought to be abhorred. National honor, and consequently national interest, demand it equally. Should enormities like those of which Admiral Nelson was guilty, pass unreprieved, then, indeed, the nation might be said “to make herself a participator in his guilt.” Fortunately for the honor of England, this cannot be said of her. Such eminent men as Southey, Wrangham, Brougham, Fox, Alison, Foote, James, Brenton, and a host of others, have been unanimous in casting the opprobrium of his deeds on the responsibility of the perpetrator. Even his biographers, Clarke and M’Arthur, men not particularly scrupulous in defending their hero, were nearly giving him up. Of all the distinguished companions-in-arms and friends of Nelson, some of whom are still alive, not one has had the courage to stand up for him. When Mr. Fox, in his place in the House of Commons, reproved the conduct of the British admiral, not a minister raised his voice in his defence; and when Nelson complained so bitterly of the attack thus made on him,\* though his complaints were communicated to a Cabinet Minister,† neither the minister nor any of Nelson’s friends ventured to allude to the subject in Parliament,‡ or send what he supposed his defence to the newspapers. Sir Nicholas H. Nicolas is the first champion of name

\* *Dispatches*, vol. iv. p. 238. *Clarke*, ii. 365.

† Clarke, in a letter to Foote, said that Nelson’s “reasons for acting as he did were carried by Davison to Lord Grenville.”—*Vindication*, p. 46.

‡ Nelson himself took his seat in the House of Lords on the 20th of November, 1800, but he forgot to notice the attack on his character from such a man as Fox, in such a place as the House of Commons, though he felt when far off that he was “called upon to explain his conduct,” and wished to be set right by others in public opinion.

\* *SOUTHEY’S Life of Nelson*, chap. vi.

who undertakes to defend a cause which no one hitherto thought defensible; and flatters himself with "the exposure of ignorance, prejudice, and falsehoods that more or less pervade every statement on the subject." \* These are hard words. We shall show that they are utterly uncalled for; we shall prove beyond question that no one has committed more mistakes, or has shown himself more prejudiced, than the learned editor himself. Far from us to think him liable to the charge of ignorance or falsehood! As he himself publishes the documents that will serve to convict him, it is clear that he cannot be liable to either the one or the other of those two accusations.

Before entering on that, the most important part of our subject, we shall offer a few observations on the historical value of the Letters themselves, and on the edition now before us. There is no question that these Dispatches show great enthusiasm, patriotism, loyalty, courage, and determination in their writer; as a man, up to a certain period he seems to have been a good son and a good husband. To his friends and companions-in-arms Nelson was warmly attached, so far as his rather suspicious temper and uncommon vanity allowed him; his foible for Lady Hamilton caused him to be guilty of very unfair conduct towards those whom she hated the more for having wronged them most cruelly. To the influence which that woman had over him must be attributed the sanguinary and ungenerous sentiments that he uttered towards the enemies of his country; at all events, in early life he was neither so virulent against them nor so certain that the cause for which he fought had justice on its side.

The enthusiasm, which we have observed to be prominent in Nelson's character, led him sometimes to express himself in such terms as are either ridiculous or utterly indefensible. Struck by the horrors which attended the evacuation of Toulon, he says,—

"Then," on the troops and royalists embarking, "began a scene of horror, which may be conceived, not described. The mob rose; death called forth all its myrmidons, which destroyed the miserable inhabitants in the shape of swords, pistols, fire, and water. Thousands are said to be lost. In this dreadful scene, and to complete misery already at

the highest, Lord Hood was obliged to order the French fleet to be set on fire."—Vol. i., p. 342.

This jumble is the effect of an excited imagination; the following is the consequence of inordinate vanity.\* He writes to his wife:—

"I have just received the Emperor of Russia's picture, in a box magnificently set with diamonds; it has done him honor, and me a pleasure to have my conduct approved."—Vol. iii., p. 391.

On another occasion, giving vent to his dissatisfaction, as he often does, at his services not being acknowledged as, in his opinion, they deserved, and to his fear that they will go unrewarded, he says,—

"My country, I trust, will not allow me any longer to linger in want of that pecuniary assistance which I have been fighting the whole war to preserve to her."—Vol. ii., p. 438.

But what follows is a more serious *escapade*. The Bey of Tripoli was supposed to have turned favorable to the French, then in Egypt. Nelson writes to him the most violent letter, charging him with having

"renounced the defence of the true Mussulman faith, and joined in a new alliance with the French infidels, who are endeavoring to overthrow the Ottoman Empire, and the worship of the true only God and his Holy Prophet. \* \* \* It will be my duty to join with the Admiral of the Ottoman fleet in chastising those enemies of the true faith and of the Grand Signior," &c.

And to the Consul at Tripoli, he says,—

"If his Highness renounces his evil counsellors, and retracts in writing and in due form any treaty he may unwittingly have entered into against the Grand Signior and the true faith of Mahomet, it will give me sensible pleasure. \* \* \* You will urge this point, with energy and delicacy, so as to make it appear that it is the cause of the Grand Signior

\* These who have known Nelson, agree in saying that he was very vain,—a weakness not seldom allied to great courage, though universally supposed incompatible with it. General Wolfe was very vain. Sir Harris Nicolas will not believe that Nelson once exclaimed, "Westminster Abbey or victory," as it is "a gasconade very inconsistent with his character," (vol. ii., p. 342). Yet it is recorded that the same idea struck him before the battle of the Nile.—CLARK and M'ARTHUR, ii., 10. 8vo edition.

and the Mahometan religion that we are called upon to defend. \* \* \* You must take care that the Bey must always suppose (what is true) that we are supporting the Grand Signior and the Faith against atheists, assassins, and robbers."—Vol. iii., p. 300 and 301.

It would appear that Bonaparte and Nelson agreed in one single point during all their lives, viz.—the holiness and truth of Mahomedanism and of Mahomed, and the claim that both, the French General and the English Admiral, had on the gratitude of Moslems for supporting that *true faith* and that *holy prophet*.

As it was after his intimacy with Lady Hamilton that he penned these letters, we charitably suppose he would not have written them before, his whole conduct being certainly altered after that fatal acquaintance. Nelson undoubtedly always hated the French, but as Frenchmen not as Republicans;\* but it was most ungenerous of him to stigmatize the whole army in Egypt—that army that numbered amongst its officers Desaix, Kleber, Soult, Berthier, and a host of others—as a band of assassins, especially when he knew that his officers and seamen, when prisoners in the hands of the French, were well treated, *because belonging to his ship*. What a contrast!† But the ferocity which he displays against them at a later period, is utterly shocking:—

"At Augusta," he writes on the 28th of January, 1799, "140 French arrived from Alexandria. Eighty-two were killed by the people on the 20th, the rest were saved by a Neapolitan frigate. What a fool."—Vol. iii., p. 242.

Now the victims were not there as enemies, and it is painful to compare Nelson's brutal joy with the terms in which an undoubted partisan of legitimate government and an adversary to the French—yet a Christian and a gentleman—speaks of the same event:—

\* "I hate a Frenchman. They are equally objects of my detestation, whether royalists or republicans—in some points, I believe, the latter are the best."—Vol. ii., p. 117. This the Rev. J. S. Clarke called "most commendable hatred."

† "My officers and people who are prisoners in France are exceedingly well treated, particularly so by the naval officers; and, as they say, because they belong to the Agamemnon, whose character is well known throughout the Republic."—ii., 124. The French navy are afterwards called "miscreants,"—(vol. iii., p. 459)—and such other choice names elsewhere. The garrison of Malta are "scoundrels."—iv. 197.

"Two events only caused pain to the honest people in Sicily. The first was that a Genoese ship, with sixty-six blind or wounded French soldiers, returning from Egypt, having touched at Augusta in January,\* the populace, who thought the ship might carry a valuable cargo, boarded it, and, in plundering it, murdered forty-five of those invalids. The others were with difficulty saved by a Neapolitan frigate which chanced to be there. The other event," &c.†

Having heard that the plague had attacked the French army, he writes—

"Thank God, the plague has got into both the French army and into their shipping. God send it may finish these miscreants."—iii., 277.

And again, at a later period—"The plague, thank God, has got among them,"—(iv. 254)—thus rejoicing at the fulfilment of the mean wishes he had expressed long before, speaking of the army which had landed in Egypt:—

"I have little doubt but that army will be destroyed by plague, pestilence and famine, and battle and murder, which, that it may soon be, God grant."—Vol. iii., p. 108.

Had Lord Nelson been carried away by a sense of the justice of the cause in which he was embarked, and by an honest conviction that the extermination of the French was as just as it was necessary, one might find some palliation for the applause which he bestows on the horrible means of destruction to which he hopes that they are exposed. But he was not misled by any such bias in favor of that cause. He was always of opinion that the best mode of putting an end to the Republic and to the war, was not to interfere. He writes in 1794—

"I am still of opinion it (the war) cannot last much longer; not by the French having an absolute monarchy again, but by one leaving them alone, perhaps the wisest method we can follow."—i., 356.

And in 1795—

"Pray God send us peace. We have

\* They were driven into Augusta by a storm. Bonaparte, who is called a murderer, an arch-thief, and such other names by Nelson, set at liberty the emigrants who were driven into a French port by similar misfortune. No one has ever called him a fool for that.

† The event here going to be related has nothing to do with our subject. Corpi, *Annali d'Italia*, tom. iii., p. 93. The work was published at Rome in 1829.

established the French Republic, which, but for us, I verily believe, would never have been settled by such a volatile changeable people."—ii., 117.

He relates in 1796, that the Dey of Algiers would not make peace with the Genoese and Neapolitans, "for," said his Highness's envoy, "if we make peace with every one, what is the Dey to do with his ships?" On which Nelson exclaims, "What a reason for carrying on a naval war! But has our minister a better one for the present?"—(ii., 236.) Nor was he slow in perceiving the absurdity of subsidies, for, he said, "poor England will be drained of her riches to maintain her allies, who will not fight for themselves."—(i., 492.) And again, "I very much believe that England, who commenced the war with all Europe for her allies, will finish it by having nearly all Europe for her enemies."—(ii., 171.) This prediction was *never* fulfilled, whatever the learned editor may think to the contrary;\* but no doubt the time came when nearly all Europe was against England—and England triumphed; the war did not, however, finish at that period.

It was on the plea of maintaining one of those allies "who would not fight for himself," that Nelson rendered himself guilty of crimes unparalleled for their baseness, for their cruelty, and for their consequences. It is to have the sentence passed on him by the unanimous consent of the civilized world, reversed, that the editor of his Letters has entered into an elaborate examination of all the facts of the case, and all the documents bearing on it, which he, with some justice, prides himself in having collected; we undertake to show, from those very documents and very little else, that the conduct of Nelson was even worse than has been hitherto supposed, and that in attempting to defend him, the learned editor has put it out of doubt, that Nelson was still more criminal than has been previously believed.

It is only necessary to premise that, on his return from the battle of the Nile, Nelson gave way to the passion which was kindled before for Lady Hamilton. In December, 1798, it had reached the ears of

Lady Nelson and of his friends in England, as we find from a letter of Davison—(vol. iii. p. 138)—who expressed his regret that Nelson should continue in the Mediterranean. But it was too late. The history of Lady Hamilton is well known. Remarkably handsome, attractive, and artful, from the lowest station in which she was born, and of which she preserved, to a great degree, the manners and language to her last days, she had been taken from walking the streets of London, and had passed through, no one knows how many hands, to those of Sir W. Hamilton, English minister at Naples, who made her his wife. But her previous life was in the way of her being received either at Court, or by the Neapolitan aristocracy, until the power she had acquired over Lord Nelson, even before the battle of the Nile, was taken advantage of by the Queen of Naples for her political views, and Lady Hamilton became not only a favorite, but an indecently familiar companion, and, if the word were not profaned, when speaking of such wretches, the friend of the Queen. Soon after the battle of the Nile, the King of Naples, unquestionably urged to it by Nelson, had the imprudence to attack the French in the Roman States. His Majesty was soon driven out of Rome, of which he had possessed himself, and in three weeks he bravely ran away from Naples to Sicily, on board the Vanguard, commanded by Nelson, leaving his continental dominions to make the best terms they could with the French, who soon became masters of the kingdom, and organized it as a Republic. The whole of those dominions were lost to the king; there was not a soldier nor a banner of his left; and a king who betrays his people and runs away from them, when they press him to stay at his post, as the Neapolitans did,\* absolves them, most undoubtedly, from an allegiance which is only the counterpart of protection. Francesco Caracciolo commanded a Neapolitan frigate (the Archimedes), which escorted the king, and went with him to Sicily, whence his sovereign allowed him to return to Naples, the republican government having threat-

\* The editor makes the following note:—"This remarkable prediction was not, however, completely fulfilled, until after Nelson's death." The war against Napoleon and France did not end after Nelson's death till 1814, when all Europe was with England.

\* The king ran away on the 20th of December, 1798. It was only on the 22d of January that the French entered Naples. Sir W. Hoste, who witnessed the triumphal return of the king of Naples to his continental dominions, wrote to his mother in June, 1802:—"It must appear truly ridiculous to every one to see the honors of a triumph given to a man who, in the hour of danger, had basely deserted them."—*Memoirs and Letters*, i. 180.

ened to confiscate his property. "But neither the king nor he himself ought to have imagined that, in such times, a man of such reputation would be permitted to remain inactive."\* But no more of this at present.

The populace in the mountains, excited by the priesthood, and led by them, and by villains who had escaped from the gallows for the most horrid crimes,† had taken up arms for the king. Among those who had followed the king to Palermo, was Fabrizio Ruffo, a cardinal, of the noble and most loyal house of Castelficala. He landed thence at Bagnara, one of the fensual possessions of his family, where he put himself at the head of all the refuse of society who chose to follow him—for it was only the lower classes—those who had nothing to lose—who were on the side of the Cardinal,‡ who, in the name of religion and loyalty, led them to plunder and murder with the cross and the royal cockade on their hats, and usurping the name of "Army of the Faith," and of "Christian Army,"

\* *SOUTHERY'S Life of Nelson*, chap. 6.

† The cruelties, murders, and wholesale slaughters committed by the monsters here alluded to, are so very revolting, that our readers would be disgusted were we to attempt to record any. Nothing in the history of the most barbarous nations can be found surpassing, and seldom any thing equalling, the conduct of the allies of Lord Nelson. Their assassinations, not discouraged by the admiral and his friends, pass uncondemned and smiled at by the apologists of Lord Nelson. The following is a case of simple murder, one of the mildest by far of those days, which will give an idea of the times and of the men. Nelson writes to Lord St. Vincent as follows:—"Our friend Troubridge had a present made him the other day of the head of a Jacobin, and makes an apology to me, the weather being too hot, for not sending it." The head was sent by the assassin to Troubridge, with what is simply called "a curious letter," dated Salerno, 26th April, 1799, of the following tenor:—"Sir, as a faithful subject of my king Ferdinand IV., whom God preserve, I have the glory of presenting to your Excellency the head of D. Charles Granozio di Giffoni, who was employed in the administration directed by the infamous commissary Ferdinand Ruggi. The said Granozio was killed by me as he was running away. I beg your Excellency would accept the said head." (*NELSON'S Dispatches*, vol. iii. 348.) Now his Excellency did accept of the head. He laughed at the deed, and wrote on the letter, "A jolly fellow," and talked jocularly of sending it on to his superior and friend for his amusement.

‡ "At Naples all the lower orders are loyal and attached to their sovereigns, and, indeed, so they are in the provinces; for this war presents the very extraordinary circumstance of the rich taking the road for the destruction of property, and the poor protecting it."—Vol. iii. p. 324.

though one of its most distinguished leaders was known by the *soubriquet* of FRA DIAVOLO.\* It was this *army* that, by the assistance of the English, succeeded in conquering the kingdom of Naples for its king, after the French had been obliged to withdraw from it.

The government which had been formed in the king's absence, had retired, towards the end of the republic, into the Castelnovo and Castel del Ovo, the French under the command of a scoundrel of the name of Mejean, having possession of Castel Sant' Elmo, the only one, in fact, which can be well defended, particularly when the other two are in friendly hands. We now come to the most important part of these transactions, into which it is necessary to enter minutely, to understand all the otherwise incredible infamy of Nelson's conduct.

We are informed† that on the 10th of June, 1799, Ferdinand, King of Naples, hearing that the populace were in his favor in the capital, determined to send his eldest son and a body of troops of the line to assist his partisans in recovering it.

"This measure, however," says a letter of the king to Nelson, "without your valuable assistance and direction, cannot produce the necessary result. I have recourse, therefore, to you, my Lord, to obtain both the one and the

\* "Ruffo's army consisted of a motley tribe of Calabrese royalists, galley slaves, and criminals from the galls, and banditti, from the south to the north of the kingdom."—CLARE & M'ARTHUR, ii. 256.

† Captain Troubridge has given a portion of that spirit he so eminently possesses to all who communicate with him. The Great Devil [he meant *Fra Diavolo*] who commands a portion of the Christian army, has been on board the *Culoden*, &c.—*Dispatches of LORD NELSON*, iii. 340. Observe here an assassin receiving his inspirations from an English captain in the navy—an assassin nicknamed the Devil, commanding a "Christian army,"—and all this in joke! This villain [*Fra Diavolo*] the editor of Nelson's *Dispatches*, calls "a Calabrese, who distinguished himself in the royal cause," (iii. 340.)

‡ We quote the letter, but we believe it apocryphal; we may allow, because it is of no consequence, that such a letter may have at the time been written, but we say that the king of Naples was incapable of writing it, both *mentally* and *materially*: that is, he neither could express himself in such terms, nor could he write so long a letter with his own hand. He may have signed it, but we repeat it again, supposing it is what the editor believes it to be—a holograph—it is of no consequence; it is at the utmost a *private* letter, not a solemn kingly act and document. See it at length, iii. 491.

other, so that (if God will bless your efforts and ours), this kingdom being speedily delivered from the scourge it has experienced, it may henceforward be in a condition to perform the engagements contracted, which duty and reason prescribe. I send, therefore, a copy of the instructions I give to the superior Generals, and which I forward to those on the Continent. At the head of these I have placed my son, whom I trust to your friendly assistance, so that his first steps in his present critical career, which he will have to run, may be guided by your wise advice, requesting you not only to help him with your powerful aid, but that you will always\* act principally, as your forces are the true means and support on which I rest my future hopes, as they have hitherto been my safety. . . . The powerful and distinguished fleet with which you will support the expedition, leads me to flatter myself with that happy result which will especially depend upon it. . . . When therefore . . . you shall judge necessary to employ actual and powerful force," &c. (iii. 492.)

Now, although this letter is written, as the editor says, "shortly before he (Nelson) sailed for Naples," (p. 491,) it is not fair—and the mistake is highly reprehensible—to connect the letter with the entrance into the Bay of Naples, on the 24th of June. After the Crown-Prince had embarked on the 13th of June, the fleet was obliged to change its destination, and instead of going to Naples it went after the French fleet, so that the Prince was landed in Sicily on the 14th,† and the expedition to Naples was given up. The letter of the king was not an official document—had it been so, it was only saying what was well known, that the king neither had had, nor had, nor could have, any hope but in the English fleet; without it he neither could ferry his troops across from Sicily, nor expect to succeed; but it never can be twisted to mean that the command-in-chief of the expedition was conferred on Nelson by it. Far from it, the king sends him a copy of the instructions given to the superior generals: He does not give any to Nelson; nor does he direct the Neapolitan generals to put themselves under the Admiral's orders. It is absurd to argue such points: but as the editor draws most unwarrantable inferences from utterly groundless assumptions, we beg to notice them. Whatever, moreover, the

powers of Nelson were to be, on that particular emergency, there was an end of them by the expedition being given up, the Prince landing, and the fleet going on another service.

This was in consequence of a letter of the 6th of June, which Nelson received on the 13th of the same month from Lord Keith, informing him that the French fleet (consisting of at least twenty-five sail of the line),\* might go towards Nelson with a wind favorable to the enemy, whilst he, Keith, could not follow them. Nelson had no choice but to land the Prince, the troops, the ammunition, &c., and go to meet the French off Marittimo, though with a very inferior force, "not fit to face the enemy," as he says; and then adds, "although as I am, I cannot think myself justified in exposing the world (I may almost say) to be plundered by those miscreants." (iii. 380.) He left, during this absence, Captain Foote of the Sea-horse, to continue at the head of a small squadron of English ships, to assist, together with the Russian and Turkish forces, Cardinal Ruffo to retake from the republicans the castles into which they had withdrawn.† Foote observes:—

"It was my duty to consider that the getting possession of Castel Nuovo, and dell' Ovo, would very much expedite the reduction of Fort St. Elmo, which commands the town of Naples, and was wholly garrisoned by French troops. Besides, from all the intelligence received, I had much more reason to expect the French than the British fleet in the Bay of Naples. . . . The two great objects were, to restore his Sicilian Majesty to his dominions, and to drive the French out of Italy. . . . Considering that, in the then situation of affairs, it was of great consequence to get possession of the Castles, and still more to prevent the least appearance of disunion [among the allies], I determined not to throw any obstacle in the way of obtaining the two great objects to which I have before alluded."‡

Ruffo was well aware that the appearance of a superior French fleet in the Bay of Naples would have been the destruction of the royalists; and he knew also that the banditti and cut-throats whom he led were more likely to plunder their friends than

\* There is no *always* in the original Italian.

† This is admitted by Sir H. Nicolas, (p. 492,) who corrects the mistake he had fallen into, by trusting to the twin biographers of Nelson, Clarke and M'Arthur, who blundered on this, as they do on most other important occasions.

\* Letter to Lord Keith, of June 27th, 1799. (iii. 391.)

† The command of the ships in the Bay of Naples, had devolved on Foote on the 17th of May. — *Vindication*, p. 108

‡ CAPTAIN FOOTE'S *Vindication of his Conduct*, page 24-26, 2d edit. 1810.



fight their enemies.\* Foote, foreseeing what might happen if the "Christian army" entered Naples, wrote to Nelson on the 5th of June, requesting that some regular troops should be sent,†

"to prevent the anarchy that must take place if the royalists, of themselves, get possession of Naples: an event by no means to be desired, as there is no saying what pillage and disorder would ensue; as few, if any, of these armed people receive any regular pay; and, consequently, are obliged to subsist by rapine and plunder, which, I fear, has given the country people but too much reason to complain of their conduct. With all submission to the better judgment of my superiors, I beg leave to recommend the offering a *free pardon*, because, when throwing the dice for kingdoms, personal animosities, jealousies, and every trifling object, should be disregarded."‡

These humane and eminently politic sentiments, met with the entire approbation of Lord Nelson, so far as their political part went; for as to the prevention of pillage and plunder, he did not feel much concern. His answer, dated June 8th, is as follows:—

"I agree in all the sentiments you express in your letters relative to the affairs of Naples; a few regular troops would do the business in better order, but not more efficaciously than the royalists."§

These words imply an approbation of Foote's sentiments as to the *free pardon* (the italics are Foote's) which he suggests; a circumstance which deserves particular notice. The "efficaciousness" of the royalists in doing the business when they entered Naples, was shown to Nelson's heart's content. What Mr. Fox said in his place in the House of Commons, on the 3d of February, 1800, was true, without the slightest exaggeration:—

"Not only the miserable victims of the rage and brutality of the fanatics were savagely murdered, but in many instances their flesh was eaten and devoured by the cannibals who are the advocates and the instruments of the social order."||

\* Nelson knew it as well. See his letter to Troubridge, April 25, 1799.—iii. 333.

† This determined the sending of the Prince Royal, who was, however, obliged to put back to Sicily, as we have seen.

‡ *Vindication*, page 124.

§ *Vindication*, page 126.

|| "Durante l'assedio dei castelli, il popolo Napolitano unito agl' insorgenti, commise delle barbarie che san fremere; incrudeli fin anco contro le donne; alzò nelle pubbliche piazze dei

This is what Lord Nelson meant when he spoke of the business being done "more efficaciously" by the royalists, though not with "the good order" of regular troops. Encouraged by the approbation of Lord Nelson, Captain Foote, after attacking Castel a Mare, granted a capitulation to the garrison, the substance of which was, that the whole of the garrisons and crews of the flotilla should lay down their arms. The republicans asked, moreover, that it should be left

"to their option to go where they think proper; and, relying on British generosity, they trust you (Captain Foote) will receive such of them on board your ship as think proper to avail themselves of the protection of the British flag."

These terms were granted by Foote.\* To the garrison, both of Castel a Mare, and of Ravigliano, he had previously proposed to receive them as prisoners of war, with a promise, on his word of honor, "to intercede with his Sicilian Majesty in their behalf." These terms were accepted by the garrison of Ravigliano. That of Castel a Mare wanted to leave the fortress with military honors, be released on their word of honor, allowed to go home, "and their safety guaranteed in the name of the Kings of Great Britain and Sicily."† As Foote gave no answer to that proposal, the other was made, which, we have seen, was eventually consented to. Neither the garrison of Ravigliano, nor that of Castel a Mare, was promised that their members might either be safely sent to France, or be allowed to remain at Naples unmolested, nor were their lives and property guaranteed.‡ They were simply allowed, as far as Foote was concerned, to go where they liked; the utmost he had bound himself to do was "to intercede in their behalf," which on their part meant, that they threw themselves on the king's mercy, but had no right, in strict justice, to claim exemption from abiding the consequence of whatever criminal prosecution the royal government might institute against them.§

roghi, ove si cuocevano le membra degl' infelici, parte gittati vivi, e parte moribondi."—*Saggio Stor. Sulla Rivoluz. di Napoli*, 2d edit. Mil. 1810. It is written by Cuoco, an eye-witness.

\* *Vindication*, p. 158. † *Vindication* p. 155-157.

‡ All this was especially and solemnly granted to the Castel Nuovo, and Castel dell' Uovo, by Foote, and treacherously refused by Nelson, as we shall see. Here we only wish to point out the difference of the terms.

§ Foote did intercede for them, and his inter-

Footo had every reason to think that the granting capitulations on humane and generous terms would be approved of by the Neapolitan government. There is a letter of Sir John Acton to Sir William Hamilton, dated the 20th of June, 1799, and published at length in the Nelson Dispatches—(iii., 391,) whilst Footo (p. 139) had published only a portion of it—in which we find that the Republicans were charged with having broken a truce

“granted at their desire for the capitulation of the Castles [dell’] Uovo, Nuovo, and of St. Elmo. These last, however, seem willing to hear of terms, but the Republicans are making continual *sorties* from the Castles, and S. Martino. The Cardinal seems in a disagreeable position. His Majesty, on this circumstance especially, accepts of the kind offer of Lord Nelson, to present himself before Naples, and procure the intimation for surrendering, to be supported by the English fleet. Its appearance, and the certainty of the French being distant, would certainly produce the desired effect. I hurry this answer, my dear sir, for the expedition of Lord Nelson. . . . I return to you Captain Footo’s letter, of which I have taken copy. I do not know whether he has granted the demands of the rebel officers to go free to their families. His intimation was for surrendering prisoners of war. If Captain Footo has kept to his declaration, then these prisoners might come to Sicily, when they shall be ordered to Africa,\* till further orders.”

Sir W. Hamilton, on forwarding this letter to Lord Nelson, wrote to him—

“The offer your Lordship made in your letter† was to take place when you had a certainty of the French fleet being disposed of somehow; and General Acton has had your letter to me, and I have not seen him, so you

cession was successful. His humane and generous efforts are used by the editor of the Dispatches to attack his honesty—“Why did not Captain Footo make a similar exertion in favor of the garrisons of [Castel dell’] Uovo, and Nuovo?”—(iii. 519.) Why? because these had a right to go freely to France, and to be left unmolested, according to the capitulation; whilst the garrisons of Ravigliano and Castel a Mare had *no such right*, but had only trusted to the intercession of Footo—who had promised it, and kept his word—for *mercy*. How can the editor say that the terms granted to the latter were very similar to those granted to the former?

\* So in the Nelson Dispatches; but in Footo it is Ustica, a Sicilian fortress, not Africa, that is mentioned.

† This letter has not been found, probably because Acton, to whom it was forwarded, never returned it.

may decide your own way; for we are under no kind of engagement.”

These letters help us to appreciate Nelson’s conduct on his arrival in the Bay of Naples. They prove incontrovertibly: 1st, that the Neapolitan government wished the castles to capitulate: 2d, that so far from the King of Naples having invested Lord Nelson with the supreme command, or with extraordinary powers as his representative, he merely accepted the unasked-for assistance offered by the English admiral to support with his fleet the intimation for surrender to be made to the Castles—a support the more welcome, and a capitulation the more desirable, as the Cardinal was in a disagreeable position: 3d, that Lord Nelson was under no kind of engagement, and was at liberty to go to the Bay of Naples to give the proffered assistance or not, as he liked best: 4th, that the Neapolitan Government, when doubting whether Captain Footo had granted to the rebel officers permission to go home, had not expressed the slightest objection to the grant, either on the score of justice and expediency, or on that of want of power in Footo for granting such terms. And, on the most unfavorable supposition to the patriots, that they had surrendered as prisoners of war, Acton wrote that they would be sent to Ustica “till further orders,” which orders could not be supposed to be to put them to death at leisure, such not being the treatment which is reserved for persons who are received as prisoners of war.

On the 16th of June, 1797, Nelson sailed from Sicily in search of the French fleet.\* For very good reasons, which we need not repeat, he returned to Palermo, and on the 21st landed there for a couple of hours, saw the King, the Queen, and General Acton, and, having taken on board Sir William and Lady Hamilton, he sailed for the Bay of Naples, where he anchored about nine o’clock on the evening of the 24th. In that bay he wrote what he called, “Opinion delivered before I saw the treaty of armistice, &c., only from reports at sea.”† And

\* It was then that he wrote to Lady Hamilton the letter, printed among the Dispatches as if it were written June 16th, 1800, in which he speaks of being “from her house to a hog-stye of a cabin.” In 1800, on the 16th of June, Lady Hamilton and the Queen of Naples were with Nelson at Leghorn. See vol. iv. p. 252 and 253.

† These important words are added in the copy in the State Paper Office in Nelson’s own hand. It is curious that the copyist should have omitted

having found a flag of truce flying on board the Sea-horse, he made the signal to have it hauled down, before having had any conversation with Captain Foote.\* That opinion begins thus:—

"The armistice, I take for granted, is, that if the French and rebels are not relieved by their friends in twenty-one days," &c.—Vol. iii., p. 384.

Now, if Lord Nelson had waited for positive information, instead of taking for granted what he wished, in order to shed blood, he would have found, what he did not wish either to find or to respect, a capitulation, not an armistice, solemnly signed, and, so far as possible, actually executed. Cardinal Ruffo intended to re-establish the king on his throne; but he wrote to the governor of Procida,—

"According to my opinion, we must not drive the principal Jacobins of Naples to despair, but must rather leave them the means of escape."†

His leaning towards mild measures in preference to harsh ones to restore the kingly authority, was well known to Nelson and Hamilton; for the latter in a letter to the former, dated June 20th,‡ says,—

"Your Lordship observes, that what we suspected of the Cardinal has proved true; and I dare say when the capitulation of Naples comes to this court, their Sicilian Majesties' dignity will be mortified."

Yet with this foreknowledge "their Sicilian Majesties" did not revoke the powers of vicar-general granted to Ruffo,—powers,

them, if in the original from which he copied, as well as the words at the end, "Read, and explained, and rejected by the Cardinal," also added in Lord Nelson's hand. One would likewise be glad to see the letter in which the copy of the "Observations" was enclosed when sent to England.

\* *Vindication*, p. 71.

† CLARKE and M'ARTHUR, ii. 257, who call this conduct of the Cardinal "highly disgraceful to his sacred character." No nation or country has produced, within this century, so ignorant or so dishonest historians as these two.

‡ Probably a fragment of the same letter of which part has been already quoted. Clarke and M'Arthur, p. 263 from whom this fragment is taken, say that Nelson was then (on the 20th of June) on the point of sailing from Palermo! But if we were to point out all the instances of shameful carelessness, and wilful disregard of truth with which their work abounds, we should write a volume.

by the very essence of the office, of the most ample, or rather of an unlimited description. Foote, partly led by political and military considerations, and partly by his humane and truly liberal feelings, coincided with the Cardinal's views:—

"At the moment of these capitulations, the French fleet, and not the English, was expected in the Bay of Naples! To secure these castles was of importance. To conciliate contending minds was the duty of all men, when excesses the most sanguinary were in constant perpetration: so far I was friendly to the Cardinal's measures."‡

When, therefore, Foote learnt that Nelson's squadron had sailed on the 16th of June in search of the French, he wrote to Nelson himself a letter, begun on the 18th of that month, in which he says that having been informed of the change of destination of Lord Nelson's squadron, (which, as we have said, was coming to Naples with the Crown Prince on board, but was obliged to put back to Sicily,) he had

"sent Captain Oswald to the Cardinal to represent the absolute necessity of getting possession of the castles, even by granting favorable terms."†

In this he had been forestalled by the Cardinal, who on the previous day (June 17th) wrote to him that he thought that all was going on well, that the castles would surrender, but as they objected to surrender to a priest,‡ he added,—

"Let your Excellency's flags be displayed, and I believe they (the rebels) will yield at the sight of them. Send your orders on shore that hostilities may cease as the treaty commences. The conditions are simple and plain enough. It is granted to the French to be carried back by sea to France, with their effects and property, at his Majesty's expense; and those who are not French are allowed the liberty of following them."§

There was a good deal of negotiation between the agent of the king of Naples, Micheroux,|| and the commander of the

\* *Vindication*, p. 82. See also p. 83, *et seq.*

† *Vindication*, p. 136.

‡ The real objection was, that they did not think he had the power of restraining his motley followers from breaking any capitulation that he might have granted.

§ *Vindication*, p. 178.

|| To show Clarke's ignorance, it is only necessary to say, that had it not been for Foote deceiving him, he was going to attack Micheroux as the republican negotiator.

Russian forces, on the side of the allies, and the officers and agents of the republicans, on the other. Foote grew impatient, and remonstrated against the delay. Lastly, on the 20th, the terms on which the capitulation of the castles Nuovo and dell' Uovo was to be granted were settled and signed by Foote, and early on the 23d of June he put his name to a formally drawn up document, which had been previously signed by Ruffo, as vicar-general of the kingdom, and then by the Russian and Turkish commanders, in which the following articles occurred :—

" Art. 4. Persons and property, both movable and immovable, of every individual of the two garrisons, shall be respected and guaranteed. Art. 5. All the said individuals shall have their choice of embarking on board of cartels which shall be furnished them to go to Toulon, or of remaining at Naples, without being molested either in their persons or families. Art. 6. The conditions contained in the present capitulation, are common to every person of both sexes now in the forts. Art. 7. The same conditions shall take place with respect to the prisoners which the troops of his Majesty, the King of the two Sicilies, and those of his allies, may have made of the republican troops in the different engagements which took place before the blockade of the forts. Art. 8. Messieurs the Archbishop of Salerno, of Micheroux, of Dillon, and the Bishop of Avellino detained in the forts, shall be put in the hands of the commandant of the Fort St. Elmo, where they shall remain as hostages until the arrival of the individuals sent to Toulon be ascertained. Art. 9. All the other hostages, or state prisoners, confined in the two forts, shall be set at liberty immediately after the present capitulation is signed."\*

The confidence in the honor of England was such, that the republicans expressly stipulated to be escorted to Toulon by a British man-of-war,† to which service the Bull-dog was destined. The cartels were getting ready, the hostages had been sent to St. Elmo, the other state prisoners were set at liberty, the English prisoners of war were given up, a flag of truce was flying, pending the execution of the capitulation, signed thirty-six hours before, which, as far as possible, had been carried into effect,‡ when Lord Nelson arrived in the

Bay of Naples, and ordered the truce to be put an end to, without any notification whatever to the enemy. Afterwards Foote says,—

" The garrisons of [Castel dell'] Uovo and Nuovo were taken out of those castles under the pretence of putting the capitulation I had signed into execution (which, after having annulled the treaty, must appear truly singular), and some of those unfortunate people were treated with very great severity."\*

This horrible fact is again affirmed by the same officer :—

" Although nothing had been done in the execution of the terms agreed upon, it [the capitulation] was equally binding on all the contracting parties; the truth, however, is, that some parts of the agreement had been performed, and actual advantage was afterwards taken of those parts of the capitulation that had been executed, to seize the unhappy men who were thus deceived by the sacred pledge of a capitulation into a surrender of every thing that can affect a human being in the most critical moments of his existence."†

It is in defence of this act of perfidy, to the atrocious consequences of which we shall presently call the reader's attention, that the editor of Lord Nelson's Dispatches raises his voice! He admits the capitulation, but, as we have seen, seems inclined to draw some inference in favor of the man who broke it, from its not having begun to be executed. We have also seen that he is wrong in fact, and that, if even he were right, no consequence could be drawn from it in favor of Nelson's conduct. Nelson himself once said of a capitulation signed, but not yet executed,—“ The capitulation once signed, there was no room for dispute.”—(iii. 433.)\* No one has ever pub-

lication of a capitulation in any degree justify the least infringement of its most trifling article?”—(*Vindication*, p. 77.) The editor, however, had himself admitted before, that “ the important fact ” was no fact at all; for he had said :—“ Although the capitulation was signed by Captain Foote, the last of the contracting parties, early in the morning of the 23d, little, if any thing, had been done towards carrying it into execution before Lord Nelson's arrival,” (p. 489.) A little was done, probably! How much ought to have been? Foote says, it was “ a formal capitulation, signed, and in part executed, before Lord Nelson arrived in the Bay of Naples.”—(*Vindication*, p. 86.

\* *Vindication*, p. 39.

† *Vindication*, p. 48.

\* From Foote's *Vindication*, p. 197.

\* *Vindication*, p. 141.

† The editor of the Dispatches repeatedly relies on what he calls “ the important fact,” that the capitulation was not even begun to be carried into effect before the arrival of Nelson, (pp. 495 and 511;) but, as Foote asks, “ Does the non-execu-

‡ This capitulation had been signed by Girard, who commanded at Capua, both for Capua

licly asserted that Foote acted against his instructions, and it is only in England, and among Englishmen, that it has been pretended that Ruffo acted against his Sovereign's intentions and orders in treating. It has even been said that "a private letter from the King to Ruffo amply supports this assertion."—(*Clarke and M'Arthur*, ii. 256.) This letter of the King of Naples is mentioned for the first time in one of Clarke's to Captain Foote, after this gallant and truly honorable man had, on the 18th of March, 1809, written to Clarke:—

"I beg to be excused for controverting whatever may insinuate that I was imposed upon by anything said or done by Cardinal Ruffo in the transactions of the Bay of Naples, in the summer of the year 1799. I could not be imposed upon, because my instructions directed me to co-operate with the Cardinal, who was retained in the most important situation, from which he could have been removed in forty-eight hours. . . . Nothing can be more evident than the fact that a solemn capitulation had been agreed upon, formally signed by the Commander of the Forces of the King of Naples,\* by the Russian commander and by myself, all duly authorized to sign any capitulation in the absence of superior powers."

In answer, Clarke, *ten days* after, having, as he says, "really been almost laid on his beam-ends" by that letter, speaks of papers in general that have come out, which support Nelson, and adds:—"There is a letter from the King to Ruffo, in which his Majesty upbraids him for daring to treat with rebels, directly contrary to his orders." Neither the letter itself, nor any part of it, nor the date, nor the place from which it was written, have ever been given. It is then mentioned again twenty days later by the same Clarke, as "the King of Sicily's private letter, in his own hand, to

and Gaeta. The commander of Gaeta, Berger, very naturally refused to abide by an agreement to which he had not been a party, for which Lord Nelson, with his peculiar politeness, called him, in a letter to Captain Louis, "scoundrel."—(iii. p. 431 and 433.) This Sir Harris Nicolas applied to Girardon, supposing him commander of Gaeta. Captain Louis, to whom afterwards Gaeta surrendered, had the generosity to render justice to Berger; in writing to Nelson he said—"I assure you that the Frenchman I have been dealing with, has acted more unlike one than any I ever met."—CLARKE and M'ARTHUR, ii. 299.

\* Ruffo, as Vicario-Generale, was a great deal more. The Vicario-Generale is invested with the fullest royal power, *ut alter ego*, as it is technically expressed by the sovereign, on appointing to such an exalted office.

Ruffo," (the italics are Clarke's,)\* and lastly in the Life, as quoted above. Supposing the letter to exist, one cannot understand how "private" letters to a superior military authority can nullify public acts and solemn engagements. Moreover, "the King of Naples' secret orders † to Ruffo have nothing to do with a capitulation sanctioned by a British officer, and to which the national faith was unquestionably pledged."‡ That the King of Naples disavowed Ruffo is too true,§ but he did so when on board the *Foudroyant*, under the complete power (we are ashamed to state the fact, but it is undeniable) of Nelson, the Hamiltons, and Acton, all English people. It was by their advice and influence only that all the severe measures were taken; of this there is ample evidence in the several biographies of Nelson, and in his letters; it was on board the *Foudroyant*, and surrounded by Englishmen, that the King of Naples passed the most atrocious edicts that perhaps ever disgraced a statute-book.|| Even the personal enemies of Ferdinand considered him as the prisoner of Nelson; and to the English admiral was not unjustly ascribed the cruelty of the king.¶ With respect to the disavowal of Ruffo, circumstances tend un-

\* *FOOTE'S Vindication*, pp. 49 and 56. How can it be true that a private letter in the King's own hand to Ruffo was among the Nelson papers? If true, it must be equally true that Ruffo never received it. Of the unscrupulousness of Clarke and M'Arthur in forging letters, see a proof in the Nelson Dispatches, ii. 406.

† "Nelson acted as he thought right from being in possession of the King's secret orders to Ruffo."—CLARKE, *Vindication*, p. 57.

‡ *Vindication*, p. 60.

§ "The King on his arrival [in the Bay of Naples] publicly disavowed any authority having been delegated to Ruffo to treat with subjects in rebellion."—CLARKE and M'ARTHUR, ii. 275.

|| The reader may find their substance in Colletta, lib. v., cap. 1, § 2. They are also in Cucco's *Saggio*, § 49, who records the almost incredible fact, that although hundreds of people were condemned, even to death, in consequence of these edicts, they were, however, not published.

¶ *Saggio Storico*, § xlix. Nelson himself acknowledged that long before, when the King was at Palermo—therefore not so completely in his power as on board the *Foudroyant*—there was nothing which he proposed that was not implicitly complied with, (iii. 325.) In his letter to Davison, when complaining of Mr. Fox's speech respecting the breach of the capitulation, he made the following admission: "the whole affairs of the kingdom of Naples were, at the time alluded to, absolutely placed in my hands," (iii. 510.)

happily to confirm the suspicion, that this was only owing to Nelson's influence, he being too interested in destroying the Cardinal's credit. It was at this time, when on board Nelson's ship that the King of Naples announced his intention of creating the Admiral Duke of Bronte;\* but, on returning to Sicily, that same king not only continued Ruffo in his high situation, but rewarded him with a salary of 24,000 ducats, (more than £3000 sterling,) and as much again in yearly revenue from lands which he bestowed on him,† besides letters of thanks and rewards to a brother of his. Ruffo continued in his office till he went to the Conclave at Venice for the election of a successor to Pius VI. Now, all this proves that, *when left to himself*, the king was far from disavowing Ruffo, or being dissatisfied with what he had done;—which is as good an argument in favor of the Cardinal's correct conduct, as the rewards promised to Nelson, *when on board his ship*—rewards on which the editor of the Dispatches relies in defence of his hero—(iii. 493,) are a good argument in favor of the conduct of the Admiral. Besides all this, we have seen (pp. 423, 426, and 427,) that both Nelson, and the Ministers of the King of Naples, approved of terms being granted to the Republicans when the castles were on the point of capitulating. It is therefore utterly untrue that Ruffo had acted contrary to the King's orders in granting such terms as he had done, with the concurrence of Foote and the Allies. But, supposing Ruffo had exceeded his instructions, what right had Nelson to annul his acts? Had he a right to break the capitulation signed by Foote? Nelson had never been invested with higher powers than Ruffo's—such a thing could not be: he could only have superseded him. The letter of the king—to which we have alluded (p. 421,)—was not a solemn act, capable of producing such an effect, even for the special circumstance for which it was intended. So far from being sent to the Bay of Naples by the king, and with supreme power, Nelson volunteered to go there‡

when he could; and, as Hamilton wrote to him, he was under no kind of engagement. The king, when full of gratitude and pouring rewards on him, expressed himself as follows:—

"Your powerful co-operation having rendered the forces of my faithful soldiers efficacious, as well as that of my allies who are united with them,"—(iii. 433.)

His instructions were to co-operate with the allies, and no more (Clarke and M'Arthur, ii. 168); and, on the 27th of July, 1799, the Admiralty repeatedly speak of his co-operation with the Sicilian army—(iii. 410). If the king of Naples had appointed him to govern his kingdom—if he had intrusted him with the supreme command over his army and his navy—could Nelson have accepted such eminent and responsible offices without the special leave of his king? As to disavowing Foote, he could not legally do it; for this officer, as he himself states, was

"as fully authorized to sign such a treaty as Lord Nelson; for he was as much under Lord St. Vincent as I was under him."\*

Nelson did not do so in point of fact; on the contrary, he praised Foote for what he had done; and it afforded him "infinite pleasure" to convey to Foote a distinguished mark of his Sicilian Majesty's approbation "for most important services when left with the command in the Bay of Naples"†—one of which services was to sign the capitulation by which the king repossessed himself of the castles so often mentioned.

This would render it quite superfluous to notice all that the learned editor says "anent the law of breaking capitulations," were it not necessary to show that there is not the slightest foundation for asserting

after the French or after Lady Hamilton, whom he took on board on the 21st of June at Palermo, may be doubted: that he did not go by order, or as a representative, commander, or minister of the King of Naples, is certain.

\* *Vindication*, p. 77.

† *Dispatches*, iv. 17. In a private letter to Alexander Stephens, dated February 10, 1803, Nelson did not scruple to say what he knew was not true, and what he never dared say to Foote, or in any official document, that that officer had no power to enter into any treaty. He had the power, by the very fact of being at the head of the English forces, as far as the binding of England went. Stephens did not believe Nelson, as is evident from his history, in which he omits altogether to speak of Caracciolo's murder.

\* *Clarke and M'Arthur*, (ii. 314.)

† *Colletta*, lib. v. cap. 1, § 8.

‡ This is proved from the documents quoted, p. 425, and from the letter of Nelson to Keith of 27th June, in which, after having related what he had done since the 16th, to find the French fleet, he proceeds—"I determined to offer myself for the service of Naples, where I knew the French fleet intended going." Whether he went

that such villainies are sanctioned by the law of nations. Before considering the point of law, it is to be borne in mind, that though Nelson, of his own accord, and without any assigned ground, broke the capitulation, yet with his own officers, or with Ruffo, he never pretended to have the right to do so. From first to last, when he knew the truth as well as we know it, he having among his own papers the capitulation itself, Nelson carefully and shamefully avoided to use the name "capitulation," to make the world believe there was no such thing. He first of all called it an armistice, then a treaty,\* but never a capitulation; nor did he ever venture to say that he broke it as such, and in virtue of his powers. If he had done so, he would have been obliged to say that Foote had acted out of the limits of his charge, and promised terms which he was not warranted to promise by his commission; and this he well knew he could not say. Nelson never having pretended to set aside, in a formal and solemn manner, a formal and solemn military capitulation, it is superfluous to discuss whether, had he been a commander-in-chief, he had the power of doing so? If the whole of the writers on public law were to affirm so monstrous a proposition, we should not mind: no authority can legalize a villainy. A general besieges a fortress, he considers it important to possess himself of it before it is relieved; and with this view he solemnly offers the best terms he can, which are solemnly accepted. Thirty-six hours after, when no relief is any longer to be apprehended, a superior officer comes and puts aside the capitulation, on the plea that he who signed it had no powers. Who has ever dreamt of asking the commander of a siege to show his powers of granting

terms? Who has ever heard of powers being required? To deceive an enemy, it would only be necessary to find an upsculping agent, *ad hoc*, give him all the appearance of command and power, denying to him the substance; or send an honorable man to conclude a capitulation, and then find a Nelson ready to break it, and there would be no more safe agreement between military authorities. An agreement would only be a decoy, a delusion, and a snare; and a military capitulation for the surrender of a fortress, (as well as a military agreement for any other purpose) would be an impossibility. No author ever defended principles so monstrously immoral. What the authors quoted by the learned editor say, is, that an officer must not exceed the powers or attributions of his office. Thus, if a general, in taking possession of a fortress, were to agree that it shall be restored at the general peace, or that the sovereign shall never enter its walls without the consent of the enemy who evacuates it, then he would exceed the attributions of his office, and his promise be void; but the other party could not complain of the non-observance of terms, which the party who agreed to them had manifestly no power to stipulate, being out of the sphere of his attributions.\*

The two instances referred to by Sir H. Nicolas, of capitulations set aside, are of no weight, because no number of perfidies can authorize one, and because the cases are totally different. Rapp agreed on the 29th of Nov. 1813, to give up Dantzic on the 1st of Jan. 1814, the garrison to be prisoners of war, and taken to France under promise of not serving till exchanged. On the 23d of Dec. 1813, at 11 o'clock of the evening, the Duke of Wurtemberg, a general in the Russian service, who commanded the siege and had agreed to the capitulation, informed Rapp that the Emperor Alexander would not consent that the garrison should be allowed to return to France on parole. All the other parts of the capitulation were held sacred. The reason that determined Alexander, was the knowledge that the parole had been broken in former cases, and might be broken in this. The determination of the Emperor was communicated most solemnly, and in the most gentlemanlike terms to Rapp, who having still possession of the place, was free to determine what he pleased.† The Duke of

\* All capitulations are, in one sense, *treaties*, as they cannot be drawn up and be agreed upon except after *treating* or negotiating; but all treaties are not capitulations. A treaty of commerce or of peace requires special powers to be negotiated, and a ratification previous to its being perfect and binding; and of course the proper supreme power may disavow a negotiator of such an act; but a military capitulation is an act which requires no special powers, the commission which an officer holds being a proof of his having such powers; nor does it want ratification. Nelson, with great cunning, tried to make a military capitulation pass for a civil and political treaty, by never calling it by its proper and technical name. He did more: when he found that agreement designated as a capitulation, he alleged that it was no capitulation, because, he having broken it, had prevented its execution!

\* Vattel, liv. iii. ch. 16, § 261-263.

† "Le Duc de Wurtemberg m'offrait de remot-

Wurtemberg gave him that fair warning which Nelson never gave to the poor Neapolitan republicans; and yet Rapp and all the French writers have complained of this as of a breach of faith. The case of Gouvion Saint Cyr, also quoted by Sir Harris, is still more inconclusive. General Klenau agreed to a capitulation on terms which he was not authorized to grant; but he had taken care, previously, to inform Gouvion Saint Cyr of this, who, therefore, knowing that he treated with a person who had not the power of signing what he did, had no reason whatever to complain of the general-in-chief of the allied armies, when he refused to abide by an act, the illegality of which was beforehand known to those who signed it.\* It was, however, offered to restore him to the same situation in which he was when he signed the agreement with Klenau, whereas Nelson possessed himself of the castles, taking advantage of the capitulation, and under pretence of carrying it into execution.

Nelson has been very anxious to make people believe that the republicans left the castles with the full knowledge that he had annulled the capitulation; but there is no proof of it. On the contrary, the negative is proved, so far as a negative is capable of proof. On his arrival in the Bay of Naples, Nelson†

"sent Captains Troubridge and Ball to the Cardinal Vicar-General, to represent to his Eminence my opinion of the infamous terms entered into with the rebels, and also two papers which I enclose.‡ His Eminence said,

*tre les choses dans leur premier état,"* says Rapp in his Memoirs.

\* The letter of Schwarzenberg, annulling the capitulation, was published by the present Lord Westmoreland in his "Memoirs of the operations of the Allied Armies." 2d edition, p. 325.

† Troubridge and Ball went on the 25th of June; for Nelson under that date writes to Duckworth, "Troubridge and Ball are gone to the Cardinal," which implies they were still with him at the time Nelson wrote.—iii. 387.

‡ One of these papers from a copy in the State Paper Office, (how and when did it get there?) is as follows:—"Declaration sent to the Neapolitan Jacobins in the castle of Uovo and Nuovo. His Britannic Majesty's ship *Foudroyant*, Naples Bay, 25th June, 1799. Rear-admiral Lord Nelson, K. B., Commander of his Britannic Majesty's Fleet in the Bay of Naples, acquaints the rebellious subjects of his Sicilian Majesty in the castles of Uovo and Nuovo, that he will not permit them to embark or quit those places. They must surrender themselves to his Majesty's Royal mercy." How is it that a copy of so important a paper is not among the Nelson papers, nor in his order-book, or letter-book? The second paper is an

that he would send no papers, but if I pleased I might break the armistice, for that he was tired of his situation. Captain Troubridge then asked his Eminence this plain question: If Lord Nelson breaks the armistice, will your Eminence assist him in his attack on the castles? His answer was clear: I will neither assist him with men nor guns. After much communication\* his Eminence desired to come on board to speak with me on his situation. I used every argument in my power to convince him that the treaty and armistice was at an end by the arrival of the fleet,—but an admiral is no match in talking with a cardinal. I therefore gave him my opinion in writing, viz., Rear-admiral Lord Nelson, who arrived in the Bay of Naples on the 24th of June with the British fleet, found a treaty entered into with the rebels, which he is of opinion ought not to be carried into execution without the approbation of his Sicilian Majesty, Earl St. Vincent—Lord Keith.† "Under this opinion the rebels came out of the castles which was (sic) instantly occupied by the marines."—iii., 392.

If it be true, that the "rebels," as they are called, came out of the castles under this opinion, why was not the approbation

intimation to the Commander of St. Elmo, and that is in the order-book of Nelson:—both written and sent at the same time, to the same person, and yet only one of them entered in the order-book!

\* Troubridge and Ball went at least twice to the Cardinal; on the 25th first, then on the 26th. This results from a letter without date, but supposed by the editor (iii. 394,) to be of the 23th of June, addressed to the Cardinal; but as Nelson says in it that he "will land 1200 men" to go against castle St. Elmo, "under the present armistice" (how far it was fair to land forces under an armistice may well be doubted) and in the letter to Keith, he says, that Troubridge and Ball with 1300 men had already landed on the 27th, (the date of the letter,) it is clear that the letter to the Cardinal was written on the 26th. It begins thus: "I am just honored with your Eminence's letter, and as his Excellency, Sir W. Hamilton, wrote to you this morning, that I will on no consideration break the armistice entered into by you, I hope your Eminence will be satisfied that I am supporting your ideas. I send once more Captains Troubridge and Ball," &c. Can any perfidy equal that of the man who broke the truce the moment he arrived, and yet wanted to lull the Cardinal into a belief that he did not mean to do so? And can we wonder at the poor republicans being entrapped into a belief that the armistice and the capitulation were to be observed?

† This document has no date, in the letter to Keith, but a copy with very slight alterations, (which, however, are enough to make one doubt the authenticity of the document, for if ever one original existed, all the copies would be alike,) is printed (iii. 388) from the order-book, and is dated June 26th. In that copy, moreover, the document is shorter: it ends with the words, "Sicilian Majesty," and the most important ones, "Earl St. Vincent—Lord Keith," are wholly omitted.



of Lord Keith asked, before delivering those who surrendered, into the hands of their executioners, as if no "treaty" had been entered into—as if Lord Keith had disapproved of the one which, on Nelson's own showing, ought to have been carried into execution with that gallant and truly noble man's approbation? Did Nelson ever ask the approbation which he alleged to be necessary? Had he asked it, he would have certainly obtained it from Lord Keith, who, at a later period, strongly condemned the conduct of Nelson;\* and who, at the very time that Nelson degraded himself so much, wrote to advise just concessions and humane measures; but, alas! his letter is a barren monument of his own goodness and noblemindedness, and the most solemn condemnation of the dishonorable conduct of him to whom it was addressed, and by whom it was disregarded. As to the declaration which Nelson said that he had "sent to the Neapolitan Jacobins" in the castles,—When was it sent? by whom was it sent? to whom was it sent? by whom, and to whom, was it delivered? These are most important questions; for the sending it after possession had been taken of the forts, or before—sending it with or without authority—sending it to the commanders of the forts, or to an unauthorized person—having it delivered by and to the right, or to a wrong person, according to the usages of war—affect most materially its legality. There is not the slightest proof that any declaration at all was ever sent to any one by any body. The Cardinal went on board the *Foudroyant* on the 26th of June, as is proved by the date of the opinion above transcribed; which opinion Nelson, in his letter to Lord Keith, says he gave to the Cardinal when on board.† Ruffo, we know, was stoutly for observing the capitulation, and had previously refused to send any paper to the republicans. These unhappy victims of treachery left the castles on the evening of the 26th, that is, a few hours after receiving the declaration (if Nelson's story were true) that they were to "come out and be hanged." Is it credible, that, being aware of the fate that awaited them, they would have been in such a

hurry? Would they not have remonstrated against the breach of a solemn capitulation? would they not have begged for mercy? would they not have put off to the very last the evil moment? We learn from their petitions and from their historians, that they came out on the faith and honor of England, having capitulated; the English officer who signed that capitulation, and who had pledged that faith and that honor, tells us that "these men did not surrender without capitulation."\* Surely, these are the best witnesses that could be brought forward; to shake their evidence something more is required than an utterly unsupported, and, as far as can be proved, utterly unfounded assertion of the man who is guilty of having betrayed them.

Some of the unfortunate sufferers were put in irons on board the very ships that were to take them to Toulon, according to the capitulation; others were also put in irons on board English men-of-war, the English sailors and marines being their gaolers and keepers. By what law or principle English ships could be turned into prisons of the King of Naples, and English admirals and officers the keepers of those prisons, no one knows. According to law, and to all acknowledged principles,—a man-of-war being considered as part of the territory of the nation to which it belongs,—far from being prisons, the English men-of-war ought to have been, and were legally, an asylum where no Neapolitan, for crimes committed out of the British dominions could be kept in prison, any more than if he had come to London. It was not for the king of England, for his courts, or for his officers, to punish offences against the King of Naples.† The sufferings of the prisoners were of the most cruel description; and not content with seizing them treacherously, treating them cruelly, and keeping them in

\* *Vindication*, p. 77.

\* Clarke and M'Arthur, ii. 268: and Foote's *Vindication*, p. 57 and 87.

† Harris on, writing under the eyes of Lady Hamilton, who was present, and acted as interpreter between Ruffo and Nelson, says that Nelson wrote his opinion in the presence of Ruffo.—*Life of Nelson*, vol. ii. p. 100.

† The editor of the *Dispatches* says, (iii. 498) that these prisoners were "simply detained as prisoners until the king's arrival, when Lord Nelson's interference with them entirely ceased." What Nelson could do worse than detaining them not simply as prisoners, but in irons—a gratuitous piece of barbarity—till they were given up to punishment, except murdering them himself at once, as he did Caracciolo, one cannot see. That these prisoners were not in the custody of English soldiers, after the arrival of the king of Naples on board the *Foudroyant*, is a mistake. The prisoners were delivered up to the Neapolitan guards only about the 8th of August, as stated in a letter of Troubridge of this date.—CLARKE and M'ARTHUR, ii. 308.

irons for no crime against the laws of his country, Nelson went so far as to act as commissary of police to the King of Naples, and actually got some of the prisoners brought on board the *Foudroyant* to be examined.\*

The victims of Nelson's treachery were delivered up to what was called a giunta—that is tools of the government—to be tried. Yet even this giunta thought, that all those against whom nothing could be proved previous to the kingdom falling into the hands of the French, as well as those who had capitulated, could not be punished. This did not satisfy the party anxious for executions; a less delicate giunta was appointed, one of whose first acts was to fix the pay of the executioner by the month, instead of continuing it by the job, as was previously the case; a significant index of what might be expected from that court. The proceedings were such as in this country are not only unknown but incredible and incomprehensible. The accuser could be witness;—the accused never saw either the one or the other;—he did not know even their names;—he was not at liberty to choose his own counsel;—the judges pronounced sentence in private without giving any reason for their determination;—the sentence was not only without appeal, but might be carried into execution on the very day it was passed;—

"It would be too long and too painful to detail the wicked deeds of tyrants, and the miserable state of the sufferers. There were more than 300 of the most distinguished persons in the kingdom put to death; among them Caraffa, Riario, Colonna, Caracciolo, five Pignatelli, and at least twenty more of noble houses; next to them men distinguished for learning and scientific attainments, such as Cirillo, Pagano, Conforti, Russo, Ciaia, Fiorentino, Baffi, Falconeri, Logoteta, de Filippis, Albanese, Bagui, Neri, and many more; then men remarkable for their station in society, such as Federici, Massa, Manthone, the Bishops Sarno, Natale, Troise, a respectable lady like Pimentel, and a most miserable one like Sanfelice. Serra and Riario were beheaded, though under twenty years of age, and Genzano, under sixteen."†

These were a few of the murders committed in consequence of Nelson's treachery, and with his approbation. There is no

doubt that a word of his would have put an end to all these infamies; and there is still less doubt that these wholesale executions pleased him, as well as Lady Hamilton and her imbecile husband. On hearing that thirteen poor wretches had been hanged at Procida, he wrote—

"Your news of the hanging of thirteen Jacobins gave us [that is himself and the Hamiltons, in whose house he was living] great pleasure; and the three priests, I hope, return in the *Aurora* to dangle on the best tree adapted to their weight of sins."\*

The universal misery brought on the people by the villains reinstated in power by Nelson's exertions are incredible. We shall give accounts of that misery in Captain Troubridge's words:—

"August 20th.—To-day eleven of the principal Jacobins, princes, dukes, commoners, and ladies, were executed. I sincerely hope they will soon finish on a great scale, and then pass an Act of Oblivion. Death is a trifle to the prisoners."†—"August 30th.—Five of the Jacobins were hung yesterday, and 190 sent to Gaeta to thin the prisons, which are now getting very full."‡—"All dread reform, I mean the people in office; the villanies are so deeply rooted that if some method is not taken to dig them out, this government cannot hold together. Out of twenty millions of ducats collected as revenue, only thirteen millions reach the treasury."§—"The letters from Palermo mention the feasting and the immense sums of money that are spent there. . . . They must finish soon, or every family here [at Naples] will be interested in making a disturbance. They should make some examples, and pass an Act of Oblivion, and let all be forgot. At present there are upwards of 40,000 families who have relations confined." . . . "The innocent and guilty are all afraid of being accused and thrown into jail; and, probably, of having their houses plundered when set at liberty after a considerable time, with nothing to exist on. Constant efforts are made to get a man taken up, in order to rob him. I have seen many instances which induce me to make this representation. . . . The property of the Jacobins is selling for nothing; and his [the King's] own people, whom he employs,

\* *Dispatches*, iii. 376. Compare this savage exultation with the short and reluctant notice officially taken by Foote of the same transaction—"Thirteen Jacobins were hanged at Procida yesterday afternoon, and the bearer of this has charge of three condemned priests who are to be degraded at Palermo, and then sent back to be executed—*Vindication*, p. 122.

† *Clarke and M'Arthur*, ii. 310.

‡ *Id.* ii. 311.

§ *Clarke and M'Arthur*, ii. 312.

\* "Tuesday, [July] 2d. Several of the rebel party were brought on board for examination."—*Log-Book of the Foudroyant*, iii. 508.

† *Colletta*, v. 1. 6.

are buying it up, and the vagabonds pocket the whole.”\*

Nelson, in the mean time, enjoyed himself at Palermo, partook of the feasting along with the Hamiltons, and along with them shared the extravagant rewards which the king showered on them at the cost of a nation which they had been chiefly instrumental in ruining. The hero of the Nile was parading his criminal intercourse, and sacrificing to a vile woman his glory, his honor, and the interest of his country! Malta was besieged, but not by him; Minorca was protected, but not by him; the coast of Egypt was blockaded, but not by him; the French were expelled from the Roman States, but not by him; whilst the captains, under his orders, gathered laurels, he lived at Palermo gambling all night.† His secrets, which might involve the success of an expedition, or the safety of a fleet, were betrayed,‡ and the contents of his letters divulged.§ He was informed of all this, and still went on. The Government at home, aware of his strange infatuation, sent out Lord Keith to command in the Mediterranean—a step that they would scarcely have taken if they had not known that Nelson was beside himself. Keith, after having seen with his own eyes|| what was going on, directed Lord Nelson to take the command of the siege of Malta, and gave such orders as might prevent him from coming back to Palermo; but Nelson left the siege under pretence of bad health, and returned to that capital. On the very day that Keith ordered him to remain in command at Malta, 24th February, 1800, Troubridge entreated him most earnestly not to go to Sicily,|| and soon after that, a very friendly and very plain letter came to him from Admiral Goodall, telling him with as much grace as frankness, that his infatuation was known in England.\*\* At last, on learn-

ing that he had quitted the station off Malta to go to Palermo, orders were sent to Lord Keith, authorizing Nelson to come home, and, at the same time, Lord Spencer, in a most beautiful and friendly letter to Nelson himself, informed him\* that the Admiralty did not wish to recall him, but that, if he could not keep afloat, he had much better come home at once, than stay at Palermo, and that such was the opinion of all his friends. As Hamilton had been recalled, and was coming home, there was no difficulty in persuading Nelson to return with him to England—for Lady Hamilton was of the party.

It is impossible for any one to say, after all this, that Lord Spencer approved of Lord Nelson's conduct. Nelson was treated with all the delicacy and respect which his great services at Aboukir deserved; but his conduct was certainly not approved of. Had the whole truth been known to him, there is no doubt that a nobleman of Lord Spencer's honor would have taken serious notice of what had happened. The learned editor informs us, that by a letter of Lord Spencer, “written soon after, and evidently with reference to Nelson's proceedings at Naples,”† “all Nelson's proceedings seem to have been fully approved of”—(iii. 509.) What grounds the editor had for saying that this letter was written “evidently with reference” to the proceedings at Naples, we don't know; but this we do know, that the letter has “evidently” no reference whatever to the dishonorable conduct of Nelson at Naples. The passage in Lord Spencer's letter, on which the editor relies, is as follows:—

“Admiralty, 7th October, 1799.—My Dear Lord, in answer to your letter of the 23d of July, which did not reach me till the 26th of last month, I can only now repeat what I believe I have before said on the subject, namely, that the intentions and motives by which all your measures have been governed, have been as pure and good as their success has been complete.”

Of course the tenor of the letter of Nelson, of July 23, received by Lord Spencer on the 26th of Sept., must be ascertained, to understand which were the measures approved of in the answer. Sir H. Nicolas informs us that “no letter to Lord Spencer

which I am very sensible myself; but my maxim has always been, *cupidus voluptatum: cupidior gloria*.”—*Dispatches*, iv. 204.

\* *Dispatches*, iv. 242.

† *Preface* to vol. iii. p. x.

\* *Clarke and M'Arthur*, ii. 239.

† *Id.* ii. 205.

‡ *Id.* ii. 311.

§ *Id.* ii. 361.

|| Nelson received the order to put himself under Keith on the 6th of January, 1800; on the 16th of the same month he went to Leghorn from Palermo, where he returned with Keith.

¶ *Dispatches*, iv. 196.

\*\* The letter was written on the 15th of November 1799, the day Lord Keith sailed to take the command in the Mediterranean. The part here alluded to is as follows:—“They say here you are Rinaldo in the arms of Armida, and it requires the firmness of an Ubaldo and his brother knight to draw you from the enchantress. To be sure it is a very pleasant attraction, to

of the 23d of July, has been found, nor is there any trace of such a letter in his letter-book; it [i. e. the date] may have been a mistake for the 13th, on which Lord Nelson wrote an important letter to him. Vide p. 406 ante.\* The letter at page 406 speaks of an end put "to an infamous treaty entered into with the rebels, in direct disobedience to his Sicilian Majesty's orders,"† and informs Lord Spencer that "the rebels came out of the castles . . . without any honors;"‡ but it does not state that

\* *Dispatches*, iii. 509.

† This was not true. The disobedience to orders, even if true, did not concern Foote, who signed, without having any orders to the contrary. Nelson knew it well. It was in consequence of the publication of this "infamous" and concealed attack on his character that Foote wrote his "Vindication." This very honorable and gallant officer did not expose Nelson's conduct till after the publication of this letter, not wishing, as he himself says, by so doing, to act injuriously to his country, and because "all those who were acquainted with the true state of the case, and who regarded the character of Lord Nelson, or the reputation of the country, saw the necessity of burying the whole transaction in oblivion, as far as that could be done," p. 10. His generous forbearance is made the ground of very unwarrantable attacks on the part of the Editor of the *Dispatches*, who, forgetting, as usual, that he himself has published all the necessary documents for Foote's defence, asks why Foote did not make to Nelson suitable representations between the 24th and 28th of June, when he was daily witness of the infraction of the capitulation? (iii. 517.) Nelson arrived in the Bay of Naples on the evening of the 24th of June, and he then asked from Foote a statement of his proceedings. That statement cannot have been given in before the 25th. On that and on the following day, Nelson and Ruffo discussed between themselves whether the capitulation should be observed. So far from any one suspecting it would be broken, the parties most concerned surrendered in execution of the capitulation, and, under the pretence of executing it, possession was taken of the castles on the evening of the 26th. On the 27th, Foote wrote to Lord Nelson, saying, "he should have waited upon Lord Nelson instead of writing, were he not extremely unwell," p. 518, so that he could not know the infamies that were going to take place, nor was he in a state of health fit to remonstrate. On the afternoon of that day, he sailed from the Bay of Naples, (Log-book of the Sea-horse in vol. iii. p. 494), being sent out of the way by Lord Nelson, who thus took from him the opportunity of remonstrating before his remonstrances were too late. Foote was not, therefore, a witness of the infraction of the capitulation, nor was he in a position to remonstrate.

‡ This is also untrue. "The Russian troops allowed the garrison [of Castel Nuovo] to depart with the honors of war, laying down their arms on the side of the marine arsenal, where they were embarked in vessels to be taken to Toulon." These are the words of a petition to Nelson,

there was a capitulation signed by an English officer—Captain Foote—nor is the murder of Caracciolo even hinted at.\* To what would the approbation of Lord Spencer amount, if he was not aware of the dishonorable parts of the transactions which he approved? The assumption that Lord Spencer answered to this particular letter of the 13th, when he said he answered to one of the 23d of July, has no foundation, but in Sir H. Nicolas's fancy. Why should it not be in answer to another letter of the 13th of July, which occurs in the same volume (p. 408)? The letter which Lord Spencer answered, was received by him on the 26th of September; and the letter to which the editor fancies he answered was written on the 13th of July, and sent by Lieutenant Parkinson, who was in it recommended for promotion. Now Parkinson having arrived at Yarmouth on the 9th of August (Vol. iv. p. 20), was promoted before the 20th of the same month,† consequently he must have delivered his letter to Lord Spencer long before the 26th of September. It is due to the memory of this nobleman to acquit him of any approbation whatever, either of the treachery, or of the murder of Caracciolo, with which the name of Lord Nelson stands charged.

We have postponed to enter into the history of this murder, from the reluctance that one naturally feels to show that that unparalleled crime not only is proved by the apologist himself indefensible, but appears, on reflection, and when all its circumstances are considered, much worse than it has been hitherto universally believed. The facts are as follows:—

When the King of Naples fled to Sicily, abandoning his Continental States to the enemy, Francisco Caracciolo, a cadet of

(partly printed, iii. 495 of the *Dispatches*,) by some of the unhappy beings whom he betrayed, and whom he has the effrontery to say came out of the castles at mercy and without honors. The Russian Government was always for the fulfilment of the capitulation. Saggio Stor. § 49. The editor of the *Dispatches* will be glad to find there the evidence of this fact which he seemed to wish, vol. iii. p. 511.

\* Nelson always carefully avoided to speak, in his *Dispatches*, of Caracciolo's execution. He once only alluded to it in a postscript to a letter to Lord Keith, in the following few words,—"Caracciolo was executed on board His Majesty's ship *Minerva*, on the 29th of June;" but he omits to say that it was by his orders, and on board his own ship, that that base murder was concocted. See iii. 393.

† *Dispatches*, iii. 410.

one of the most illustrious families in 'existence, and at the head of the Neapolitan navy, followed his king, as we have seen, to that island. His character stood very high among our own naval officers, to whom he was well known, having commanded, for a time, a Neapolitan seventy-four, (Il Tancredi,) one of Admiral Hotham's squadron, with which Caracciolo took part in the actions of the 12th, 13th, and 14th of March, 1775. He was, therefore, a companion-in-arms of Nelson.\* We have also mentioned, that he returned to Naples with the king's permission, and, of course, no longer in his service.† He was then obliged to take service under the Government of Naples, from which he received protection;‡ and, on various occasions, he commanded some boats which fired at the English and Sicilian ships at war with the Neapolitan Republic. Before Nelson arrived in the Bay of Naples, Caracciolo—if we are to believe the biographers of Nelson§—had already left the castles, and was at Calvirrano on the 23d of June, whence he wrote to implore Ruffo's protection, through the Duke of Calvirrano,

\* Lord St. Vincent wrote of him to Acton in the following terms:—"I have great obligations to the Chevalier Caracciolo for giving protection to the trade bound from Leghorn to Naples and Civito Vecchia lately, the escort having been found too weak to encounter the French privateers in the Channel of Piombino without his aid; and I have every other reason to be satisfied with his conduct during the short time the Tancredi has been under my orders; and I greatly lament the necessity I am under to part with him." 2d April, 1796.—BRENTON'S *Life of St. Vincent*, i. 169.

† Caracciolo fu solennemente congedato dal Re. Saggio Stor. § 37.

‡ Troubridge wrote to Nelson, on the 9th of April, 1799, that Caracciolo had refused service, (iii. 329,) and, on the 18th, that he was "forced to act" as he did (334); and Nelson himself wrote on the 29th, that he (Nelson) believed him no Jacobin in his heart—341. And although Troubridge wrote, on the 1st of May, that he was satisfied that Caracciolo was "a Jacobin," he was obliged to admit, on the 7th of the same month, that "Caracciolo saved Sorrento and Castell a Mare from being burnt."—358. Our navy were the allies of the cut-throats that plundered and murdered: Caracciolo, who preserved his fellow-countrymen's lives and property, was murdered by order of our Admiral, Nelson!!!

§ *Clarke and M'Arthur*, ii. 279. If this be true, Caracciolo cannot have left the castles without the knowledge and the assistance of the besiegers, who, we learn from a letter of Ruffo, published by Foote, (*Vindication*, p. 184,) whilst the capitulation was negotiating, had placed officers round the castles to receive those who chose to withdraw, "to assure them that they shall be forgiven."

from being murdered by the "Christian army," and admitting "that he was bound to account for his actions to those who should be legally authorized by his Sicilian Majesty."\* Then they say, "he escaped to the mountains—an action which by no means displayed the confidence of an honest mind;" as if a man, however innocent, could trust the assassins who shot those whom they thought guilty, and who presented the heads of those whom they murdered to our naval officers, who received most graciously such revolting presents. "A price was immediately set on his head"—that is, a reward offered to any one who should assassinate him—"and, on the 29th of June, 1799, before the arrival of the king from Palermo, this nobleman was brought, in the disguise of a peasant, about nine o'clock in the morning, alongside Nelson's flag-ship, the *Foudroyant*." The first question is: How did it happen that Caracciolo was brought from shore, where the king's authority was re-established, to an English man-of-war? If a price had been set on his head, his being taken to the ship would lead one to suppose that it was there that the reward was expected to be paid; but we believe that the "price set on his head" is one of the usual groundless statements of the biographers. Caracciolo was betrayed by a servant. Colletta states, that Nelson asked Caracciolo from Ruffo, and that it was supposed he did so to save him.† This seems the most probable version. If Nelson did not offer money to get Caracciolo into his hands, he must have had recourse to some other means for the purpose. The people who took Caracciolo were not under the orders of Nelson, but of Ruffo, whose prisoner Caracciolo was. It was natural to think that Nelson intended to save him, because no one would then suspect an Englishman, still less an admiral, of unworthy motives; and because that very day, June 29th, Nelson gave notice to all those who had served the Republic, that if, within twenty-four hours for those in the city of Naples, and forty-eight hours

\* The original letter, or even a translation, has never been published; and this summary by such biographers, is little to be relied on. Suppose Caracciolo said that "he was ready to account," instead of saying that he was "bound." That he was "bound," he need not have said; but to say "he was ready," was saying something both new and important to himself. But who was the Duke of Calvirrano? Where is the place itself?

† *Lib. v., chap. 1, § 4.*

for those within five miles of it, they did not trust to the clemency of his Sicilian Majesty, he would treat them as rebels. What passed on that fatal day is only learned from Caracciolo's enemies; and even their account has been most industriously mutilated by the apologists of Nelson. This renders it difficult to know how Nelson possessed himself of Caracciolo's person. It may have been in consequence of a request of Caracciolo himself, trusting to the honor of an Englishman, and a companion-in-arms. This much is certain: that, had not Nelson wished it, he had no occasion whatever to receive Caracciolo on board the *Foudroyant*.

Be that, however, as it may, Caracciolo by nine o'clock A.M. of the 29th of June, was taken on board the *Foudroyant*, by a mob of assassins, his hands tied behind his back, and with difficulty preserved from the indignities of our allies, by Sir Thomas Hardy, who immediately ordered him to be unbound, and offered him refreshments, which were refused. Nelson at once, it is said, issued the following warrant, addressed to Count de Thurn, commodore and commander of his Sicilian Majesty's frigate, *La Minerva*:—

"Whereas Francisco Caracciolo, a commodore in the service of his Sicilian Majesty, has been taken and stands accused of rebellion against his lawful sovereign, and for firing at his colors hoisted on board his Majesty's frigate, *La Minerva*, under your command, You are, therefore, hereby required and directed to assemble five of the senior officers under your command, yourself presiding, and proceed to inquire whether the crime with which the said Francisco Caracciolo stands charged, can be proved against him, and if the charge is proved, you are to report to me what punishment he ought to suffer."

No time seems to have been lost by Nelson; for by ten o'clock, what is called the trial, was begun on board the *Foudroyant*. Within one hour, from nine to ten o'clock, the warrant was issued—communicated to De Thurn—five officers collected, and the work begun. The warrant states what was notoriously false, viz., that Caracciolo was "a commodore in the service of his Sicilian Majesty," for he had resigned and had returned to Naples with the king's permission long before; and, if no longer in the service, it is difficult to see why not only Nelson, who had no authority whatever, but any one else could order him to be tried by five or six naval officers. He

was accused, Nelson says, of rebellion, and for firing at the Sicilian colors flying in the *Minerva*, which are *two* crimes, though the inquiry was to be, whether *the crime* could be proved—and which crime it was, no one knows. Who was the accuser no one knows. Nelson says, "Caracciolo stands accused," without saying to whom and by whom. Only it is remarkable, that on Caracciolo arriving on board the *Foudroyant*, the accuser is as ready as the person who listens to him. De Thurn commanded the *Minerva*: he was most likely the accuser, as he was the most important witness—and he, the President of what is called a court, was thus judge, accuser, and witness. The five officers whom he was to choose, could not be of a high rank, as there was no Neapolitan fleet in existence: but who they were and what they were, no one has ever known—possibly men against whom Caracciolo had fired, and therefore as impartial as their President: they also were at hand.

What is called the warrant, directs De Thurn and his associates to proceed *not* to try, but to *proceed* to INQUIRE whether the crime can be proved against Caracciolo, and if the charge is proved, to report to Nelson what punishment he ought to suffer. The court, therefore, that Nelson constituted, was a court of inquiry, not a court-martial—a court which was to *report*, that is to say, to give an opinion as to the punishment, but not award it. Hence it is, that its members are said to have assembled on board the *Foudroyant*—an English man-of-war, that is, part of England—in which no foreign tribunal can be legally constituted and acknowledged in its judicial capacity, but where, by an abuse of power, no doubt, an inquiry might be held purposely to save a man's life. The biographers of Nelson, without quoting any authority, tell us that

"during the trial, which lasted from ten o'clock to twelve o'clock, the wardroom of the *Foudroyant* was open, as is customary, to every one who chose to enter. Some account of what passed, has therefore been preserved.\* Every thing appeared to be fairly and honorably conducted."

They do not tell us who accused Caracciolo—by whom he was advised—what wit-

\* The logic of these twin biographers is exquisite. The wardroom was open, therefore we have some account of what passed therein. Better state who went in, and what they say.

nesses and proofs were brought against him—what witnesses and evidence were heard in his defence. They only tell us, that a man of a great family—of unspotted character, in his seventieth year, was suddenly taken among foreigners, and within three hours—without trial—without sentence, doomed to die.

For it is a mockery and a falsehood to say, that Caracciolo was tried by court-martial. The warrant of Nelson—who had no power to issue, and probably did not then issue any warrant at all—was for holding a court of inquiry;—that he issued even such a warrant, is extremely doubtful; only a copy of it is to be found in “the Nelson papers,” but not in the order-book; if the warrant had been actually issued, it was too important not to be entered. The narrative of a trial, by Clarke and M’Arthur, is a poetical invention of those unscrupulous historians who, in the face of the warrant which they first printed, had the courage to assert that Nelson had assembled “a court-martial.” Colletta who, though he had had the best sources of information, and had known and conversed on these events with Sir T. Hardy, had never seen the warrant—speaks of a court-martial being assembled, in which the warrant proves him to be mistaken, but relates that,

“having heard the accusation and the defence, the court thought it would be right to see the documents and hear the witnesses for the defence, but Nelson wrote, ‘there needed not any further delay.’ And then that senate of slaves condemned Caracciolo to imprisonment for life; but Nelson having learned the sentence from De Thurn, answered—*death*—and death was substituted for imprisonment.”—v. 1, 2.

What “this senate of slaves” ought to have done is easily said; but were they free to give safely what opinion they liked, unprotected, on board a foreign man-of-war, commanded by a foreign admiral, who had broken a capitulation, and turned the ships of his nation into prisons and *bureaux* of inquisition? Their commissions, their liberty, their lives, were as much in Nelson’s hands as the life of Caracciolo. Our opinion is that the often-mentioned warrant is an after-thought—a document prepared to guard against the consequences of the murder after its perpetration—that such Neapolitan officers as, besides De Thurn, (and he was a German, and not a Genoese, as has been said in this country,) were called on board the *Foudroyant* to give an

opinion, never passed a sentence, but were overruled by Nelson, if they attempted to save the life of their illustrious countryman, by suggesting imprisonment, in the hope of better days. The real judges, accusers, and witnesses, were Lady Hamilton, Lord Nelson and De Thurn, that is, three foreigners, on board a foreign ship, and supported by foreign arms.

Immediately after what is called the trial was over, that is at about twelve o’clock, Nelson issued another warrant, which is in the “Order-Book” in the following words:

“To Commodore Count Thurn, Commander of his Sicilian Majesty’s frigate *La Minerva*.—Whereas a board of Naval Officers of his Sicilian Majesty, has been assembled to try Francisco Caracciolo for rebellion against his lawful sovereign, and for firing at his Sicilian Majesty’s frigate *La Minerva*; and whereas the said board of naval officers have found the charge of rebellion fully proved against him, and have sentenced the said Caracciolo to suffer death, you are hereby required and directed to cause the said sentence of death to be carried into execution upon the said Francisco Caracciolo accordingly, by hanging him at the foreyard-arm of his Sicilian Majesty’s frigate *La Minerva*, under your command, at five o’clock this evening, and to cause him to hang there till sunset, when you will have his body cut down, and thrown into the sea.”

It is observable how contradictory Nelson would be if the first warrant was authentic. He says, in the second warrant, that a board of officers has been assembled, but he does not say by whom; then he adds that they were assembled “to try Caracciolo,” and that they “sentenced” him, whilst in the first warrant they are assembled merely to inquire and report. At the same time he avoids stating who these officers were, how many they were, and where they had met. Then they are a “board of naval officers,” not a court-martial, and they find the charge of rebellion proved, but they say nothing of Caracciolo firing at the *Minerva*. However, Nelson says they sentenced him to death. WHERE IS THE SENTENCE? Has any one ever seen it or heard where it was to be seen? Never. If a “board” or “court” of any sort really agreed to any report or sentence whatever, where is it? Can it be believed that Nelson, who kept the report of the execution of Caracciolo—which the editor has carefully printed, (iii. 399)—would not have kept either the report which he had directed should be made to himself, or the sentence

which he says was passed, if either had ever existed?

The rest of this authentic second warrant betrays such a disregard of all decency, that it is hardly credible. Why—supposing even the whole procedure legal and fair, and Nelson the proper authority for seeing the judgment executed,—why the unprecedented haste in having Caracciolo put to death, five hours after a trial which lasted two, and for which he had only a few minutes to prepare? Why take from the King of Naples the power of pardoning, by murdering the man at once? The King was at Palermo—in twenty-four hours an answer would have reached Nelson—why not wait, and submit to him the sentence if it existed? And why the brutality of ordering a man of Caracciolo's birth and rank to be hanged, and his body denied the melancholy privilege of a Christian burial? Contrast the noble conduct of the unhappy victim with that of his impatient murderer—

"I am an old man," said Caracciolo to Lieutenant Parkinson, "I leave no family to lament my death, I therefore cannot be supposed to be very anxious about prolonging my life; but the disgrace of being hanged is dreadful to me."

He asked Parkinson to intercede with Nelson that he might be shot!! and the noble lord refused, because, forsooth, "Caracciolo had been fairly tried by the officers of his own country."† Can hypocrisy and cruelty go further? Alas! Caracciolo was not "tried" by order of his country, nor in his country, any more than by officers of his country. Lady Hamilton, who was on board, and who undoubtedly witnessed the

\* This brutality is officially and authentically proved to be Nelson's own. Thurn's report to Nelson of Caracciolo's murder is in the following words—"Admiral Nelson is informed that the sentence on Francisco Caracciolo has been carried into execution in the manner which he has directed."—(iii. 399.) So that the sentence did not prescribe the kind of death; this at all events is confessedly Nelson's own doing.

† The Editor of the Dispatches says (p. 501) that Caracciolo appealed to Nelson "for pardon;" he ought to have known that there is no authority for this statement. Nor is it true he pleaded "for mercy" to the Duke of Calvirrano. He implored "protection" from the assassins, our allies. Of Nelson he asked a second trial, and then the favor of being shot, and not "pardon." There is not one letter of Nelson, or one authentic word of his granting or imploring pardon for any one—not one word of mercy—not one word of pity for those whom he betrayed, and whom he assisted to murder.

execution of Caracciolo, could not be found when Parkinson tried to interest her in obtaining this last favor from Nelson.

The Admiral and Lady Hamilton had the base satisfaction of seeing the order fully executed.\* Persons have been at a loss to account for so much atrocity and hatred. Some have pretended that it was owing to envy and ill-will on Nelson's part towards Caracciolo; the most charitable have attributed it to a kind of spell of Lady Hamilton on Nelson, who was blinded by his passion for her; and this seems the most probable cause of his conduct. As to her it has been supposed that she was moved by her ambition to satisfy the revengeful disposition of *her friend* the Queen of Naples, added to her detestation of the Neapolitan nobility, who refused to receive her in their houses on account of her profligate life.† But the apologist will

\* Some days after Caracciolo's body had been thrown into the sea (July 15th or 16th,) as the Foudroyant, with the King of Naples then on board, stood out at sea, the body of Caracciolo was seen erect, out of the water to the waist, making its way towards the ship. The King, terrified at the horrible and reproaching sight, asked in a hurried manner, "what does he want?" The chaplain answered him as became a minister of religion: "I should say that he comes to implore a Christian burial." "Let him have it, let him have it," was the king's answer; and he retired to his room thoughtful and terrified. (Colletta, v. 1. 6.)—But the English admiral, the English minister, and the lady, soon made the king forget the mild answer of the poor priest, well calculated to inspire humane sentiments. The body floated in that extraordinary manner, owing to three double-headed shot, weighing 250 lbs., which were tied to its feet when it was thrown into the sea. The weight forced the body into an upright position, though it was not enough to prevent its rising to the surface, as it was intended to do.

† The Editor of the Dispatches, after having taken so much trouble in making the apology of his hero, very gallantly enters the lists in defence of the heroines. As to the Queen, it may be worth observing, that on the fatal 25th of June, Nelson sent to Palermo the Portuguese sloop *Balloon* with dispatches, to be delivered with all expedition "to her Sicilian Majesty in person," with directions to wait for an answer, and by no means to chase any thing either in going or returning—(iii. 397.) This shows the importance of the dispatches thus sent. And yet, not a trace of them, or of any answer. He will not admit that Nelson's judgment, previous to the arrival of the king, was perverted by Lady Hamilton—(iii. 498)—and why he should say so, except because Nelson himself declares, that when he disobeyed Lord Keith's orders, after the king was on board, he did so of his own accord—(iii. 409.) no one can tell. He is particularly angry at Capt. Brenton for having stated that he "heard



not hear of these excuses, and stands boldly forward in defence of all that was done. In what capacity Nelson acted "has not been ascertained," he says; yet he assumes that he probably acted as Commander-in-chief of the Sicilian squadron, as if probabilities—for which there is no ground—were enough to prove that a man had power to order another to be put to death; he sees no objection either to the constitution of the court, or to the trial—if there had been one—taking place on board the *Foudroyant*, where Caracciolo was conveyed from his own country, and from under the authorities of his Sovereign. He assumes also that Caracciolo fired upon the *Minerva*, though the warrant for his execution, the only authentic document in existence signed by Nelson respecting this murder, says expressly that he was *accused* of it, but does not say that this *was proved* against him. Sir H. Nicolas is a barrister; will he stake his professional reputation on the legality of such proceedings? But Nelson may have had good intentions. Why, did he not know right from wrong? Had he not the feeling that capitulations were not to be broken any more than men hanged without trial, and without legal authority? But Nelson had a great horror of republicans and rebels; and so had Robespierre of royalists and aristocrats, and what of that? It is not by treachery and assassinations that the cause of the throne and of rational liberty is supported. Englishmen have warmly applauded, and splendidly rewarded the important services of Nelson against the enemies of his country, but the generous love of justice, the fairness, the manliness, for which they are distinguished above all nations, will make them see through the unfair statements and the flimsy arguments by which it is vainly attempted to defend

that Lady Hamilton, in her last moments, uttered the most agonizing screams of repentance for this last act of cruelty (murder of Caracciolo). The prince (Caracciolo) was ever before her—"yes"—(iii. 520) The editor declares, upon the authority of "a lady," who lived many years with Lady Hamilton, and who scarcely ever quitted her room during the last few weeks of her life, that Lady Hamilton never screamed or felt remorse. We are sorry for it, and for "a lady" too, who—supposing it was not her duty to attend Lady Hamilton, in which case she is not an impartial witness—gives this evidence. A great admirer and personal friend of Nelson, who was near Lady Hamilton when she died, says that "her last hours were passed in wild ravings, in which the name of Caracciolo was frequently distinguished."—*Life of Nelson*, by the Old Sailor, p. 485.

the deplorable and infamous conduct of that admiral; the more they are made acquainted with the circumstances of the case, the more will they feel disgusted with his behaviour, and disavow any attempt to justify or palliate crimes which ought to have been buried in oblivion, out of charity to the memory of the guilty party, who owes it only to the indiscretion of his friends that they cannot now ever be forgotten or forgiven.

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From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

#### HOMMAIRE'S TRAVELS IN THE STEPPES OF THE CASPIAN, &c.

*Les Steppes de la Mer Caspienne, Le Caucase, La Crimée, et la Russie Méridionale. Voyage Pittoresque, Historique, et Scientifique.* (Travels in the Steppes of the Caspian Sea, Southern Russia, &c.) By Xavier Hommaire de Hell. Paris, 1843—6.

UNTIL very recently, the most erroneous notions generally prevailed in this country on almost every particular concerning the internal condition of the Russian Empire. Its remoteness, its vast territorial extent, the prodigious numerical strength of its armies, and the gorgeous profusion with which its travelled princes and nobles strewed all the roads of Europe with their gold, suggesting fabulous visions of the wealth that fed that astounding prodigality;—all this dazzled the imagination of our countrymen; and, as they had no very urgent motives for scrutinizing the truth of such appearances, they were content to believe implicitly in their reality. If they looked to the political relations of Russia with other continental states, they found in them apparently all that was wanting to confirm their first impressions. How was it possible to doubt the intrinsic greatness of that power, by which the imperial eagle of France had been struck down when soaring at its pride of place; a power whose haughty leadership was acknowledged, sometimes willingly, sometimes with reluctance, but acknowledged always by Austria and Prussia, and before which the lesser states of Europe cowered like whipped spaniels; a power that had reduced this

once terrible Ottoman Porte to virtual vassalage, and that aspired to wrest the empire of India from the grasp of Great Britain? No; the might of Russia, saving only her maritime deficiencies, was admitted without question; and therein lay for her a source of real power of which she knew how to make the amplest profit. *Possunt quia posse videntur* is an adage never better understood than by the Russian government; and marvellous, indeed, has been its elaborate and successful cultivation of all the arts of imposture. Nor does the system end with the diplomacy of the empire. Barren of invention, the Muscovites are quick imitators; and the mendacious spirit that characterizes their government, pervades likewise every phase and product of their spurious civilization. To seem the thing it is not, is the grand problem of Russian existence, personal, social, and political.

The sorry figure made by the Russian arms in their cumbrous efforts to put down the Polish insurrection of 1832, and their protracted and miserably inglorious contest with the Circassians, were not easily to be reconciled with preconceived opinions.—The credulous belief in the vastness of the czar's resources was shaken; but it was not until after the publication of the works of De Custine, Lacroix, and the author of the 'Revelations of Russia,' that the delusion stood fully exposed. Most of our Trinculos of Western Europe have by this time begun to understand what a very shallow monster it is they took for a demigod; but if there be any whose easy good nature, or whose antiquated Tory prejudices and sympathy with despotism, still cling to the old notions, let such persons refute if they can the weighty testimony of the volumes before us. Many of the most startling disclosures made by the authors we have named, and by others besides, are here abundantly corroborated by a writer whose talents, industry, candor, good temper, and rare opportunities for acquiring information on the subjects he treats of, entitle him to our highest confidence.

M. Hommaire, a French civil engineer, was prompted by his zeal for science to visit Southern Russia in 1838, for the purpose of exploring the geological constitution of the Crimea, and of the vast region of plains adjoining the Black Sea. His ultimate object was to arrive at positive data for the solution of the great question so long debated by physical geographers:—

the rapture of the Bosphorus. The nature of his task soon obliged him to embrace a larger field than he had at first contemplated, and to devote nearly five years to his researches in all directions, from the Danube to the Caspian, and as far south as the northern verge of the Caucasus. Twice in the course of his long sojourn, his professional services were employed on important matters by the Russian government, which conferred on him the temporary rank of colonel, rendered him on all occasions very useful aid towards promoting his comfort and facilitating his scientific labors, and finally marked its sense of his merit, by creating him a knight of the imperial order of St. Vladimir. Thus favored by the local authorities, and gifted with the talismanic virtue that encompasses the possessor of *tchin* (rank), without which a man is less than nobody in Russia, his means of gathering authentic information on the condition of men and things in the czar's dominions, were such as can have fallen to the lot of few other travellers. He made excellent use of his opportunities;—and in what spirit he has set down the result of his observations may be inferred from the following significant words of his preface:—

"Our work is published under no one's patronage; we have kept ourselves independent of all extraneous influence; and in frankly pointing out what has seemed to us faulty in the social institutions of the Muscovite empire, we think we evince more gratitude for the hospitality afforded us in Russia than some travellers of our times, whose pages are filled only with flatteries as ridiculous as they are exaggerated."

Madame Hommaire accompanied her husband in most of his expeditions, and as she bravely shared by his side, for five long years, the fatigues and hardships of the Scythian wilds, so she has also taken her part with him in the lighter labors of authorship. To her graceful and lively pen we owe all the narrative part of the work, comprising the greater portion of the first two volumes. Is there not something extremely touching in these simple facts?—Your critic, as some suppose, should be a wight of stoic mould, a sort of intellectual abstraction, regarding not the persons of authors, and mindful only of the quality of the work before him. Be this as it may, we will own that in this unobtrusive picture of wedded fellowship, there lies for us a charm apart from, and surpassing, all mere

literary or scientific excellence. The devoted wife, the helpmate true and helpful in all things, is a hallowed being in our eyes; and though we had never read a line of her inditing, nor knew whether or no she was a proficient in the writer's art, we would not the less boldly aver that the native beauties of her mind would surely breathe their influence into her pages, making them redolent of kindly, pleasant, and graceful thoughts and feelings. And so it is indeed with Madame Hommaire's narrative. It is before all things delightfully feminine; while perusing it, we seem not so much to read, as to listen to the conversation of an amiable and accomplished woman, who fascinates us as much by the manner as by the matter of what she relates. Her work abounds, too, with novel and curious details, which she seizes with instinctive delicacy of perception. She has great skill in communicating her own impressions and emotions to the reader; she tells a story trippingly and well, and her unaffected gaiety never deserts her, even when she speaks of those crosses and vexations incident to all travellers, and on which many of them, in the excess of their self-commiseration, are prone to descant somewhat tediously. We will not delay our readers with further preface, but proceed to justify our encomiums by extracts. Here is an amusing glimpse at the domestic habits of the great in Southern Russia:—

"Two days afterwards we left Kherson, for the country-seat of the marshal of the nobles, where a large party was already assembled. The manner in which hospitality is exercised in Russia is very convenient, and entails no great outlay in the matter of upholstery.—Those who receive visitors give themselves very little concern as to whether their guests are well or ill lodged, provided they can offer them a good table; it never occurs to them that a good bed and a room provided with some articles of furniture, are to some persons quite as acceptable as a good dinner. Whatever has no reference to the comfort of the stomach, lies beyond the range of Russian politeness, and the stranger must make up his account accordingly. As we were the last comers, we fared very queerly in point of lodging, being thrust four or five of us into one room, with no other furniture than two miserable bedsteads; and there we were left to shift for ourselves as we could. The house is very handsome in appearance; but for all its portico, its terrace, and its grand halls, it only contains two or three rooms for reception, and a few garrets, graced with the name of bedrooms. Ostentation is inherent in the Russian character, but it abounds especially

among the petty nobles, who lavish away their whole income in outward show. They must have equipages with four horses, billiard-rooms, grand drawing-rooms, pianos, &c. And if they can procure all these superfluities, they are quite content to live on mujik's fare, and to sleep in beds without any thing in the shape of sheets.

"Articles of furniture, the most indispensable, are totally unknown in the dwellings of most of the second-rate nobles. Notwithstanding the vaunted progress of Russian civilization, it is almost impossible to find a basin and ewer in a bedroom. Bedsteads are almost as great rarities, and almost invariably you have nothing but a divan on which you may pass the night. You may deem yourself singularly fortunate if the mistress of the mansion thinks of sending you a blanket and a pillow; but this is so unusual a piece of good luck that you must never reckon upon it. In their own persons the Russians set an example of truly Spartan habits, as I had many opportunities of perceiving during my stay in the marshal's house. No one, the marshal himself not excepted, had a private chamber; his eldest daughter, though a very elegant and charming young lady, lay on the floor, wrapped up in a cloak like an old veteran. His wife, with three or four young children, passed the night in a closet that served as boudoir by day, and he himself made his bed on one of the divans of the grand saloon. As for the visitors, some slept on the billiard-table; others, like ourselves, scrambled for a few paltry stump bedsteads; whilst the most philosophical wore away the night in drinking and gambling.

"I say nothing as to the manner in which the domestic servants are lodged; a good guess as to this matter may be easily made from what I have just said of their masters. Besides, it is a settled point in Russia never to take any heed for servants; they eat, drink, and sleep, how and where they can, and their masters never think of asking a word about the matter. The family whose guests we were was very large, and furnished us with themes for many a remark on the national usages, and the notions respecting education that are in vogue in the empire. A Swiss governess is an indispensable piece of furniture in every house in which there are many children. She must teach them to read, write, and speak French, and play a few mazurkas on the piano. No more is required of her; for solid instruction is a thing almost unknown among the petty nobles. A girl of fifteen has completed her education if she can do the honors of a drawing-room, and warble a few French romances. Yet I have met with several exceptions to this rule, foremost among which I must note our host's pretty daughter Loubinka, who, thanks to a sound understanding and a quick apprehension, has acquired such a stock of information as very few Russian ladies possess.

"It is only among those families that constantly reside on their estates that we still find

in full vigor all those prejudices, superstitions, and usages of old Russia, that are handed down as heir-looms from generation to generation, and keep strong hold on all the rustic nobility. No people are more superstitious than the Russians: the sight of two crossed forks, or of a saltcellar upset, will make them turn pale and tremble with terror. There are unlucky days on which nothing could induce them to set out on a journey or begin any business. Monday especially is marked with a red cross in their calendar, and woe to the man who would dare to brave its malign influences.

"Among the Russian customs most sedulously preserved is that of mutual salutations after meals. Nothing can be more amusing than to see all the persons round the table bowing right and left with a gravity that proves the importance they attach to a formality so singular in our eyes. The children set the example by respectfully kissing the hands of their parents. In all social meetings, etiquette peremptorily requires that the young ladies, instead of sitting in the drawing-room, shall remain by themselves in an adjoining apartment, and not allow any young man to approach them. If there is dancing, the gravest matron in the company goes and brings them almost by force into the ball-room. Once there, they may indulge their youthful vivacity without restraint; but on no pretext are they to withdraw from beneath the eyes of their mothers or chaperons. It would be ruinous to a young lady's reputation to be caught in a *tête-à-tête* with a young man within two steps of the ball-room. But all this prudery extends no further than outward forms, and it would be a grand mistake to suppose that there is more morality in Russia than elsewhere. Genuine virtue, such as is based on sound principles and an enlightened education, is not very common there. Young girls are jealously guarded, because the practice is in accordance with the general habits and feelings of the country, and little reliance is placed in their own sense of propriety. But once married they acquire the right of conducting themselves as they please, and the husband would find it a hard matter to control their actions. Though divorces are almost impossible to obtain, it does not follow that all wives remain with their husbands; on the contrary, nothing is more common than amicable arrangements between married people to wink at each other's peccadilloes; such conventions excite no scandal, and do not exclude the wife from society. One of these divorces I will mention, which is perhaps without a parallel in the annals of the civilized world.

"A very pretty and sprightly young Polish lady was married to a man of great wealth, but much older than herself, and a thorough Muscovite in coarseness of character and habits. After two or three years spent in wrangling and plaguing each other, the ill-assorted pair resolved to travel, in the hope of escaping the intolerable sort of life they led

at home. A residence in Italy, the chosen land of intrigues and illicit amours, soon settled the case. The young wife eloped with an Italian nobleman, whose passion ere long grew so intense that nothing would satisfy him short of a legal sanction of their union. Divorces, as every one knows, are easily obtained in the pope's dominions. Madame de K. had therefore no difficulty in causing her marriage to be annulled, especially with the help of her lord and master, who for the first time since they had come together, agreed with her, heart and soul. Every thing was promptly arranged, and *Monsieur* carried his complaisance so far as to be present as an official witness at *Madame's* wedding, doubtless for the purpose of thoroughly making sure of its validity. Three or four children were the fruit of this new union, but the lady's happiness was of short duration. Her domestic peace was destroyed by the intrigues of her second husband's family; perhaps, too, the Italian's love had cooled; be this as it may, after some months of miserable struggles and humiliations, sentence of separation was finally pronounced against her, and she found herself suddenly without fortune or protector, burdened with a young family, and weighed down with fearful anticipations of the future. Her first step was to leave a country where such cruel calamities had befallen her, and to return to Podolia, the land of her birth. Hitherto her story is like hundreds of others, and I should not have thought of narrating it had it ended there; but what almost surpasses belief, and gives it a stamp of originality altogether out of the common line, is the conduct of her first husband when he heard of her return. That brutal, inconstant man, who had trampled on all social decencies in attending at the marriage of his wife with another, did all in his power to induce her to return to his house. By dint of unwearied efforts and entreaties he succeeded in overcoming her scruples, and bore her home in triumph along with her children by the Italian, on whom he settled part of his fortune. From that time forth the most perfect harmony subsists between the pair, and seems likely long to continue. I saw a letter written by the lady two or three months after her return beneath the conjugal roof; it breathed the liveliest gratitude and the fondest affection for him whom she called *her beloved husband*."

Apropos to the chapter matrimonial here touched on, we find the following anecdote of General Khersanof, a man of great wealth, and son-in-law of the celebrated Hettman Platof:—

"On entering the first *salon* we met the general, who immediately presented us to his two wives. But, the reader will say, is bigamy allowed among the Cossacks? Not exactly so; but if the laws and public opinion are against it, still a man of high station may easily evade both; and General Khersanof

has been living for many years in open, avowed bigamy, without finding that his *salons* are the less frequented on account of such a trifle. In Russia, wealth covers every thing with its glittering veil, and sanctions every kind of eccentricity, however opposed to the usages of the land, provided it redeem them by plenty of balls and entertainments. Public opinion, such as exists in France, is here altogether unknown. The majority leave scruples of conscience to timorous souls, without even so much as acknowledging their merit.

"A man the slave of his word, and a woman of her reputation, could not be understood in a country where caprice reigns as absolute sovereign. A Russian lady, to whom I made some remarks on this subject, answered *naïvely*, that none but low people could be affected by scandal, inasmuch as censure can only proceed from superiors. She was perfectly right, for, situated as the nobility are, who would dare to criticise and condemn their faults? In order that public opinion should exist, there must be an independent class, capable of uttering its judgments without fearing the vengeance of those it calls before its bar; there must be a free country in which the acts of every individual may be impartially appreciated; in short, the words justice, honor, honesty, and delicacy of feeling, must have a real meaning, instead of being the sport of an elegant and corrupt caste, that systematically makes a mock of all things not subservient to its caprices and its passions.

\* \* \*

"It is said that the two co-wives live on the best possible terms with each other. The general seems quite at his ease with respect to them, and goes from the one to the other with the same marks of attention and affection. His first wife is very old, and might be taken for the mother of the second. We were assured that being greatly distressed at having no children, she had herself advised her husband to make a new choice. The general fixed on a very pretty young peasant working on his own property. In order to diminish the great disparity of rank between them, he married her to one of his officers, who, on coming out of church, received orders to depart instantly on a distant mission from which he never returned. Some time afterwards the young woman was installed in the general's brilliant mansion, and presented to all his acquaintance as Madame Khersanof."

The account Madame Hommaire gives of her visit to a Kalmuck prince and princess will surprise those whose notions of that people are derived from such travellers as Dr. Clarke, by whom they are described as among the most forbidding in aspect and features, and the most loathsome in habits of the whole human race.

"The little island belonging to Prince Tu-

mene stands alone in the middle of the river. From a distance it looks like a nest of verdure resting on the waves, and waiting only a breath of wind to send it floating down the rapid course of the Volga. But, as you advance, the land unfolds before you, the trees form themselves into groups, and the prince's palace displays a portion of its white facade, and the open galleries of its turrets. Every object assumes a more decided and more picturesque form, and stands out in clear relief, from the cupola of the mysterious pagoda which you see towering above the trees to the humble kibitka glittering in the magic tints of sunset. The landscape, as it presented itself successively to our eyes, with the unruffled mirror of the Volga for its framework, wore a calm, but strange and profoundly melancholy character. It was like nothing we had ever seen before; it was a new world which fancy might people as it pleased; one of those mysterious isles one dreams of at fifteen after reading the 'Arabian Nights,' a thing, in short, such as crosses the traveller's path but once in all his wanderings, and which we enjoyed with all the zest of unexpected pleasure."

After describing her courteous reception, and the slight shock of disappointment she experienced at finding so much that reminded her of Europe in the habitation of a real Kalmuck prince, she continues:—

"After the first civilities were over, I was conducted to a very handsome chamber, with windows opening on a large verandah. I found in it a toilette apparatus in silver, very elegant furniture, and many objects both rare and precious. My surprise augmented continually as I beheld this aristocratic sumptuousness. In vain I looked for any thing that could remind me of the Kalmucks; nothing around me had a tinge of *couleur locale*; all seemed rather to bespeak the abode of a rich Asiatic nawab; and with a little effort of imagination, I might easily have fancied myself transported into the marvellous world of the fairies, as I beheld that magnificent palace encircled with water, its exterior fretted all over with balconies and fantastic ornaments, and its interior all filled with velvets, tapestries, and crystals, as though the touch of a wand had made all these wonders start from the bosom of the Volga! And what completed the illusion was the thought that the author of these prodigies was a Kalmuck prince, a chief of those half-savage tribes that wander over the sandy plains of the Caspian Sea, a worshipper of the grand Lama, a believer in the metempsychosis; in short, one of those beings whose existence seems to us almost fabulous, such a host of mysterious legends do their names awaken in the mind. \* \* \*

"Prince Tumene is the wealthiest and most influential of all the Kalmuck chiefs. In 1815 he raised a regiment at his own expense, and led it to Paris, for which meritorious service

he was rewarded with numerous decorations. He has now the rank of colonel, and he was the first of this nomade people who exchanged his kibiika for an European dwelling. Absolute master in his own family (among the Kalmucks the same respect is paid to the eldest brother as to the father), he employs his authority only for the good of those around him. He possesses about a million desiatines of land, and several hundred families, from which he derives a considerable revenue. His race, which belongs to the tribe of the Koshots, is one of the most ancient and respected among the Kalmucks. Repeatedly tried by severe afflictions, his mind has taken an exclusively religious bent, and the superstitious practices to which he devotes himself give him a great reputation for sanctity among his countrymen. An isolated pavilion placed at some distance from the palace is his habitual abode, where he passes his life in prayers and religious conference with the most celebrated priests of the country. No one but these latter is allowed admission into his mysterious sanctuary; even his brothers have never entered it. This is assuredly a singular mode of existence, especially if we compare it with that which he might lead amidst the splendor and conveniences with which he has embellished his palace, and which betoken a cast of thought far superior to what we should expect to find in a Kalmuck. This voluntary sacrifice of earthly delights, this ascetism caused by moral sufferings, strikingly reminds us of Christianity and the origin of our religious orders. Like the most fervent Catholics, this votary of Lama seeks in solitude, prayer, austerity, and the hope of another life, consolations which all his fortune is powerless to afford him! Is not this the history of many a Trappist or Carthusian?

"The position of the palace is exquisitely chosen, and shows a sense of the beautiful as developed as that of the most civilized nations. It is built in the Chinese style, and is prettily seated on the gentle slope of a hill about a hundred feet from the Volga. Its numerous galleries afford views over every part of the isle, and the imposing surface of the river. From one of the angles the eye looks down on a mass of foliage, through which glitter the cupola and golden ball of the pagoda. Beautiful meadows, dotted over with clumps of trees, and fields in high cultivation, unfold their carpets of verdure on the left of the palace, and form different landscapes which the eye can take in at once. The whole is enlivened by the presence of Kalmuck horsemen, camels wandering here and there through the rich pastures, and officers conveying the chief's orders from tent to tent. It is a beautiful spectacle, various in its details, and no less harmonious in its assemblage. \* \*

"At an early hour next day, Madame Zakarevitch came to accompany us to the prince's sister-in-law, who, during the fine season, resides in her kibiika in preference to the palace.

Nothing could be more agreeable to us than this proposal. At last I was about to see Kalmuck manners and customs without any foreign admixture. On the way I learned that the princess was renowned among her people for extreme beauty and accomplishments, besides many other details which contributed further to augment my curiosity. We formed a tolerably large party when we reached her tent, and as she had been informed of our intended visit, we enjoyed, on entering, a spectacle that far surpassed our anticipations. When the curtain at the doorway of the kibiika was raised, we found ourselves in a rather spacious room, lighted from above, and hung with red damask, the reflection from which shed a glowing tint on every object; the floor was covered with a rich Turkey carpet, and the air was loaded with perfumes. In this balmy atmosphere and crimson light we perceived the princess seated on a low platform at the further end of the tent, dressed in glistening robes, and as motionless as an idol. Some twenty women in full dress, sitting on their heels, formed a strange and particolored circle round her. It was like nothing I could compare it to but an opera scene suddenly got up on the banks of the Volga. When the princess had allowed us time enough to admire her, she slowly descended the steps of the platform, approached us with dignity, took me by the hand, embraced me affectionately, and led me to the place she had just left. She did the same by Madame Zakarevitch and her daughter, and then graciously saluting the persons who accompanied us, she motioned them to be seated on a large divan opposite the platform. No mistress of a house in Paris could have done better. When every one had found a place, she sat down beside me, and through the medium of an Armenian, who spoke Russian and Kalmuck extremely well, she made me a thousand compliments, that gave me a very high opinion of her capacity. With the Armenian's assistance we were able to put many questions to each other, and notwithstanding the awkwardness of being obliged to have recourse to an interpreter, the conversation was far from growing languid, so eager was the princess for information of every kind. The Armenian, who was a merry soul, constituted himself, of his own authority, grand master of the ceremonies, and commenced his functions by advising the princess to give orders for the opening of the ball. Immediately upon a sign from the latter, one of the ladies of honour rose and performed a few steps, turning slowly upon herself; whilst another, who remained seated, drew forth from a *balaika* (an Oriental guitar) some melancholy sounds by no means appropriate to the occasion. Nor were the attitudes and movements of her companions more accordant with our notions of dancing. They formed a pantomime, the meaning of which I could not ascertain, but which, by its languishing monotony, expressed any thing but pleasure or

gaiety. The young *figurante* frequently stretched out her arms and knelt down as if to invoke some invisible being. The performance lasted a considerable time, during which I had full opportunity to scrutinize the princess, and saw good reason to justify the high renown in which her beauty was held among her own people. Her figure is imposing and extremely well-proportioned, as far as her numerous garments allowed me to judge. Her mouth, finely arched and adorned with beautiful teeth, her countenance, expressive of great sweetness, her skin, somewhat brown but remarkably delicate, would entitle her to be thought a very handsome woman, even in France, if the outline of her face and the arrangement of her features were only a trifle less Kalmuck. Nevertheless, in spite of the obliquity of her eyes and the prominence of her cheek bones, she would still find many an admirer, not in Kalmuckia alone, but all the world over. Her looks convey an expression of the utmost gentleness and good-nature, and like all the women of her race, she has an air of caressing humility, which makes her appearance still more winning.

"Now for her costume. Over a very rich robe of Persian stuff, laced all over with silver, she wore a light silk tunic, reaching only to the knee and open in front. The high corsage was quite flat, and glittered with silver embroidery and fine pearls that covered all the seams. Round her neck she had a white cambric habit shirt, the shape of which seemed to me like that of a man's shirt collar. It was fastened in front by a diamond button. Her very thick, deep black hair fell over her bosom in two magnificent tresses of remarkable length. A yellow cap, edged with rich fur, and resembling in shape the square cap of a French judge, was set jauntily on the crown of her head. But what surprised me most in her costume was an embroidered cambric handkerchief and a pair of black mittens. Thus, it appears, the productions of our workshops find their way even to the toilette of a great Kalmuck lady. Among the princess's ornaments I must not forget to enumerate a large gold chain, which, after being wound round her beautiful tresses, fell over her bosom, passing on its way through her gold earrings. Her whole attire, such as I have described it, looked much less barbarous than I had expected. The ladies of honor, though less richly clad, wore robes and caps of the same form; only they had not advanced so far as to wear mittens.

"The dancing lady, after figuring for half an hour, went and touched the shoulder of one of her companions, who took her place, and began the same figures over again. When she had done, the Armenian urged the princess that her daughter, who until then had kept herself concealed behind a curtain, should also give a specimen of her skill; but there was a difficulty in the case. No lady of honor had a right to touch her, and this formality was in-

dispensable according to established usage. Not to be baffled by this obstacle, the Armenian sprang gaily into the middle of the circle, and began to dance in so original a manner, that every one enthusiastically applauded. Having thus satisfied the exigency of Kalmuck etiquette, he stepped up to the curtain and laid his finger lightly on the shoulder of the young lady, who could not refuse an invitation thus made in all due form. Her dancing appeared to us less wearisome than that of the ladies of honor, thanks to her pretty face and her timid and languishing attitudes. She in her turn touched her brother, a handsome lad of fifteen, dressed in the Cossack costume, who appeared exceedingly mortified at being obliged to put a Kalmuck cap on his head in order to exhibit the dance in all its nationality. Twice he dashed his cap on the ground with a most comical air of vexation; but his mother rigidly insisted on his putting it on again.

"The dancing of the men is as imperious and animated as that of the women is tame and monotonous; the spirit of domination displays itself in all their gestures, in the bold expression of their looks and their noble bearing. It would be impossible for me to describe all the evolutions the young prince went through with equal grace and rapidity. The elasticity of his limbs was as remarkable as the perfect measure observed in his most complicated steps.

"After the ball came the concert. The women played one after the other on the *balalaika*, and then sang in chorus. But there is as little variety in their music as in their dancing. At last we were presented with different kinds of *koumis* and sweetmeats on large silver trays.

"When we came out from the *kibitka* the princess's brother-in-law took us to a herd of wild horses, where one of the most extraordinary scenes awaited us. The moment we were perceived, five or six mounted men, armed with long lassoes, rushed into the middle of the *taboun* (herd of horses), keeping their eyes constantly fixed on the young prince, who was to point out the animal they should seize. The signal being given, they instantly galloped forward and noosed a young horse with a long dishevelled mane, whose dilated eyes and smoking nostrils betokened inexpressible terror. A lightly-clad Kalmuck, who followed them on foot, immediately sprang upon the stallion, cut the thongs that were throttling him, and engaged with him in an incredible contest of daring and agility. It would be impossible, I think, for any spectacle more vividly to affect the mind than that which now met our eyes. Sometimes the rider and his horse rolled together on the grass; sometimes they shot through the air with the speed of an arrow, and then stopped abruptly, as if a wall had all at once risen up before them. On a sudden the furious animal would crawl on its belly, or rear in a manner that made us

shriek with terror, then plunging forward again in his mad gallop he would dash through the taboun, and endeavor in every possible way to shake off his novel burden.

"But this exercise, violent and dangerous as it appeared to us, seemed but sport to the Kalmuck, whose body followed all the movements of the animal with so much suppleness that one would have fancied that the same thought possessed both bodies. The sweat poured in foaming streams from the stallion's flanks, and he trembled in every limb. As for the rider, his coolness would have put to shame the most accomplished horsemen in Europe. In the most critical moments he still found himself at liberty to wave his arms in token of triumph, and in spite of the indomitable humor of his steed, he had sufficient command over it to keep it almost always within the circle of our vision. At a signal from the prince, two horsemen, who had kept as close as possible to the daring centaur, seized him with amazing quickness and galloped away with him before we had time to comprehend this new manœuvre. The horse, for a moment stupified, soon made off at full speed, and was lost in the midst of the herd. These performances were repeated several times without a single rider suffering himself to be thrown.

"But what was our amazement when we saw a boy of ten years come forward to undertake the same exploit! They selected for him a young white stallion of great size, whose fiery bounds and desperate efforts to break his bonds, indicated a most violent temper.

"I will not attempt to depict our intense emotions during this new conflict. This child, who like the other riders, had only the horse's mane to cling to, afforded an example of the power of reasoning over instinct and brute force. For some minutes he maintained his difficult position with heroic intrepidity. At last, to our great relief, a horseman rode up to him, caught him up in his outstretched arm, and threw him on the croup behind him."

We pass over the account of that day's dinner; its choice cookery, half Russian and half French; the rich service of plate; the profusion of Spanish and French wines, and the toasts in honor of the Emperor of Russia and the King of France, &c. &c. All this was in very good style, and common-place in the same proportion. After dinner the visitors proceeded to the mysterious pagoda, which had so much excited their curiosity.

"The moment we set foot on the threshold of the temple, our ears were assailed with a *charivari*, compared with which a score or two of great bells set in motion promiscuously would have been harmony itself. It almost deprived us of the power of perceiving what was going on around us. The noise was so

piercing, discordant, and savage, that we were completely stupefied, and there was no possibility of exchanging a word.

"The perpetrators of this terrible uproar, in other words the musicians, were arranged in two parallel lines facing each other; at their head, in the direction of the altar, the high-priest knelt quite motionless on a rich Persian carpet, and behind them towards the entrance stood the *ghepki*, or master of the ceremonies, dressed in a scarlet robe and a deep-yellow hood, and having in his hand a long staff, the emblem, no doubt, of his dignity. The other priests, all kneeling as well as the musicians, and looking like grotesque Chinese in their features and attitudes, wore dresses of glaring colors, loaded with gold and silver brocade, consisting of wide tunics, with open sleeves, and a sort of mitre with several broad points. Their head-dress somewhat resembled that of the ancient Peruvians, except that instead of feathers they had plates covered with religious paintings, besides which there rose from the centre a long straight tuft of black silk, tied up so as to form a series of little balls, diminishing from the base to the summit. Below, this tuft spread out into several tresses which fell down on the shoulders. But what surprised us most of all was the musical instruments. Besides enormous timbrels and the Chinese tantam, there were large sea-shells used as horns, and two huge tubes, three or four yards long, and each supported on two props. My husband ineffectually endeavored to sound these trumpets; none but the stentorian lungs of the vigorous Mandschis could give them breath. If there is neither tune, nor harmony, nor method in the religious music of the Kalmucks, by way of amends for this every one makes as much noise as he can in his own way and according to the strength of his lungs. The concert began by a jingling of little bells, then the timbrels and tantams struck up, and lastly, after the shrill squeakings of the shells, the two great trumpets began to bellow, and made all the windows of the temple shake. It would be impossible for me to depict all the oddity of this ceremony. Now indeed we felt that we were thousands of leagues away from Europe, in the heart of Asia, in a pagoda of the Grand Dalai Lama, of Thibet.

"The temple, lighted by a row of large windows, is adorned with slender columns of stuccoed brickwork, the lightness of which reminds one of the graceful Moorish architecture. A gallery runs all round the dome, which is also remarkable for the extreme delicacy of its workmanship. Tapestries, representing a multitude of good and evil genii, monstrous idols and fabulous animals, cover all parts of the pagoda, and give it an aspect much more grotesque than religious. The veneration of the worshippers of Lama for their images is so great, that we could not approach these misshapen gods without covering our mouths with a handkerchief, lest we should profane them with an unhalloved breath.



"The priests showed how much they disliked our minute examination of every thing by the uneasiness with which they continually watched all our movements. Their fear, as we afterwards learned, was lest we should take a fancy to purloin some of those mystic images we scrutinized so narrowly; certainly they had good reason to be alarmed, for the will was not wanting on our part. But we were obliged to content ourselves with gazing at them with looks of the most profound respect, consoling ourselves with the hope of having our revenge on a more favorable occasion."

Having borrowed so largely from the lady, we will now turn to her husband's portion of the work.—His exposition of the pernicious effects which prohibitive duties have wrought on both the trade and agriculture of Russia, is a very clear and convincing document. Though strongly inclined to epitomize it here, we resist the temptation, in the consciousness that additional arguments and illustrations in support of free trade doctrines are scarcely needed among us at this moment. The advocates of protection are not to be convinced by any reasoning; fortunately, they are a minority and must yield to necessity. However, as the repeal of the corn laws must lead to extensive changes in our foreign trading relations, our author's remarks on the commerce of the Black Sea deserve the serious attention of both parties, of those who hope for, and those who fear a great immediate influx of corn into our ports from the shores of Southern Russia. Both appear to entertain very exaggerated notions on this subject. The immense tracts of virgin soil possessed by Russia, and her command of slave labor, will, it is assumed, enable her to produce cheap corn in unlimited quantity. This may be so, and the corn may rot on the ground for want of purchasers. Before it can reach the coast its price must be enormously enhanced by the cost of carriage over huge distances, through a country that can scarcely be said to have even the rudiments of a system of roads or internal navigation. Besides this, the Russian tariff reacts deplorably on her own exports, especially on her corn trade; and it is a certain fact that agriculture is at this moment in a state of extreme depression in the most fertile governments of New Russia.

Whenever any of the thousand festering evils that prey upon the body of the Muscovite empire are exposed to view, some fond admirer of despotism gets up and tells us of the czar's enlightened views, the pro-

digious designs for the amelioration of his people with which his god-like brain is teeming, and so forth. This is mere slavish drivelling. Some high and praiseworthy qualities Nicholas undoubtedly inherits from nature, which not even the awful curse of his position can wholly extinguish; but the best excuse which charity itself can offer for the manifold wickedness perpetrated by him directly and indirectly, is, that he is condemned to the most pitiable state of ignorance by the inevitable force of circumstances. This 'God on earth' of sixty millions of men, as he is officially styled in the prayers prescribed for his soldiers, is a blind puppet in the hands of the most sordid jugglers. 'The saddest of all things in Russia,' says M. Hommaire, 'is that the truth *never finds its way to the head of the state*, and that a public functionary would think himself undone if he divulged the real state of things: hence in all the documents, reports, and tables laid before the emperor, the fair side of the question is alone acknowledged, and the unfavorable is disguised.' There is no hope for Russia in the wisdom of its government, which is actuated in its home administration by one fixed idea, that of effacing all local peculiarities, however innocent or even vitally subservient to the general good, and reducing all the heterogeneous elements of the empire to one invariable standard. Uniformity is to be produced at all costs by the vulgar device of lopping and crushing down all things to the dead level of a slave population. Some of Nicholas's wiser predecessors, his grandmother Catherine especially, occasionally deviated from their usual routine in this respect, as in the case of the German colonies in the south. Wherever this was done, there grew up palpable standing evidence of the great benefits to be derived from a liberal policy. Favored by the reasonable immunities conferred on them, the industrious German and Bulgarian colonists became most valuable pioneers of civilization. They reclaimed the waste steppe and brought it under profitable cultivation; they offered to their Russian neighbors the best models these had yet seen of agriculture and gardening; and while they maintained themselves in rude plenty by their honest thrift, they contributed largely to the coffers of the state. They were never in arrear with their taxes, and what capital they accumulated was always employed in useful undertakings. When there was famine

in the country, it was always to them the improvident Russians looked for the means of subsistence. It was with good reason that a German colonist said proudly to his countryman Kohl, 'When the emperor comes into this country he cannot but rejoice to see us here: he must own it is to us that Russia owes the cultivation of the steppe.'

The most valuable immunity formerly enjoyed by the colonies was, that their relations with the state were managed in a direct and simple manner by a special committee, so that they were exempt from the villanous extortion and maladministration that afflicted the rest of the community. In almost any other country than Russia no one would have thought of disturbing a system that was found to work so well; but they manage things differently in St. Petersburg. For several years the government has been contriving measures to put its foreign subjects on the same footing with the crown serfs; the colonial committee was suppressed in 1841, and in less than two years several hundred families forsook their lands in consequence, and returned to Germany. 'Seeing the corruption and venality of the Russian functionaries,' says our author, 'this change of system will bring ruin upon the colonists. In spite of all the efforts and the good intentions of the government, when once the Germans are subjected to nearly the same laws as the crown serfs, they will no longer be able to save their property from the rapacity of their new rulers.'

The Russian nation is divided into two great classes: the aristocracy, who enjoy all the privileges, and the people who support all the burdens of the state. There is no middle class, though there are a million and a half of merchants and burghers capable of forming the nucleus of such a body, and needing only a word from the emperor's lips to raise them to the position they are naturally entitled to hold. But they wait in vain for that word; meanwhile, they are treated with the most arrogant disdain by the privileged rabble above them, who plunder and maltreat them on all occasions. Nicholas has of late years shown a disposition to befriend them in some trifling particulars; but the only real service they require at his hands is permission to enjoy, in right of their pecuniary means and their useful calling, the same privileges which are conferred on the lowest clerk or porter in the public offices. This simple

act of justice would go far to change the face of society in Russia; it would augment and consolidate a most valuable body of men; it would gradually extinguish the abuses of the nobiliary system; and it would immediately rid the public service of all those useless underlings who now crowd it only with a view to acquire a footing among the privileged orders.

The constitution of the Russian aristocracy is very peculiar, and is (next under despotism) the chief cause of the majority of those evils under which the country labors.

"The first important modifications in the constitution of the noblesse were anterior to Peter the Great; and Feodor Alexievitch, by burning the charters of the aristocracy, made the first attempt towards destroying the distinction which the boyards wanted to establish between the great and the petty nobles. It is a curious fact, that at the accession of the latter monarch to the throne most offices of state were hereditary in Russia, and it was not an uncommon thing to forego the services of a man who would have made an excellent general, merely because his ancestors had not filled that high post, which men of no military talent obtained by right of birth. Frequent mention has of late been made of the celebrated phrase, *The boyars have been of opinion and the tzar has ordained*, and it has been made the theme of violent accusations against the usurpation of the Muscovite sovereigns. Historical facts demonstrate that the supposed power of the nobility was always illusory, and that the so much vaunted and regretted institution, in reality, served only to relieve the tzars from all personal responsibility. The spirit of resistance, whatever may be said to the contrary, was never a characteristic of the Russian nobility. No doubt there have been frequent conspiracies in Russia; but they have always been directed against the life of the reigning sovereign, and never in any respect against existing institutions. The facility with which Christianity was introduced into the country affords a striking proof of the blind servility of the Russian people. Vladimir caused proclamation to be made one day in the town of Kiev, that all the inhabitants were to repair next day to the banks of the Dnieper and receive baptism; and accordingly at the appointed hour on the morrow, without the least tumult or show of force, all the inhabitants of Kiev were Christians.

"The existing institutions of the Russian noblesse date from the reign of Peter the Great. The innovations of that sovereign excited violent dissatisfaction, and the nobles, not yet broken in to the yoke they now bear, caused their monarch much serious unbusiness. The means which appeared to Peter best adapted for cramping the old aristocracy, was to throw open the field of honors to all his sub

jects who were not serfs. But in order to avoid too rudely shocking established prejudices, he made a difference between nobles and commoners as to the period of service entitling them respectively to obtain that first step which was to place them both on the same level. Having then established the gradations of rank and the conditions of promotion, and desirous of ratifying his institutions by his example, he feigned submission to them in his own person, and passed successively through all the steps of the scale he had appointed.

"The rank of officer in the military service makes the holder a gentleman in blood, that is confers hereditary nobility; but in the civil service this quality is only personal up to the rank of college assessor, which corresponds to that of major.

"The individual once admitted into the fourteenth or lowest class becomes noble, and enjoys all the privileges of nobility as much as a count of the empire, with this exception only, that he cannot have vassals of his own before he has attained the grade of college assessor, unless he be noble born.

"It results from this system that consideration is attached in Russia, not to birth, but merely to the grade occupied. As promotion from one rank to another is obtained after a period of service specified by the statutes, or sooner through private interest, there is no college registrar (14th class), whatever be his parentage, but may aspire to obtain precedence over the first families in the empire; and examples of such elevation are not rare. It must be owned, however, that the old families have more chance of advancement than the others; but they owe this advantage to their wealth rather than to their personal influence.

"With all the apparent liberality of this scheme of nobility it has, nevertheless, proved admirably subservient to the policy of the Muscovite sovereigns. The old aristocracy has lost every kind of influence, and its great families, most of them resident in Moscow, can now only protest, by their inaction and their absence from court, against the state of insignificance to which they have been reduced, and from which they have no chance of recovery.

"Had it been necessary for all aspirants to nobility to pass through the wretched condition of the common soldier, it is evident that the empire would not possess one-tenth of its present number of nobles. Notwithstanding their abject and servile condition, very few commoners would have the courage to ennoble themselves by undergoing such a noviciate, with the stick hanging over them for many years. But they had the alternative of the civil service, which led to the same result by a less thorny path, and offered even comparatively many more advantages to them than to the nobles by blood. Whereas the latter, on entering the military service, only appear for a brief while for form's sake

in the ranks, become non-commissioned officers immediately, and officers in a few months, they are compelled in the civil service to act for two or three years as supernumeraries in some public office, before being promoted to the first grade. It is true, the preliminary term of service is fixed for commoners at twelve years, but we have already spoken of the facilities they possess for abridging this apprenticeship.

"But this excessive facility for obtaining the privileges of nobility, has given rise to a subaltern aristocracy, the most insupportable and oppressive imaginable; and has enormously multiplied the number of *employés* in the various departments. Every Russian, not a serf, takes service as a matter of course, were it only to obtain rank in the fourteenth class; for otherwise, he would fall back almost into the condition of the slaves, would be virtually unprotected, and would be exposed to the continual vexations of the nobility and the public functionaries. Hence, many individuals gladly accept a salary of sixty francs a year, for the permission to act as clerks in some department, and so it comes to pass that the subaltern *employés* are obliged to rob for the means of subsistence. This is one of the chief causes of the venality and the defective condition of the Russian administrative departments.

"Peter the Great's regulations were excellent no doubt in the beginning, and hardly could that sovereign have devised a more efficacious means of mastering the nobility, and prostrating them at his feet. But now that the intended result has been amply obtained, these institutions require to be modified; for, under the greatly altered circumstances of the country, they only serve to augment beyond measure the numbers of a pernicious bureaucracy, and to impede the development of the middle class. To obtain admission into the fourteenth class, and become a noble, is the sole ambition of a priest's or merchant's son, an ambition fully justified by the unhappy condition of all but the privileged orders. There is no country in which persons engaged in trade are held in lower esteem than in Russia. They are daily subjected to the insults of the lowest clerks, and it is only by dint of bribery they can obtain the smallest act of justice. How often have I seen in the post stations, unfortunate merchants, who had been waiting for forty-eight hours and more, for the good pleasure of the clerk, without daring to complain. It mattered nothing that their papers were quite regular, the noble of the fourteenth class did not care for that, nor would he give them horses until he had squeezed a good sum out of the *particularnii tcheoveiki*, as he called them in his aristocratic pride. The same annoyances await the foreigner, who, on the strength of his passport, undertakes a journey without a decoration at the button hole, or any title to give him importance. I speak from experience; for more than two years spent in traversing Russia, as a private

individual, enabled me fully to appreciate the obliging disposition of the fourteenth class nobles. At a later period, being employed on a scientific mission by the government, I held successively the rank of major, lieutenant-colonel, and colonel; and then I had nothing to complain of; the posting-clerks, and the other *employés* received me with all the politeness imaginable. I never had to wait for horsea, and as the title with which I was decked authorized me to distribute a few cuts of the whip with impunity, my orders were fulfilled with quite magical promptitude.

"Under such a system, the aristocracy would increase without end in a free country. But it is not so in Russia, where the number of those who can arrive at a grade is extremely limited, the vast majority of the population being slaves. Thus the hereditary and personal nobility comprise no more than 563,653 males; though all free-born Russians enter the military or civil service, and remain at their posts as long as possible; for once they have returned into mere private life they sink into mere oblivion. From the moment he has put on plain clothes, the most deserving functionary is exposed to the vexations of the lowest subalterns, who then omit no opportunity of lording over their former superior.

"Such social institutions have fatally contributed to excite a most decided antipathy between the old and the new aristocracy; and the emperor naturally accords his preference and his favors to those who owe him every thing, and from whom he has nothing to fear. In this way the new nobles have insensibly supplanted the old boyars. But their places and pecuniary gains naturally attach them to the established government, and consequently they are quite devoid of all revolutionary tendencies. Equally disliked by the old aristocracy whom they have supplanted, and by the peasants whom they oppress, they are, moreover, too few in numbers to be able to act by themselves; and, in addition to this, the high importance attached to the distinctions of rank, prevents all real union or sympathy between the members of this branch of Russian society. The czar, who perfectly understands the character of this body, is fully aware of its venality and corruption; and if he honors it with his special favor, this is only because he finds in it a more absolute and blind submission than in the old aristocracy, whose ambitious yearnings after their ancient prerogatives cannot but be at variance with the imperial will. As for any revolutions which could possibly arise out of the discontent of this latter order, we may be assured they will never be directed against the political and moral system of the country; they will always be, as they have always been, aimed solely against the individual at the head of the government. Conspiracies of this kind are the only ones now possible in Russia, and what proves this fact is, the impotence of that resentment the tzars have provoked on the part of the old aristocracy, whenever they have touched on the question of emancipating the serfs.

"The tzars have shown no less dexterity than the kings of France in their struggles against the aristocracy, and they have been much more favored by circumstances. We see the Russian sovereigns bent, like Louis XI., on prostrating the great feudatories of the realm; but there was this difference between their respective tasks, that the French nobles could bring armies into the field, and often did so, whereas the Russian nobles can only counteract the power of their ruler by secret conspiracies, and will never succeed in stirring up their peasants against the imperial authority.

"What may we conclude are the destinies in store for the Russian nobility, and what part will it play in the future history of the country? It seems to us to possess little inherent vigor and vitality, and we doubt that a radical regeneration of the empire is ever to be expected at its hands. The influence of Europe has been fatal to it. It has sought to assimilate itself too rapidly with our modern civilization, and to place itself too rapidly on a level with the nations of the west. Its efforts have necessarily produced only corruption, demoralization, and a factitious, superficial civilization, which, by bastardizing the country, has deprived it of whatever natural strength it once possessed."

Every man in Russia has his price: that is the rule, and the exceptions, if any there be, are pitied and despised as instances of eccentric folly. It will easily be imagined what the administration of justice must be in a country where bribes avowedly constitute the chief part of the income of every office under the crown, and where the laws, *i. e.* the imperial ukases, are so multitudinous and contradictory, that the judge can always avail himself of the strict letter of the law to warrant any decision he may pronounce, be it ever so absurd or iniquitous. It is but fair, however, to own that the quirks and subtleties of legal casuistry may sometimes by accident help to forward the righteous cause, as in the following curious instance:

"In Alexander's reign the Jesuits had made themselves all-powerful in some parts of Poland. A rich landowner and possessor of six thousand peasants at Poltz, the Jesuit headquarters, was so wrought on by the arful assiduities of the society, that he bequeathed his whole fortune to it at his death, with this stipulation, that the Jesuits should bring up his only son, and afterwards give him whatever portion of the inheritance *they should choose*. When the young man had reached the age of twenty, the Jesuits bestowed on him three hundred peasants. He protested vehemently against their usurpation, and began a suit against the society; but his father's will seemed clear and explicit, and after having consumed all his lit-

the fortune, he found his claims disowned by every tribunal in the empire, including even the general assembly of the senate. In this seemingly hopeless extremity he applied to a certain attorney in St. Petersburg, famous for his inexhaustible fertility of mind in matters of cunning and chicanery. After having perused the will and the documents connected with the suit, the lawyer said to his client, 'Your business is done; if you will promise me ten thousand rubles I will undertake to procure an imperial ukase reinstating you in possession of all your father's property.' The young man readily agreed to the bargain, and in eight days afterwards he was master of his patrimony. The decision which led to this singular result rested solely on the interpretation of the phrase *they shall give him whatever portion they shall choose*, which plainly meant, as the lawyer maintained, that the young man was entitled exclusively to such portion as the Jesuits chose, i. e., to that which they chose and retained for themselves. The emperor admitted this curious explanation; the son became proprietor of 5700 peasants, and the Jesuits were obliged to content themselves with the 300 they had bestowed on their ward in the first instance. Assuredly the most adroit cadi in Turkey could not have decided the case better."

In our author's account of Astrakhan we meet with the following highly interesting and novel fact and comment:

"The Indians, who were formerly rather numerous in this city, have long since abandoned the trade for which they frequented it, and none of them remain but a few priests who are detained by interminable law-suits. But from the old intercourse between the Hindus and the Kalmuck women has sprung a half-breed now numbering several hundred individuals, improperly designated Tatars. The mixed blood of these two essentially Asiatic races has produced a type closely resembling that of the European nations. It exhibits neither the oblique eyes of the Kalmucks, nor the bronzed skin of the Indians: and nothing in the character or habits of the descendants of these two races indicates a relationship with either stock. In striking contrast with the apathy and indolence of the population among which they live, these half-breeds exhibit in all they do the activity and perseverance of the men of the north. They serve as porters, wagoners, or sailors, as occasion may require, and shrink from no kind of employment however laborious. Their white felt hats, with broad brims and pointed conical crowns, their tall figures, and bold, cheerful countenances, give them a considerable degree of resemblance to the Spanish muleteers.

"This result of the crossing of two races both so sharply defined, is extremely remarkable, and cannot but interest ethnologists. The Mongol is perhaps above all others the

type that perpetuates itself with most energy, and most obstinately resists the influence of foreign admixture continued through a long series of generations. We have found it in all its originality among the Cossacks, the Tatars, and every other people dwelling in the vicinity of the Kalmucks. Is it not then a most curious fact to see it vanish immediately under the influence of the Hindu blood, and produce instead of itself a thoroughly Caucasian type? Might we not thence conclude that the Caucasian is not a primitive type, as hitherto supposed, but that it is simply the result of a mixture, the two elements of which we must seek for in Central Asia, in those mysterious regions of the great Tibetan chain which have so much occupied the inventive genius of ancient and modern writers?"

We would fain continue our desultory extracts from this amusing and instructive work; especially, we should like to dwell on the succinct and luminous sketch of the history of the war waged by Russia against the brave mountaineers of Circassia; but space fails us. We must bid a reluctant farewell to our authors, hoping that the appearance of their promised work on Moldavia will soon afford us an opportunity of conversing with them again.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

A BROTHER OF THE PRESS ON THE HISTORY OF A LITERARY MAN, JAMAN BLANCHARD, AND THE CHANCES OF THE LITERARY PROFESSION.

IN A LETTER TO THE REV. FRANCIS SYLVESTER AT ROME, FROM MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH, ESQ.

London Feb. 20. 1846.

MY DEAR SIR,—Our good friend and patron, the publisher of this Magazine, has brought me your message from Rome, and your demand to hear news from the *other* great city of the world. As the forty columns of the *Times* cannot satisfy your reverence's craving, and the details of the real great revolution of England which is actually going on do not sufficiently interest you, I send you a page or two of random speculations upon matters connected with the literary profession; they were suggested by reading the works and the biography of a literary friend of ours, lately deceased, and for whom every person who knew him had the warmest and sincerest regard. And no wonder. It was impossible to help trusting

a man so thoroughly generous and honest, and loving one who was so perfectly gay, gentle, and amiable.

A man can't enjoy every thing in the world; but what delightful gifts and qualities are these to have! Not having known Blanchard as intimately as some others did, yet, I take it, he had in his life as much pleasure as falls to most men; the kindest friends, the most affectionate family, a heart to enjoy both; and a career not undistinguished, which I hold to be the smallest matter of all. But we have a cowardly dislike, or compassion for, the fact of a man dying poor. Such a one is rich, bilious, and a curmudgeon, without heart or stomach to enjoy his money, and we set him down as respectable: another is morose or passionate, his whole view of life seen blood-shot through passion, or jaundiced through moroseness: or he is a fool who can't see, or feel, or enjoy any thing at all, with no ear for music, no eye for beauty, no heart for love, with nothing except money: we meet such people every day, and respect them somehow. That donkey browses over five thousand acres; that madman's bankers come bowing him out to his carriage. You feel secretly pleased at shooting over the acres, or driving in the carriage. At any rate, nobody thinks of compassionating their owners. We are a race of flunkies, and keep our pity for the poor.

I don't mean to affix the plush personally upon the kind and distinguished gentleman and writer who has written Blanchard's Memoir; but it seems to me that it is couched in much too despondent a strain; that the lot of the hero of the little story was by no means deplorable; and that there is not the least call, at present, to be holding up literary men as martyrs. Even that prevailing sentiment which regrets that means should not be provided for giving them leisure for enabling them to perfect great works in retirement, that they should waste away their strength with fugitive literature, &c., I hold to be often uncalled for and dangerous. I believe, if most men of letters were to be pensioned, I am sorry to say I believe they wouldn't work at all; and of others, that the labor which is to answer the calls of the day is the one quite best suited to their genius. Suppose Sir Robert Peel were to write to you, and, enclosing a cheque for 20,000*l.*, instruct you to pension any fifty deserving authors, so that they might have leisure to retire and write "great" works, on whom would you fix?

People in the big-book interest, too, cry out against the fashion of fugitive literature, and no wonder. For instance,—

The *Times* gave an extract the other day from a work by one Doctor Carus, physician to the King of Saxony, who attended his royal master on his recent visit to England, and has written a book concerning the journey. Among other London lions, the illustrious traveller condescended to visit one of the largest and most remarkable, certainly, of metropolitan roarers—the *Times* printing-office; of which, the Doctor, in his capacity of a man of science, gives an exceedingly bad, stupid, and blundering account.

Carus was struck with "disgust," he says, at the prodigious size of the paper, and at the thought which suggested itself to his mind from this enormity. There was as much printed every day as would fill a thick volume. It required ten years of life to a philosopher to write a volume. The issuing of these daily tomes was unfair upon philosophers, who were put out of the market; and unfair on the public, who were made to receive (and, worse still, to get a relish for) crude daily speculations, and frivolous ephemeral news, where they ought to be fed and educated upon stronger and simpler diet.

We have heard this outcry a hundred times from the big-wig body. The world gives up a lamentable portion of its time to fleeting literature; authors who might be occupied upon great works fritter away their lives in producing endless hasty sketches. Kind, wise, and good Dr. Arnold deplored the fatal sympathy which the *Pickwick Papers* had created among the boys of his school: and it is a fact that *Punch* is as regularly read among the boys at Eton as the Latin Grammar.

Arguing for liberty of conscience against any authority, however great—against Doctor Arnold himself, who seems to me to be the greatest, wisest, and best of men, that has appeared for eighteen hundred years; let us take a stand at once, and ask, Why should not the day have its literature? Why should not authors make light sketches? Why should not the public be amused daily or frequently by kindly fictions? It is well and just for Arnold to object. Light stories of Jingle and Tupman, and Sam Weller quips and cranks, must have come with but a bad grace before that pure and lofty soul. The trivial and familiar are out of place there; the harmless joker must walk away

abashed from such a presence, as he would be silent and hushed in a cathedral. But all the world is not made of that angelic stuff. From his very height and sublimity of virtue he could but look down and deplore the ways of small men beneath him. I mean, seriously, that I think the man was of so august and sublime a nature, that he was not a fair judge of us, or of the ways of the generality of mankind. One has seen a delicate person sickened and faint at the smell of a flower, it does not follow that the flower was not sweet and wholesome in consequence; and I hold that laughing and honest story-books are good, against all the doctors.

Laughing is not the highest occupation of a man, very certainly; or the power of creating it the height of genius. I am not going to argue for that. No more is the blacking of boots the greatest occupation. But it is done, and well and honestly, by persons ordained to that calling in life, who arrogate to themselves (if they are straightforward and worthy shoe-blacks) no especial rank or privilege on account of their calling; and not considering boot-brushing the greatest effort of earthly genius, nevertheless select their Day and Martin, or Warren, to the best of their judgment; polish their upperleathers as well as they can; satisfy their patrons; and earn their fair wage.

I have chosen the unpolite shoe-black comparison, not out of disrespect to the trade of literature; but it is as good a craft as any other to select. In some way or other, for daily bread and hire, almost all men are laboring daily. Without necessity they would not work at all, or very little, probably. In some instances you reap Reputation along with Profit from your labor, but Bread, in the main, is the incentive. Do not let us try to blink this fact, or imagine that the men of the press are working for their honor and glory, or go onward impelled by an irresistible afflatus of genius. If only men of genius were to write, Lord help us! how many books would there be? How many people are there even capable of appreciating genius? Is Mr. Wakley's or Mr. Hume's opinion about poetry worth much? As much as that of millions of people in this honest, stupid empire; and they have a right to have books supplied for them as well as the most polished and accomplished critics have. The literary man gets his bread by providing goods suited to the consumption of these. This man of letters

contributes a police report; that, an article containing some downright information; this one, as an editor, abuses Sir Robert Peel, or lauds Lord John Russell, or *vice versa*; writing to a certain class who coincide in his views, or are interested by the question which he moots. The literary character, let us hope or admit, writes quite honestly; but no man supposes he would work perpetually but for money. And as for immortality, it is quite beside the bargain. Is it reasonable to look for it, or to pretend that you are actuated by a desire to attain it? Of all the quill-drivers, how many have ever drawn that prodigious prize? Is it fair even to ask that many should? Out of a regard for poor dear posterity and men of letters to come, let us be glad that the great immortality number comes up so rarely. Mankind would have no time otherwise, and would be so gorged with old masterpieces, that they could not occupy themselves with new, and future literary men would have no chance of a livelihood.

To do your work honestly, to amuse and instruct your reader of to-day, to die when your time comes, and go hence with as clean a breast as may be; may these be all yours and ours, by God's will. Let us be content with our *status* as literary craftsmen, telling the truth as far as may be, hitting no foul blow, condescending to no servile puffery, filling not a very lofty, but a manly and honorable part. Nobody says that Dr. Loeck is wasting his time because he rolls about daily in his carriage, and passes hours with the nobility and gentry, his patients, instead of being in his study wrapt up in transcendental medical meditation. Nobody accuses Sir Fitzroy Kelly of neglecting his genius because he will take any body's brief, and argue it in court for money, when he might sit in chambers with his oak sported, and give up his soul to investigations of the nature, history, and improvement of law. There is no question but that either of these eminent persons, by profound study, might increase their knowledge in certain branches of their profession; but in the meanwhile the practical part must go on—causes come on for hearing, and ladies lie in, and some one must be there. The commodities in which the lawyer and the doctor deal are absolutely required by the public, and liberally paid for; every day, too, the public requires more literary handicraft done; the practitioner in that trade gets a better pay and

place. In another century, very likely, his work will be so necessary to the people, and his market so good, that his prices will double and treble; his social rank rise; he will be getting what they call "honors," and dying in the bosom of the genteel. Our calling is only sneered at because it is not well paid. The world has no other criterion for respectability. In Heaven's name, what made people talk of setting up a statue to Sir William Follett? What had he done? He had made 300,000*l.* What has George IV. done that he, too, is to have a brazen image? He was an exemplar of no greatness, no good quality, no duty in life; but a type of magnificence, of beautiful coats, carpets, and gigs, turtle-soup, chandeliers, cream-colored horses, and delicious Maraschino,—all these good things he expressed and represented: and the world, respecting them beyond all others, raised statues to "the first gentleman in Europe." Directly the men of letters get rich, they will come in for their share of honor too; and a future writer in this miscellany may be getting ten guineas where we get one, and dancing at Buckingham Palace while you and your humble servant, dear Padre Francesco, are glad to smoke our pipes in quiet over the sanded floor of the little D—.

But the happy *homme de lettres*, whom I imagine in futurity kicking his heels *vis-à-vis* to a duchess in some fandango at the court of her majesty's grandchildren, will be in reality no better or honester, or more really near fame, than the quill-driver of the present day, with his doubtful position and small gains. Fame, that guerdon of high genius, comes quite independent of Berkeley Square, and is a republican institution. Look around to our own day among the holders of the pen: begin (without naming names, for that is odious) and count on your fingers those whom you will back in the race for immortality. How many fingers have you that are left untold? It is an invidious question. Alas! dear—, and dear \*, and dear † †, you who think you are safe, there is futurity, and limbo, and blackness for you, beloved friends! *Cras ingens iterabimus æquor*: there's no use denying it, or shirking the fact; in we must go, and disappear for ever and ever.

And after all, what is this Reputation, the cant of our trade, the goal that every scribbling penny-a-liner demurely pretends that he is hunting after? Why should we get it? Why can't we do without it? We

only fancy we want it. When people say of such and such a man who is dead, "He neglected his talents; he frittered away in fugitive publications time and genius, which might have led to the production of a great work;" this is the gist of Sir Bulwer Lytton's kind and affecting biographical notice of our dear friend and comrade Laman Blanchard, who passed away so melancholily last year.

I don't know any thing more dissatisfactory and absurd than that insane test of friendship which has been set up by some literary men, viz. admiration of their works. Say that this picture is bad, or that poem poor, or that article stupid, and there are certain authors and artists among us who set you down as an enemy forthwith, or look upon you as a *faux-frère*. What is there in common with the friend and his work of art? The picture or article once done and handed over to the public, is the latter's property, not the author's, and to be estimated according to its honest value; and so, and without malice, I question Sir Bulwer Lytton's statement about Blanchard, viz. that he would have been likely to produce with leisure, and under favorable circumstances, a work of the highest class. I think his education and habits, his quick, easy manner, his sparkling, hidden fun, constant tenderness and brilliant good humor, were best employed as they were. At any rate, he had a duty, much more imperative upon him than the preparation of questionable great works,—to get his family their dinner. A man must be a very great man, indeed, before he can neglect this precaution.

His three volumes of essays, pleasant and often brilliant as they are, give no idea of the powers of the author, or even of his natural manner, which, as I think, was a thousand times more agreeable. He was like the good little child in the fairy tale, his mouth dropped out all sorts of diamonds and rubies. His wit, which was always playing and frisking about the company, had the wonderful knack of never hurting anybody. He had the most singular art of discovering good qualities in people; in discoursing of which the kindly little fellow used to glow and kindle up, and emphasize with the most charming energy. Good-natured actions of others, good jokes, favorite verses of friends, he would bring out fondly, whenever they met, or there was question of them; and he used to toss and dandle their sayings or doings about, and



hand them round to the company, as the delightful Miss Slowboy does the baby in the last Christmas book. What was better than wit in his talk was, that it was so genial. He enjoyed thoroughly, and chirped over his wine with a good humor, that could not fail to be infectious. His own hospitality was delightful: there was something about it charmingly brisk, simple, and kindly. How he used to laugh! As I write this, what a number of pleasant, hearty scenes come back! One can hear his jolly, clear laughter; and see his keen, kind, beaming Jew face,—a mixture of Mendelssohn and Voltaire.

Sir Bulwer Lytton's account of him will be read by all his friends with pleasure, and by the world as a not uncurious specimen of the biography of a literary man. The memoir savors a little too much of the funeral oration. It might have been a little more particular and familiar, so as to give the public a more intimate acquaintance with one of the honestest and kindest of men who ever lived by pen; and yet, after a long and friendly intercourse with Blanchard, I believe the praises Sir Lytton bestows on his character are by no means exaggerated: it is only the style in which they are given, which is a little too funereally encomiastic. The memoir begins in this way, a pretty and touching design of Mr. Kenny Meadows heading the biography:—

"To most of those who have mixed generally with the men who, in our day, have chosen literature as their profession, the name of Laman Blanchard brings recollections of peculiar tenderness and regret. Amidst a career which the keenness of anxious rivalry renders a sharp probation to the temper and the affections, often yet more embittered by that strife of party, of which, in a Representative Constitution, few men of letters escape the eager passions and the angry prejudice—they recall the memory of a competitor, without envy; a partisan, without gall; firm as the firmest in the maintenance of his own opinions; but gentle as the gentlest in the judgment he passed on others.

"Who, among our London brotherhood of letters, does not miss that simple cheerfulness—that inborn and exquisite urbanity—that child-like readiness to be pleased with all—that happy tendency to panegyrize every merit, and to be lenient to every fault? Who does not recall that acute and delicate sensibility—so easily wounded, and therefore so careful not to wound—which seemed to infuse a certain intellectual fine breeding, of forbearance and sympathy, into every society where it insinuated its gentle way? Who, in convi-

vial meetings, does not miss, and will not miss for ever, the sweetness of those unpretending talents—the earnestness of that honesty which seemed unconscious it was worn so lightly—the mild influence of that exuberant kindness, which softened the acrimony of young disputants, and reconciled the secret animosities of jealous rivals? Yet few men had experienced more to sour them than Laman Blanchard, or had gone more resolutely through the author's hardening ordeal of narrow circumstance, of daily labor, and of that disappointment in the higher aims of ambition, which must almost inevitably befall those who retain ideal standards of excellence, to be reached but by time and leisure, and who are yet condemned to draw hourly upon unmaturing resources for the practical wants of life. To have been engaged from boyhood in such struggles, and to have preserved, undiminished, generous admiration for those more fortunate, and untiring love for his own noble yet thankless calling; and this with a constitution singularly finely strung, and with all the nervous irritability which usually accompanies the indulgence of the imagination; is a proof of the rarest kind of strength, depending less upon a power purely intellectual, than upon the higher and more beautiful heroism which woman, and such men alone as have the best feelings of a woman's nature, take from instinctive enthusiasm for what is great, and uncalculating faith in what is good.

"It is, regarded thus, that the character of Laman Blanchard assumes an interest of a very elevated order. He was a choice and worthy example of the professional English men of letters in our day. He is not to be considered in the light of the man of daring and turbulent genius, living on the false excitement of vehement calumny and uproarious praise. His was a career not indeed obscure, but sufficiently quiet and unnoticed to be solaced with little of the pleasure with which, in aspirants of a noisier fame, gratified and not ignoble vanity rewards the labor and stimulates the hope. For more than twenty years he toiled on through the most fatiguing paths of literary composition, mostly in periodicals, often anonymously; pleasing and lightly instructing thousands, but gaining none of the prizes, whether of weighty reputation or popular renown, which more fortunate chances, or more pretending modes of investing talent, have given in our day to men of half his merits."

Not a feature in this charming character is flattered, as far as I know. Did the subject of the memoir feel disappointment in the higher aims of ambition? Was his career not solaced with pleasure? Was his noble calling a thankless one? I have said before, his calling was not thankless; his career, in the main, pleasant; his disappointment, if he had one of the higher

aims of ambition, one that might not easily be borne. If every man is disappointed because he cannot reach supreme excellence, what a mad, misanthropical world ours would be! Why should men of letters aim higher than they can hit, or be "disappointed" with the share of brains God has given them? Nor can you say a man's career is unpleasant who was so heartily liked and appreciated as Blanchard was, by all persons of high intellect, or low, with whom he came in contact. He had to bear with some, but not unbearable poverty. At home he had every thing to satisfy his affection: abroad, every sympathy and consideration met this universally esteemed, good man. Such a calling as his is *not* thankless, surely. Away with this discontent and morbid craving for renown! A man who writes (Tennyson's) *Ulysses*, or *Comus*, may put in his claim for fame if you will, and demand and deserve it: but it requires no vast power of intellect to write most sets of words, and have them printed in a book:—To write this article, for instance, or the last novel, pamphlet, book of travels. Most men with a decent education and practice of the pen, could go and do the like, were they so professionally urged. Let such fall into the rank and file, and shoulder their weapons, and load and fire cheerfully. An everyday writer has no more right to repine because he loses the great prizes, and can't write like Shakspeare, than he has to be envious of Sir Robert Peel, or Wellington, or King Hudson, or Taglioni. Because the sun shines above, is a man to warm himself and admire; or to despond because he can't in his person flare up like the sun? I don't believe that Blanchard was by any means an amateur-martyr, but was, generally speaking, very decently satisfied with his condition.

Here is the account of his early history—a curious and interesting one:—

"Samuel Laman Blanchard was born of respectable parents in the middle class at Great Yarmouth, on the 15th of May, 1803. His mother's maiden name was Mary Laman. She married first Mr. Cowell, at St. John's Church, Bermondsey, about the year 1796; he died in the following year. In 1799 she was married again, to Samuel Blanchard, by whom she had seven children, but only one son, the third child, christened Samuel Laman. "In 1805, Mr. Blanchard (the father) appears to have removed to the metropolis, and to have settled in Southwark as a painter and glazier. He was enabled to give his boy a

good education—an education, indeed, of that kind which could not but unfit young Laman for the calling of his father; for it developed the abilities and bestowed the learning, which may be said to lift a youth morally out of trade, and to refine him at once into a gentleman. At six years old he was entered a scholar of St. Olave's school, then under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Blenkorn. He became the head Latin scholar, and gained the chief prize in each of the last three years he remained at the academy. When he left, it was the wish of the master and trustees that he should be sent to college, one boy being annually selected from the pupils, to be maintained at the university, for the freshman's year, free of expense; for the charges of the two remaining years the parents were to provide. So strong, however, were the hopes of the master for his promising pupil, that the trustees of the school consented to depart from their ordinary practice, and offered to defray the collegiate expenses for two years. Unfortunately, the offer was not accepted. No wonder that poor Laman regretted in after life the loss of this golden opportunity. The advantages of an university career to a young man in his position, with talents and application, but without interest, birth, and fortune, are incalculable. The pecuniary independence afforded by the scholarship and the fellowship, is in itself no despicable prospect; but the benefits which distinction, fairly won at those noble and unrivalled institutions, confers, are the greatest where least obvious: they tend usually to bind the vagueness of youthful ambition to the secure reliance on some professional career, in which they smooth the difficulties and abridge the novitiate. Even in literature a college education not only tends to refine the taste, but to propitiate the public. And in all the many walks of practical and public life, the honors gained at the university never fail to find well-wishers amongst powerful contemporaries, and to create generous interest in the fortunes of the aspirant.

"But my poor friend was not destined to have one obstacle smoothed away from his weary path.\* With the natural refinement of his disposition, and the fatal cultivation of his intellectual susceptibilities, he was placed at once in a situation which it was impossible that he could fill with steadiness and zeal. Fresh from classical studies, and his emulation warmed by early praise and school-boy triumph, he was transferred to the drudgery of a desk in the office of Mr. Charles Pearson, a proctor in Doctors' Commons. The result was

\* "The elder Blanchard is not to be blamed for voluntarily depriving his son of the advantages proffered by the liberal trustees of St. Olave's; it appears from a communication by Mr. Keymer (brother-in-law to Laman Blanchard)—that the circumstances of the family at that time were not such as to meet the necessary expenses of a student—even for the last year of his residence at the university."

inevitable; his mind, by a natural reaction, betook itself to the pursuits most hostile to such a career. Before this, even from the age of thirteen, he had trifled with the Muses; he now conceived in good earnest the more perilous passion for the stage.

"Barry Cornwall's *Dramatic Scenes* were published about this time,—they exercised considerable influence over the taste and aspirations of young Blanchard—and many dramatic sketches of brilliant promise, bearing his initials, S. L. B., appeared in a periodical work existing at that period, called *The Drama*. In them, though the conception and general treatment are borrowed from Barry Cornwall, the style and rhythm are rather modelled on the peculiarities of Byron. Their promise is not the less for the imitation they betray. The very characteristic of genius is to be imitative—first of authors, then of nature. Books lead us to fancy feelings that are not yet genuine. Experience is necessary to record those which color our own existence: and the style only becomes original in proportion as the sentiment it expresses is sincere. More touching, therefore, than these *Dramatic Sketches*, was a lyrical effusion on the death of Sidney Ireland, a young friend to whom he was warmly attached, and over whose memory, for years afterwards, he often shed tears. He named his eldest son after that early friend. At this period, Mr. Douglas Jerrold had written three volumes of Moral Philosophy, and Mr. Buckstone, the celebrated comedian, volunteered to copy the work for the juvenile moralist. On arriving at any passage that struck his fancy, Mr. Buckstone communicated his delight to his friend Blanchard, and the emulation thus excited tended more and more to sharpen the poet's distaste to all avocations incompatible with literature. Anxious, in the first instance, to escape from dependence on his father, (who was now urgent that he should leave the proctor's desk for the still more ungenial mechanism of the paternal trade), he meditated the best of all preparatives to dramatic excellence; viz., a practical acquaintance with the stage itself: he resolved to become an actor. Few indeed are they in this country who have ever succeeded eminently in the literature of the stage, who have not either trod its boards, or lived habitually in its atmosphere. Blanchard obtained an interview with Mr. Henry Johnston, the actor, and recited, in his presence, passages from Glover's *Leonidas*. He read admirably—his elocution was faultless—his feeling exquisite; Mr. Johnston was delighted with his powers, but he had experience and wisdom to cool his professional enthusiasm, and he earnestly advised the aspirant not to think of the stage. He drew such a picture of the hazards of success—the obstacles to a position—the precariousness even of a subsistence, that the poor boy's heart sunk within him. He was about to resign himself to obscurity and trade, when he suddenly fell in with the manager of the Margate theatre;

this gentleman proposed to enroll him in his own troop, and the proposal was eagerly accepted, in spite of the warnings of Mr. Henry Johnston. 'A week,' says Mr. Buckstone, (to whom I am indebted for these particulars, and whose words I now quote,) 'was sufficient to disgust him with the beggary and drudgery of the country player's life; and as there were no 'Harlequins' steaming it from Margate to London Bridge at that day, he performed his journey back on foot, having, on reaching Rochester, but his last shilling—the poet's veritable last shilling—in his pocket.

"At that time a circumstance occurred, which my poor friend's fate has naturally brought to my recollection. He came to me late one evening, in a state of great excitement; informed me that his father had turned him out of doors; that he was utterly hopeless and wretched, and was resolved to destroy himself. I used my best endeavors to console him, to lead his thoughts to the future, and hope in what chance and perseverance might effect for him. Our discourse took a livelier turn; and after making up a bed on a sofa in my own room, I retired to rest. I soon slept soundly, but was awakened by hearing a foot-step descending the stairs. I looked towards the sofa, and discovered he had left it; I heard the street door close; I instantly hurried on my clothes, and followed him; I called to him, but received no answer; I ran till I saw him in the distance also running; I again called his name; I implored him to stop, but he would not answer me. Still continuing his pace, I became alarmed, and doubled my speed. I came up with him near to Westminster Bridge; he was hurrying to the steps leading to the river; I seized him; he threatened to strike me if I did not release him; I called for the watch; I entreated him to return; he became more pacified, but still seemed anxious to escape from me. By entreaties; by every means of persuasion I could think of; by threats to call for help; I succeeded in taking him back. The next day he was more composed, but I believe rarely resided with his father after that time. Necessity compelled him to do something for a livelihood, and in time he became a reader in the office of the Messrs. Baylis, in Fleet Street. By that employ, joined to frequent contributions to the *Monthly Magazine*, at that time published by them, he obtained a tolerable competence.

"Blanchard and Jerrold had serious thoughts of joining Lord Byron in Greece; they were to become warriors, and assist the poet in the liberation of the classic land. Many a nightly wandering found them discussing their project. In the midst of one of these discussions they were caught in a shower of rain, and sought shelter under a gateway. The rain continued; when their patience becoming exhausted, Blanchard, buttoning up his coat, exclaimed, 'Come on, Jerrold! what use shall we be to the Greeks if we stand up

for a shower of rain? So they walked home, and were heroically wet through."

It would have been worth while to tell this tale more fully; not to enshroud the chief personage in fine words, as statues do their sitters in Roman togas, and, making them assume the heroic-conventional look, take away from them that infinitely more interesting one which Nature gave them. It would have been well if we could have had this stirring little story in detail. The young fellow, forced to the proctor's desk, quite angry with the drudgery, theatre-stricken, poetry-stricken, writing dramatic sketches in Barry Cornwall's manner, spouting *Leonidas* before a manager, driven away starving from home, and, penniless and full of romance, courting his beautiful young wife. "*Come on, Ferrel! what use shall we be to the Greeks if we stand up for a shower of rain?*" How the native humor breaks out of the man! Those who knew them can fancy the effect of such a pair of warriors steering the Greek fire-ships, or manning the breach at Missolonghi. Then there comes that pathetic little outbreak of despair, when the poor young fellow is nearly giving up; his father banishes him, no one will buy his poetry, he has no chance on his darling theatre, no chance of the wife that he is longing for. Why not finish with life at once? He has read *Werter*, and can understand suicide. "None," he says, in a sonnet,—

"None not the hoariest sage may tell of all  
The strong heart struggles with before it fall."

If Respectability wanted to point a moral, isn't there one here? Eschew poetry, avoid the theatre, stick to your business, do not read German novels, do not marry at twenty. All these injunctions seem to hang naturally on the story.

And yet the young poet marries at twenty, in the teeth of poverty and experience; labors away, not unsuccessfully, puts Pegasus into harness, rises in social rank and public estimation, brings up happily round him an affectionate family, gets for himself a circle of the warmest friends, and thus carries on, for twenty years, when a providential calamity visits him and the poor wife almost together, and removes them both.

In the beginning of 1844, Mrs. Blanchard, his affectionate wife and the excellent

mother of his children, was attacked with paralysis, which impaired her mind and terminated fatally at the end of the year. Her husband was constantly with her, occupied by her side, whilst watching her distressing malady, in his daily task of literary business. Her illness had the severest effect upon him. He, too, was attacked with partial paralysis and congestion of the brain, during which first seizure his wife died. The rest of the story was told in all the newspapers of the beginning of last year. Rallying partially from his fever at times, a sudden catastrophe overwhelmed him. On the night of the 14th February, in a gust of delirium, having his little boy in bed by his side, and having said the Lord's Prayer but a short time before, he sprang out of bed in the absence of his nurse (whom he had besought not to leave him), and made away with himself with a razor. He was no more guilty in his death than a man who is murdered by a madman, or who dies of the rupture of a blood-vessel. In his last prayer he asked to be forgiven, as he in his whole heart forgave others; and not to be led into that irresistible temptation under which it pleased Heaven that the poor wandering spirit should succumb.

At the very moment of his death his friends were making the kindest and most generous exertions in his behalf. Such a noble, loving, and generous creature, is never without such. The world, it is pleasant to think, is always a good and gentle world to the gentle and good, and reflects the benevolence with which they regard it. This memoir contains an affecting letter from the poor fellow himself, which indicates Sir Edward Bulwer's admirable and delicate generosity towards him. "I bless and thank you always," writes the kindly and affectionate soul, to another excellent friend, Mr. Forster. There were other friends, such as Mr. Fonblanque, Mr. Ainsworth, with whom he was connected in literary labor, who were not less eager to serve and befriend him.

As soon as he was dead, a number of other persons came forward to provide means for the maintenance of his orphan family. Messrs. Chapman and Hall took one son into their publishing-house, another was provided in a merchant's house in the City, the other is of an age and has the talents to follow and succeed in his father's profession. Mr. Colburn and Mr. Ainsworth gave up their copyrights of his Es-

says, which are now printed in three handsome volumes, for the benefit of his children.

The following is Sir Edward Bulwer's just estimate of the writer:—

"It remains now to speak (and I will endeavor to do so not too partially) of the talents which Laman Blanchard displayed, and of the writings he has left behind.

"His habits, as we have seen, necessarily forbade the cultivation of deep scholarship, and the careful development of serious thought. But his information upon all that interested the day was, for the same reason, various and extending over a wide surface. His observation was quick and lively. He looked abroad with an inquiring eye, and noticed the follies and humors of men with a light and pleasant gaiety, which wanted but the necessary bitterness (that was not in him) to take the dignity of satire. His style and his conceptions were not marked by the vigor which comes partly from concentration of intellect, and partly from heat of passion; but they evince, on the other hand, a purity of taste, and a propriety of feeling, which preserve him from the caricature and exaggeration that deface many compositions obtaining the praise of broad humor or intense purpose. His fancy did not soar high, but its play was sportive, and it sought its aliment with the graceful instincts of the poet. He certainly never fulfilled the great promise which his *Lyrical Offerings* held forth. He never wrote up to the full mark of his powers; the fountain never rose to the level of its source. But in our day the professional man of letters is compelled to draw too frequently, and by too small disbursements, upon his capital, to allow large and profitable investments of the stock of mind and idea, with which he commences his career. The number and variety of our periodicals have tended to results which benefit the pecuniary interests of the author, to the prejudice of his substantial fame. A writer like Otway could not now-a-days starve; a writer like Goldsmith might live in Mayfair and lounge in his carriage; but it may be doubted whether the one would now-a-days have composed a *Venice Preserved*, or the other have given us a *Deserted Village* and a *Vicar of Wakefield*. There is a fatal facility in supplying the wants of the week by the rapid striking off a pleasant article, which interferes with the steady progress, even with the mature conception, of an elaborate work.

"Born at an earlier day, Laman Blanchard would probably have known sharper trials of pecuniary circumstance; and instead of the sufficient, though precarious income, which his reputation as a periodical writer afforded him, he might have often slept in the garret, and been fortunate if he had dined often in the cellar. But then he would have been compelled to put forth all that was in him of mind and genius; to have written books, not papers; and books not intended for the

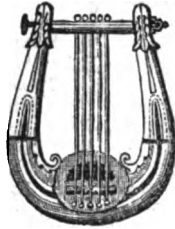
or the month, but for permanent effect upon the public.

"In such circumstances, I firmly believe that his powers would have sufficed to enrich our poetry and our stage with no inconsiderable acquisitions. All that he wanted for the soil of his mind was time to wait the seasons, and to sow upon the more patient system. But too much activity and too little preparation were his natural doom. To borrow a homely illustration from the farm, he exhausted the land by a succession of white crops.

"On the other hand, had he been born a German, and exhibited, at Jena or Bonn, the same abilities and zeal for knowledge which distinguished him in the school of Southwark, he would, doubtless, have early attained to some moderate competence, which would have allowed fair play and full leisure for a character of genius which, naturally rather elegant than strong, required every advantage of forethought and preparation.

"But when all is said—when all the drawbacks upon what he actually was are made and allowed—enough remains to justify warm eulogy, and to warrant the rational hope that he will occupy an honorable place among the writers of his age. Putting aside his poetical pretensions, and regarding solely what he performed, not what he promised, he unquestionably stands high amongst a class of writers, in which for the last century we have not been rich—the Essayists, whose themes are drawn from social subjects, sporting lightly between literature and manners. And this kind of composition is extremely difficult in itself, requiring intellectual combinations rarely found. The volumes prefaced by this slight memoir deserve a place in every collection of *belles lettres*, and form most agreeable and characteristic illustrations of our manners and our age. They possess what is seldom found in light reading, the charm that comes from bequeathing pleasurable impressions. They are suffused in the sweetness of the author's disposition; they shun all painful views of life, all acerbity in observation, all gall in their gentle sarcasms. Added to this, they contain not a thought, not a line, from which the most anxious parent would guard his child. They may be read with safety by the most simple, and yet they contain enough of truth and character to interest the most reflective."

Such an authority will serve to recommend these *Sketches from Life*, we hope, to many a library. Of the essays themselves, it is hardly necessary to select specimens. There is not one that can't be read with pleasure; they are often wise, and always witty and kindly.



From the Literary Gazette.

### THE OTHER DAY.

It seems, love, but the other day  
 Since thou and I were young together :  
 And yet we've trod a toilsome way,  
 And wrestled oft with stormy weather.  
 I see thee in thy spring of years,  
 Ere cheek or curl had known decay ;  
 And there's a music in mine ears,  
 As sweet as heard the other day !

Affection like a rainbow bends  
 Above the past, to glad my gaze,  
 And something still of beauty lends  
 To memory's dream of other days ;  
 Within my heart there seems to beat  
 That lighter, happier heart of youth,  
 When looks were kind, and lips were sweet,  
 And love's world seemed a world of truth.

Within this inner heart of mine  
 A thousand golden fancies throng,  
 And whispers of a tune divine  
 Appeal with half-forgotten tongue :  
 I know, I feel, 'tis but a dream,  
 That thou art old, and I am grey,  
 And that, however brief it seem  
 We are not as the other day.

Not as the other day—when flowers  
 Shook fragrance on our joyous track,  
 When Love could never count the hours,  
 And Hope ne'er dreamt of looking back ;  
 When, if the world had been our own,  
 We thought how changed should be its state,—  
 Then every cot should be a throne,  
 The poor as happy as the great !—

When we'd that scheme which Love imparts,  
 That chain all interests to bind—  
 The fellowship of human hearts,  
 The federation of mankind !  
 And though with us time travels on,  
 Still relics of our youth remain,  
 As some flowers, when their spring is gone,  
 Yet late in autumn bloom again.

Alas ! 'mid worldly things and men,  
 Love's hard to caution or convince !  
 And hopes, which were but fables then,  
 Have left with us their moral since ;  
 The twilight of the memory cheers  
 The soul with many a star sublime,  
 And still the mists of other years  
 Hang dew-drops on the leaves of Time.

For what was then obscure and far  
 Hath grown more radiant to our eyes,  
 Although the promised, hoped-for star  
 Of social love hath yet to rise.  
 Still foot by foot the world is crost—  
 Still onward, though it slow appear,  
 Who knows how small a balance lost  
 Might cast the bright sun from its sphere !

All time is lost in littleness !  
 All time, alas ! if rightly shown,  
 Is but a shadow, more or less,  
 Upon life's lowly dial thrown.  
 The greatest pleasures, greatest grief,  
 Can never bear the test of years :  
 The pleasures vanish leaf by leaf,  
 The sorrow wastes away in tears.

Then, though it seem a trifling space  
 Since youth, and love, and hope were ours,  
 Yet those who love us most may trace  
 The hand of age amid our flowers.  
 Thus day by day life's ages grow ;  
 The sands which hourly fall and climb  
 Mark centuries in their censeless flow,  
 And cast the destinies of Time !

### TO MY DAUGHTER ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

BY THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

DEAR Fanny ! nine long years ago,  
 While yet the morning sun was low,  
 And rosy with the eastern glow  
 The landscape smiled :  
 Whilst lowed the newly-wakened herds—  
 Sweet as the early song of birds  
 I heard those first delightful words,  
 'Thou hast a child !'

Along with that uprising dew  
 Tears glistened in my eye, though few,  
 To hail the dawning quite as new  
 To me as Time :  
 It was not sorrow—not annoy—  
 But like a happy maid, though coy,  
 With grief-like welcome, even Joy  
 Forestalls its prime.

So mayest thou live, dear, many years,  
 In all the bliss that life endears,—  
 Not without smiles, nor yet from tears  
 Too strictly kept :  
 When first thy infant littleness  
 I folded in my fond caress,  
 The greatest proof of happiness  
 Was this—I wept !

## FAREWELL LIFE—WELCOME LIFE.

BY THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

FAREWELL Life! my senses swim,  
And the world is growing dim;  
Thronging shadows cloud the light,  
Like the advent of the night—  
Colder, colder, colder still,  
Upward steals a vapor chill;  
Strong the earthy odor grows—  
I smell the mould above the rose!

Welcome, Life! the spirit strives!  
Strength returns and hope revives!  
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn  
Fly like shadows at the morn:  
O'er the earth there comes a bloom;  
Sunny light for sullen gloom,  
Warm perfume for vapor cold—  
I smell the rose above the mould!

## THE TREE AND THE SPRING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ROSELL.

A TREE in youthful beauty  
Did love a gentle spring,  
And oftentimes in its eddies  
In jest a leaf would fling.

Oh, would she but retain it,  
How happy were my lot!  
But always on she sends it,  
As though she loved it not.

Oh, could he see but only  
In the enchantress' heart  
If she retained his likeness!—  
So poignant was his smart.

But she was gay and bounding,  
Showed not a single trace  
Of kindly being disposed to  
The monarch of the place.

And then the tree looked gloomy,  
Looked sorrowful below;  
For love, when it is hopeless,  
Brings youthful hearts much woe.

Yet when the stream lay ice-bound  
At ending of the year,  
He saw within her mirror  
His likeness fair and clear;

Saw in her heart deep hidden  
Full many a leaf he gave,  
Which still, and all in secret,  
She'd guarded there to save.

Oft learn we first, when only  
The loved one's on her bier,  
How deep her heart's affection—  
How loved we were—how dear!

## BELIEVE ME.

BELIEVE me, or believe me not,  
At other shrine I ne'er could bow;  
The world itself might be forgot,—  
But never thou—oh, never thou!  
Though absent, I recall thy charms;  
And wished as lovers when they part—  
I'd, like the vine, a thousand arms,  
To clasp thee—hold thee—to my heart.

There's not a pulse within my breast  
But thrills and trembles to thy touch;  
Forget?—oh no!—the fear is lest  
My soul may love thee overmuch!  
Thy very name each feeling warms;  
And oft, though vain, the wish will start,  
That, vine-like, I'd a thousand arms  
To clasp thee ever to my heart!

CHARLES SWAIN.

## THE DEATH-BED.

BY THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

WE watched her breathing through the night,  
Her breathing soft and low,  
As in her breast the wave of life  
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,  
So slowly moved about,  
As we had lent her half our powers  
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,  
Our fears our hopes belied—  
We thought her dying when she slept,  
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,  
And chill with early showers,  
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had  
Another morn than ours.

From Tait's Magazine.

## SLEEP.

SLEEP! mild and beautiful sleep!  
Luller of thought!  
Swiftly my soul with thy spirit steep,  
Upgather'd into thy bosom deep,  
Alive to nought.

Deep as a fathomless lake,  
The restless play  
Of curling billows that boil and break,  
Still'd until night with the silence, ache  
And long for day.

Soft as the shadowed moon  
In waters deep;  
Calm as the presence of burning June,  
Hushing the winds in the languid noon,—  
Come, sweet sleep!

From the Literary Gazette.

### TO EARLY FLOWERS.

BEAUTIFUL Spring-flowers! in the lap of winter,  
Ah, how vainly ye cast your little garlands!  
—Winter cares not—Winter will never love you;  
Trust not the cold one.

Purest of blue may tinge the cloudless ether:  
Leaves may peep from the naked boughs untimely;  
Birds e'en now may warble the early bride-lay;—  
Liat not the false ones.

Ye have a home where Winter may not harm you:  
Wherefore come ye, ye too-confiding blossoms?  
Hark! not yet your own Philomela calls you;  
Wait ye the true one.

Early thou comest, azure *Myosotis*.  
What, and fearest thou the lover shall forget thee!  
Thy bright blooms how many a loved one prizes!  
Wait, *Veronica*.

*Viola*, come not, nor thy sister *Pansy*,  
Shrine of tenderest thought! till Spring returning,  
Breathes her own sweet music through all the  
green woods.  
*Viola*, come not.

Winter but holds you in his icy fingers;  
His chill frown shall descend upon your fair  
leaves:  
Winter's smiles but gleam for the snowy Alp-peak,  
Robed in its own glory.

So, in a cold and selfish world, too often  
Some fair spirit arises—ah, how vainly!  
Comes she not like you—and like you, to perish,  
Beautiful spring-flowers!

*Horsham.*

G. B. HOLMES.

From Tait's Magazine.

### LINES TO A MOTHERLESS BABE ASLEEP.

Hush, hush, he sleeps! Oh! softly tread,  
Nor wake the infant's blessed dreams;  
Love pillows now his precious head,  
Affection's eye upon him beams;  
Sleep on, dear baby boy!

Oh, watch the roseate tints that play  
Upon his downy cheek, the smile  
Around his tiny mouth. Oh say,  
What are thy thoughts untouched with guile,  
Sweet, trusting baby boy?

Have they now stray'd to that land where  
Thy angel-mother's soul is flown?  
Dost thou with her communion share,  
With things of light around God's throne,  
Thou blessed baby boy?

Or, doth her spirit hover round,  
And guard thy sleep with all the care

That in a mother's heart is found;  
The holiest thing that blossom'd here,  
To greet thee, baby boy?

Oh may thy heart in after years,  
Feel well how great her love for thee,  
When thou dost know the bitter tears  
She shed, ere that her soul did flee  
From thee, her baby boy!

When all was brightly round her beaming,  
When love had strengthened each dear tie,  
The mandate came, with sorrow teeming,—  
Her Father call'd, and she must die,  
And leave thee, baby boy!

Meekly that angel soul obey'd,  
And drank the bitter cup so young;  
For all she loved she fervent pray'd,  
And blessings from her last breath sprung,  
Her husband and her boy.

Sleep on, sweet babe! the child of prayer  
To us is left; and Heaven still  
Will guard thy growing footsteps here,  
And mark the path thou must fulfil,  
Oh blessed baby boy!

E. C. M'C.

From the Eclectic Review.

### HYMN.

BY REV. CHARLES E. TAYLER.

How blessed are the sons of light!  
Though poor on earth, and ill at ease,  
The path of faith and not of sight,  
Is that of pleasantness and peace.

Loud laughter and the idle jest  
May rise amid the ungodly throng,  
But calm content, and holy rest,  
To pilgrims of the cross belong.

In thee, sweet Source of heavenly peace,  
All fresh and living springs are found;  
And the deep well knows no decrease,  
From whence those gladdening springs  
abound.

What though the vain and worldly deem  
The way of God a desert rude,  
Green pastures and the tranquil stream  
Are found in that sweet solitude.

There the good shepherd loves to lead,  
In noontide heat His little flock:  
There they repose and there they feed,  
Beneath the shadow of the Rock.

Fearless of harm, to that clear spring  
The dove descends, her wandering o'er,  
Laves in the stream her weary wing,  
Nor leaves the quiet shelter more.

Thou God of grace, and peace, and love!  
Teach me to find that region blest;  
Oh for the pinions of the dove,  
To flee away and be at rest!



## AN EVENING HYMN.

BY THOMAS MILLER, BASKET MAKER.

How many days, with mute adieu,  
Have gone down yon untrodden sky !  
And still it looks as clear and blue,  
As when it first was hung on high.  
The rolling sun, the frowning cloud  
That threw the lightning in its rear,  
The thunder, trampling deep and loud,  
Have left no dark impression there.

The village bells, with silver chime,  
Come softened by the distant shore ;  
Though I have heard them many a time,  
They never rang so sweet before,  
And silence rests upon the hill ;  
A listening awe pervades the air ;  
The very flowers are shut, and still,  
And bowed, as if in silent prayer.

The darkening woods, the falling trees,  
The grasshopper's fast feeble sound,  
The flowers just awakened by the breeze,  
All leave the stillness more profound.  
The twilight takes a deeper shade,  
The dusky pathways blacker grow,  
And silence reigns in glen and glade,  
And all is mute below.

Now shine the starry hosts of night,  
Gazing on earth with golden eyes ;  
Bright guardians of the blue-browed night,  
What are ye in your native skies ?  
I know not ! neither can I know,  
Nor on what leader ye attend,  
For whence ye came, nor whither go,  
Nor what your aim or what your end.

Yet there ye shine, and there have shone,  
In one eternal "hour of prime,"  
Each rolling burningly, alone,  
Through boundless space and countless time.  
Aye, there ye shine, the golden dews,  
That pave the realms by seraphs trod ;  
There, through yon echoing vaults diffuse  
The song of choral worlds to God.

Gold wears to dust—yet there ye are ;  
Time rots the diamond—there ye roll  
In primal light, as if each star  
Enshrined an everlasting soul !  
And does it not—since your bright throngs  
One all-enlightening spirit own,  
Praised there by pure sidereal tongues,  
Eternal, glorious, blest alone ?

Could men but see what you have seen—  
Unfold awhile the shrouded past,  
From all that is, to what has been,—  
The glance how rich ! the range how vast !  
The birth of time, the rise, the fall  
Of empires, myriads, ages flown,  
Thrones, cities, tongues, arts, worship—all  
The things whose echoes are not gone.

And there ye shine, as if to mock  
The children of a mortal sire,  
The storm, the bolt, the earthquake's shock,  
The red volcano's cataract fire,

Drought, famine, plague and blood and flame,  
All nature's ills, and life's worst woes,  
Are nought to you ; ye smile the same,  
And scorn alike their dawn and close.

Not only doth the voiceful day  
Thy loving kindness, Lord, proclaim—  
But night, with its sublime array  
Of worlds doth magnify thy name !  
Yea—while adoring seraphim  
Before thee bend the willing knee,  
From every star a choral hymn  
Goes up unceasingly to thee !

Oh Holy Father ! 'mid the calm  
And stillness of this evening hour,  
We here would lift our solemn psalm  
To praise thy goodness and thy power !  
And worlds beyond the furthest star  
Whose light hath reached the human eye,  
Shall catch the anthem from afar  
And roll it through immensity !

Kept by thy goodness through the day,  
Thankgivings to thy name we pour ;  
Night o'er us, with its tears, we pray  
Thy love to guard us evermore !  
In grief console—in gladness bless—  
In darkness, guide—in sickness, cheer—  
Till, in the Savior's righteousness,  
Before thy throne our souls appear !

## "HAVE FAITH IN ONE ANOTHER."

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

## I.

Have faith in one another  
When ye meet in friendship's name ;  
In the true friend is a brother,  
And his heart should throb the same ;  
Though your paths in life may differ,  
Since the hours when first ye met,  
Have faith in one another,  
You may need that friendship yet.

## II.

Have faith in one another,  
When ye whisper love's fond vow ;  
It will not be always summer,  
Nor be always bright as now ;  
And when wintry clouds hang o'er thee,  
If some kindred heart ye share,  
And have faith in one another,  
Oh ! ye never shall despair.

## III.

Have faith in one another,  
And let honor be your guide,  
And let truth alone be spoken,  
Whatever may betide ;  
The false may reign a season,  
And oh ! doubt not that it will,  
But, have faith in one another,  
And the truth shall triumph still.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## A BRITISH OPINION OF JONATHAN EDWARDS.

—The most elaborate treatise on original sin is, confessedly, that of President Edwards, of America. It is not only the most elaborate, but the most complete. There was every thing in the intellectual character, the devout habits, and the long practice of this powerful reasoner, to bring his gigantic specimens of theological argument as near to perfection as we may expect any human composition to approach; unless we except, and even this exception is not in all respects a disadvantage to so abstract a reasoner, his comparative deficiency in theological learning. We are not aware that any other human compositions exhibit, in the same degree as his, the love of truth, mental independence, grasp of intellect, power of consecrating all his strength on a difficult inquiry, reverence for God, calm self-possession, superiority to all political unfairness, benevolent regard for the highest interests of man, keen analysis of arguments, and the irresistible force of ratiocination. He reminds us of the scene described by Sir Walter Scott, between Richard and Saladin, uniting in himself the sharpness of the scimitar with the strength of the battle-axe. To the doctrine of original sin, he brings his experience as a polemical writer, sanctified by his ripening devotion as a Christian. With the accomplishments which have won the admiration of the greatest philosophers, he has, in this treatise, joined the comprehensive survey of facts, the facility in reducing these facts to a general principle, and the dignified sobriety in explaining and applying texts of Scripture, which place him high in the first order of Christian theologians. His piety is so exalted, his reasonings are so lucid, that we feel, in studying this production, that we are dealing with a man whom it is hardly possible to charge either with an unsound principle, or with a fallacious argument. His style of language, indeed, though not wanting in perspicuity and fitness for his purpose, is cumbrous, involved, and far from being elegant; but what he wants in gracefulness, he more than compensates by vigor; like the statue of Hercules, that strikes our feeling of strength rather than of beauty.

His one simple object is, to convince: with this object nothing interferes—neither feeling, nor learning, nor fancy. He seems to live in a region where there is no element but light, and no enjoyment but the perception of truth; the light is felt to be from heaven, the truth relating to God and man and immortality. It is the genius of philosophy in the temple, laying the richest offering of intellect on the altar of God, confessing in the name of all humanity the common sin, and adoring the Holy One as the spring, not of being only, but of goodness to his creatures. We know not whether it be possible to select any other human writing of the same length, in which the proposed object is so steadily kept in view, and attained by stages so natural, and so logically certain: with nothing superficial, nothing irrelevant, nothing obscure, nothing to disturb the calmest intellect, or to shock the purest heart. Comparing it with the works of Jeremy Taylor on the same subject, we should say the flowing eloquence of the learned bishop cannot conceal his shallowness from the reader of any experi-

ence in controversy; while there is a depth, a fulness, a cogency in the arguments of Edwards which we think it would not be possible for the unbiased understanding to resist.—*Quart. Rev.*

**BURYING ALIVE.**—The custom of premature burial in France—or rather the law, for we believe it is matter of police regulation—whatever arguments of sound policy it may have to recommend it, is opposed by one of such overwhelming force, that the continued maintenance of the practice, in defiance of that, is one of those curious social problems, our satire against which is only disarmed by remembering how many such obstinate errors there are amongst ourselves. There is in this neglected argument an analogy, which seems to us terrible and striking, with that which we have always held to be the one unanswerable reason (supposing there to be no other,) against the infliction of death as a punishment for crime—the uncertainty of human testimony, the fallacy of human inference, and the irrevocable nature of the penalty if a wrong be done at the instigation of the one or of the other. One single discovery of the kind should have been enough to arrest the sword in the hand of the executioner for ever after—a number such, make every subsequent execution, in a doubtful case,—surround it by what rules and formalities you will—a murder. So, when we consider the many cases in which life puts on the temporary aspect of death—brought prominently before the public notice, too, as the instances have been by recent discussions—it might be supposed that the Frenchman would shrink from the mere speculative chance of being *buried alive*; but if the speculation were borne out by a single fact, we can scarcely conceive of any sanitary or other arguments strong enough or inevitable enough to maintain the practice for a day longer. What, then, by those who know how men's fears and tenderness ordinarily operate, shall be said of its continued assertion in the face of such fearful statistics (official) as the following? The number of living interments that have been interrupted by accidental circumstances alone, in France, since 1833, amounts to 94! Ninety-four attested cases, in which the living have narrowly escaped being laid amongst the dead!—the wrong of the premature death being nothing to the horror of that inconceivable awakening in the grave! In the eye of common sense, judged by the rules of the most ordinary inference, each one of these cases, not so escaped, would have been a murder; because the plea of non-intention cannot be allowed to a law which risks it against such evidence as this. Of these ninety-four cases, 35 persons recovered spontaneously from their lethargy at the moment when the funeral ceremonies were about taking place; 13 were aroused under the stimulus of the busy love and grief about them; 7 by the fall of the coffin which enclosed them; 9 by the pricking of their flesh in sewing up the shroud; 5 by the sense of suffocation in their coffins; 19 by accidental delays which occurred in the interment (how significant is this item!) and 6 by voluntary delays suggested by doubts as to the death! These, then, are they who have escaped: now, think of the whole numerous family of trances and epilepsies, and remember that the population of France are habitually huddled into their narrow homes within four-and-twenty, or at most eight

and-forty hours after death—before the grim conqueror has had time, in most cases, to “hang his ensign there” —

Ere yet decay's effacing fingers  
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,—

And then calculate, if you dare, the numbers whom no such intervening angel came to rescue from this inconceivable horror! On that head the statistics, of course, are silent,—but suggestive. Of all but these 94, the grave keeps the secret: but remember that of all who, since 1833, were about to be *buried alive*, these are the *favorites of accident*: then take to your Tables of Chances, and tremble before the resulting relative figure which they present!—And for all this amount of horror the cure is easy. In England no man is laid in the grave, till signs have set in of that coming corruption, which, however the heart may shrink from it, relieves at least from this most terrible fear of all. In France, if the dead *must* be put away so soon, it should be by fire, as of old—or, at least, the surgeon should operate, in mercy, before the coffin-lid be closed.—*Athenæum*.

**THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE LOCUST.**—In the summer evenings it is common to see upon the trunks of trees, reeds, or any upright object, a heavy-looking, lump-backed, brown beetle, an inch and a half long, with a scaly coat, clawed lobster-like legs, and a somewhat dirty aspect; which latter is easily accounted for by the little hole visible in the turf at the foot of the tree, whence he has lately crept. I have sometimes carried them home and watched with great interest the poor locust ‘shuffle off his mortal,’ or rather earthly ‘coil,’ and emerge into a new world. The first symptom is the opening of a small slit which appears in the back of his coat, between the shoulders, through which, as it slowly gapes wider, a pale, sickly-looking texture is seen, throbbing, and heaving backwards and forwards. Presently a fine square head, with two light red eyes, has disengaged itself, and in process of time (for the transformation goes on almost imperceptibly) this is followed by the liberation of a portly body and a conclusion; after which the brown leggings are pulled off like boots, and a pale cream-colored, weak, soft creature very tenderly walks away from its former self, which remains standing entire, like the coat of mail of a warrior of old—the shelly plates of the eyes that are gone looking after their lost contents with sad lack of ‘speculation’ in them. On the back of the new-born creature lie two small bits of membrane, doubled and crumpled up in a thousand puckers, like a Limerick glove in a walnut-shell; these now begin to unfold themselves, and gradually spread smoothly out in two large beautiful opal-colored wings, which by the following morning, have become clearly transparent, while the body has acquired its proper hard consistency and dark color; and when placed on a tree the happy thing soon begins its whirring, creaking chirruping song, which continues with little intermission, as long as its harmless happy life.—*Meredith's New South Wales*.

**A READY PEN.**—Alexander Dumas, the celebrated novelist, has, it is said, obtained permission to erect a new theatre, of which he is to be the manager. The idea of turning theatrical mana-

ger, no doubt, came into his head from his not knowing what to do with his time, he being under an engagement not to write more than eighteen volumes of original romances per annum. To an ordinary mind eighteen volumes of original matter is a prodigious year's work; but to Dumas it is nothing: he has written, and can write, three times as much. His theatrical management will, no doubt, be distinguished by several daring novelties. The first is to be the production of a melo-drama, written by himself, in eleven acts, to take two nights' performing!

**CURIOUS LEGACY.**—The late John Orr, Esquire, of Madras, in addition to £1000 left to the Montrose Infirmary, has also left £1000 to the neighboring parish of St. Cyrus, the interest of which is to be annually distributed according to the following rather whimsical terms:—Interest of £200 to be distributed among the poor in tea, sugar, &c., at Christmas; interest of £300 in equal proportions, to the ‘tallest married woman in the parish, the shortest married woman in the parish, the oldest married woman in the parish, and the youngest married girl in the parish, for the year.’ Thus, in addition to a substantial benefit, the inhabitants are furnished with a subject for a little mirthful gossip annually.—*North British Advertiser*.

**AFRICAN EXPLORATION.**—The following is from the *Malta Times* of the 27th ult.—“There are letters in town from Mr. James Richardson, dated the 23d November, from Ghadames, in the Great Desert, where he had been residing for three months, and whence he was to start on the following day, equipped in the Moorish dress, in order to make his way, along with a negro and a Moor, through the wild tribes *en route* to Soudan; and should he succeed in reaching that place in safety, he seems inclined to proceed to Timbuctoo, and other parts of the southern interior. The road is very dangerous; for on the 20th they had news of the capture of a caravan belonging to Ghadames in its way to Sonat. Mr. Richardson had purchased a camel and had prepared biscuits, dried meat, dates, oil, and a few other luxuries for his support. His negro he stole at Jerbay, where, finding him in slavery, he coaxed him to run away, and made a *free* man of him. His Moorish servant is a Ghadameite—a sort of jockey—an African genius, who understands camels and things of that sort. Their route is due south through Ghat, Aheer, Damerghon, the first negro city of Soudan, Karnac, and then to Juckaton, the capital of Soudan, and the Sultan's head-quarters—a trip of three months' duration. Should Mr. Richardson resolve at this city to return, his way back will be through Bornou and Fezzan. The people of Ghadames were very kind to the intrepid traveller, especially the Governor, who showed the Christian (he had never seen one before) all sorts of attention and civilities. A letter from Tripoli looks upon Mr. Richardson's enterprise as more than courageous or resolute, in fact, as foolhardy and desperate, seeing that he has no guarantee from the English or Ottoman Governments. He has been advised by every one to return; but go he would, and much fear is entertained that he may fall a sacrifice to one of two dire enemies,—savage cruelty, or the climate.”



## SCIENCE AND ART.

**EARLY MAP OF THE WORLD.**—Mr. Wright exhibited a fac-simile engraving of the early map of the world preserved in Hereford Cathedral, and gave orally a series of explanations and observations, which occupied a large portion of the evening. He stated that the original of this map was drawn on vellum, mounted on a wood frame with folding doors, and that it had served as an altar-piece. A copy had been made some years ago for the Geographical Society; but our general notions of antiquarian science being then not much advanced, and the Society thinking it undeserving of publication, it remained in the possession of the Society, until a copy was made from that copy for M. Jomard, the distinguished keeper of the map-department of the Royal Library at Paris, who had had it engraved at a great expense, to form one of a series of monuments of the history of geography, but it was not yet published. Mr. Wright observed, that at all periods of history since the times of the Romans, we find, more or less, allusions to the existence of maps. One of the earliest in the middle ages was that possessed by St. Gall, who founded in the sixth century the monastery which has since borne his name. Charlemagne is said to have had a map of the world engraved on three large tables of silver, which his grandson Lothaire broke up to make into money when his troops murmured for want of pay. One of the earliest maps of the world we now possess is an Anglo-Saxon one of the end of the tenth century, in a Cottonian ms. in the British Museum. In the twelfth and thirteenth century they become more numerous. The earlier maps appear to have been copied from Roman models; but after the eleventh century they were evidently constructed by the person who drew them, and who placed all his notions of geographical localities as near as he could in the position they ought to hold. Thus, by the legends, and figures of animals, and men, and towns, &c., one of these mediæval maps is a veritable pictorial treatise on geography. A map of the thirteenth century in the British Museum

contains a curious enumeration to the four maps of chief authority at that time in England, which were, the map of Robert de Melkelsia, the map in the abbey of Waltham, the map in the king's chamber at Westminster, and the map of Matthew Paris. The Hereford map now before the meeting appeared, by the fac-simile, to be of the beginning of the thirteenth century. At the top was figured the Saviour sitting in judgment on the quick and the dead. On the left-hand corner, at the bottom, was a picture taken from the commencement of Ethicus and the common mediæval cosmographies, representing Augustus Cæsar sending three philosophers to measure the earth; one of whom measured the north, the other the east, and the third the south. It is a legend founded on a passage in the Gospel of St. Luke. Augustus Cæsar is here represented delivering a writ, signed with his seal, to the three philosophers. A figure in the other corner seems to represent Richard of Hedingham and Lafford, who, as we learn from an inscription in Norman-French verse, caused this map to be made; but of this personage we appear to know nothing.

**INCrustation OF BOILERS OF STEAM ENGINES.**—In the Institution of Civil Engineers, Sir J. Renni, president, in the chair. The discussion upon the incrustation of boilers was renewed, and it was attempted to be shown, that, viewed chemically, the muriate of ammonia might act prejudicially upon the copper and iron of boilers; that the two metals in combination with a saline solution would induce a powerful galvanic effect, and if aided by the unequal action of heat on the different parts of the boiler, producing a thermo-galvanic circuit, considerable deterioration of the boiler would ensue. It was instanced that on applying a small quantity of the muriate of ammonia in a locomotive boiler, the incrustation was immediately removed from the tubes, hence it was argued that a chemical action upon the metal must have taken place. On the other hand, after contesting the correctness of the

chemical view assumed, it was asserted that, from the small quantity of muriate of ammonia used, no perceptible chemical action could occur; and that in practice, after several trials of long duration in locomotive and marine boilers, no traces of metal could be discovered by the most delicate tests. Numerous practical instances were given of the full success of Dr. Ritterbandt's invention, and the general opinion appeared to be, that by the introduction of the system he had conferred a great benefit upon the engineering world, and most particularly upon railways where the incrustation of the tubes of the locomotives was a source not only of great expense, but not unfrequently the cause of accidents, as, by reducing the production of steam, the power was diminished, the speed could not be maintained, and collisions ensued. This process of keeping the boilers free from incrustation was therefore of great importance.—*Lit. Gaz.*

### BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

*American Facts. Notes and Statistics relative to the Government, Resources, Engagements, Manufactures, Commerce, Religion, Education, Literature, Fine Arts, Manners and Customs, of the United States of America.* By GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM, Member of the New York Historical Society, &c., &c. 12mo, pp. 292. Wiley and Putnam, London and New York, 1845.

We are quite willing that our kinsman on the other side the Atlantic should have a full hearing in his own cause. He has some right to complain of John Bull, but not by any means so much as he at times seems to suppose. So far as regards the religion of America, we suspect that it is greatly over-estimated by the religious people of Great Britain; nor did we need Mr. Putnam's book to convince us that the United States embrace a large territory, with large resources, and that there are men in that country who evince a genuine sympathy with the higher forms of civilization. The weak and tender points are not these. Lynch law and slavery, and the repudiative policy, and other things too nearly resembling that policy, remain much as they were, after all the softening attempted in their favor. These are matters which do not admit of mending; they must come to an end before the talkings of the Old World will be altogether acceptable to the ears of the New. If the feeling in this country, with regard to the commercial spirit of Americans, be so unfavorable, would it not be wise, instead of placing all that feeling to the account of prejudice, to inquire if there be not some just cause for such impressions? We ask this question in all friendship. Bad as this world may be, nations and individuals generally find in it the sort of reputation they deserve. The causes are many which should dispose Great Britain and America to amity, and not to hostility, and we are sure that to this sentiment not a few of her sons would heartily respond. In our pages no wrong shall be wittingly done to the claims of our transatlantic brethren. But let them not forget that they will reap as they sow. Mr. Putnam's book is a spirited at-

tempt to expose the misrepresentations in this country of the character of his own; and as the showing of an intelligent American on that subject, we think it deserving attention. Apart from this question, also, the book contains much interesting information.

### SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

#### GREAT BRITAIN.

Notes on the Bucolics and Georgics of Virgil, by T. Keightley. 8vo.

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The People, by J. Mitchelet, translated by Cocks. 8vo.

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Algeria and Tunis in 1845, by Capt. J. C. Kennedy. 2 vols. 8vo.

Travels of Lady Hester Stanhope, forming the completion of her Memoirs. 3 vols. 8vo. with numerous illustrations.

Nelson's Letters and Dispatches, edited by Sir Harris Nicolas. 8vo. 6th vol.

Lives of the Kings of England, by Thomas Roscoe, Esq. 8vo.

History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena, by Gen. Count Montholon. 2 vols. 8vo.

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DRAWN BY A. D'ORSAY

ENGRAVED BY J. SARTON

Walter Savage Landor

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THE  
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE  
OF  
FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JUNE, 1846.

From the Edinburgh Review.

LANDOR'S COLLECTED WRITINGS.

*The Collected Writings of* WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. *With many additions.* Two volumes, large 8vo. London: 1846.

THERE is perhaps no writer of the present age, taken in the whole, more likely to survive and make acquaintance with another, than Mr. Landor. This is often the reward of those writings which, on their first appearance, have neither been much depreciated nor much extolled; for the right balance is as apt to be lost by a sudden jerk upward, as by a stone thrown in. Mr. Landor has avoided both extremes. Wisdom may have feared him as something dangerous; but Folly has avoided him as something incomprehensible. He has been left to take his solitary way; and has omitted no privilege of singularity that belonged to it. With one hand resting near the heart of Southey, he has clenched and thrust the other into the face of every god of Southey's idolatry. A writer of the extreme liberal opinions, he has desired not to be confounded 'with the Coxes and Foxes of the age.' A declared Republican,

though the representative of an ancient family, he has rebuked 'the drunken democracy of Mr. William Pitt.' But of this wayward spirit, we are bound to add, there has been much less of late than of old. The violent and capricious will has not so often run before, and committed, the masculine intellect. The phrases just now quoted, are not even preserved in this edition. And other evidence is here, of abated bitterness, of enlarged and manly tenderness, and of wisdom as generous and cordial as it is lofty and pure.

In these volumes are collected, for the first time, the entire works of this remarkable writer. Here are his poems, both English and Latin, with many large and striking additions, (we may instance the series of *Hellenics*;) his Tragedies, his Dramatic Fragments, and a new five-act Play on the *Siege of Ancona*, (all which he modestly classes under the general title of *Acts and Scenes*,—describing them as *Imaginary Conversations in Metre*;) and his *Examination of Shakespeare*; his *Pentameron*; and his *Pericles and Aspasia*;—bearing, every one of them, the marks of thorough revision, and enriched, especially the *Pericles*, with innumerable new passages quite worthy of the old. Of these last-named

books it is not our present intention to speak; but we cannot pass them in even this recital, without remarking that in them, more perhaps, than in any other of his writings, (and eminently in the exquisite *Pentameron*, where Petrarch and Boccaccio converse; and in the *Shakespeare Examination*, where the great poet speaks as the author of *Hamlet* and *Othello* might have spoken;) Mr. Landor's genius has thoroughly subjected itself to those of his characters. Every word they utter in these books, issues out a sense of the beauty and wisdom with which they had affected the writer's soul; nor do we feel surer of the destiny of any existing works with future generations. What remains to be named of the Collection, are those famous Dialogues with which Mr. Landor's name is most extensively associated.

It is twenty-two years since the *Imaginary Conversations* were noticed in this Journal. They consisted then of thirty-six Dialogues, and were comprised in two volumes. In the course of the five following years, the volumes increased to five, and the Dialogues to eighty-two. In number, without naming their enlargement and increase in other respects, the latter now amount to a hundred and twenty-five, and occupy nearly a volume and a half of this general edition; which, we may remark, is beautifully, clearly, and not too minutely printed, in the form of double columns.

Certainly no other book of Conversations, with which we are acquainted, can be said in all respects to compare with them. We do not speak merely of the 'Dialogues' between *Theron* and *Aspasia*, *Hylis* and *Philonous*, and other ideal personages;—in which writers, great and small, the Berkeleys and the Harveys, have recommended their respective systems of Metaphysics or Divinity;—but of Dialogues attributed to real people, such as those by Langhorne, Lyttelton, and Hurd. Of these, Langhorne's little book, in which Charles the Second and his Wits are speakers, is perhaps the liveliest and most in character. Lyttelton is also amusing, and not uncharacteristic. Hurd, though occasionally warmed by recollections of poetry and romance, is on the whole politely cold. If we went abroad to pursue the comparison, we should say, passing Fénelon, Paschal, and Fontenelle, that perhaps the best Dialogues for character, written up to the time of Mr. Landor, since the time of their great European inventor, Plato, (for the Indians were before the

Greek in the form, as well as in much of the matter of his reasoning,) are those in the celebrated *Cortegiano* of Raffaello's friend, Castiglione; in which Bembo and others are the speakers. There is a good old English translation, with the title of the *Court-Gentleman*.

When this Journal formerly spoke of the *Imaginary Conversations*, it was pointed out how exquisite the discrimination of character was in many cases, and how strange and wilful the indifference to it in others: How imperfect the dramatic appreciation of the intellect of the speakers, and of the literary tone of the age, for example, in such Dialogues as those of *Hume* and *Hom*;—how perfect in such as *Elizabeth* and *Burleigh*, *Ascham* and *Jane Grey*, *Henry* and *Anne Boleyn*, *Burnet* and *Hardcastle*; and in all those of the Men and Women of Antiquity. We might again take up and pursue this contrast. We might show how subtle and exact the art which sets before us the colloquy of *Marvel* and *Parker*, of the *Emperor of China* and his *Minister*, of *Roche-foucault* and *La Fontaine*, of *Melancthon* and *Calvin*, of *Steele* and *Addison*, of *Lucian* and *Timotheus*; and of other and grander Voices from the graves of Greece and Rome,—while we condemned, for mere wilful singularity and want of keeping, the hearty, instead of dry tone of his *Washington*; the odd retinence of his *Abbé Delille*, who, being the most talkative Frenchman on record, lets the Englishman have almost all the talk to himself; the mere self-ventriloquizing of his *Franklins*, *Southcys*, *Romillys*, *Sheridans*, *Talleyrands*, and even his *Galileos* and *Miltons*;—his well-educated language, where no such advantage could possibly have been heard of; and his high reasoning powers, where nothing of the kind existed. In one of the many additions to the old Dialogues which we observe in this Collection, there is indeed an answer attempted on the latter point. Mr. Landor intimates that no one would care for his statesmen and kingly interlocutors of the inferior class, if he were to show them as they show themselves,—encrusted with all the dirtiness they contract in public life, in the debility of ignorance, in the distortion of prejudice, or in the trickery of partisanship. He reasons that, principles and ideas being his objects, they must not only be reflected from high and low, but must also be exhibited where people can see them best, and are most in-

clined to look at them ; and he implies that if this is a blemish in his book, it is one his book would be worse without.

We doubt this. We have great faith for what is exact and true in every thing, and would for the most part leave it to tell for what it simply is. And we suspect the secret of these perverse departures from obvious character, to lie no deeper than Mr. Landor's substitution of his own caprice and pleasure for all other considerations. It is very clear to us in such cases, that it is Mr. Landor himself who is too plainly visible throughout, whomsoever he makes the organ of his opinions ; and with all our hearty admiration of him, we must own that in the special instances adverted to, we are obstructed and thrown back by an amount of this personal wilfulness, far from becoming such an arbiter and universalist as we otherwise gladly recognize in him. His opinions are then greatly too much at the command of his predilections ;—sometimes of his momentary humors. He has capricious enmities, and unreasonable likings. You see assent and dissent occasioned by mere regard for one speaker and dislike for another. He runs into violent hyperboles both of praise and blame ; is a great deal too fond, for a demonstrative critic, of sweeping preferences of this and that, to 'all' that 'ever' was written in 'any' age or country ; is apt to have more images than arguments, owing to the same exuberance of fancy ; sometimes allows his robust animal spirits to swell to insolence, or to degenerate into coarseness ; is often too prolix in his jokes and stories ; and (to get rid as fast as we can of these objections on limited points) is too much tempted, by the nicety and exactness of his scholarship, to substitute verbal criticism for spiritual ; and to tire his readers with accumulated objections to people whom the world have long ceased to make gods of.

But, these drawbacks stated, how little in reality they affect the great bulk of these Conversations. What a weighty book they make ! How rich in scholarship ; how correct, concise, and pure in style ; how full of imagination, wit, and humor ; how well informed, how bold in speculation, how various in interest, how universal in sympathy ! In these hundred and twenty-five Dialogues, making allowance for every shortcoming or excess, the most familiar and the most august shapes of the Past are reanimated with vigor, grace, and beauty. Its long dead ashes rekindle suddenly their

wonted fires, and again shoot up into warmth and brightness. 'Large utterances,' musical and varied voices, 'thoughts that breathe' for the world's advancement, 'words that burn' against the world's oppression, sound on throughout these lofty and earnest pages. We are in the high and goodly company of Wits and Men of Letters ; of Churchmen, Lawyers, and Statesmen ; of Party men, Soldiers, and Kings ; of the most tender, delicate, and noble Women ; and of Figures that seem this instant to have left for us the Agora or the Schools of Athens,—the Forum or the Senate of Rome. At one moment we have politicians discussing the deepest questions of state ; at another, philosophers still more largely philosophizing ;—poets talking of poetry, men of the world of worldly matters, Italian and French of their respective Literatures and Manners. Whether such a book obtains its meed now or hereafter, will be the least part of the writer's concern : whether it is to be read in the present age or the next, may occupy his thought no more than whether in the morning or the afternoon of the present day. When the young gentleman who fancied his acquaintance and patronage would be a comfort to Doctor Johnson, grieved very much to think that the introduction must lie over for a little while, the Doctor remarked, in his heavy solid way, 'Why, sir, I can wait !' So can Mr. Landor.

'Are you certain that in their inferences they are all quite sound?'—is one of the new questions, in one of the old Dialogues. 'Indeed,' is Mr. Landor's candid and sufficient answer, 'I do not know perfectly that they are ; but they will give such exercise in discussing them, as always tends to make other men's healthier.' Nothing can more truly indicate what is probably, after all, their greatest charm. Mr. Landor's genius has a wonderfully suggestive quality. Even where he most offends against taste or judgment, he rarely fails to stimulate thought and reflection. Paradoxes, in him simply wilful and preposterous, will often be found to contain very profound truths for us. We may assent or we may oppose, but we must *think* when in company with him ; and we shall always find ourselves the wealthier for what thought germinates within us. How much the more when, in his higher and nobler compositions, we see Suggestion drop its richest fruit in perfected and consummate Truths ; and when every thought and feeling are

such, as he who writes must have been the better for having entertained and uttered, and we who read are certainly the better and the happier for being permitted to partake. There are differences in the Dialogues as striking as between the summer air on a mountain top and the crowded atmosphere of a busy city. But the reader will make his choice according to his temper; for in both, as *Jacques* hath it, there is 'much matter to be heard and learn'd.'

Nor need he fear that his temper will be ruffled, here, by the eccentric spelling which prevailed in former editions of the *Imaginary Conversations*. In the book before us, to reverse a reproach we have heard levelled against his orthographic infidelities, Mr. Landor spells like a Christian. It would be difficult to guess why, unless some friend has been at the pains to assure him that a popular appreciation of his writings had been somewhat intercepted, by a prevalent notion that he had not been taught spelling. A conversion it certainly is not. It is a mere tribute to fashion, a kind of sacrifice to ignorance; for we observe evidence in the additions to the old dialogue of *Johnson and Horne Tooke*, of even the strengthening and deepening of his orthographic heresy; and, beside these multitudinous additions, there is an entirely new Dialogue on the same subject, between the same speakers. We will quote the concluding sentences of it. It seems to us, that, under Johnson's self-defence against his critic, the writer conceals a personal reference sufficiently free from intemperance or vanity, to be read with pleasure. There is that in it which would go far to reconcile many otherwise jarring opinions in these volumes, and justify the half-aristocratic, half-republican cast of Mr. Landor's creed. He is, after all, 'more an antique Roman than a Dane;' and his democracy is rather classical than of northern growth.

Horne Tooke warns the Doctor against his prejudices, and receives this answer—

'Prejudices I may have; for what man is without them? but mine, sir, are not such as tend to the relaxation of morals, the throwing down of distinctions, the withholding of tribute to whom tribute is due, honor to whom honor. You and your tribe are no more favorable to liberty than I am. The chief difference is, and the difference is wide indeed, that I would give the larger part of it to the most worthy, you to the most unworthy. I would exact a becoming deference from inferiors to superiors; and I would not remove my neighbor's landmark, swearing in open court that there never

was any but an imaginary line between the two parties. Depend upon it, if the time should come when you gentlemen of the hustings have persuaded the populace that they may hoot down and trample on men of integrity and information, you yourself will lead an uncomfortable life, and they a restless and profitless one. No man is happier than he who, being in a humble station, is treated with affability and kindness by one in a higher. Do you believe that any opposition, any success, against this higher, can afford the same pleasure? If you do, little have you lived among the people whose cause you patronize, little know you of their character and nature. We are happy by the interchange of kind offices, and even by the expression of good-will. Heat and animosity, contest and conflict, may sharpen the wits, although they rarely do; they never strengthen the understanding, clear the perspicacity, guide the judgment, or improve the heart.'

It would be too curious a labor to indicate all the additions and interpolations to the old Dialogues that have been made in this collection. In amount, we imagine, they would form little less than a sixth or seventh of the original; yet so skilfully are they interwoven, that to track and follow them is difficult. We find them in no case, for instance, interfere with that remarkable tact in the conduct of the Dialogues by which a singular variety of topics is always sustained in each, without undue or violent transition; or any thing more of abruptness than should characterize the freedom and strength of conversation, and convey that mingled tone of study and society, which David Hume lays down to be the master-art of this style of composition. But though we cannot describe the whole of Mr. Landor's labors in this respect, we will endeavor, before we pass to those which are here printed for the first time, to indicate some few of the principal additions to the more prominent of the old Conversations.

We observe not a few in the exquisite Dialogue intitled *Brooke and Sidney*. The stately, romantic, metaphoric tone of their friendship, as we find it in Sir Fulke Greville's (Lord Brooke) Life of Sir Philip, seems to us happily caught in what follows:

'*Brooke*. I come again unto the woods and unto the wilds of Penshurst, whither my heart and the friend of my heart have long invited me.

'*Sidney*. Welcome, welcome! How delightful it is to see a friend after a length of absence! How delightful to chide him for that length of absence, to which we owe such delight.

'*Brooke*. I know not whether our names will be immortal; I am sure our friendship will. For names sound only upon the surface of the earth, while friendships are the purer, and the more ardent, the nearer they come to the presence of God, the sun not only of righteousness but of love. Ours never has been chipt or dimmed even here, and never shall be.

'*Sidney*. Let me take up your metaphor. Friendship is a vase which, when it is flawed by heat or violence or accident, may as well be broken at once; it can never be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clearly do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they are fractured, may be cemented again; precious ones, never.'

There is another fine interpolation on Chivalry, and on those subtle compensations for supposed failure in this world, which fall to the lot of pure and high imaginations. It is better to suffer, reasons Philip with Brooke, than to lose the power of suffering. The life has not been idly spent, which has been mainly spent in conciliating the generous affections; and he who can bring before his death-bed even the empty image he has long, though in vain, adored, has not wholly lived in vain. The friends indulging throughout these tender, solemn, and romantic themes, Sidney fully closes the conversation (as if he had come to it from the reading of Ariosto) with a comparison of the sound of a distant sea,—breaking heavily on the pauses of conversation, in the stillness of midnight, to what he could imagine the sound of a giant might be, who, coming back from travel to some smooth, still, and solitary place, with all his armor and all his spoils about him, casts himself down to rest.

In the Dialogue headed *Porson and Southey* there are novelties we less admire, but also some that strongly, and some that pleasantly, appeal to us. When the poet of Keswick tells us with what a delightful 'summer murmur of fostering modulation' his friend of Rydal Mount is apt to read his own verses aloud, we can fancy few things more happily said. When he describes himself far from confident that any of us ever speak quite correctly of those who differ from us essentially in taste, in opinion, or even in style, it seems to us well worth consideration if that be not so. Where we may even cordially wish to do it, true it is, that we are apt to lay restraint on ourselves, and to dissemble a part of our convictions. There is also a sound objection by Porson, to what we think a fal-

lacy as to the object of criticism,—that 'the aim of an author being such or such, the only question is whether he has attained it.' The real matter of consideration should surely be,—not whether a foolish man has succeeded in a foolish undertaking,—but whether his production is worth any thing, and why it is, or why it is not. We like also the rough, quaint, Professorial touch, in the comparison of Crabbe and Young, where it is said that in some parts of his writings our modern Hogarth 'wrote with a two-penny nail, and scratched rough truths and rogue's facts on mud walls.' And all readers will admire, whether in all respects assentingly or not, the picturesque distinction which the talkers strike out between Bacon and Shakspeare.

'*Porson*. At Cambridge we rather discourse on Bacon, for we know him better. He was immeasurably a less wise man than Shakspeare, and not a wiser writer: for he knew his fellow-man only as he saw him in the street and in the court, which indeed is but a dirtier street and a narrower: Shakspeare, who also knew him there, knew him every where else, both as he was and as he might be.

'*Southey*. There is as great a difference between Shakspeare and Bacon, as between an American forest and a London timber-yard. In the timber-yard the materials are sawed, and squared, and set across: in the forest we have the natural form of the tree, all its growth, all its branches, all its leaves, all the mosses that grow about it, all the birds and insects that inhabit it; now deep shadows absorbing the whole wilderness; now bright bursting glades, with exuberant grass and flowers and fruitage; now untroubled skies; now terrific thunderstorms; every where multififormity, every where immensity.'

There is nothing Mr. Landor so freely indulges (we say it to his honor) as this impassioned admiration of the greatest of poets. It breaks from him in this revision of his writings, on all possible occasions. All that he had said of old he says afresh, enlarges it, adds to it, multiplies it fifty-fold. 'Glory to thee in the highest, thou confidant of our Creator!' is one of his daring but not irreverent exclamations. And this glory he seeks to render, with all his prose and with all his verse,—breaking into verse when prose fails him.

'*Delille*. And yet how enthusiastic is your admiration of Shakspeare!

'*Landor*. He lighted with his golden lamp on high  
The unknown regions of the human heart,

Show'd its bright fountains, show'd its rueful  
wastes,  
Its shoals and headlands; and a tower he  
raised  
Refulgent, where eternal breakers roll,  
For all to see, but no man to approach.'

It is curious that, in the only detraction we see made from Shakspeare in these added passages, we detect Mr. Landor's only critical fallacy in reference to him. Speaking of his Clowns, he remarks that they should appear in their proper places; for that a picture by Morland or Frank Hals ought never to break a series of Frescoes by the hand of Raffaele, or of senatorial portraits animated by the sun of Titian. But it is not the same thing. Shakspeare's rudest Clowns have a fitness in them that does not break the line of order, of grace, or of pity, in relation to which they may happen to stand. Tragedy and Beauty are theirs, when there is need of either; and, lurking underneath their jests, lie the utmost depths of feeling and reflection.

In that conversation of *Delille and Landor* the insertions are extremely numerous. Among the most striking are the comparison of Gibbon and Voltaire, some defensive allusions to Johnson's critical faculty, the account of the writer's own early studies, and a remark on the sources of satirical inspiration. Mr. Landor seems to think that no good writer was ever long neglected; no great man overlooked by men equally great. Certainly impatience is some proof of inferior strength, and in some cases perhaps a destroyer of what little there may be; but the doctrine may be carried too far. And let us say that we do not go the whole of Mr. Landor's lengths against the versification of Boileau. In the observation that the greater part of the heroic verses in the French language may be read with more facility as anapæstic than as iambic, we may agree without arriving at the adverse inference. The cause, in fact, proceeds from the variety of accent, and a far greater freedom of it than in English verse. In what is charged as a fault, resides what we think the tact and delicacy of this versification. The ground is iambic; and the very changes made upon it are (so to speak) *iambicized* by means of rests and pauses.

Finding ourselves on this subject, we may remark, that in one of the Dialogues now first printed, we observe some heresies on the harmony and construction of English verse; which we can only attribute to the

inveterate force of Mr. Landor's classical associations, and habit of referring in all cases to ancient forms. For example, he divides Milton's famous line,

'With them from bliss to the bottomless deep,'

into dactyls; making the pauses at 'from' and 'bottomless.' This is altogether wrong. The pause is at 'bliss,' and then comes an anapæst, which hurries us finely to the close. How could Mr. Landor suppose that Milton would suddenly begin dancing to hell in this manner, in dactyls?

'With them from | bliss to the | bottomless deep!'

In the same mistaken way, he asks by what ingenuity we can erect into a verse another of Milton's lines—

'In the bosom of bliss, and light of light?'

We answer,—by a pause at 'bliss,' with a corresponding hurry on the words 'in the,' to warrant it, and heighten the luxury of the repose,—

'In the bosom of bliss ——— and light of light.'

These are among the niceties of the art musical, which Mr. Landor is often curiously indifferent to. He even quotes a famous chorus from *Samson Agonistes*, in proof that Milton must have 'intended' it to be inharmonious. Oh, no! The great poet had no such intention. In that kind of half-prose and half-verse, lay the *earnestness* which was meant, there, to constitute the soul of the music. Mr. Landor proceeds to allude, with infinite scorn, to those writers of English verse who think it necessary, as he says, to 'shovel in the dust of a discord' now and then. But shovelling in the dust of a discord, is not a good metaphor; nor is good musical reasoning implied in it,—as musicians would tell Mr. Landor. The use of the discord is a principle in music, and an exquisite increase of the harmony. There is not a more honied drop in music than what is technically called the 'resolution of the discord;' that is to say, the note that follows it, and which it is intended to prepare. We are reminded of the pleasing lines of Mr. Leigh Hunt, which happen to be much to the purpose:

'Sorrow, to him that has a true-touch'd ear,  
Is but the discord of a warbling sphere;  
A lurking contrast, which, though harsh it be,  
Distils the next note more deliciously.'

Now, since Mr. Landor, through the coarse mouth of his friend Porson, accuses the Scotch in particular, in one of these in-



terpolated passages of the conversation with Southey, of a 'scabby and frostbitten ear for harmony,' we think that we may fairly leave the reader to judge whether we might not pay back the compliment. He instances in the same Dialogue, for seesaw sameness, the celebrated lines in *Douglas*, 'This is the place—the centre of the grove,' &c. We do not care greatly for these verses, though we should somewhat reluctantly surrender a certain schoolboy fondness for them; but we may remind Mr. Landor of cases where this sameness may be even not a little desirable and impressive—as where the intention is to enforce the idea of calmness or firmness. At any rate, we have shown that he does not prove himself in possession of the right to advance that national reproach. To adopt an illustration of his own: there are some who, in a few years, can learn all the harmony of Allan Ramsay or Burns; but there are others who must go into another state of existence for this felicity. We leave the subject with one example more. He tells us that no authority will reconcile him to roll-calls of proper names; and then he quotes in proof a line from Milton, which surely, even for the repetition of the accents, is most lovely:

'Launcelot or Pallas or Pellenöre.'

We do not, however, on this or any other subject, remain long out of temper with Mr. Landor. A noble thought, a generous fancy, sets all to rights again. We observe a beautiful insertion in one of the finest of all the Conversations, (that of *Cicero* with his brother *Quinctus* the night before his death,) upon the nature of worldly Enmities. They are excited, it is said, by an indistinct view; they would always be allayed by conference. 'Look at any long avenue of trees by which the traveller on our principal highways is protected from the sun. Those at the beginning are wide apart; but those at the end almost meet. Thus happens it frequently in opinions.' And thus happens it with the writer himself;—that he has come nearer and nearer, the course of life, to men from whom at its outset he was far asunder;—having had strength enough to quell, or good sense to temper and assuage, not a few of his earlier animosities. In these classical Dialogues we see many instances. In the additions to *Eubulides* and *Demosthenes*, to *Anacreon* and *Polycrates*, and, above all, to the divine *Epicurus*, *Leontius*, and *Ter-*

*nissa*;—the last perhaps the masterpiece of all. It is the duty of the cheerful philosopher (and it is delightfully discharged) to show how polemics serve men ill, and the gods no better; how they mar what is solid in earthly bliss, by animosities and dissensions; and intercept the span of azure to which the weary and the sorrowful would look up. Exceptions, nevertheless, there are. Matters are retained in many of the Dialogues we could wish to have been dispensed with; arguments enlarged that would have borne compression; and declamations reiterated which force from us the unavoidable *Cui Bono?* 'There are nations, it is reported, which aim their arrows and javelins at the sun and moon, on occasions of eclipse or any other offence; but I never have heard that the sun and moon abated their course through the heavens for it, or looked more angry when they issued forth again to shed light on their antagonists. They went onward all the while in their own serenity and clearness, through unobstructed paths, without diminution and without delay. It was only the little world below that was in darkness.' Some enthusiasts might even apply this image to Mr. Landor's continued assaults on Plato. In this direction, certainly, he abates none of his old animosities. There is no conversation more enlarged than that of *Diogenes* and *Plato*; and never flew from Tub to Porch so many, such glittering, and such deadly missiles, in rapid and incessant fire. The Cynic protests himself no weaver of fine words; no dealer in the plumes of phraseology; and is all the while covering his stately victim with copious imaginative garlands, at once beauteous and most deadly. Never did ragged beard so carry it against pumiced face and perfumed hair. Mr. Landor swells out the Sinopæan, till the Athenian shrinks into nothing. The ample, puffed, versi-colored, cloudlike vestimentary of Plato, dwindles to a rag;—the short, strait, threadbare, chinky cloak of Diogenes, becomes a dominant and imperial vesture.

Mr. Landor, in short, likes a practical, better than a poetical philosophy. He wants positive, useful, available results. The difference between such reasoners as Plato and Bacon, to him, is the difference between a pliant luxuriant twig, waving backward and forward on the summit of a tree, and a sound, stiff, well-seasoned walking-stick, with a ferule that sticks as far as is needful into the ground, and makes eve-



ry step secure. He thinks that philosophy should not say things to make people stare and wonder; but things to withhold them hereafter from staring and wondering;—that she should pave the streets, and not the clouds. In a word, he puts aside all the commentary which our German friends have for the last quarter of a century been making upon the Greek; and declares that he recognizes no higher aim in a philosopher than to make remote things tangible; common things extensively useful; useful things extensively common; and to leave the least necessary for the last. But he is little likely to force unanimity on this point; and, as long as disagreement exists, there will be submission to the genius of Plato; and a veneration which will not subside at even Mr. Landor's eloquent voice.

'Grandiloquent and sonorous, his (Plato's) lungs seem to play the better for the absence of the heart. His imagination is the most conspicuous, buoyed up by swelling billows over unsounded depths. There are his mild thunders, there are his glowing clouds, his traversing coruscations, and his shooting stars. More of true wisdom, more of trust-worthy manliness, more of promptitude and power to keep you steady and straightforward on the perilous road of life, may be found in the little manual of Epictetus, which I could write in the palm of my left hand, than there is in all the rolling and redundant volumes of this mighty Rhetorician, which you may begin to transcribe on the summit of the great Pyramid, carry down over the Sphynx at the bottom, and continue on the sands half-way to Memphis.'

We can afford but a few lines more to this revision of the *Old Conversations*. The notices of Italian life and manners in *Leopold and President du Paty*, receive large additions. This is one of those Dialogues which have contributed much to our knowledge of the beautiful country in which Mr. Landor resided many years. He is as intimate with it as a native, and loves it well; but not a fault of its government or religion escapes him; and, as Cosmopolite as he is, he is most emphatically, on these subjects, an Englishman also. He never subverted an over-fear or an over-admiration of Napoleon. He will not suffer French bullyings in Tahiti or in Algeria to pass un-denounced or underided. And whatever praise or blame he gives in this direction, is ratified with the downright echo of a doubled-up English fist. He has, withal, a salutary hatred of war: he would be strong, but only to keep down that foul abuse and

wicked absurdity, which cry havoc against the weakness of nations. It is a shrewd remark we find thrown out in one of these passages, that the French have always undervalued the English, since the English conquered and rendered them tributary; and that the Englishman has always looked up to the Frenchman, since he threw the Frenchman down and tied his wrists behind him. We are glad to observe, at the same time, that, in moderation, Mr. Landor can 'look up' too; and that not a few old anti-Gallican caprices are visible in his Dialogues no longer. It is true that, when we are displeased with any thing, we are unable to confine the displeasure to one spot; and are apt to dislike every thing a little when we dislike any thing much; but, even in relation to French Tragedy, Mr. Landor so far conquers his displeasure as to make some agreeable admissions. He has found in it, he says, (speaking in his own person,) some of the finest didactic poetry in the world; 'peculiarly adapted both to direct the reason and to control the passions;' and he compares their Drama to a well-lighted saloon of graceful eloquence, 'where the sword-knot is appended by the hand of Beauty, and where the snuff-box is composed of such brilliants as, after a peace or treaty, Kings bestow on Diplomats.' There is also, in the dialogue of *Rousseau and Malesherbes*—among additions worthy of the exquisite original—a fine piece of just and proud eloquence put into the mouth of the Genevan; to the effect that, while others cling to a city, to a faction, to a family, the French, in all their fortunes, cling to France. The remarks on Montesquieu, in the same insertion, are inimitable. In connexion with it, we may name, too, several happy touches in the charming Conversation of *Bossuet and the Duchess of Fontanges*; and when we have added, of the remaining Dialogues, that the most striking and large insertions will be found in those of *Barrow and Newton*, *Landor and Visitors*, *James the First and Isaac Casaubon*, and of *Peterborough and Penn*, (in the last most especially,) we may—first quoting from these passages a few disconnected thoughts we find it difficult to pass—proceed to mention briefly the *New Conversations*.

'Your former conversation has made me think repeatedly what a number of beautiful words there are of which we never think of estimating the value, as there are of blessings. How carelessly, for example, do we (not we,

but people) say, "I am delighted to *hear from you*." No other language has this beautiful expression, which, like some of the most lovely flowers, loses its charms for want of close inspection. When I consider the deep sense of these very simple and very common words, I seem to hear a voice coming from afar through the air, breathed forth, and entrusted to the care of the elements, for the nature of my sympathy.'

'The Arts cannot long exist without the advent of Freedom. From every new excavation whence a statue rises, there rises simultaneously a bright vision of the age that produced it; a strong desire to bring it back again; a throbbing love, an inflaming regret, a resolute despair, beautiful as Hope herself: and Hope comes too behind.'

'How refreshing, how delicious, is a draft of pure home-drawn English, from a spring a little sheltered and shaded, but not entangled in the path to it, by antiquity!'

'It is no uncommon thing to hear, "*He has humor, rather than wit*." Here the expression can only mean *pleasantry*: for whoever has humor has wit; although it does not follow that whoever has wit has humor. Humor is wit appertaining to character, and indulges in breadth of drollery, rather than in play and brilliancy of point. Wit vibrates and spirts; humor springs up exuberantly as from a fountain, and runs on. In Congreve you wonder what he will say next: in Addison you repose on what is said, listening with assured expectation of something congenial and pertinent. The French have little humor, because they have little character: they excel all nations in wit because of their levity and sharpness. The personages on their theatre are generic.'

'We not only owe our birth to women, but also the better part of our education; and if we were not divided after their first lesson, we should continue to live in a widening circle of brothers and sisters all our lives. After our infancy and removal from home, the use of the rod is the principal thing we learn of our alien preceptors; and, catching their dictatorial language, we soon begin to exercise their instrument of enforcing it, and swing it right and left, even after we are paralyzed by age, and until Death's hand strikes it out of ours.'

'Shame upon historians and pedagogues for exciting the worst passions of youth by the display of false glories! If your religion hath any truth or influence, her professors will extinguish the promontory lights, which only allure to breakers. They will be assiduous in teaching the young and ardent that

great abilities do not constitute great men, without the right and unremitting application of them; and that, in the sight of Humanity and Wisdom, it is better to erect one cottage than to demolish a hundred cities. Down to the present day we have been taught little else than falsehood. We have been told to do this thing and that; we have been told we shall be punished unless we do; but at the same time we are shown by the finger that prosperity and glory, and the esteem of all about us, rest upon other and very different foundations. Now, do the ears or the eyes seduce the most easily, and lead the most directly to the heart? But both eyes and ears are won over, and alike are persuaded to corrupt us.'

The Conversations which have not before been *collected*, are in number forty-four; but of these, twenty have been *printed*, chiefly in periodical publications. The remaining twenty-four are now given to the world for the first time. We can only briefly speak of them, as we have said; but they show, in undiminished force and vivacity, every characteristic of Mr. Landor's genius. Any writer might have built, upon these compositions alone, an enduring reputation. The same beauties and the same faults recur; but the latter in diminished intensity. They have matter as various, and character as opposite and enlivening;—as much to occupy the intellect of the thoughtful, and as much to satisfy the imagination of the lively. They form an after-course, in short, worthy of the original banquet;—spread with the same solid viands, the same delicate rarities, and sparkling wines; the like vases of burnished gold on the board, the like statues of antique marble gracing the chamber;—but the very richness of the vases showing dark to imperfect vision, and the pure Greek on the plinths of the marble not easy to common appreciation.

Four of these new Dialogues seem to us to stand out pre-eminently from the rest. These are *Lucian and Timotheus*, *Marvel and Parker*, *Emperor of China and his Minister*, and *Melancthon and Calvin*. In these the dramatic tone is as perfect as every other quality in the composition; and we may doubt if, in any other equal portion of Mr. Landor's writings, there will be found so much beauty and fitness, so much point and gusto, so much condensation and strength. We have heard his friend Southey characterize his style, as uniting the poignancy of Champagne to the body of old English October; and nowhere, assur-

edly, but in Bacon or Jeremy Taylor, do we find Prose-Poetry to compare with his,—in weight and brilliancy, or in wonderful suggestiveness. What Lucian says of Aristotle in the latter respect, we may apply to him. Whenever he presents to his readers one full-blown thought, there are several buds about it which are to open in the cool of the study. He makes us learn even more than he teaches. Without hesitation we say of these four Dialogues, and eminently of that between *Marvel and Parker*, that they contain a subtle discrimination of character, and passages of feeling and philosophy, pathetic, lofty, and profound, which we should not know where to equal in any living writer, and in very few of those who are immortal.

The idea of the *Emperor of China and his Minister* is not taken from either Montesquieu or Goldsmith. The aim is different; and would have delighted the author of *Candide*. The Emperor has heard and seen so much evil of the Jesuits, who had penetrated into his dominions, that he conceived an idea of Christians as the most quarrelsome and irreconcilable of all men; and, resolving to introduce a few of their first-rate zealots to sow divisions and animosities among the Tartars, dispatches his minister to Europe for that purpose. But the voyage being tedious, Tsing-Ti, uninfluenced by the prejudices of his master, is able in the course of it to make himself thoroughly master of the Bible; and when he lands in London, resolves, by way of being in the fashion, to shape his conduct entirely, by its precepts. He fears, indeed, that he cannot go the whole length of the commandment to cut off his right hand if it offend him; but he will try to do his best. With what success the reader may here perceive, in a passage written in the best style of Voltaire.

‘I myself did not aim precipitately at this perfection, but in order to be well received in the country, I greatly wished the favor of a blow on the right cheek. Unfortunately I got several on the left before I succeeded. At last I was so happy as to make the acquisition of a most hearty cuff under the socket of the right eye, giving me all those vague colors which we Chinese reduce into regular features, or into strange postures of the body, by means of glasses. As soon as I knew positively whether my head was remaining on my neck or not, I turned my left cheek for the testimony of my faith. The assailant cursed me and kicked me; the bystanders instead of calling me Christian, called me Turk and Malay;

and, instead of humble and modest, the most impudent dog and devil they had ever set eyes upon. I fell on my knees and praised God, since at last I had been admitted into so pure and pious a country, that even this action was deemed arrogant and immodest.’

In short, poor Tsing-Ti finds Christianity to be every where known and confessed as so excellent, undeniable, and divine a thing, that no man needs to practise it at all. Indeed a man is not permitted at once to be a Christian, and to call himself so. ‘He may take what division he likes; he may practise the ordinances of Christ without assuming the name, or he may assume the name on condition that he abstain from the ordinances.’ A series of remarkable experiences, as wisely as amusingly detailed, settles this conclusion in the Minister’s mind, and he returns to his imperial Master to lay both at his feet. But his Master cannot credit what he is told. He is especially incredulous as to what Tsing-Ti tells him of the Ministers of Christianity. He is sadly afraid that *he has purposely set his face against the Priests, for no better reason than because he could not find his favorite Christianity among them*. The Minister, nevertheless, sticks to his point; and continues to astound his Majesty by new revelations from his budget.

‘TSING-TI. A priest of the first order, on which it is not incumbent either to preach or sing, either to pray or curse, receives an emolument of which the amount is greater than the consolidated payment of a thousand soldiers, composing the king’s body-guard.—EMPEROR. Did they tell thee this? TSING-TI. They did.—And dost thou believe it?—TSING-TI. I do.—EMPEROR. Then, Tsing-Ti, thou hast belief enough for both of us.’

The end of it is, that the Emperor and the Minister are fain to compound their differences, by falling back upon a hearty agreement of admiration for their own native teacher, Confucius. Beautifully says the Emperor, and wisely as beautifully:

‘My children will disdain to persecute even the persecutor. but will blow away both his fury and his fraudulence. The philosopher whom my house respects and venerates, Kung-Fu-Tsi, is never misunderstood by the attentive student of his doctrines; there is no contradiction in them; no exaction of impossibilities, nothing above our nature, nothing below it. The most vehement of his exhortations is to industry and concord; the severest of his denunciations is against the self-tormentor, vice. He entreats us to give justice and kindness a fair trial, as conductresses to happiness, and only to abandon them when

they play us false. He assures us that every hour of our existence is favorable to the sowing or the gathering of some fruit ; and that sleep and repose are salutary repasts, to be enjoyed at stated times, and not to be long indulged nor frequently repeated. He is too honorable to hold out bribes, too gentle to hold out threats ; he says only, 'satisfy your conscience ; and you will satisfy your God.' But antecedently to the satisfaction of this conscience, he takes care to look into it minutely, to see that it hangs commodiously and lightly on the breast, that all it parts he sound, and all its contents in order, that it be not contracted, nor covered with cobwebs, nor crawled over with centipedes and tarantulas.'

The Dialogue of *Melancthon and Calvin* follows, as a set-off to that of the *Emperor and his Minister*. No disputable sacred doctrine but is interpreted by Melancthon in favor of the culprit. 'Such is man ; the benevolent judge is God.' No fierce invocation by Calvin that is not turned to charity and peace. Thus may that weapon, so tremendous when, in the hands of the Frenchman, wielded by man against man—the 'arm of the gospel'—be endowed in those of the milder German, like the fabled spear of old mythology, with the faculty of healing the saddest wound its most violent wielder can inflict. Such is the lesson taught in this beautiful dialogue.

'We fancy,' says Melancthon—'that all our inflections are sent us directly and immediately from above : sometimes we think it in piety and contrition, but oftener in moroseness and discontent. It would, however, be well if we attempted to trace the causes of them. We should probably find their origin in some region of the heart which we never had well explored, or in which we had secretly deposited our worst indulgences. The clouds that intercept the heavens from us, come not from the heavens, but from the earth.'

The Conversation closes thus. In the idea of the profound Novalis, that the true Shekinah is man, lay the thought that had possessed Melancthon.

'*MELANCTHON*. Calvin ! I beseech you, do you who guide and govern so many, do you (whatever others may) spare your brethren. Doubtful as I am of lighter texts, blown backward and forward at the opening of opposite windows, I am convinced and certain of one grand immovable verity. It sounds strange ; it sounds contradictory.—*CALVIN*. I am curious to hear it.—*MELANCTHON*. You shall. This is the tenet. There is nothing on earth divine beside humanity.'

In a section of *Lucian and Timotheus* the same subject is pursued. Timotheus,

one of the leaders of the early Christians, goes and proposes to his cousin Lucian, that they should lay their heads together and compose 'a merry dialogue on the Priests of Isis.' But the Priests of Isis had been with Lucian just before, to propose a merry dialogue on the new sect of Christians. And between the two claimants for his scourge, stands the great Greek satirist and philosopher ; witty, sarcastic, eloquent, and most impartially observant. Though less than a century had passed since the death of the Divine Founder of Christianity, the thorny and bitter aloe of dissension was at this time in full flower, on the steps of the Christian temples ;—and Lucian has no mercy for those who have tended and cherished it. He is not, at the same time, without grave errors of his own, in the direction of doubt and infidelity ;—so much was needful to the portrait ;—but in his reverent admiration for the character of Christ, and in his warnings and denunciations of the evil that will result from every practical denial of his doctrines, there is matter of thought and agreement for all Christian minds. It is to no purpose his cousin accuses him of turning into ridicule the true and holy. In other words, he answers, to turn myself into a fool. 'He who brings ridicule to bear against truth, finds in his hand a blade without a hilt. The most sparkling and pointed flame of wit flickers and expires against the incombustible walls of her sanctuary.' It is in vain Timotheus fortifies himself with Plato : Lucian, without more ado, undertakes to demolish Plato. And, with whatever success we may think this attempted, the peculiarity and boldness of our daring Swift, of Samosata, is certainly inimitably caught. There is nothing too high or too low for his humor and eloquence. Into the thrice-armed breasts of priests and philosophers, of conquerors, statesmen, and grammarians, he shoots his poisoned arrows. We might object to a want of occasional verisimilitude in the style ;—but if, beside all fair allowance of lightness and buffoonery, we have sentences majestically sedate as those of Plato himself ; a gloomy concentration and grandeur that Tacitus could hardly have excelled ; and even evidence, here and there, as though the low-born lover of Aristophanes had been loitering half his life in the Pæcile with the Tragedians ;—it is, perhaps, hardly considerate to make this an objection ! Here are a few brief extracts, by which the reader may judge for himself.

'TIMOTHEUS. Cousin Lucian! cousin Lucian! the name of Plato will be durable as that of Sesostris.—LUCIAN. So will the pebbles and bricks which gangs of slaves erected into a pyramid. I do not hold Sesostris in much higher estimation than those quieter lumps of matter. They, O Timotheus! who survive the wreck of ages, are by no means, as a body, the worthiest of our admiration. It is in these wrecks, as in those at sea, the best things are not always saved. Hencoops and empty barrels bob upon the surface, under a serene and smiling sky, when the graven or depicted images of the Gods are scattered on invisible rocks, and when those who most resemble them in knowledge and beneficence are devoured by cold monsters below.'

'An honest man may fairly scoff at all philosophies and religions which are proud, ambitious, intemperate, and contradictory. It is the business of the philosophical to seek truth: it is the office of the religious to worship her. The falsehood that the tongue commits is slight in comparison with what is conceived by the heart, and executed by the whole man, throughout life. If, professing love and charity to the human race at large, I quarrel day after day with my next neighbor; if, professing that the rich can never see God, I spend in the luxuries of my household a talent monthly; if, professing to place so much confidence in his word, that, in regard to worldly weal, I need take no care for to-morrow, I accumulate stores even beyond what would be necessary, though I quite distrusted both his providence and his veracity; if, professing that "he who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," I question the Lord's security, and haggle with him about the amount of the loan; if, professing that I am their steward, I keep ninety-nine parts in the hundred as the emolument of my stewardship;—how, when God hates liars and punishes defrauders, shall I, and other such thieves and hypocrites, fare hereafter?'

'Scarcely ever has there been a politician, in any free state, without much falsehood and duplicity. I have named the most illustrious exceptions. Slender and irregular lines of a darker color run along the bright blade that decides the fate of nations, and may indeed be necessary to the perfection of its temper. The great warrior has usually his darker lines of character, necessary (it may be) to constitute his greatness. No two men possess the same quantity of the same virtues, if they have many or much. We want some which do not far outstep us, and which we may follow with the hope of reaching; we want others to elevate, and others to defend us. The order of things would be less beautiful without this variety. Without the ebb and flow of our passions, but

guided and moderated by a beneficent light above, the ocean of life would stagnate; and zeal, devotion, eloquence, would become dead carcases, collapsing and wasting on unprofitable sands. The vices of some men cause the virtues of others, as corruption is the parent of fertility.'

'On words, on quibbles, if you please to call distinctions so, rest the axis of the intellectual world. A winged word hath struck ineradicably in a million hearts, and envenomed every hour throughout their hard pulsation. On a winged word hath hung the destiny of nations. On a winged word hath human wisdom been willing to cast the immortal soul, and to leave it dependant for all its future happiness. It is because a word is unsusceptible of explanation, or because they who employed it were impatient of any, that enormous evils have prevailed, not only against our common sense, but against our common humanity.'

'A great poet in the hours of his idleness may indulge in allegory; but the highest poetical character will never rest on so unsubstantial a foundation. The poet must take man from God's hands, must look into every fibre of his heart and brain, must be able to take the magnificent work to pieces, and to reconstruct it. When this labor is completed, let him throw himself composedly on the earth, and care little how many of its ephemeral insects creep over him.'

'While I admired, with a species of awe such as not Homer himself ever impressed me with, the majesty and sanctimony of Livy, I have been informed by learned Romans that in the structure of his sentences he is often inharmonious, and sometimes uncouth. I can imagine such uncouthness in the Goddess of battles, confident of power and victory, when part of her hair is waving round the helmet, loosened by the rapidity of her descent, or the vibration of her spear.'

We must take the same course with *Marvel and Parker*. The reader will have to judge of the house, by a brick or two taken from its walls. The character and position of the speakers,—the Wit and the Church dignitary,—are the same as in the Greek dialogue; but the objects of discussion have changed with the lapse of ages. The talk is here of Milton, and of the danger and darkness that encompass him; of the great Deeds and Thoughts that have just been replaced in England by trickery and falsehood; of the transitory

glories of worldly power, and of the eternal claims of Genius. They who know any thing of the writings of Marvel, the delightful wit and incorruptible patriot, will know what he has himself said of an accidental meeting with Parker, at the house of Milton, in Burnhill Row; and how they afterwards walked and wandered up and down Moor-Fields, 'astrologizing upon the duration of his Majesty's 'Government.' They will remember, too, that Marvel accuses the Bishop of 'frequenting John Milton's incessantly; of inhumanely and inhospitably insulting over his old age; and of being no better than a Judas, that crept into all companies, to jeer, trepan, and betray them. Upon this foundation the Dialogue is built; and we think it Mr. Landon's masterpiece. It has, in greatest abundance, the greatest qualities of his writing; and is more consistently sustained, at a higher level, and with fewer drawbacks, than perhaps any other of all these *Imaginary Conversations*. What extracts we are able to give, may not perfectly show this; but we do not doubt that they will make the reader anxious to endeavor to ascertain it for himself.

'PARKER. Both Mr. Shakespeare and Mr. Milton have considerable merit in their respective ways; but both surely are unequal. Is it not so, Mr. Marvel?—MARVEL. Under the highest of the immeasurable Alps, all is not valley and verdure: in some places there are frothy cataracts, there are the fruitless beds of noisy torrents, and there are dull and hollow glaciers. He must be a bad writer, or however a very indifferent one, in whom there are no inequalities. The plants of such tableland are diminutive, and never worth gathering. What would you think of a man's eyes to which all things appear of the same magnitude and of the same elevation? You must think nearly so of a writer who makes as much of small things as of great. The vigorous mind has mountains to climb and valleys to repose in. Is there any sea without its shoals? On that which the poet navigates, he rises intrepidly as the waves rise round him, and sits composedly as they subside.'

'I have often been amused at thinking in what estimation the greatest of mankind were holden by their contemporaries. Not even the most sagacious and prudent one could discover much of them, or could prognosticate their future course in the infinity of space! Men like ourselves are permitted to stand near, and indeed in the very presence of Milton. What do they see? Dark clothes, grey hair, and sightless eyes. Other men have

better things: other men, therefore, are nobler. The stars themselves are only bright by distance: go close, and all is earthy. But vapors illuminate these. From the breath and from the countenance of God comes light on worlds higher than they: worlds to which he has given the forms and names of Shakespeare and of Milton.'

'Who, whether among the graver or less grave, is just to woman? There may be moments when the beloved tells us, and tells us truly, that we are dearer to her than life. Is not this enough?—Is it not above all merit? Yet, if ever the ardor of her enthusiasm subsides—if her love ever loses, later in the day, the spirit and vivacity of its early dawn—if between the sigh and the blush an interval is perceptible—if the arm mistakes the chair for the shoulder—what an outcry is there!—what a proclamation of her injustice and her inconstancy!—what an alternation of shrinking and spurning at the coldness of her heart! Do we ask within if our own has retained all its ancient loyalty, all its own warmth, and all that was poured into it? Often the true lover has little of true love compared with what he has undeservedly received and unreasonably exacts.'

'But let it also be remembered, that marriage is the metempsychosis of women; that it turns them into different creatures from what they were before. Liveliness in the girl may have been mistaken for good temper; the little perversity which at first is attractively provoking, at last provokes without its attractiveness; negligence of order and propriety, of duties and civilities, long endured, often deprecated, ceases to be tolerable, when children grow up and are in danger of following the example. It often happens, that if a man unhappy in the married state were to disclose the manifold causes of his uneasiness, they would be found, by those who were beyond their influence, to be of such a nature as rather to excite derision than sympathy. The waters of bitterness do not fall on his head in a cataract, but through a colander—one, however, like the vases of the Danaïdes, perforated only for replenishment. We know scarcely the vestibule of a house of which we fancy we have penetrated into all the corners. We know not how grievously a man may have suffered, long before the calumnies of the world befell him, as he reluctantly left his house-door. There are women from whom incessant tears of anger swell forth at imaginary wrongs; but of contrition for their own delinquencies, not one.'

'MARVEL. We are captivated by no charms of description in the histories of Guicciardini or Machiavelli; we are detained by no peculiarities of character; we hear a clamorous

scuffle in the street, and we close the door. How different the historians of antiquity! We read Sallust, and always are incited by the desire of reading on, although we are surrounded by conspirators and barbarians; we read Livy, until we imagine we are standing in an august pantheon, covered with altars and standards, over which are the four fatal letters\* that spell-bound all mankind. We step forth again among the modern Italians; here we find plenty of rogues, plenty of receipts for making more; and little else. In the best passages we come upon a crowd of dark reflections, which scarcely a glimmer of glory pierces through; and we stare at the tenuity of the spectres, but never at their altitude. Give me the poetical mind, the mind poetical in all things; give me the poetical heart, the heart of hope and confidence, that beats the more strongly and resolutely under the good thrown down, and raises up fabric after fabric on the same foundation.—PARKER. At your time of life, Mr. Marvel?—MARVEL. At mine, my lord Bishop! *I have lived with Milton.* Such creative and redeeming spirits are like kindly and renovating Nature. Volcano comes after volcano, yet covereth she with herbage and foliage, with vine and olive, and with whatever else refreshes and gladdens her, the Earth that has been gasping under the exhaustion of her throes.'

'Little men in lofty places, who throw long shadows, because our sun is setting.'—(*Marvel's definition of the statesmen of his time.*)

'I have usually found, that those who make faults of foibles, and crimes of faults, have within themselves an impulse toward worse; and give ready way to such impulse whenever they can, secretly or safely. There is a gravity which is not austere nor captious, which belongs not to melancholy, nor dwells in contraction of heart, but arises from tenderness and hangs upon reflection.'

'Usually men, in distributing fame, do as old maids and old misers do; they give every thing to those who want nothing. In literature, often a man's solitude, and oftener his magnitude, disinclines us from helping him if we find him down. We are fonder of warming our hands at a fire already in a blaze than of blowing one.'

'I know that Milton, and every other great poet, must be religious; for there is nothing so godlike as a love of order, with a power of bringing great things into it.'

'PARKER. When I ride or walk, I never carry loose money about me, lest, through an

inconsiderate benevolence, I be tempted in some such manner to misapply it. To be robbed, would give me as little or less concern.—MARVEL. A man's self is often his worst robber. He steals from his own bosom and heart what God has there deposited, and he hides it out of his way, as dogs and foxes do with bones. But the robberies we commit on the body of our superfluities, and store up in vacant places, in places of poverty and sorrow, these, whether in the dark or in the daylight, leave us neither in nakedness nor in fear, are marked by no burning-iron of conscience, are followed by no scourge of reproach; they never deflower prosperity, they never distemper sleep.'

'I do not like to hear a man cry out with pain; but I would rather hear one than twenty. Sorrow is the growth of all seasons; we had much, however, to relieve it. Never did our England, since she first emerged from the ocean, rise so high above surrounding nations. The rivalry of Holland, the pride of Spain, the insolence of France, were thrust back by one finger each; yet those countries were then more powerful than they had ever been. The sword of Cromwell was preceded by the mace of Milton—by that mace which, when Oliver had rendered his account, opened to our contemplation the garden-gate of Paradise. And there were some around not unworthy to enter with him. In the compass of sixteen centuries, you will not number on the whole earth so many wise and admirable men as you could have found united in that single day, when England showed her true magnitude, and solved the question, *Which is most, one or a million?* There were giants in those days; but giants who feared God, and not who fought against him.'—(*Marvel describing the days of the English Commonwealth.*)

'PARKER. Our children may expect from Lord Clarendon a fair account of the prime movers in the late disturbances.—MARVEL. He knew but one party, and saw it only in its gala suit. He despises those whom he left on the old litter; and he fancies that all who have not risen want the ability to rise. No doubt, he will speak unfavorably of those whom I most esteem; be it so: if their lives and writings do not controvert him, they are unworthy of my defence. Were I upon terms of intimacy with him, I would render him a service, by sending him the best translations, from Greek and Latin authors, of maxims left us by the wisest men; maxims which my friends held longer than their fortunes, and dearer than their lives. And are the vapors of such quagmires as Clarendon to overcast the luminaries of mankind? Should a Hyde lift up, I will not say his hand, I will not say his voice, should he lift up his eyes, against a Milton?—PARKER. Mr. Milton would have benefited the world much more by coming

\* S. P. Q. R.

into its little humors, and by complying with it cheerfully.—MARVEL. As the needle turns away from the rising sun, from the meridian, from the occidental, from regions of fragrancy and gold and gems, and moves with unerring impulse to the frosts and deserts of the north, so Milton and some few others, in politics, philosophy, and religion, walk through the busy multitude, wave aside the importunate trader, and after a momentary oscillation from external agency, are found in the twilight and in the storm, pointing with certain index to the polestar of immutable truth.'

'PARKER. We are all of us dust and ashes.—MARVEL. True, my lord! but in some we recognize the dust of gold and the ashes of the phoenix; in others the dust of the gate-way and the ashes of turf and stubble. With the greatest rulers upon earth, head and crown drop together, and are overlooked. It is true, we read of them in history; but we also read in history of crocodiles and hyænas. With great writers, whether in poetry or prose, what falls away is scarcely more or other than a vesture. The features of the man are imprinted on his works: and more lamps burn over them, and more religiously, than are lighted in temples or churches. Milton, and men like him, bring their own incense, kindle it with their own fire, and leave it unconsumed and unconsumable; and their music, by day and by night, swells along a vault commensurate with the vault of heaven.—PARKER. Mr. Marvel, I am admiring the extremely fine lace of your cravat.'

'PARKER. Let us piously hope, Mr. Marvel, that God, in his good time, may turn Mr. Milton from the error of his ways, and incline his heart to repentance, and that so he may finally be prepared for death.—MARVEL. The wicked can never be prepared for it, the good always are. What is the preparation which so many ruffled wrists point out? To gabble over prayer and praise, and confession and contrition. My lord! Heaven is not to be won by short hard work at the last, as some of us take a degree at the university, after much irregularity and negligence. I prefer a steady pace from the outset to the end, coming in cool, and dismounting quietly. Instead of which, I have known many old playfellows of the devil spring up suddenly from their beds, and strike at him treacherously; while he, without a cuff, laughed and made grimaces in the corner of the room.'

'I am confident that Milton is heedless of how little weight he is held by those who are of none; and that he never looks towards those somewhat more eminent between whom and himself there have crept the waters of oblivion. As the pearl ripens in the obscurity of its shell, so ripens in the tomb all the

same that is truly precious. In same he will be happier than in friendship. Were it possible that one among the faithful of the angels could have suffered wounds and dissolution in his conflict with the false, I should scarcely feel greater awe at discovering on some bleak mountain the bones of this our mighty defender, once shining in celestial panoply, once glowing at the trumpet-blast of God, but not proof against the desperate and the damned, than I have felt at entering the humble abode of Milton, whose spirit already reaches heaven, yet whose corporeal frame hath no quiet or safe resting-place here below. And shall not I, who loved him early, have the lonely and sad privilege to love him still? or shall fidelity to power be a virtue, and fidelity to tribulation an offence?'

'PARKER. The nation in general thanks him little for what he has been doing.—MARVEL. Men who have been unsparing of their wisdom, like ladies who have been unfrugal of their favors, are abandoned by those who owe most to them, and hated or slighted by the rest. I wish beauty in her lost estate had consolations like genius.—PARKER. Fie, fie, Mr. Marvel! Consolations for frailty!—MARVEL. What wants them more? The reed is cut down, and seldom does the sickle wound the hand that cuts it. There it lies, trampled on, withered, and soon to be blown away.'

We cannot leave Mr. Landor at a more auspicious time than when these lofty strains of wisdom and humanity are lingering around us. The author and outpourer of such, stands apart from ordinary writers, and will be known, esteemed, and listened to, when all the rubbish of light and fashionable reading, which has so choked up our generation, shall have passed away. He has himself somewhere finely said, that the voice comes deepest from the sepulchre, and a great name has its roots in the dead body. He is doubtless, for himself, well content to obey that law. But this Collection of his Writings has reminded us, for our own part, not to wait until 'deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.' Others, let us hope, will follow our example. And thus, while Mr. Landor yet lives, he may hear what is violent and brief in his writings forgiven—what is wise, tranquil, and continuous, gratefully accepted—and may know that he has not vainly striven for those high rewards which he has so frequently and fully challenged. 'Fame, they tell you, is air; but without air there is no life for any—without fame there is none for the best.'



From Tait's Magazine.

### THE TYRANT'S TOMB.

It was a well-known doctrine of the ancient Egyptians, that the soul after death passed through the forms of various animals for a period of three thousand years, at the end of which time it resumed its original habitation. As, however, their ideas of a resurrection went no further than the re-animation of the body, *if existing*, it became a point of supreme importance that it should be preserved during the interval, as well from the decay of nature, as from the many accidents to which its helpless condition exposed it. As a protection against the former that wonderful people had recourse to their ingenious and skillful method of embalming the dead; and as a defence against the latter, those gigantic structures were erected, many of which still remain after a lapse of far more than three thousand years. It was under a deep impression of this belief that the tyrant Cheops, bitterly detested by his oppressed subjects, built the stupendous pile known as the great Pyramid, within whose innermost recesses, intrenched, as the surveys of science inform us, no less with marvellous cunning than with surpassing strength, he hoped to frustrate the vengeance of his enraged subjects. After its completion, however, either distrusting its security, or having all along intended it merely as a cloak to his real intentions, he gave private instructions to have his body laid in a secret place, around which the waters of the Nile were introduced; and where, for aught we know, he may be reposing to this day. The pyramid, which he originally intended for his sepulchre, is thought to have been forced soon after the death of its founder, and, at all events, was opened at an early period by one of the Caliphs, in search of the treasure it was supposed to contain.

Not less a fortress than a tomb—and built

More firmly far than towers, a nation's guard;

Look on the tyrant's grave—and see how hard  
It is for man to shield him from his guilt!

Vain builder! when the blood that thou hast spilt,

Cries from the earth to God—with crafty skill—

With giant strength—protect thee as thou wilt,

The hand of vengeance shall pursue thee still!

And yet is somewhat almost of sublime,

In this thy bitter struggle to inherit,

With deadly odds against thee—ruthless to me,

And man's revenge—the life thou didst not  
merit;

Alone within thy gloomy hold—no room

For one tried friend—'tis the true tyrant's tomb!

Tyrant! thou hast but made it over sure:

The day will come when vainly thou shalt  
call,

And curse the skill that built it too secure,

On this o'erhanging human rock to fall!

And thou hast forged a weapon wherewithal

The hand of man may smite thee. Avarice

Of later times, that deems no richer prize

Within the shelter of this mighty wall

Can be secured, than its own idol, gold,

Hath burst upon thy slumbers. Science, too,  
The stone from this thy sepulchre hath roll'd,  
And strives, with all her potent arts can do,  
To take thee captive in thy last strong hold,  
And thus to this great riddle find the clue.—

Yet stay! for he who rear'd this fortress-tomb,

To shield him in his years of helplessness,

Hath found beneath its giant shade, no room,

Nor sleeps within its stern and strong recess.—

Is this vast pile then neither more nor less

Than a grand juggle? a stupendous cheat?

A tyrant's master-piece of craftiness?

To make the tide of vengeance vainly beat

On this unyielding rock, and, baffled, foam

With idle rage, while he sleeps all the while

Within a humbler but a safer home,

Protected by the waves of friendly Nile,

Like him who to the raging beasts of prey

His garment throws, and steals unseen away?

Well! be it thou hast cheated man—what then?

Awake! for thy three thousand years are past,

Thy long-forgotten shape resume at last—

And rise triumphant from this dreary den!

Rise! to be great among the sons of men.

See! how they look with wondering awe upon

Thy very tomb! Rise! visit once again

Thy glorious nation—nay—for that—sleep on!

True though it be that death's decisive day

Ends every struggle—finishes all strife—

Dispels all home—yet is there still a way

To vanquish this last enemy—and life,

A life of bliss eternal to provide—

But, ah! 'tis not the way which thou hast tried!

**REMARKABLE FEAT IN METAL-CASTING.**—We have from time to time described the progress made by Mr. Wyatt in casting the stupendous Wellington equestrian group, the largest work in bronze ever executed; and we think one of our latest notices was that of a party of eight having dined conveniently within the cavity of the horse's hind-quarters. But after all that had been done, there came an operation of unexampled extent, difficulty, and uncertainty. This consisted in the uniting together by fusion of the two great divisions in which the horse had been cast. A few inches is perhaps the limit hitherto of such a work; but here there must be a girth of molten brass (several tons), to the length of twelve feet, poured into the junction in such a manner as to fuse each adjacent side, and combine the whole into one solid mass. The contrivance of a mould for the reception and application of the run from the furnace was exceedingly ingenious, and, as the experiment turned out, perfectly successful. From the belly to half way up the sides of the horse is as completely united as if it had been cast in one piece; and the upper portion of the body will offer no obstacle like that which has been overcome in the inferior portion of the circle. This splendid undertaking may now, therefore, be deemed to be beyond the reach of danger: and so nearly finished, that we trust the public authorities and committee will lose no time in having it erected. The world has nothing of its kind to match this production of art.—*Lit. Gaz.*

From the British Quarterly Review.

# CHAUCER—HIS AGE AND WRITINGS.

*Chaucer's Poetical Works.* London, Pickering. 1845.

*The Poems of Geoffrey Chaucer, modernized by various hands.* London, Whitaker. 1841.

*Knight's Weekly Volume. No. LIV. Lives of the British Worthies, Vol. I.*

CHAUCER, according to the account generally received, was born in London in the year 1328, four years after the birth of his great contemporary Wycliffe. A debate has been raised on the subject of his parentage, some maintaining that his father was a knight, others that he was a merchant, and others that he was a respectable vintner who occupied premises at the corner of Kirton-lane, in the city. All the probabilities are on the side of those who argue that the poet's father was a gentleman, a man of courtly station, if not of wealth.

The year of Chaucer's birth was the second year of the reign of the chivalrous Edward III.; and the war which that monarch carried on against David II. of Scotland, the successor of Robert the Bruce, must have been the great topic of the English court during the poet's infancy. This war was followed by another of more importance—that undertaken by Edward for the purpose of establishing his pretended right to succeed Charles IV. on the throne of France. The first of Edward's French campaigns was opened in the year 1339; and from that time the war continued to be carried on for many years with little intermission. In 1346 was fought the famous battle of Creci; and ten years afterwards the victory at Creci was followed by that at Poitiers.

In the same year that the battle of Creci was fought, Chaucer is believed to have written his 'Court of Love,' the first of his longer poems. At this time he was probably in his nineteenth year; and from a passage in the poem in which he describes himself by the name of 'Philogenet, of Cambridge, clerk,' it appears that when he wrote it he was a student at Cambridge, possibly a member of Clare, then called Soler or Scholar's Hall, with the localities about which he shows himself in his Reeve's Tale to have been well acquainted.

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'At Trompington, not far from Cantabridge  
There gueth a brook, and over that a bridge,  
Upon the whiche bridge there stood a mill.'

Shortly after the composition of the 'Court of Love,' the poet seems to have followed a custom then common, and removed from Cambridge to Oxford, boarding there, perhaps, like the Heudy Nicholas of his Miller's Tale, with some 'rich gnoof of a carpenter who let lodgings to poor scholars.' At Oxford he became acquainted with the poet Gower, and Gower's friend, the 'philosophical Strood.' Whether at the same time he formed any acquaintance with Wycliffe, who entered as a commoner at Queen's College in 1340, is more a matter of conjecture than of historical certainty. Without, however, attaching any more value than it deserves, to the very scanty evidence which can be adduced in support of the opinion that Chaucer and Wycliffe became known to each other while students at Oxford, we may allow the imagination of our readers to make its own use of the supposition. In 1348-9, then, let us picture Wycliffe a man not more than twenty-five years of age, but with the face of a hard student, and of an earnest, anxious temperament; and Chaucer, a fair complexioned youth of twenty-one, of genial, all-enjoying disposition, but of modest and diffident manners; a diligent student, too, but more diffuse in his tastes, and with less intensity and strictness of moral feeling than Wycliffe; reading the Scriptures with the literary fervor of a poet, not with the seriousness or docility of a man of God searching after the truth; regarding the world with that clear sunny spirit which reflects what it sees rather than with the severe, scrutinizing eye of a moral teacher groaning over social wrongs. To Chaucer, Wycliffe, we can suppose, would be a strange, almost mysterious man, whose grave, acute, and powerful mind bespoke him the able, honest, and truly consecrated priest. To Wycliffe, Chaucer would be a fresh-hearted and ingenuous youth, whose somewhat quaint and original remarks, as well as the reputed extent of his acquirements, would awaken a stronger feeling of interest than might be thought at all times due to a mere writer of love-verses.

In 1348-9, the terrible pestilence called 'the Black Death' visited England, after sweeping over the greater part of the Continent, carrying off in some countries more than a third part of the inhabitants. For five months the pestilence hung in the at-

mosphere of England like a hot and fetid vapor; and thousands of purple-spotted corpses lay putrefying in fields and houses. The effects produced by these five months of horror on two such minds as those of Wycliffe and Chaucer must have been widely different. The effect which the event produced on Wycliffe is happily not a secret. To his pious and earnest spirit, imbued with the doctrines of prophecy, the pestilence appeared as one of those vials of God's wrath which were to be poured out in the last days upon the earth. How could he doubt it? Were not sin and wickedness every where abounding—the state, ill-governed—the church, lazy and corrupt—the rich, luxurious and tyrannical—the poor, ignorant, brutish, and oppressed? And at a time when all men were disposed to think seriously, was not he, as a minister of God, to seek his explanation of appearances in that volume in which it is foretold how, when the end of the world is approaching, there shall be wars, and famines, and pestilences, and skies streaked with blood, and signs in the air? From a mind full of such feelings the tract entitled 'The Last Age of the Church,' the oldest of the pieces attributed to Wycliffe, evidently issued.

Chaucer, who was in no sense a sceptic, must have participated in such feelings; but that he must have whiled away the five months of pestilence in occupations of a very different nature from those of Wycliffe is evident not less from the known difference of their characters than from the fact that the composition of Chaucer which corresponds most nearly in time with Wycliffe's 'Last Age of the Church' is his pathetic poem of 'Troilus and Cressida.' In the introduction to the Decameron of Boccaccio, we have an ideal glimpse into a poet's life during the great plague of 1348. The poet there describes himself as forming one of a party of ladies and gentlemen who, while the plague was at its height in Florence, retired to a beautiful villa in the neighborhood of the city, and there, 'their ears entertained with the warbling of birds, and their eyes with the verdure of the hills and valleys, with the waving of corn-fields like the sea itself, with trees of a thousand different kinds, and with a more serene and open sky,' amused themselves talking over a thousand merry things, singing love-songs, weaving garlands of flowers, and relating pleasant stories. Now, if not literally with the same

occupations as the Florentines of Boccaccio, at least, we may be sure, in an equally Epicurian spirit, with literary dainties and luscious love-romances, was the poet Chaucer beguiling the time. Ovid's *Art of Love* and Loris's *Romaunt of the Rose* were the favorite companions of the young poet while the more earnest theologian was meditating over the apocalypse and the cabalistic utterances of Abbot Joachim.

For several years Chaucer appears to have led the life of a voluntary student, devouring indiscriminately all the accessible literature of the age, classical, scholastic, and romantic or Provençal. The extent and variety of his reading are proved by the quantity of odd and quaint information which he is in the habit of pouring out upon all subjects in his writings. In this habit of omnivorous reading we discern the nature of the poet or literary epicure pursuing knowledge simply because the love of acquisition is constitutional in him, and not with any immediate purpose in view, such as might be supposed to inspire an ecclesiastic or other special functionary of society at that period with the resolution to go through a course of general study. The spirit which presided over our poet's miscellaneous researches was rather that of the conscious artist, to whom all sources of language and imagery are precious, than that of the moralist who prosecutes his studies under the impulse of some special enthusiasm. We cannot but think that in Jankin, the youth of twenty, the fifth husband of the Wife of Bath, who 'sometimes was a clerk of Oxenford,' and who 'oftentimes would preach to his wife out of old Roman gests,' knowing, as she said

'Of more proverbs  
Than in this world there growen grass or herbes.'

Chaucer has, with due allowance for the difference between a married man and a bachelor, described himself as he used to pass his evenings in his lodging at Oxford.

From Oxford the tradition is that Chaucer went to Paris. After travelling through various parts of France and the Netherlands, he seems to have returned to England about the year 1355, and to have commenced the study of the law, a friend of his editor Speght professing to have seen the original memorandum which stated that while residing in the Inner Temple, 'Geoffrey Chaucer was fined five shillings for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet-street.' He soon, however, abandoned the

law as a profession, having, it appears, received some appointment which required his attendance at court.

Chaucer is now about thirty years of age, already the author of 'many ditties and songs glad,' and in a situation where his temptations to continue the practice of composition are very great. It was the age of chivalry and gallantry, and the most chivalrous and gallant court in Europe was that of the brave English monarch. Heraldic pageants and tournaments were more frequent and splendid than they had been in any previous reign. To typify the power of the fair sex, processions were arranged in which ladies of the first distinction appeared riding on palfreys and dragging knights captive through the streets by golden chains. Luxuries unknown in former reigns were now common, the fruits of Edward's continental conquests. The court was a galaxy of beauty and chivalry. There might be seen the brave monarch himself, the hero of Creci, yet in the prime of manhood; his queen, Philippa, the gentle lady who saved the lives of the burgesses of Calais; their family of seven princes and four princesses, some of them yet mere children, others already grown up, of whom the eldest was the heroic Black Prince, the junior of Chaucer by two years, and the sixth was John of Gaunt, afterwards the celebrated Duke of Lancaster, now a grave studious stripling of eighteen; and around this family group, knights and ladies innumerable. Moving through this courtly crowd we discern the figure of our poet. He is a handsome man of thirty, with a fair complexion verging towards paleness; his hair a dusky yellow, short and thin; his beard of a forked shape and its color wheaten. His forehead is smooth and fair, and the expression of his face serene and sweet-tempered, with a lurking appearance of satire about the mouth; or, according to the host's description, 'he seemeth elvish by his countenance.' His manner is modest and taciturn; and he has a habit of always looking on the ground 'as if he would find a hare.' Such he was through life, except that as he advanced in age he became corpulent.

Of all the royal family, John of Gaunt seems most to have attached himself to the poet. The young prince was in love with the Lady Blanche, daughter of Henry, Duke of Lancaster; and the tradition is, that Chaucer was his confidant, and did him poet's service by writing the 'Complaint of the

Black Knight,' to assist him in melting the obdurate heart of the lady. The coalition was successful, and in 1359 Chaucer produced another poem entitled, 'Chaucer's Dream,' in honor of the marriage of the prince with Lady Blanche. In this poem, however, it is not Lady Blanche, but a 'my lady' who occupies the foreground. Attached to the court were two sisters, Catharine and Philippa, the daughters of Sir Payne Rouet, Guienne King-at-Arms, a native of Hainault, who had come over to England in the train of Queen Philippa, after whom, probably, his younger daughter was named. This Philippa Rouet is the lady of Chaucer's dream. The poet dreams that the newly-married prince and his lady, bring *him* and *his lady* to the parish church 'there to conclude the marriage.' The service is 'full y-sungen out after the custom and the guise of Holy Church's ordinance;' the marriage feast is already begun; the tuning of a thousand instruments by the minstrels in attendance is in the ear of the dreamer, when, O misery! he awakes—

'Then from my bed anon I leap,  
Weening to have been at the feast;  
But, when I woke, all was y-ceased;  
For there ne was ne creature,  
Save on the walls old portraiture  
Of horsemen, hawkés, and of hounds,  
And hurt deer all full of wounds,  
Some like bitten, some hurt with shot,  
And, as my dream, seem'd what was not,  
And when I woke and knew the truth,  
An' ye had seen, of very ruth  
I trow ye would have wept a week.'

The calm tenor of the poet's life was interrupted in 1359, when, having accompanied Edward III. into France, he was taken prisoner during the unfortunate campaign which ensued. His captivity in France would appear to have been of considerable duration, as it is not till the year 1365 or 1366 that we find him in England, and married to Philippa Rouet. On the 12th of September, 1366, there is an entry of a pension of ten marks for life, granted by the king to Philippa Chaucer, as a lady in the queen's household; and on the 20th of June following, Chaucer himself, as filling the post of king's valet, received a grant of twenty marks yearly, in consideration of his services. The salaries of husband and wife together would be worth about £360 of our present money—a moderate income for the newly-married couple. Thus settled in life, with good prospects for the future, the poet seems to have resumed his

literary avocations; and during the four following years, several new performances were finished, including a version of the admired French poem, 'the Romaunt of the Rose,' and other original pieces of a descriptive and chivalrous cast.

Meanwhile, (to continue our parallel of the two lives,) Wycliffe is becoming a person of note in England, being already engaged in what the Romanist historian Lingard calls, 'a fierce but ridiculous controversy with the different orders of friars.' How different, now, the occupations of the two men!—the one the pet of a luxurious court, perusing romances or scientific treatises in quiet privacy, attending jousts and pageants, if not, as seems probable from his delight in heraldic description, assisting in arranging them, composing songs and ballads of chivalry, and in praise and dispraise of women; the other a devout and calumniated priest, looking from his Bible to society, and from society back to his Bible again, and at every glance between the fair page of the one and the foul face of the other, growing more earnest, more bitter and out-spoken against those friars who 'visiten rich men, and by hypocrisy getten falsely their alms, and withdraw from poor men; but they visiten rich widows for their muck, and maken them to be buried in the Friars, but poor men come not there;' those friars, who 'be worse enemies and slayers of man's soul than is the cruel fiend of hell himself; for they, under the habit of holiness, lead men and nourish them in sins, and be special helpers of the fiend to strangle men's souls.'

Let us not, however, do injustice to our poet. He, also, is doing a great work, if not, morally, so noble a one as Wycliffe's. Even these love ditties, and ballads in praise and dispraise of women, and heraldic descriptions of jousts and tournaments—poems, mostly of the fancy, and from which, by themselves, it would be unfair to infer the real nature of the man Chaucer—what a grand result are they helping to accomplish! Not a quip, not a jest, not a simile, not a new jingle of sounds and syllables, let the intrinsic value of the sentiment of which they are the foliage and efflorescence be ever so small, but in the act of originating that quip or jest, or simile or jingle, Chaucer is struggling successfully with the tough element of an unformed language, and assisting to render it plastic for future speakers and writers. When we consider this we ought to be glad that it so happened

that the first great English poet was a rich, descriptive genius—a man whose eye took notice of and received pleasure from the *minutiae* of external appearances, the flowers and the arrangement of the plots in a garden, the paraphernalia of a feast, the banners and scutcheons in a procession, the dresses and armor of knights in a tournament, the harnessing and caparisons of the horses. For assisting at the formation of a language and the compilation of a literary idiom, a poet with a genius for nomenclature and description like that of Chaucer, was most suitable; and for such a genius, a life of ease and luxurious courtiership was the proper training.

But Chaucer was more than a mere descriptive poet, with a powerful faculty of language and a taste for rich and luscious imagery; he was a man of extensive culture, a keen and original thinker, whose feelings were all healthy and genial, and whose aspirations were all for social progress and the diffusion of sound opinion. Even those compositions of love and chivalry which he had already produced long before he had commenced his great work, in which he was to display his ripe, autumnal nature, and perform for the age the function of a satirist and dramatist; even those compositions, frivolous as their texture may appear, and paltry the occasions which called them forth, what versatility of talent do they not display, and what a civilizing influence were they not calculated to exert over English society in the fourteenth century. Forgetting the florid beauty of the diction of some of them, omitting, also, all consideration of their value as historical pictures, what an amount of information and varied thinking do they not contain, the metrical dissemination of which would be a boon to any age or nation; what strong, good sense, what touches, nay bursts, of the truest humor, what distant reaches of reflection and sentiment; and, above all, what deep, sweet, sobbing pathos! And although the assertion of Foxe the martyrologist, that 'Chaucer was a right Wicklavian, or else there never was any,' is undoubtedly an exaggeration, yet it is evident that, like his great Italian contemporaries and predecessors, Chaucer was an antagonist of the corrupt Romish system, and that as far as was compatible with his Epicurean temperament as a poet, he sympathized with such ideas and efforts as those of the more earnest Wycliffe.

Indeed, the age was one in which the

strictest poet would have refused to take shelter under the poet's admitted privilege of non-interference in politics or controversy. The jousts and tournaments, the splendors of chivalry, the French campaigns, the tented fields of Creci and Poitiers—these things, the delights of the historian and the novelist, were but the gilded surface of an age, the inside of which was rottenness and confusion. Underneath all this jousting and tourneying, and clanging of arms and flaunting of pennons, constituting the holiday life of but a few hundreds of the community, history is but too apt to forget that there was a whole English people, most of them belonging to the class of serfs or villains, and descended from the Anglo-Saxons whom the Conquest had crushed, engaged in essentially the same occupations as the mass of the English population of the present day, earning their livelihood by the sweat of their brow, tilling the ground, baking the bread, weaving the cloth, hammering the iron necessary for the support of the entire commonwealth. This hum of labor, the true ground-tone of human life in all ages, it seems the custom of historians to suppress, taking it too readily for granted that the reader will, of his own accord, supply such details. Yet, just as we should pronounce that biography deficient which did not contrive, somehow or other, to convey the idea that part of the hero's life was occupied in ordinary and common actions; so the historian, even of a chivalrous age, ought to condescend, now and then, from the lists of the knights and the galleries of the ladies upon those everyday functions of the body-politic—bread-baking, weaving, building, and such like, a simultaneous cessation of which, occasioned by a simultaneous revolt of the functionaries, would have handed knights and ladies into polite annihilation, and have snapped, prematurely short, the historian's own precious lineage.

It is the nature of the poet to be interested in events only as they furnish him with pictures. Even the woes of society are viewed by him with an unagitated spirit; and the earnestness of other people to relieve them, is to him simply one of the phenomena of the case.

It is only in very extraordinary circumstances, although then with astounding effects, that the spirit of the poet becomes enraged or tempestuous. The state of society in England, during the reign of Edward III., was, however, too perplexed, too

full of abuses, to permit the ideal calmness of spirit which ought to belong to a poet. Accordingly, even in Chaucer, although his habitual manner of writing is certainly that of an artist, and not that of a moralist, we detect occasional outbreaks of what appears to be personal zeal and feeling. Wycliffe, as every one knows, was, in all respects, a moralist—the great spiritual reformer of his age. There was, however, a third man then alive in England, a coarser and rougher genius than either Chaucer or Wycliffe; but, perhaps, more truly a hero of the people than either, a 'crazy priest' of the name of John Ball, and probably about the same age as Wycliffe. Perambulating Middlesex and the adjoining counties, this singular and notorious personage, of whom we learn far too little from the courtly historians of the period, Knighton and Walsingham, used to preach to the poorer sort of people after mass, attacking the civil and ecclesiastical abuses of the time, and flinging abroad, in the form of rhymes and proverbs, the wildest democratic abstractions. The well-known couplet—

'When Adam de'ved and Eve span,  
Where was then the gentleman?'

is one of John Ball's rhymes; and was probably in effective circulation among the serfs of Kent and Essex, at the very time that Chaucer was writing his exquisite descriptive poem of 'The Flower and the Leaf.' By the year 1368, Chaucer may have heard John Ball the 'crazy priest' mentioned many times in conversation as a public nuisance.

In the year 1369, Blanche, the wife of John of Gaunt, died; and Chaucer's poem, 'The Book of the Duchess,' is a lament composed on that occasion. In the following year the poet went abroad on the king's service; and again, in 1372, he was sent on a mission to Genoa. It was while at Padua during this visit to Italy that he saw Petrarch, then in his sixty-ninth year; and, no doubt, according to the allusion in the 'Canterbury Pilgrimage,' the English poet was one of those who were privileged to hear from the lips of the aged lover of Laura his own Latin version, which he was so fond of repeating, of Boccaccio's beautiful tale of Griselda. Chaucer returned from his Genoese embassy in 1374, and on the 8th of June in that year, the king conferred on him the lucrative office of comptroller of the customs for wool and hides,

on condition, however, that he should perform the duties of the office in person. About the same time he received an honorary grant of a pitcher of wine daily, which was afterwards commuted into a pecuniary allowance. It would seem that this was the heyday of the poet's fortunes; for in the same year his friend, John of Gaunt, gave him a grant of ten pounds for life, while the two succeeding years brought him two wind-falls—a vacant wardship valued at 104*l.* (equivalent to 1872*l.* of our money) and a forfeiture of wool to the amount of 71*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*, (1262*l.* of our money). Thus become a rich man, Chaucer appears to have lived in a style of corresponding liberality and expense. 'Twice afterwards, in 1376 and 1377, he was abroad on diplomatic missions. But while actively engaged in such important duties, he was still using his pen, and the period of his life at which we are now arrived is the date of the production of his 'House of Fame,' and various other pieces.

In June 1377, Edward III. died, and was succeeded by his grandson, Richard II., the son of the lamented Black Prince. Although Richard was only in his twelfth year, no formal Regent was appointed, and the administration came into the hands of his three uncles, the Dukes of Lancaster, York, and Gloucester. Meanwhile society was in a state of violent ferment. Wycliffe had now become Doctor of Divinity, and, in virtue of that degree, was empowered to open his own school of Theology at Oxford. He was no longer engaged in a petty warfare with the Mendicant Friars. Ever since his visit to the Papal Court at Avignon, in the year 1374, his aim had been more specific, and now he was attacking the fundamental principles of the Papacy itself. 'The whole population of England had by this time been infected with the Lollard opinions; the Londoners especially were zealous Wycliffites. In compliance with no fewer than four bulls issued against him by Pope Gregory XI. the reformer was brought to trial before an ecclesiastical tribunal, at Lambeth: and but for the political influences in his favor, he would have fallen a sacrifice. Wycliffe's years of activity, however, were nearly over; in the year 1379, he was visited with a stroke of paralysis, which left him weak and incapable of exertion. His work, however, was done; and while sitting in his rectory at Lutterworth, the paralytic man, fifty-five years of age, could

look round and think that by God's blessing, the spirit which had gone forth from his decrepit body was now vivifying the commonwealth of England.

Nor was the priest John Ball idle in his vocation, mingling his crude and fiery notions with a doctrinal theology much less pure probably than that of Wycliffe. For now nearly twenty years, according to Walsingham, he had been overshadowing the country with his presence, 'promulgating the perverse crotchets of the perfidious John Wycliffe, and a vast deal besides which it would be tedious to tell of.' It even appears that he had organized political associations among the serfs of Kent and Essex; and Knighton has preserved specimens of mystic little pamphlets or fly-leaves, which he was in the habit of distributing under assumed signatures for insurrectionary purposes. The following is one of these specimens, intitled 'Jack Miller's Letter':—

'Jack Miller asketh help to turn his mill aright. He hath grounden small, small; the king's son of heaven, he shall pay for all. Look thy mill go aright, with the four sails, and the post stand in stedfastness. With right and with might, with skill and with will. Let might help right, and skill go before will, and right before might; then goeth our mill aright. But if might go before right, and will before skill, then is our mill mis-adight.'

The smouldering fire at length burst forth in the insurrection of serfs under Wat Tyler, in June, 1381. This insurrection, constituting, in our opinion, an epoch in the history of English society, was a compound outburst of three distinguishable feelings: the inextinct feeling of Saxon against Norman, an impure Lollard feeling, and the feeling of present physical suffering. The revolt lasted a fortnight, during which the mob of serfs and artisans held possession of London, burnt palaces, and beheaded the Archbishop of Canterbury with several other persons of note. The throne itself was in danger, and a real concession to the popular spirit was on the point of being made, when the officious mace of the Lord Mayor, Walworth, dashing Wat Tyler from his horse in Smithfield, dispersed the mob and put an end to the insurrection. John Ball, with a few other leaders of the rioters, was taken and hanged; and there, after a haggard career, was an end of the 'crazy priest.'

The reign of Richard II. was a continued series of political agitations. Scarcely

was the outbreak of the laboring classes suppressed when a struggle commenced between two parties among the nobility and gentry—the Court party, at the head of which were the king's favorites, De La Pole and De Vere, and another party, the leaders of which were the King's uncles, John of Gaunt and the Duke of Gloucester. This struggle did not terminate till the year 1399, when that revolution occurred which deposed Richard II. and placed Henry Bolingbroke, son of John of Gaunt, upon the throne.

These political convulsions affected our poet's fortunes. Attached to the party of John of Gaunt, he was elected, in 1386, to serve in Parliament as knight of the shire for Kent, in consequence of which, or in consequence of his conduct in parliament, he was deprived by the king of his offices in the Customs. In 1387 his wife died; subsequently he was obliged to sell his pensions; and from the year 1394, to 1398, there is evidence, according to Sir Harris Nicolas, that his condition was one of 'sheer unmistakable poverty;' and this, although John of Gaunt, who had been abroad for some time engaged in an attempt to be made king of Castile, had now returned to England, and married the poet's sister-in-law, Lady Catherine Swinford, formerly Catharine Rouet. It was during his old age of widowhood and adversity, that Chaucer composed his great work, that 'Comedy,' as he calls it, which he had resolved to leave behind him as the most mature and finished production of his mind. The poet's declining years were visited with a gleam of returning prosperity. In 1398, his son Thomas Chaucer, who had been appointed chief butler in the royal household, had orders to allow his father a pipe of wine annually during life. On the accession of Henry Bolingbroke, in 1399, Chaucer's former pension of twenty marks was doubled to him, and other favors followed. The poet, however, did not live long to enjoy them. He died on the 25th of October, 1400, in the seventy-third year of his age; and his body was interred in that part of Westminster Abbey which has since become the Poet's Corner.

The works of Chaucer may be arranged in three divisions—his prose compositions, including 'The Testament of Love,' supposed to contain autobiographical references, a translation of Boethius 'De Consolatione Philosophiæ,' and a 'Treatise on the Astrolabe,' addressed to his son Lewis;

his great poetical work 'The Canterbury Pilgrimage,' two of the tales in which, however, are in prose; and his 'Miscellanies' or 'Minor Poems.'

To one who has enjoyment in true poetry, nothing can be more refreshing than an occasional dip into the minor poems of Chaucer. Most persons have some favorite poetical composition or other to which, in their moments of languor and oppression, they turn for solace. Some produce the calm their spirits require by taking a sorrow-bath in 'Hamlet;' others drop burning tears of relief over some plaintive Scottish song read for the thousandth time; and others wander away from the world in the enchanted woods of Spenser. Now, in certain moods of the mind the minor poems of Chaucer seem to have a peculiarly medicinal function of this kind; those moods in which the demand is not for the strong wine which invigorates, but for a draught of some soothing and relaxing beverage—in which, like the man of business enjoying his holiday,

'One longs to sink into some pleasant lair  
Of wavy grass, to read a debonair  
And gentle tale of love and languishment.'

As an approach to a correct classification, we may say that Chaucer's miscellanies consist of these four kinds of composition: translations—pathetic narratives and legends—fanciful or descriptive pieces, with a moral or allegorical signification—and songs or ballads.

The only complete specimen of translation printed among Chaucer's minor poems, although several passages occurring through the rest of them are either translated or imitated from other authors, is the "Romanunt of the Rose." This poem, the joint production of William de Lorris and John de Meun, two Frenchmen of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, seems to have been an extraordinary favorite in Chaucer's age, and to have influenced the tastes and style of most of the early European poets. The professed object of the poet is to represent under the allegory of a rose, which is placed in a situation difficult of access and guarded by magic, 'the helps and furtherances, as also the lets and impediments that lovers have in their suits.' In the course of the poem, however, which is of immense length, there are innumerable tortuosities and descriptive digressions—scenes, objects, and allegorical personages, appearing in strange and confusing suc-



cession. 'The author hath also,' to use the words of Chaucer's old commentator Urry, 'many glances at the hypocrisy of the clergy, whereby he got himself such hatred among them, that Gerson, Chancellor of Paris, writeth thus of him : saith he, "There was one called Johannes Meldinensis, who wrote a book called 'The Romaunt of the Rose,' which book, if I only had, and there were no more in the world, if I might have five hundred pounds for the same, I would rather burn it than take the money.'" On the whole, the Romaunt is valuable principally as a picture of the age, and as being a firstling of European literature; for although there are many beautiful and powerful descriptive passages in it, particularly towards the beginning, yet the whole performance drags itself on with such a wormy leisureliness of movement, such a glorious ignorance of the possibility of such a thing as hurry or want of time on the part of the reader, that it is only by assuming the historical spirit very strongly, and saying to oneself—what a dear old book it is, that a modern reader can get on with it. Reading it through is like walking for a week through miles of labyrinthine foliage closing behind you as you advance.

Under the head of Pathetic Narratives and Legends may be included 'Troilus and Cresseide,' a long poem in five books; 'The Legend of Good Women,' in which the illustrious actions of nine or ten heroines of ancient history are told in metre; the 'Lamentation of Mary Magdalene,' and one or two others founded on fact or tradition. The pathetic narrative is a kind of composition in which Chaucer perhaps excels all our poets. Taking some simple incident or story as the plot of his poem, the separation of two lovers for instance, Chaucer paints the afflicting circumstances so slowly and assiduously, descends so exploringly into the caverns of tears, and gives such an expression of sick and wailing melancholy to the language of his speakers, that the reader sighs as if the case were his own. Of this kind are some of the Canterbury Tales, and of this kind also is 'Troilus and Cresseide.' In this poem, according to Urry, 'is shewed the fervent love of Troilus to Cresseide, whose love he enjoyed for a time, and her great untruth to him again in giving herself to Diomedes, who in the end did so cast her off that she came to great misery; in which discourse Chaucer liberally treateth of the divine purveyance.' The whole poem, not-

withstanding its prolix character, may be read with delight; and it abounds with the finest detached passages. The description of Cresseide giving way and acknowledging her love has been much admired:—

\* And as the new abashed nightingale  
That stineth first, when she beginneth sing;  
When that she heareth any herdés tale,  
Or in the hedges any wight stirring;  
And after, sicker doth her voice outring;  
Right so Cresseide, when that her dreadé  
                  stent,  
Opened her heart and told him her intent.'

'The Lamentation of Mary Magdalene for the death of Christ,' a poem professing to be a translation from Origen, has by several critics been treated as the production of some other poet than Chaucer, there being, they say, sufficient internal evidence in the inferiority of the composition to warrant its exclusion from the list of Chaucer's writings. How the genuineness of the poem can be called in question on *such grounds*, by a person possessed of ear or heart, we cannot understand. To us the whole composition appears quite worthy of Chaucer; the last six stanzas, in particular, surpass every thing we know in pathos.

Of Chaucer's allegoric or descriptive poems, the principal are 'The Complaint of the Black Knight,' 'Chaucer's Dream,' and the 'Book of the Duchess,' the purport of which has already been explained; the 'Court of Love,' a fantastic piece in the chivalrous spirit, and after the style of the Romaunt of the Rose; the 'Assembly of Fowls,' wherein, 'all the fowls being gathered on St. Valentine's day to choose their mates, a formal eagle being beloved of three terrels, requireth a year's respite to make her choice upon this trial *Qui bien aime tard oublie*;' 'The Cuckoo and the Nightingale,' an inimitable little thing in which the two birds are heard by the poet in a dream disputing about their singing; and 'The Flower and the Leaf,' the argument of which is as follows: 'A gentlewoman out of an arbor in a grove seeth a great company of knights and ladies in a dance upon the green grass, the which being ended, they all kneel down and do honor to the daisy, some to the flower, and some to the leaf; afterward this gentlewoman learneth from one of these ladies the meaning hereof, which is this: they which honor the flower, a thing fading with every blast, are such as look after beauty and worldly pleasure; but they that honor

the leaf, which abideth with the root notwithstanding the frosts and storms of winter, are they which follow virtue and during qualities without regard of worldly respects.' This little poem is a perfect gem of its kind, and is remarkable for the leafy richness and luxuriance of its imagery. A poet has compared it to

'a little copse ;  
The honeyed lines so freshly interlace  
To keep the reader in so sweet a place,  
So that he here and there full-hearted stops,  
And oftentimes he feels the dewy drops  
Come cool and suddenly against his face.'

Chaucer's ballads and songs are of various kinds, and include several dainty little pieces, so compact and neatly-rounded, both as to sense and versification, that they might figure in collections of poetry, or even in school-books. A few of them, breathing a spirit of philosophical resignation to the world's bad usage, appear to be expressions of the poet's personal feelings during the eclipse of his fortunes. Others are of a humorous or satirical cast, such as the cutting ballad in praise of women for their steadfastness, commencing thus :

'This world is full of variance  
In everything, who taketh heed,  
That faith and trust and all constance  
Exiled been ; this is no dread.  
And save only in womanhead  
I can y-see no sickness  
But for all that, yet as I rede,  
Beware alway of doubleness.

There is one of Chaucer's minor poems, to which, although it might be ranked under the third of the above-mentioned classes, we have as yet made no allusion. We refer to 'The House of Fame,' a humorous composition of considerable length, in which, making use of a grotesque poetical device, the poet criticises in a healthy, half-satiric spirit the aspirations after future fame. As it will be proper to present our readers with a prose analysis of some one of Chaucer's poems, we have reserved it for that purpose, partly because, owing probably to the crippledness of the versification as compared with others of his compositions, it appears to have been less read than most of them, and partly because it is somewhat singular in its character, being not a mere descriptive piece in which fancy and sentiment predominate, but a collection of sturdy general reflections on history.

The basis of 'The House of Fame,' as of several of Chaucer's other poems, is an

imaginary dream. On the tenth day of December, the poet, as he lay asleep, dreamt that he was in a temple of glass full of statues and paintings, which he found to be the temple of Venus. Walking up and down admiring the beauty and richness of all he saw, and wondering at the same time in what country or neighborhood he was, he at length went to the gate of the temple to see if any one was stirring who could inform him. He saw nothing, however, but one vast plain as far as the eye could reach, without town, or house, or tree, or grass, or ploughed land, or anything but a wide expanse of sand. 'Oh, save me,' he cried, 'from phantom and delusion!' and with these words, devoutly looking up, lo! a wonder in the sky. Fast by the sun was an eagle, larger than any he had ever beheld, all of gold, and its feathers so bright that it seemed

'As if the heaven had y-won  
All new from God another sun'

As he gazed the golden bird began to move ; and descending like a thunder-flash to where the poet stood, seized him with its claws and wheeling once round flew up with him into the blue heaven. As soon as the palpitating poet had recovered from the stupefaction caused by the suddenness of his seizure, the eagle calms his fears by assuring him that Jupiter intends neither to stellify him like Romulus, nor to make a butler of him like Ganymede, but only, as a reward for his poetical labors in the service of the Goddess of Love, to give him a glimpse into that strange edifice, the House of Fame ; to which accordingly they are now on their way. Of the situation of this house and the acoustical principles on which it is constructed, the eagle favors the poet with a preparatory description during their flight. Every thing that exists, says the bird, is observed to have its home or stead, some place which is more congenial to it than any other place, and which it constantly seeks to arrive at if it be not already in it. Thus stones, lead, and all heavy substances fall to the earth ; while smoke, flame, and all light substances ascend. Now sound is nothing but air disturbed. When a pipe is blown sharp, the air is violently torn and rent ; this is sound. Further there is no sound, let it be but a mouse's squeak, but has its waves and reverberations through the whole atmosphere, like the ripples produced by a peb-

ble thrown into a sheet of water. There is, however, a central point in space where all sounds in heaven, earth, or sea, meet and forgather. This is Fame's house; the home of sound, where, as inside a great bell, all the noises of the universe hold their booming congress.

Professing himself quite satisfied with the somewhat vague natural philosophy of the eagle, the poet is hurried still upward. Looking down upon the earth he can discern fields and plains, hills and valleys, cities, forests, and rivers, and ships sailing on the sea. But soon these become indistinct in the distance; and now casting his eyes upward, lo! the heavenly beasts and the galaxy which some call the milky-way, and some Watling-street. In such a situation it was but natural to think of Phæton and his chariot. And when ascending still higher he saw the heavenly beasts beneath him, and clouds, mists and tempests, snow, hail, rain, and wind, brewing and seething together, then it was but natural also to think of those two well-known writers on astronomy, Marcian and Anticlaudian, whose descriptions of the celestial regions were really surprisingly accurate. 'Do you hear that?' says the eagle, interrupting his cogitations; and sure enough the poet hears a 'great sound rumbling up and down, like the beating of the sea against hollow rocks, or the humbelling after the clap of a thundering.' Suddenly, he wist not how, the eagle lands him in a fair street, and pointing to a palace, which he said was Fame's house, leaves him.

The palace stood on the top of a high rock of ice, the whole face of which was carved over with names, all of which, with the exception of such as were in the shade, were illegible from the melting of the ice. The castle itself was of the strangest architecture; and the doors were besieged by a rabble of troubadours, singers, mimics, jugglers, and astrologers. Making his way through these the poet was saluted at the gate of the castle with cries of 'a largess, a largess; God save our gentle Lady Fame,' and forthwith, showering nobles and starlings as they went, outpoured a crowd of heralds and pursuivants, clad in rich surcoats emblazoned with all known devices in the chivalry of Asia, Africa, or Europe. Letting them pass, and entering the hall of Fame, its appearance amazed him. Walls, floor, and roof, were all plated with fine gold, half a foot thick, and set with precious stones. On a dais at one end, on a

throne of ruby, sat a feminine creature of the strangest make. At first she did not appear a cubit long, but in the very act of looking, you saw her dilate till her size became enormous. She was full of eyes ears, and tongues all over; her hair was golden, wavy, and crisp; and on her feet she had partridge's wings. Music rolled in billows over and around her throne; and the hall resounded with minstrelsy and song. The goddess, for it was Fame herself, sustained on her shoulders the 'arms and the name' of the two most famous men that ever lived, Alexander and Hercules; and on a row of pillars extending from the dais to the door stood statues of the most celebrated poets and writers of history; Josephus, the Jewish historian, on a pillar part of lead and part of iron; Statius the poet on a strong iron pillar painted over with tiger's blood; Homer on a very high pillar of iron; Virgil on one of tinned iron; Ovid on one of copper; Lucan on one of iron very sternly wrought; and Claudian, very appropriately, on a pillar of sulphur.

Suddenly the poet hears a buzz, like the hum of bees leaving a hive; and instantly the hall is filled by a multitude of people of all regions, ages, and conditions. These are suitors to Lady Fame. 'Madam,' said the first party who approached the throne, 'we are people who have done many great and meritorious actions on earth; and we wish to obtain renown for them.' 'From me,' replies the goddess, 'you shall get good fame, not a particle.' 'Alas,' say they, 'what is the reason of this?' 'Simply because such is my pleasure,' retorts the goddess.

'No wight shall speak of you, I wiss,  
Ne good, ne harm; ne that, ne this.'

And leaving her crestfallen suitors to digest their disappointment, the goddess, anticipating more petitions of a similar character, sends to Thrace for Æolus, the god of wind, with his two trumpets, Praise and Slander. Æolus is soon in attendance with his instruments; and a second party of suitors advance, and prefer the same request as the last. 'I admit,' replies the goddess, 'that your claim is well founded; but I cannot grant your petition. What I can grant, however, you shall have; though it is the contrary of what you deserve. Æolus, blow a blast of your Slander trumpet.' The wind-god put the foul trumpet of brass to his mouth, and blew as if he would blow the world down.

'Throughout every region  
 Y-went this foul trumpet's sound  
 As swift as pellet out of gun  
 When fire is in the powder run;  
 And such a smoke began out-wend  
 Out of the foul trumpet's end,  
 Black, blue, and greenish, swartish, red,  
 As dooth, where that men melt lead,  
 And aye the farther that it ran,  
 The greater waxen, it began,  
 As doth the river from a well,  
 And it stank as the pit of hell.'

A third company now petition for celebrity; and the fickle goddess granting it in the kindest manner, bids Æolus lay aside his black trumpet, and blow a blast with the other.

' "Full gladly, lady mine," he said,  
 And out his trump of gold he brayed  
 Anon, and set it to his mouth,  
 And blew it east and west and south  
 And north, as loud as any thunder,  
 That every wight hath of it wonder,  
 So broad it ran, before it stent;  
 And, certes, all the breath that went  
 Out of the trumpet's mouth y-smelled  
 As men a potful of balm held  
 Among a basketful of roses.'

A fourth company now appeared, consisting of a very few persons, who standing in a row in front of the goddess, said, 'Indeed, lady, we have done well with all our might; but we have no care for fame. If possible, let our names be forgotten.' 'I grant your request,' said the goddess; and they withdrew. The fifth company presented a similar petition, saying they had done good for its own sake, and had no wish for reputation. 'What,' answered the tetchy goddess, 'do you insult me in my own house? Are you to do good, think you, and yet escape the consequences? Blow, Æolus, and let the world ring with these folk's praises.' Æolus took his golden trumpet, and blew the required blast. The sixth company make a somewhat impudent request. They had spent their lives, they said, in doing nothing at all; nevertheless they humbly hoped the goddess would make their names famous; in particular, they would like the reputation of having been great lady-killers. Strange to say, the request of these modest personages is complied with; and they obtain one of the wind-god's very best blasts on the golden trumpet. A seventh company, however, preferring identically the same petition, drive the eccentric little lady into a passion.

'Fie on you, quoth she, every one,  
 Ye nasty swine, ye idle wretches,  
 Fulfilled of rotten slow tetches.'

What! false thieves, and so ye would  
 Be famed good, and nothing nould  
 Deserve why, nor never thought.  
 Men rather you to hangen ought;  
 For you be like the ale-py cat  
 That would have fish, but, wot you what?  
 He willen nothing wet his claws.  
 Evil thirst come to your jaws  
 And mine also, if I you it grant.'

Foreseeing the decision, Æolus had his black trumpet already at his mouth, and when the goddess had ended, he began to blazon out a blast as loud as wind bellowing in the bowels of the earth, and at the same time so comical, that all present, except the poor subjects of the blast, were thrown into convulsions of laughter.

Next came a number of persons who had done nothing but what was wicked, but who nevertheless petitioned for fame. Their request is refused. Lastly, there come in, leaping and dancing, a crowd of monomaniacs and illustrious criminals, who petition the goddess to cause them to be known for what they are proud of being—the greatest scoundrels in history. 'Madam,' said one of these gentlemen, in reply to a question of the goddess, 'in me you behold the person who set fire to the temple of Isis. I wish to be spoken of as the man who set fire to a temple.' Æolus blows a blast on his black trumpet, and the illustrious criminals are satisfied.

At this instant, some one standing behind Chaucer taps him on the shoulder, and asks if he has come for fame. 'Fame,' says the alarmed poet, 'no, grammercy! not I; I want no wight to have my name on hand. I wot myself best how I stand; and whatever I brew I will drink it all myself.' And after a tour about the temple, and another whirl with his eagle through a bewitched atmosphere, he awakes.

Chaucer's great work, as every one knows, is 'The Canterbury Tales.' The plan of the work is as follows:—In the sweet and showery month of April, when men feel the longing to go on pilgrimages, it so happened that nine-and-twenty persons met one evening at the Tabard Inn, in Southwark, ready to set out on the morrow on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas, at Canterbury. While they are sitting at supper, the host, a large seemly fellow, with eyes deep in his head and twinkling with genius and humor, offers to accompany them to Canterbury, at his own cost, to act as their guide; and proposes that on their way going and coming they shall amuse each other by telling stories. The

proposal is received with acclamation; the host is created captain on the spot, with unlimited power to maintain order and arrange all the proceedings, and the party retire to rest. Next morning early they mount their horses and set out, with the host at their head. The cavalcade, exclusive of the host, consists of a knight, who had seen service in all the great wars of Christendom; his son, a comely young squire; their servant, a round-pated, brown-faced yeoman; two nuns, one of them a prioress, demure and coy; a manly and jovial monk, on a palfrey as brown as a berry, his bridle jingling and whistling in the wind as clear as a chapel-bell; a begging friar, wanton and merry, a full solemn man well known over all the country; a merchant, with a forked beard and an outlandish dress; a clerk of Oxford, lean with study; a serjeant of the law; a franklin or gentleman-farmer, of fresh ruddy complexion; a haberdasher, a carpenter, a weaver, a dyer, and a tapister (maker of tapestry), all honest and thriving citizens of London, fit to be aldermen; a cook, well skilled in his craft; a sailor, bluff and hardy, who knew every harbor from Gothland to Finisterre; a doctor of physic, well grounded in astronomy and other science, 'but his study was but little on the Bible'; a wife of Bath, who had survived five husbands and was still fair and buxom; a poor, hard-working parson of a parish, holy in thought and work; a ploughman, a peaceable, laborious man; a reeve or land-bailiff, a slender choleric personage, close-shaven to the ears; a big, brawny miller; a sompnoir, or summoner of culprits before the ecclesiastical courts, with an ugly, fiery visage, all covered with pimples and blotches; a pardoner, with a wallet brimful of indulgences, just come from Rome, a smooth, womanish-looking personage, with a feeble voice and long soft yellow hair; a manciple, or purveyor of provisions for one of the inns of court; and, lastly, the poet himself. The Prologue to the poem, describing these various personages, is unrivalled in literature as a collection of portraits; and every intending reader of Chaucer ought to commence with it. The portraits of the nun-prioress, the friar, the clerk, and the miller, have been most admired, and often quoted.

The tales are twenty-four in number, and most of them are introduced with a prologue, in which we hear the various pilgrims making comments on the last tale,

or disputing who shall tell the next, or making jests at each other's expense and beginning to quarrel. On all these occasions the host is the principal figure; and though he tells no tale himself, we are constantly admiring his rich humorous genius, the ease with which he appreciates all the characters he has to deal with, the tact with which he draws them out, and the kingly decision with which he acts in all emergencies. These prologues serve also to mark the progress of the pilgrims on their journey. The tales, or at least those which were really written by Chaucer, come to a conclusion before the cavalcade reaches Canterbury; so that, had the work been completed, it would have been of much greater length. According to the plan proposed by the host before setting out, each person was to tell four tales, which, if fulfilled, would have made about a hundred and twenty tales in all.

The first tale, and with one exception the longest of the series, is told by the Knight. It is a classical story, told, however, quite in the spirit of the chivalrous age. Theseus, Duke of Athens, having conquered Thebes, two young Theban knights, Palamon and Arcite, sworn friends to each other, are carried prisoners to Athens, and confined in a tower of the palace. Both fall in love with Emily, the duke's young sister-in-law, whom they see walking in the palace-garden; and from being friends they become rivals. Suddenly Arcite is liberated and sent out of Athens with orders not to return on pain of death. Each now thinks his own case the worst: Arcite wishes he were Palamon, to be near Emily; and Palamon wishes he were at liberty, like Arcite, so that he might attempt to carry off his love. Arcite at length returns to Athens in disguise, and is employed in the household of Duke Theseus, with whom he becomes a favorite. Meanwhile Palamon makes his escape; but while riding in a grove in the neighborhood of the city, he meets his rival Arcite. Palamon being unarmed, their combat is put off till next day, when Arcite brings him armor and weapons, and they fall on each other like lions. While they are thus engaged, Duke Theseus, with his queen, her sister Emily, and a hunting party, arrive at the spot. Palamon now divulges the whole affair to the duke, who swears 'by mighty Mars the Red,' that they shall both die, but at length relents, moved by the tears of the ladies, and ordains a tour-

nament on that day fifty weeks, at which the rivals are to appear backed by a hundred knights each, to fight for the hand of the fair Emily. When the day arrives, the knights appear, both confident of success; Arcite is victorious. Advancing, however, to where Emily sits overlooking the lists, he is thrown from his horse, and dying in consequence, Palamon weds his bride. Such is the outline of the tale, which abounds in tender and beautiful passages.

The Knight's tale being finished, the Miller, who is excessively drunk, insists on telling the next, and, the Host bidding him go on for a fool, he tells a tale in which a clerk is made to outwit a silly carpenter. The tale is well received by the whole company, except the Reeve, who being a carpenter by trade, regards it as a personal insult, and retorts by a tale in which a miller comes off with the worst. The language of both these tales is exceedingly gross, a fault for which Chaucer apologizes, by prefacing the remark that tales of churls must be told in 'churlish mannere.' The Reeve is followed by the Cook, whose tale, respecting an idle apprentice, is left unfinished. After him comes the Man of Law, whose tale of the wanderings and sufferings of Custance, the pious daughter of the Emperor of Rome, is one of the most beautiful in the collection. The opening apostrophe to Poverty is particularly fine.

The Man of Law is followed by the Wife of Bath, who after a long prologue, in which she details her own history and matrimonial experiences, entertains the company with a tale of 'a bachelor of King Arthur's court, who is enjoined by the queen, on pain of death, to tell what thing it is that women do most desire.' The poor knight is extricated from his dilemma by an ugly old hag whom he meets, and who promises to teach him the proper answer to the queen's question, on condition that he shall afterwards grant her whatever she may request. He assents, and she informs him that what women desire most is sovereignty. The answer proves satisfactory; but, horrible to relate, the hag appears at court, and demands him in marriage. In the depths of his despair, the hag, who is a fairy, becomes young and beautiful.

To the Wife of Bath succeeds the Friar, who tells a tale of a summoner who is entrapped into a bargain with Satan, and carried off by him. For this tale the fiery-

visaged Summoner takes ample revenge, by a story at the expense of the whole fraternity of begging friars. These two humorous tales precede the famous Clerk's tale of 'Griseldis, or the Patient Wife,' rendered from Petrarch's version of Boccaccio's original—a composition which for sweetness and pathos never has been rivalled. Next comes the Merchant's tale, of which it will be sufficient to say that it is a 'churlish' tale, like those of the Miller and the Reeve. To it succeeds the Squire's tale, admired by Milton, relating how 'the King of Arabie sendeth to Cambuscan, King of Sarra, a horse and sword of rare quality, and to his daughter Canace a glass and a ring, by the virtue whereof she understandeth the language of all fowls.' This tale is not finished. The Franklin's tale, which follows, is a recommendation of courteous behavior, as the most efficient in all circumstances; and the Doctor's is a metrical version of the Roman story of Virginia. The Pardoner next tells a story of a company of rioters, who sally out in a drunken fit to kill Death, and who, naturally enough, lose their lives in the attempt; he winds up, however, with an advertisement of his wares—indulgences, which he will sell cheap, and relics from Rome, which he will allow people to kiss for only a groat. His harangue is cut short by the Host, who expresses a most healthy contempt for relics and indulgences, and quite reduces the poor Pardoner. The Shipman's, or Sailor's tale, is of the same class as the Merchant's; it is followed by the Prioress's 'Miracle of the holy Christian child, murdered by the Jews,' a beautiful little thing, which has been modernized by Wordsworth.

When the Prioress's tale is finished, the Host, who for some time has been eyeing our poet, with a view to ascertain what sort of a person he is, calls upon him for his tale. The Poet, professing that he has no tale, offers, instead, a rhyme, which he says he learned long ago. The Host, expecting 'some dainty thing,' bids him proceed; upon which Chaucer, without any warning that what he is going to repeat is a burlesque, begins—

'Listeneth lordings, in good intent,  
And I will tell you *verament*  
Of mirth and of solace;  
All of a knight was fair and gent  
In battle and in tournament,  
His name was Sir Thopas.'

He has reached the thirty-third stanza of this monotonous effusion, when the Host, thoroughly disgusted, interrupts him, and bids him stop that 'draffy rhyming,' 'such rhyming I never heard; it may well be rhyme doggerel, quoth he.' He then asks the Poet, if he can do nothing else, at least to tell something in prose, 'in which there be some mirth or some doctrine.' Thus invited, the Poet commences the prose tale of Melibeus, 'how Prudence, his discreet wife, persuaded him to patience, and to receive his enemies to mercy and grace.' This specimen of Chaucer's prose is remarkable for its clearness, the fine musical cadence of its sentences, and its almost Baconian pregnancy with meaning; as an example of which last we may refer to the passage in which Prudence exhibits to her husband the errors he has committed in his manner of choosing his counsellors.

The Monk follows, with a metrical enumeration of certain remarkable historical instances of reverse of fortune, or descent from a condition of happiness to one of misery. The personages whose cases are discussed or commented on, are Lucifer, Adam, Samson, Hercules, Nebuchadnezzar, Belthazar, Zenobia, Nero, Holofernes, Antiochus, Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Cræsus, Peter of Spain, Petro King of Cyprus, Barnabo Viscount of Milan, and Hugelin Earl of Pisa. The Monk is succeeded by the Nun-Priest, whose tale of 'Chaunticleer and Dame Partelot' is generally known through Dryden's version. Next comes the second Nun's story of the Life and Death of St. Cecily. Just when it is ended, two new pilgrims of strange appearance join the company, one a canon, the other his man. Our host immediately makes acquaintance with the latter, and understanding that his master is an alchemist, induces him to tell how they live by that profession. The canon, seeing that he is to be the subject of his man's story, moves off; and the 'Chanon's yeoman' commences his tale—one of the most powerful of the whole collection, and interesting on account of its subject. He is followed by the Manciple, who tells a story of a speaking crow; and the whole is wound up by a sermon from the Parson, on Repentance and the Seven deadly Sins—a production not more striking in itself, than as being the finale to so motley a collection of tales.

We have thus glanced over the whole of Chaucer's works, in a very cursory manner indeed, but still perhaps with sufficient ful-

ness to refresh in some points the memories of those who are acquainted with the poet, and to convey to those who are not acquainted with him, a general idea of his productions. If we have at all succeeded, we are sure that the strongest impression left on the minds of our readers, will be that of the poet's variedness—an impression, never more fittingly expressed than in the following passage from the pen of a living critic:—'Even like the visible creation around us, Chaucer's poetry, too, has its earth, its sea, its sky, and all the sweet vicissitudes of each. Here you have the clear-eyed observer of man as he is, catching 'the manners living as they rise,' and fixing them in pictures where not their minutest lineament is or ever can be lost; here he is the inspired dreamer by whom earth and all its realities are forgotten, as his spirit soars and sings in the finer air and amid the diviner beauty of some far-off world of its own. Now the riotous verse rings loud with the turbulence of human merriment and laughter, casting from it, as it dashes on its way, flash after flash of all the forms of wit and comedy; now it is the tranquillizing companionship of the sights and sounds of inanimate nature of which the poet's heart is full—the springing herbage, and the dew-drops on the leaf, and the rivulets glad beneath the morning ray, and dancing to their own simple music.'\*

There are three critical observations of a more precise character on the poetry of Chaucer, to which, omitting much else that might be said, we shall confine ourselves; the rather, that they appear to embody in the shape of general propositions much that commentators have naturally dwelt upon in their discourses about Chaucer.

In the first place, it is evident to us, from Chaucer's writings, that in his time very much of the business of poetry was conceived to consist in what may be termed the metrical dissemination of information. All Chaucer's critics have noticed his habit of bringing in, on all occasions where it was possible, a number of instances *apropos* from classical history; as, in the first book of the 'House of Fame,' where the mention of the infidelity of Æneas to Dido leads him to give a list of all the notorious parallel cases of heroes proving false to their mistresses. This habit is frequently indulged to such a degree as to cause what

\* Craik's Sketches of the History of Learning and Literature.

in a modern poet would be intolerable prolixity and pedantry. Now it seems to us that the explanation of this is what we have stated; namely, that at the period of the revival of letters in Europe, information, and especially information connected with the history of literature, was so precious, that for a poet to exhibit the extent of his reading in his verses was deemed a perfectly legitimate mode of exciting interest. At such a period, for a poet to permit himself such digressions and long parenthetical passages as those which critics have sometimes found fault with in Chaucer, was to act under one of the most profound feelings of the time, veneration for books and reading; it was to disseminate in an agreeable manner, information deemed rare and valuable. On the same principle it is, that we would explain and vindicate another habit of Chaucer and his poetical contemporaries; the habit, namely, of borrowing sentences and passages from other authors. Numerous instances might be pointed out, in which Chaucer has translated passages from the classics, the romancists, and his great Italian predecessors into his own productions, not to mention those in which he has availed himself merely in a general way of what such writers had done, as for example, when he borrows the plot of a tale from Boccaccio. The fact is, that at that time, a thought, a sentiment, a plot, an image, a description, were all precious to the poet, whencesoever obtained; and that the duty of repeating or translating the fine passages of another author, was more strongly felt than the desire of being original.

We remark, in the second place, a peculiar *largeness*, if we may so express it, about Chaucer's poetry, as if it were written not for men of ordinary stature or moderns, but for giants, or leisurely antediluvians. There is no haste about it, no literary eagerness, no deference to a standard of length or proportion, no subordination of parts to the whole; all is slow, calm, arbitrary, immense, as if an Egyptian temple were a-building. If the grief of a child parting from her parents is described, it is done on a scale so large and colossal as literally to fulfil the poet's own hyperbole in the 'Man of Law's Tale':

'I trow, at Troy, when Pyrrhus brake the wall  
Or Ilien brent, or Thebes the cite,  
Ne at Rome for the harm through Hannibal  
That Romans hath vanquished times three,  
N' as heard such tender weeping for pitie  
As in the chamber was for her parting.'

Perhaps the special manifestation of this *largeness* which will most readily strike a reader of Chaucer, is his fondness for minute and elaborate descriptions of scenery, ceremonials, &c. This characteristic may have been in some degree a constitutional peculiarity of Chaucer; we think, however, it may be referred to more general causes. In the age of manuscripts, when a reader could not turn as he pleased from one composition to another, what was written, behoved to be leisurely enjoyed; and the description of a wedding-procession in twenty stanzas, or of an arbor of honey-suckle in six, was less an offence against the feeling of proportion than it would be now. It is remarkable, however, that we do not observe this arbitrariness in the writings of the classics, whose circumstances were so far the same. The reason probably is, that in Chaucer's age the whole process of expressing one's thoughts and feelings in written language was more a mystery; so that it would have appeared more ungracious to interfere with the liberty of an author to gratify his own tastes as to what parts of his composition he should bestow most pains upon. Reviewing had not yet become a craft; and men still used the large incorrect utterance of the early gods. And with regard to Chaucer's attentiveness to the minutiae of external appearances, this appears to have belonged essentially to the spirit of his age, the age of chivalry and heraldry. We are tempted to assert that if a list of all the greatest poets of the world, from Homer downwards, were made out, it would be possible to show in their cases that this feeling of interest in the appearances of inanimate nature has undergone a series of marked modifications in the different ages of the world's progress. To extend the same remark, let us add that there could not in our opinion be a more interesting speculation than that which would arise from viewing the six or seven great poets whom the world has produced, purely in their connexion with their respective ages, with the endeavor to expiscate their profound characteristic differences, and thus to arrive at some feasible law of human development, according to which the great poets of different ages might be exhibited as constituting a natural series of Pythagorean transmutations or Hindoo avatars.

Our third remark is one concerning that *naïveté* and quaintness of expression, which delight us in Chaucer and other old writers, whether of prose or verse. These are to



be accounted for, partly by the fact that the modes of thinking of people in those times were really different from ours, that aspects of things which were then common have now become unfamiliar; but partly also, we conceive, by the fact that at the time when such authors wrote, there was no established literary idiom. At the present day any one, with a little practice, may express himself tolerably upon paper, his memory being stocked with phrases and clumps of words which have for many years done service in print, so that they have been worn quite smooth. It is different when one tries to express himself in writing for the first time. However fluent in oral discourse such a person may be, the work of expression with the pen will be difficult to him; every phrase excogitated will be a victory, every sentence a conquest. Hence the *naïveté* so often remarked in the epistolary performances of illiterate persons. Now in the age of Chaucer, writers had the same difficult task to go through; they had to drive the plough of their ideas through the stubborn soil of an unformed language. And therefore it is that the word *naïveté* becomes less applicable to the productions of English writers after the age of Shakespeare; while it continues applicable to those of Scottish writers to a later period.

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From the Athenæum.

#### POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

*Essays on Subjects connected with the Literature, Popular Superstitions, and History of England in the Middle Ages.* By Thomas Wright, M. A. 2 vols. J. R. Smith.

THESE volumes, as Mr. Wright informs us, are published with the view of spreading "a more general taste for the study of the literature and history of our forefathers in the Middle Ages;" and, in prosecution of this plan, the earlier portion of the work is devoted to "a popular view of the character of the literature of our island during the 12th and 13th centuries," while the second part consists of essays on popular mythology and superstitions, on the history of romance, the transmission of popular

stories, on the Robin Hood ballads, and on our political songs. Here is a tolerably extensive bill of fare;—the promise is good, let us look at the performance.

The first essay belongs to a period centuries earlier than the one specified; for it traces the progress of Anglo-Saxon poetry, and gives a few extracts from Cædmon, and that noble poem, 'Beowulf.' The next should rather have been entitled notices of the French jongleurs, than "Anglo-Norman Poetry," since, while we have only a line or two from Wace, and a few couplets from Benoit St. More—these originally appeared in Mr. Turner's History of England, and have done duty in some dozen works since—while, too, we have not a single notice of Marie of France, of Denis Pyramus, or Waddington, all affording illustrations, not only of the Anglo-Norman school of poetry, but, more valuable by far, of English opinions and manners,—we have an account of an old romance about Charlemagne—(what did Saxons, or even Anglo-Normans, care about *him*, when they had their own King Arthur to boast of?)—together with some Middle-Age tales, which are tolerably well known already, and several extracts from the verses of a jongleur, named Rutebeuf, who, as he resided at Paris, and described French manners, could scarcely be expected to throw much light upon English. As Wace, admirable and characteristic a trouvère as he is, had been passed over in this chapter, we thought that in the following essay, devoted to "the historical romances of the Middle Ages," amends might be made to him, more especially as some portions of his 'Brût d'Angleterre' illustrate both our popular traditions and our mediæval usages; but no,—with a perverse partiality for French illustrations, Mr. Wright commences with the epitome of a "roman," entitled 'Garin de Lorrain.' In its place, this may doubtless be considered a valuable relic of French popular literature; but to pass over the numerous Anglo-Norman remains, written by Englishmen, or at least residents in England, and celebrating the deeds of British heroes, for a story about King Thierry, and King Pepin, is a strange sort of illustration. In his next specimen, Mr. Wright at length comes upon English ground, in the story of King Horn, although, singularly enough, he begins with the later French version, and then turns to the old original English. And this is all! Without noticing one of the numerous romances about Arthur, without even mention-

ing those curious ones relating to 'King Alysaundre,'—both classes so popular among our forefathers,—the essay, bearing the interesting title of "Chansons de Geste, or Historical Romances," concludes.

With the same strange love for the foreign, rather than the indigenous, Mr. Wright, in his next essay, "On Proverbs and Popular Sayings," actually travels to Bayeux, in company with M. Plaquet, to bring back the important information, that to find a horse-shoe is lucky; that thirteen persons at dinner is unlucky; and that "Little and little makes mickle" is a proverb common both to Normandy and England. Now, as during this period much Oriental knowledge, in the form of tales, circulated throughout Europe, we surely need not be surprised that the same proverbs and popular sayings are found amongst the people both in France and England.

As to the notion of *thirteen* being an unlucky number, we believe it to have arisen from the recollection that, including Judas, the number of the apostles would be *thirteen*. It is true that a successor was not appointed until after his death, and that subsequently a second was called; but we must bear in mind, that Scriptural knowledge was very confused in those ages, and men accustomed to the phrase of "the twelve blessed Apostles," and yet equally accustomed to view Judas the traitor as one of them, might free themselves from the difficulty by believing him to have been the thirteenth—a belief quite sufficient to account for the actual alarm with which our fathers viewed *thirteen* at table.\*

In regard to proverbs, although many afford even valuable illustrations of national character and popular usages, yet most of them are the result of common observation on common affairs. "Every bird loves its own nest," "Strike the iron while it is hot," and such like, are figures which must occur to every one who had seen a bird's nest, or a smith's forge. Such, therefore, are scarcely worth the tracing from one language to another. The essay on the Latin poetry of the 12th century, although of but little interest to the *general* reader, is at least not out of place, which is more than can be said of "Abelard and the Scholastic Philosophy."

\* We might offer also another solution. Until Judas went out, there were, including "the master of the feast," exactly *thirteen* at the Last Supper.

In his essay on Grimm's German Mythology—(why could not Mr. Wright give us an essay on *English* mythology?)—he labors earnestly to prove that "much of the popular mythology of the French was probably, as we suspect *also* is the case with that of the *Scotch, Welsh and Irish, essentially Teutonic*." Now, we should think that as Britain was colonized by the Celts long ere any of the Teutonic tribes set a foot on the land, our most ancient and most widely diffused superstitions would of necessity be *Celtic*. And so they are—even by Mr. Wright's showing. The worship of trees, the keeping watch beside wells, both obtained among the earliest inhabitants; and these are among the most ancient of superstitions, brought, not improbably from the East, by the Celtic tribes in their earliest migration from thence. The following appears in a Saxon homily against witchcraft,—it is curious:—

"We are ashamed," says the writer, 'to tell all the scandalous divinations that every man useth through the devil's teaching, either in taking a wife, or in going a journey, or in brewing, or at the asking of something when he begins any thing, or when any thing is born to him.' And again, 'Some men are so blind, that they bring their offerings to immoveable rocks, and also to trees, and to wells, as witches teach, and will not understand how foolishly they do, or how the lifeless stone or the dumb tree may help them, or heal them, when they themselves never stir from the place.' 'Moreover,' he goes on to say, 'many a silly woman goes to the meeting of ways, and draweth her child through the earth, and so gives to the devil both herself and her offspring.' In fact, as the same early writer observes, 'Every one who trusts in divinations either by fowls, or by sneezings, or by horses, or by dogs, he is no Christian, but a notorious apostate.'"

The following extract, too, from a Latin Penitentialia in the British Museum, is also worthy notice; not as proving the *Teutonic* source of these forbidden acts, but their purely Oriental origin:—

\* Most of the acts mentioned here will be found among the decrees of various continental councils of a still earlier period. One of these gives the substance of the second paragraph, in the following terms: "Let no woman boast that she rides by night with the Lady Hera or Benzonia, with an innumerable multitude, for this is an illusion of the demon." This fanciful belief was linked with a wild fable, which still more proves its oriental derivation. It was, that this "innumerable company" were always bound to Palestine; for she among them who should *first* dip her hands in Jordan would become mistress of the world.

"He who endeavors by any incantation or magic to take away the stores of milk, or honey, or other things belonging to another and to acquire them himself.—He who, deceived by the illusion of hobgoblins, believes and confesses that he goes or rides in the company of her whom the foolish peasantry call Herodias or Diana, and with immense multitude, and that he obeys her commands.—He who prepares with three knives in the company of persons, that they may predestine happiness to children who are going to be born there.—He who makes his offering to a tree, or to water, or to any thing, except a church.—They who follow the custom of the pagans in inquiring into the future by magical incantations on the first of January, or begin works on that day, as though they would on that account prosper better the whole year.—They who make ligatures or incantations and various fascinations with magical charms, and hide them in the grass, or in a tree, or in the path, for the preservation of their cattle.—He who places his child on the roof or in a furnace for the recovery of his health, or for this purpose uses any charms or characters, or magical figments, or any art, unless it be holy prayers, or the liberal art of medicine.—He who shall say any charm in the collecting of medicinal herbs, except such as the paternoster and the credo."

Now, the very names in the second paragraph, "Herodias, or Diana," disprove the Teutonic theory. It is curious, however, thus to trace the first beginning of that strange notion, to which, in the 16th and 17th centuries, so many an old woman fell a victim; and how, in the lapse of ages, the company of wild and joyous spirits, presided over by "the lady Diana" herself, degenerated into a squalid troop of witches, mounted on their broomsticks.

The English fairies, according to Mr. Wright, are of Teutonic origin; notwithstanding that he acknowledges Giraldus Cambrensis, to whom we are chiefly indebted for these tales, to have considered them as British. Here is one of his stories of a species of Puck:—

"These hobgoblins sometimes appeared visibly; and one in Pembrokeshire, where they were very common, took up his abode in the house of one Elidor Stakepole, in the form of a red boy, who called himself Simon. Master Simon began, 'impudently,' says our author—by taking the keys from the butler, and usurping his office. However, he was himself so provident a butler, that, while he held the office, every thing seemed to prosper. He never waited to be told to do any thing; but whatever his master or mistress were thinking of calling for, he brought it immediately, saying, 'You want so and so; here it is.' More-

over, he knew all about their money and their secret hoards; and often did he upbraid them on that account, for he hated nothing more than avarice, and he could not bear to see money laid up in holes which might be employed in good and charitable uses. There was nothing, on the contrary, he liked better than giving plenty to eat and drink to the rustics; and he used to tell his master, that it was right he should be free in giving to them those things which by their labors he himself obtained. Indeed, Simon was an excellent servant: but he had one failing, he never went to church, and he never uttered a single 'Catholic word' (*nec verbum aliquod Catholicum unquam pronunciabat*). One remarkable thing was, that he never slept in the house at night, though he was always at his post by daybreak. Once, however, he was watched, and found to take up his lodging about the mill and the milldam. The next morning Simon came to his master, delivered up his keys, and left the house, after having filled the post of butler for about forty days. (Girald. Cam. Itin. lib. i. pp. 852, 853.)"

Here is another story, from the manuscript chronicle about the beginning of the thirteenth century, of Ralph, of Coggeshall:—

"During the reign of the first Richard, there appeared frequently, and for a long space of time, in the house of Sir Osbern de Bradwell, at Dagworth in Suffolk, 'a certain fantastical spirit,' who conversed with the family of the aforesaid knight, always imitating the voice of an infant. He called himself Malkin; and he said that his mother and brother dwelt in a neighboring house, and that they often chided him because he had left them and had presumed to hold converse with mankind. The things which he did and said were both wonderful and very laughable, and he often told people's secrets. At first the family of the knight were extremely terrified, but by degrees they became used to him, and conversed familiarly with him. With the family he spoke English; and that, too, in the dialect of the place; but he was by no means deficient in learning; for, when the chaplain made his appearance, he talked in Latin with perfect ease, and discoursed with him upon the Scriptures. He made himself heard and felt too, readily enough, but he was never seen but once. It seems that he was most attached to one of the female part of the family, a fair maiden, who had long prayed him to show himself to her; at last, after she had promised faithfully not to touch him, he granted her request, and there appeared to her a small infant, clad in a white frock. He also said that he was born at Lavenham; that his mother left him for a short time in a field where she was gleaming; that he had been thence suddenly carried away, and had been in his present condition seven years; and that after another seven years he should be restored to his former state. He said that he and

his companions had each a cap, by means of which they were rendered invisible. This is the German *tarn-kappe*. He often asked for food and drink, which, when placed on a certain chest, immediately disappeared. The writer from whom this story is quoted asserts that he had it from the chaplain who figures in it."

The words in the foregoing, "this is the German *tarn-kappe*," are an interpolation introduced, we should imagine, for the mere purpose of helping out the "Teutonic" theory. Mr. Wright should, however, have remembered that the power of rendering themselves invisible, by means of cap, hood, mantle, or ring, is an attribute common to the supernatural beings of all ages and countries.

Friar Rush, although he had a passing degree of popularity about the close of the fifteenth, and during the sixteenth century, when the first little printed books introduced *Ulenspiegel*, and *Reynard the Fox*, and such like, to the English reader, cannot be placed among the objects of *English* popular belief. Still less can we believe that he was ever identified with *Robin Goodfellow*. In the twelfth essay we have a very desultory account of the history and transmission of popular stories. The chief illustration, that of the little *Hunchback* of the Arabian tales, has often been alluded to. Another, less known, is curious, as showing how the transmitted tale often loses its point:—

"A simple countryman carried a lamb to market, and six rogues agreed together to cheat him of his merchandise. They took their station in the six streets of the town through which he had to pass, and each accosted him in turn with the question, 'For how much will you sell your dog?' At first the rustic asserts resolutely that it is a lamb; but, finding so many persons in succession taking it for a dog, he becomes terrified, begins to believe that the animal is bewitched, and gives it up to the last of the six inquirers, in order to be relieved from his apprehensions. This story, in its original form, is found in the Indian collection entitled *Panchatantra*: and we there understand better why the man abandoned the animal when he was persuaded that it was a dog, because this in the Brahminic creed is an unclean animal. Three rogues meet a Brahmin carrying a goat which he has just bought for sacrifice: one after another they tell him it is a dog which he is carrying; and, at last, believing that his eyes are fascinated, and fearing to be polluted by the touch of an unclean animal, he abandons it to the thieves, who carry it away. The same story is found in several Arabian collec-

tions, and from them, no doubt, it came to the West."

The following story, from the "*Gesta Romanorum*" is worth transcribing:—

"There was a rich smith, who lived in a certain city near the sea; he was very miserly and wicked, and he collected much money, and filled the trunk of a tree with it, and placed it beside his fire in every body's sight, so that none suspected that money was contained in it. It happened once when all the inhabitants were hard asleep, that the sea entered the house so high that the trunk swam, and when the sea retired it carried it away; and so the trunk swam many miles on the sea, until it came to a city in which was a certain man who kept a common inn. This man rose in the morning, and seeing the trunk afloat drew it to land, thinking it was nothing more than a peice of wood thrown away or abandoned by somebody. This man was very liberal and generous towards poor people and strangers. It happened one day that strangers were entertained in his house, and it was very cold weather. The host began to cut the wood with an axe and after three or four blows he heard a sound; and when he discovered the money, he rejoiced, and placed it under safe keeping, to restore it to the rightful owner, if he should apply for it. And the smith went from city to city in search of his money, and at last he came to the city and house of the innkeeper who had found the trunk. When the stranger spoke of his lost trunk, his host understood that the money was his, and he thought within himself, 'Now I will try if it be God's will that I should restore him his money.' The host caused to be made three pasties of dough; the first he filled with earth, the second with dead men's bones, and the third with the money which he found in the trunk. Having done this, he said to the smith, 'We will eat three good pasties of excellent flesh which I have; you shall have which you choose.' And the smith lifted them one after another, and he found the one filled with earth was the heaviest, and he chose it, and said to the host, 'If I want more, I will choose that next,' placing his hand on the pasty full of dead men's bones, 'you may keep the third pasty yourself.' The host seeing this, said in his heart, 'Now I see clearly that it is not the will of God that this wretch should have the money again.' He immediately called together the poor and the weak, the blind and the lame, and, in the presence of the smith opened the pasty, and said, 'Behold, wretch, thy money, which I gave thee into thy hands, yet thou hast chosen in preference the pasties of earth and of dead men's bones, and thou hast done well, for it has not pleased God that thou shouldst have thy money again!' And immediately the host divided the money before his eyes among the poor: and so the smith departed in confusion."

The remaining essays, some of which have lately appeared in periodicals, might be passed over, but Mr. Wright's strange theory respecting the grand hero of our peasantry, Robin Hood, cannot be overlooked. A certain French gentleman, M. Barry, some twelve years since, wrote a "Thèse de Littérature," on the Robin Hood ballads, a meagre and blundering work enough.\* Still, he did not scruple to give bold Robin an actual existence; only he chose to suppose him one of the oppressed Saxons, who had fled to the woods on the Norman Conquest of England; and hence his hatred to nobles and clergy. Had M. Barry known more about his subject, he would have found, that in the chief essential of Saxon hatred—detestation of the monarch—Robin is wholly wanting. It is his proud, but hearty spirit of rivalry with the upper classes; his utter contempt of the established clergy, still always conjoined with great respect for the king,—characteristics which the reader, even in spite of their modernization, will perceive in almost every ballad, that have always appeared to us, a strong corroboration of the popular opinion, that Robin Hood flourished during the thirteenth century.

At that important period, the populace took a greater share in public affairs, and, in consequence, assumed a bolder tone than they had before ventured on. The established clergy, mostly foreigners, and mostly rapacious, were objects of general detestation,—a detestation which was encouraged by the mendicant orders; while "the merry greenwood," no longer fenced about by the ferocious laws of the Norman monarchs, became to our forefathers the scene of "all manner of freedom and joyous liberty." What wonder was it that, during the strife of King John's reign, or those of his son's, some bold yeoman, in Sherwood or Charnod, should have organized his band of merry men, and reigned as a king among them? No, says Mr. Wright, "the legends of the peasantry are the shadows of a very remote antiquity. They enable us to place our Robin Hood, with tolerable certainty, among the personages of the early mythology of the Teutonic people!" Truly the "mythic system can go no further than this. We might willingly concede to Mr. Wright, and this vaunted system, "Goosy

Goosy Gander," "The House that Jack Built," and that tale, the admiration of our childhood, "Jack and the Bean-Stalk," nay, even "Jack the Giant Killer," but bold Robin, that hero of the English peasantry, their type indeed—just as King Arthur is type and exemplar of the knights of the Middle Ages—Robin who maintained the same love for poor men, the same "homage aux dames," the same heartfelt spirit of devotion, to which chivalry pledged the knight, at the foot of the altar, to set him, somewhere in the heavens, like the Great Bear, as King Arthur has been; or Adonis-like, to preside over the vernal equinox, because in spring time his favorite games of archery took place, is somewhat extravagant.

We cannot say much in favor of the remaining essays. That "On old English political Songs" affords nothing that is new; except, perhaps, the assertion that the adherents of the Parliament,—including, as the reader will remember, Milton, Marvel, and George Withers,—“were more given to praying than song-writing; since as an old song tells us,—

And if they write in metre,  
They think there's nothing sweeter,  
Unless it be old Tom Steruhold."

From which illustration we infer that Mr. Wright is unaware that Sternhold, as well as the "Book of Common Prayer," was sent to the right about by the Puritans. Such songs as "When this old cap was new," "The old courtier of the Queen," and "Jock is grown a gentleman," independently of being scarcely *political* songs, in the strict acceptation, have been too often used to be allowed a place in a work which professes so much as the one before us. The whole concludes with an essay on the Scotch Poet, Dunbar;—thus exhibiting to the end a sufficient variety of subjects, although we cannot say much for the value of the information.

**FAMINE IN JERUSALEM.**—Recent accounts from Jerusalem state that city and the country round to be suffering from great scarcity, having during the last season very little rain, and a plague of vermin. The same measure of wheat which cost sevenpence had risen to three shillings; and wheat and rice were daily distributed to prevent the poor from starving.—*Lit. Gaz.*

\* One illustration may be sufficient. He actually derives the word *yeoman*, from *yeo man*, which he supposes to mean an archer.

From Fraser's Magazine.

### CONTEMPORARY ORATORS.

WHATEVER may be suggested to the contrary by personal or political antipathy, it will be generally admitted by men of all parties, who are conversant with the subject, that Sir James Graham stands next to Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell in the degree of influence he exercises over the debates in the House of Commons. It is not as an orator, more than respectable though his pretensions be, that he ranks thus high; for there are many, even among his inferiors as statesmen, who in eloquence far transcend him. Nor is it because he has, in the course of his long and chequered career, developed those higher qualities, either of character or of intellect, which lead men in the aggregate to wait upon the judgment of the individual, yielding themselves to his guidance; for the public life of Sir James Graham has been singularly unpropitious to the accomplishment of that glorious distinction. Nor is it that his reputation has grown with the growth or identified itself with the successes of any great national party, whose gratitude would have given him a following, and that following an audience prepossessed in his favor; for there is scarcely a public man of the day who has been so deeply and irrecoverably inconstant to political alliances, or the virulence of whose temporary opposition may with more precision be gauged by the fervency of his former support. On none of the received grounds, in fact, can his influence—popularity it cannot be called—with the House of Commons be accounted for. Such as it is, it depends on himself alone. It is anomalous, like his position.

The solitary, self-created, almost undisputed sway wielded by Sir Robert Peel, one can understand. He has been the foremost man of his time. Always the leader of, even in adversity, the most powerful party of his countrymen, he has never, except, perhaps, in the single instance of the Reform question, run counter to the feelings of the nation.

There are principles and sentiments which, even in the hour of the uttermost estrangement, he held in common with his opponents; there was always some neutral ground for reconciliation. If events proved that his advocacy could not always have been sincere, no one could point to habitual virulence and acrimony assumed to give the color of earnestness. He soothed,

flattered, cajoled, played off parties and opinions against each other with delicate finesse, but never directly outraged deep-rooted prejudices or long-established opinions. And so, indeed, it is with him in the present hour. While ruling his political contemporaries with a power so absolute as to be almost without parallel in representative assemblies, and, at the same time, so well masked as to require all the envenomed ingenuity of a disappointed partisan ere it could be discovered, much less believed in, Sir Robert Peel has contrived to avoid exhibiting most of the harsher symbols of his sway. His despotism has not been obtrusive, or his tyranny odious. He has made men enslave each other, without himself standing forth as the confessed cause of the general degradation. If he has no natural or personal followers, so also he has no organized opponents,—at least their organization melts away at his approach; they are valiant only behind his back.

The more genial, mild, and natural influence of Lord John Russell with his followers is also to be accounted for; nor is it at all surprising, that he should be a favorite as a speaker with the House generally. Of the Whig party, first the *protégé*, then the pupil, and now the leader, he has always been the firm and consistent supporter. Of one side of the House he possesses the favor by every right of political service, and party is not slow to be grateful, however wanting it may be in other political virtues. To his opponents and the House generally, he has always exhibited a deference and respectful consideration, which, if it sprang from policy, was wise in the extreme, for it has secured a degree of prepossession on personal grounds which is not enjoyed even by Sir Robert Peel himself, and often acts as a counter-balancing make-weight for mental and physical short-comings in his oratory.

Sir James Graham's influence in the representative branch of the legislature is not to be attributed to any of the causes which have secured its favors for these two distinguished men. Like Sir Robert Peel, he has constantly been in antagonism with parties and opinions to which he has at some other time, before or since, given his most hearty support. But his changes of opinion and of policy have been made under very different circumstances, and the tone and character of his advocacy and opposition have been of a very different na-

ture. Sir Robert Peel's first great act of inconsistency, however it may have exasperated his followers at the time, still bore the stamp of statesmanship; inasmuch as it was the application of a great and, in some respects, a desperate remedy to a state of things to which the history of the constitution afforded no parallel. It carried with it, also, to most minds the justification of an overpowering necessity. His subsequent deviations from the line of policy professed by him in early life, and while still the leader of the old Tory party, have, in like manner, been to a great extent the result of circumstances which he could not control. Many compromises of principle are forgiven in the regenerator of a great party. And Sir Robert Peel, too, has always kept his motives so free from suspicions. His ambition is, at least, of an ennobling and exalting character. He has never been the mere partisan, or allowed politics to become a passion with him, but has preserved his dignity amidst all the heats of party strife. Personal motives are seldom assigned to him when he sees fit to change his policy. He has preserved in an eminent degree the respect both of parliament and the public.

Not so Sir James Graham; and the fact affects his position with the House of Commons, or it would not be so broadly stated in this paper, which, with the others of the series, treats of public men with reference to their personal position and their influence as speakers, and not with any political bias. Upon the same principle that high praise has been given to Lord John Russell or to Mr. Macaulay, although Whigs, because they are fairly entitled to it, the faults in the character of Sir James Graham, and the flaws in his position, will be dealt with without reserve, notwithstanding that he is so distinguished and so useful a member of a Conservative government. Sir James, we repeat, has not, amidst his many changes of opinion and party, preserved the same high character, the same freedom from the imputation of partisanship, the same presumption of stainless motive, that have upheld Sir Robert Peel, and retained for him the personal favor of the House of Commons, even in the most critical and dangerous periods of his fortunes. Still less has he observed that steady devotion to early received and possessed opinions, that tolerant and liberal appreciation of principles and views entertained and professed by opponents, that gently repulsive retirement from stage

to stage of party defence in the face of the advancing enemy, which, together with many personal qualities of an amiable character, have secured for Lord John Russell so much of the regard of foes as well as of friends. Sir James Graham has acted on wholly opposite tactics. There has been more (so to speak) of brigandage, more of the loose policy of the Free Lance, in his political life. His attacks have always been fierce and virulent in inverse proportion to what has proved to be the depth of his convictions, and to the apparent necessity of the case; his defences have always been distinguished by a blind and passionate obstinacy; his compromises and abandonments of professed opinions have always been sudden. These are great defects of character in the eyes of Englishmen, and they react upon Sir James Graham, and lessen his consequence as a statesman, to this hour, in spite of his commanding talents and great position.

Sir James Graham has made enemies of almost every party in the legislature. It has not been because he has opposed them from time to time, for other men who are much more popular have for many years done so more effectually. But it has been on account of the extreme virulence of his opposition. His fighting has always been *à l'outrance*. He has been too prone to disdain the courtesies of political warfare; fictions though they be, yet agreeable ones and humanizing. He has always appeared to import his passions into party conflicts, as though he were not merely fighting the battle of opinions, but also maintaining his own personal quarrel. And yet he has never succeeded in impressing one with the idea of his being in earnest. That would have rendered pardonable, language otherwise too severe. His harangues while in opposition, and indeed all his party speeches, rather seem the elaborate efforts of one having little real sympathy with the themes he is discussing or the views he is urging, but who has worked himself up to a state of fictitious enthusiasm or moral indignation, in order the more effectually to gratify political vindictiveness, or advance personal ambition, by obtaining the applause of audiences willing to be misled under cover of those high-sounding pretences. But, whether simulated or real, some of the speeches here more particularly referred to—and to which, it must be added, no one could listen without being struck with admiration

at their boldness, skill, and sustained energy—were scarcely reconcilable with that liberal and charitable interpretation of the motives of opponents, which is one of the first duties of public men to each other. Nor has Sir James Graham, while conducting his combats in this spirit, been at all choice in the weapons he used. Any misssive that came to hand was hurled indiscriminately at the foe. No epithet, however heavy its imputation (always, of course, saving that it is parliamentary); no taunt, however bitter or exasperating, whether to individuals, to parties, to opinions, or even to whole nations; no general charge, however grave as against the policy of a party, or however damnatory of the motives of his opponents in their councils or their conduct; and, finally, no manœuvre that could by any stretch of license be accounted not inconsistent with parliamentary honor, even to the extent of partial statements of opponents' opinions, or partial quotations or withholdings of justificatory matter; not one such expedient, however little to be approved in fair and free public discussion, by which a temporary triumph could be won, or a rival for the hour put down, was ever rejected by Sir James Graham from any delicacy of temperament; or from any high and fastidious sense of honor, such as restrains some men from grasping the victory which is theirs on such conditions; or even from that constitutional love of fair play and open, stand-up fighting which is the Englishman's boast, and which is covertly the guiding principle in all the debates in parliament.

It will be observed that blame is imputed to Sir James Graham, not merely because in the course of a long and very stormy political life he has changed his opinions. Men have always been held at liberty to do that; and of late it is becoming quite a fashion. It is on account of the extreme virulence and unscrupulousness with which he has from time to time advocated the opinion or the party object of the hour, and the suddenness with which he has changed those opinions and objects, that he has failed to secure his fair share of the respect of his contemporaries, at least far more than his great talent. A very cursory glance at his speeches will fully confirm the view here put forward. Look at his earlier political career, when as "the Cumberland Baronet," he frightened the isle from its propriety, by the violent and unconstitutional tendency of his writings and

speeches. Who could have suspected that a man whose sentiments breathed so much of the very spirit of license, would in comparatively few years stand before the world one of the favored leaders of the party he was then denouncing so violently, and as the most arbitrary home-secretary the country had known for many years? Again, his attacks upon the landed interest in the earlier part of his career were so harsh and virulent, that one can scarcely believe, though the fact stares one in the face, that the same man has been, for twelve or fourteen years, one of the chief counsellors and leaders of those whom he then treated as the pests and enemies of their country. Furthermore, let us look at the zealous partisanship with which, when he was a member of the Whig government, he attacked on the one hand the Radicals, of whom at least, in opinion, he might once have been accounted a leader; and on the other the Conservatives, in whose ranks he was so soon to hold one of the most distinguished posts. Nor can it be forgotten how when in power as a Conservative minister, he has stood out in marked relief from his colleagues, in the virulence of his attacks on those with whom he had so lately held office, and towards whom he at least, and Lord Stanley, should have been restrained in resorting to the more envenomed hostilities of party. It cannot be attributing too much importance to the effects of this constant antagonism on his part to the convictions or the self-love of his contemporaries, when we say, that they detract very materially from the estimation in which he is held, and preclude the possibility of his being popular in the House of Commons, however much his eloquence, his debating powers, or his extraordinary aptitude for business, may cause him to be admired, and render him valuable as a minister and a statesman.

It has been in the face of all these self-created obstacles, in spite of drawbacks and disadvantages which would have long since consigned an ordinary man to oblivion, that Sir James Graham, after having deserted his post in the van of one party—the party with whom his early political life was spent, and to whom he was indebted for his position—has forced his way to the very leadership of another; of a party distinguished for the possession of talent, legitimately occupying its ranks and not at all dependent upon chance recruits for the figure it makes before the country. Without a following,



after having violently discarded the political friendships of his youth and manhood, and in spite of an habitual, almost a studied avoidance of all the ordinary arts of popularity, which at times has almost gone the length of courting public odium, we find Sir James Graham the right hand and confidential counsellor of the most powerful minister this country has known since Pitt; the absolute dictator of all the internal administration, and of much of the internal policy, and the originator, or at all events the arbiter, of the internal legislation, of this great kingdom. More than of any other living statesman it may be said of him that he has made his own position. It was probably the object of his early ambition; yet, if we look at his career, how unpropitious was its commencement for such a close! So much the more merit, then, in an intellectual point of view, is due to him who could thus compel circumstances to his purposes. It is to his talents alone that he is indebted for the high post he holds, and the distinguished position he enjoys among his contemporaries. He has literally fought his way up; and a hard fight he has had. If he has multiplied the natural obstacles of such a career, so much the greater is the talent and the determination of purpose by which they have been overcome. What Mr. Macaulay has won by his eloquence and capacity for statesmanship, Sir James Graham has attained by the same spirit of self-dependence, working out his mission in the more active and stormy scenes of political excitement, by more bold and dangerous ventures, and more skilful and daring pilotage.

Sir James Graham has always been equal to his position. Various as have been the parts he has played in that political drama of his time, he has always glided naturally into them, and distinguished himself as one of the first actors, rising naturally to the top. His speeches from time to time afforded an accurate barometer of his political position. On whichever side of politics they were made, they have always been marked by great aptitude, readiness, tact, vigor, and power. Except Lord Brougham and O'Connell, he has been, perhaps, the most actively militant orator of his day. When he was down he attacked those who were uppermost; now he is in power, he wages perpetual war with those who are out. Whether attacking institutions or defending them, however, he has shown equal ability and determination to conquer at all hazards.

When he was a Radical, or at least so very ultra a Whig that the steady ones of the party were almost ashamed or at least afraid of him, he was so thoroughly uncompromising in his denunciations, that Mr. Duncombe, whom he is now nightly striving to extinguish with all the awful terrors of law and order, would have been by his side but a mere wretched shadow of a demagogue. In fact, we have no such Radicals now as Sir James was then. They are all fat, jocular men, growing wealthy upon coronerships, and such like abominations; or *blasé* dandies in search of an excitement. Some of the speeches of Sir James Graham, whether in parliament, at the hustings, or at public meetings, at the time referred to, would in the present day be accounted almost too bold for the most determined aspirant for the honors of political martyrdom. For they were unredeemed by the philosophy of liberalism; they had not even the dignity and tone of Chartism. They were simple, unadulterated, partisan speeches, made to serve a purpose, and forgotten as soon as uttered. But about their talent there was no mistake. It was not that they were distinguished for high eloquence, but for power and downright hard hitting. They gave the speaker a claim on the rising party of the time; and in a few years the *quasi*-demagogue shot up into a minister.

And a capital minister he made. His most determined enemies do not deny this. Whatever may be thought of Sir James Graham as a politician, no one hesitates to admit that he is one of the best administrative officers this country has for many years produced. The same talent, the tact and aptitude, which had made him so clever an assailant of the former government, rendered him immediately fit for office. He was here, as before, equal to his position. As a speaker on behalf of the government, too, he proved himself a most valuable ally,—turning the flank of his quondam Radical associates with provoking skill and unerring precision. But the prior claims of those who were already designated as the successors to the chief posts in the Whig party still kept Sir James in the background, and forbade the hope of his taking that distinguished position for which his talents and ambition alike indicated him. The reorganization of the party at that time, and their adoption of a policy of dangerous progress, afforded an opportunity for a change, and accordingly, in a very short time we

find Sir James Graham (after a short time spent in a chrysalis state) a full-blown Conservative. Here, again, he was fully equal to his position; and as it was during the long and glorious struggle of the Conservative opposition headed by Sir Robert Peel, Lord Stanley, and Sir James Graham, that the latter made his best speeches, a better opportunity cannot be taken to treat of his peculiarities as an orator—which was the part he then laid himself out to fill—before attempting to describe him as he now is in his new character of repressor-general of the insubordinates in the House of Commons, or “crusher”-in-chief to the ministry.

The Conservative speeches of Sir James Graham, made when fighting side by side with Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stanley against the Whigs, were admirable specimens of what may be done by highly cultivated powers, extensive acquaintance with the best models of eloquence, persevering care, and elaborate preparation, without oratorical genius, or that earnestness and sincerity of purpose which will often advantageously supply its place. Assuming them to have been deliberately got up to serve a certain purpose, it would be impossible to withhold admiration from the power, tact, and aptitude, with which the means were made subservient to the end. Upon the supposition that the speaker was really sincere, it was difficult to account for the absence, even in the most solemn appeals to the religious feelings of the auditory, or to their cherished constitutional prepossessions, of those touches of deep feeling which are the utterances of the soul, not the promptings of art, and which act like a talisman upon the sympathies. The speeches referred to were, many of them, superior as compositions to those of Sir Robert Peel or Lord Stanley, containing more of the great argument on which the whole movement of the Conservative party was based. For, although Sir James Graham evinces so little readiness to bend his will to those around him, he shows an almost chameleon-like power of reflecting their sympathies, opinions, or prejudices. They were in this respect admirable manuals for the party, and no doubt did good service in the country. But the impetuous eloquence of Lord Stanley, and the admirable persuasive art of Sir Robert Peel, enabled them to achieve more, with materials which in justice to Sir James Graham we must admit are not superior to those

which are to be found in his speeches of that period. What detracted from the effect of the declamatory passages was a somewhat pompous and stilted tone, a too evident affectation of solemnity and earnestness; which might have been partly natural, arising from physical causes, and therefore not fairly the object of criticism, though materially marring the effect of the speeches. But allowing for all these defects, they were yet remarkable efforts of oratorical skill, which raised Sir James to a level with the best speakers in the House of Commons. The exordiums and perorations always bore marks of the most careful preparation, and were usually models of fine composition; the quotations were most apt, and often from recondite sources; the poetical passages delivered with a fine emphasis and full appreciation of the rhythm. As a debater, rising at a late hour, perhaps, to reply suddenly to the arguments of a previous speaker or speakers, where the novelty of the topics precludes all preparation, and the real powers of the orator are therefore tried to the utmost, Sir James showed himself the possessor of the very highest order of talent,—in readiness of argument, retentiveness of memory, suddenness of quotation, quickness of retort, in invective, sarcasm, repartee, declamation, he was seldom or never at fault, and was always the antagonist most dreaded by the ministers. Perhaps one reason for this might be the virulence of tone, and unscrupulousness in the use of weapons, of which mention has already been made, as one of the chief faults of Sir James Graham.

But all these successes as a politician, and all these triumphs as a speaker, will not account for or justify the assertion with which these observations commenced,—that Sir James Graham's influence over the House of Commons is only second to that of Sir R. Peel or Lord John Russell. For influence he does possess, although in the face of all that has been here said to his disadvantage, it is most difficult to trace it to its source, seeing that there is no man in the house who appears less to court popular favor than Sir James Graham. Looking back at his career while joint leader of the Conservative opposition, it was certainly then impossible to predict that he would develop into the sort of character he has exhibited as minister and home-secretary. Prominent as his position then was, he was rather the servant of party than otherwise; he

never assumed to take the lead. Still less would you have supposed that he would have had the boldness to flout the house as he has since done ; or so ostentatiously to defy the sovereign people through their representatives. All honor to him for his courage, though it might have been exercised in a better cause. It is because Sir James Graham affects or really feels an indifference to the good opinion of the house, that they submit so spaniel-like to his caprices or his studied coldness and indifference, and pay so much attention, often so much deference, to his opinion.

A hardness and impassability of temperament, which is to censure or obloquy as adamant or rhinoceros-hide, joined to a wonderful knowledge of human nature, great talents, clear perception, readiness, determination of purpose, and a steady resolution to seize all opportunities and yield none, give him great advantage in an assembly where the average of ability is not above mediocrity, and where there are so few who have the courage or feel the inclination to stand forth as champions. With the exception of Mr. Duncombe, Mr. Ferriand, and Mr. Wakley, the members generally bend before his consistent will and determination of purpose, which, in such a place, are almost tantamount to a strong or superior mind. If they would say the truth, they are not a little afraid of him. At the same time it must not be forgotten that such a man as Sir James is in these times particularly useful. Utilitarianism, on which are grafted some of the colder and harsher doctrines of political economy, has become the political religion of our public men. Centralization, with its train of paralyzing evils, has become the fashionable machinery of government. The farther the ear and eye are removed from the actual scene, the less chance there is of the evil being seen or the complaint heard. The selfishness of classes needs excuses. It thinks to hide its naked hideousness in systems. Weaker natures fear to lay down, still more to carry out principles, which this selfishness would fain see adopted. A firmer spirit, which, perhaps, because it has faith in such principles, asserts them broadly and maintains them in act, through good and evil report, becomes a powerful and valuable ally. A Sir James Graham will be clung to, in an instinctive deference for his vigor of mind and boldness of purpose. Such a man serves, to rule. Less remote causes of his influence may, however, be

found ; causes on the surface quite sufficient in the present state of things to account for his contradicting all the usual calculations on which ministerial popularity is based.

His demeanor in the house is a study. As he enters below the bar, his red dispatch-box in hand, his figure towers above most of the members, notwithstanding that of late years he has contracted a slight stoop. Extreme hauteur, tempered by a half-sarcastic superciliousness, is his prevailing characteristic ; and, as he slowly drags along his tall and massive frame, which still retains much of the fine proportion of youth, in his heavy-measured, almost slipshod tread, towards his seat at the right of the Speaker's table, there is a self-satisfied, almost inane expression of countenance, produced by a peculiar fall of the nether lip and a distorted elevation of the eyebrows, that does not by any means prepossess you in his favor, or suggest any high idea of his intellect. He rather looks like some red-tape minister of the Tadpole school, or some pompous placeman, conceited of his acres. But by and by you learn to separate the more fixed habit of the features from this odd expression of the countenance, till you see that the superciliousness is real, though exaggerated by the physical peculiarity. There are no traces of ill-nature in the face ; but, on the other hand, there is nothing to encourage. — Meanwhile he has seated himself, placed his red box on the table before him, stretched himself out to his full length, and awaits, with arms folded and hat slouched over his face, the questioning to which he knows he will be subjected at this particular hour, from half-past four to half-past five. He is not left long in his moody silence. Some one has put a question to him. It is Mr. Duncombe, who, if one is to judge by the malicious twinkle in his eye, and his affected tone of moral indignation, has got hold of some grievance — some letter-opening delinquency, or some case of magisterial cruelty and Home-Office indifference, with which he has worked upon the members who do the ' British-public ' part in these little political dramas, for they are crying " hear ! hear ! " with a forty-John-Bull power. Does the home-secretary start up to answer ? Is he indignant at the insinuations thrown out by his smart and ready antagonist ? Does he burn to relieve himself of the odium of having sanctioned a system of espionage, or of having neglected

to redress some wrong—as he, the poor man's *ex-officio* trustee, is bound to do? Oh, no! he is no hurry. The breath of the questioner has full time to cool, and the voice of moral indignation to abate its energy ere he stirs. Then he uncoils himself, rising slowly to his full height, and confronting his antagonist with a well-assumed consciousness of the extreme absurdity of his question, and the absolute impregnability of the defence; if, indeed, he shall condescend to make any answer at all; for you are left in doubt a moment, whether he will not allow his supercilious expression to expand into a contemptuous laugh, and so sit down again. However, such things not being allowed by the sovereign people, and, as ministers, however despotically disposed, must answer questions, the next thing to be accomplished is to give as homœopathic a dose of information as possible, conveyed in the largest possible amount of indifference, superciliousness, and wholesome parliamentary contempt. There are stereotyped forms. The initiated know almost the words. The cool, phlegmatic, impassable style is, of course, peculiar to the particular Home-Secretary of whom we speak. His idea of the functions of his office seems to be, that he is to exercise the utmost possible power with the least possible accountability. He is to know nothing, see nothing, do nothing, but what he is absolutely compellable to know, see, or do. If the enemy can ferret out a fact and prove it, so much the better for his case. Then, perhaps, it may be admitted. But the usual course is for Sir James, in his low, monotonous voice, and steady, determined manner, to give an elaborate, formal statement of words, with as few facts as possible, and leaving the matter as nearly as possible where he found it. This course has its advantage; for the questions put are often unmeaning, and even detrimental to the public service. Sometimes, however, matters grow more serious. The cool, hard, impassable functionary is compelled by a sense of duty to make a more elaborate statement, and then it is you perceive his superiority as a minister. The clearness, firmness, extent of information, and sound knowledge of his duty he displays, show him to be not deficient, either in act or in explanation, when he thinks it necessary. His questioner is then put *hors de combat*, and he himself gets a sort of license for that superciliousness and apathetic indiffer-

ence to popular censure, which are so fatally urged to his prejudice. In still more dubious cases, as, for instance, in that of Mazzini, Sir James Graham has carried this impassibility and indifference to an insulting extent. If he believed himself right, of course he showed great moral courage; but moral courage in a bad cause is scarcely distinguishable from obstinacy; and Sir James Graham's conduct in that case laid him open to great obloquy, much of which was deserved. Yet the determination he showed under such circumstances rather increased than diminished his influence with the house. If it made him, politically speaking, hated by many, it also made him feared. Such steady self-possession, joined to such talents and information, and to such debating powers as he has in his former career displayed, though now he rarely exercises them, are quite sufficient to account for that influence which we have ascribed to him; in the absence of personal respect which, generally speaking, he does not command; or of party gratitude, which he has done little to deserve on the one hand, and so much to forfeit on the other.

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From the Foreign Quarterly Review

#### ALGERIA, PAST AND PRESENT.

1. *The French in Algiers, and Abd-el-Kader*. Murray, London. 1845.
2. *Abd-el-Kader's Prisoners; or, a Five Months' Captivity among the Arabs. By Mons. A. De France. Translated by R. F. Porter*. Smith, Elder, and Co. London: 1846.

If Africa owns one peculiar district on which her ancestral curse is specially entailed, it is surely that portion of the southern shore of the Mediterranean flanked by the pathless sands of the Desert of Sahara, which is known by the modern appellation of 'Algeria.' In former times, indeed, the hand of the Algerines 'hath been against every man'—and foul were the outrages and cruelties which rendered their city a byword, and their name a reproach.

"Ergo exercentur, pœnis, veterumque malorum Supplicia expendant."

Rhadamanthus himself could not instigate

a severer expiation for former license, than their present condition. The red pennon of the pirate is forgotten in the aggressions of the tri-color. Providence—or ambition—has assigned to the 'Great Nation' the task of avenging, and that, perhaps, altogether too ruthlessly, the ancient insults of the lawless corsairs of Algiers.

We propose, in the present article, to take a rapid review of the rise and fall of this piratical state, and to enter into some brief considerations of the position and prospects of its French conquerors.

The north-western coast of Africa has undergone, perhaps, more than the usual vicissitudes to which national as well as individual life is subjected. Mauritania Cæsariensis—for such was the name which that district which we now term Algeria received from the Romans, when the battle of Thapsus reduced Numidia under their sway, is a region whose most prominent feature is the two parallel chains of mountains which traverse the country from west to east. The southern and more lofty of the two is called the *Great*, and that which fringes the Mediterranean coast, the *Lesser Atlas*. Ancillary ridges, usually stretching north and south, unite at unequal intervals the two Atlases, and enclose within their arms valleys and table-lands of exquisite fertility; while the northern slopes of the lesser Atlas are covered with the rich and varied vegetation of the East, and yet preserve some of the peculiar advantages of more temperate climates.

This productive colony was lost to the Western Empire, under the third Valentinian. Bonifacius, the imperial governor in Africa, desirous to revolt, but diffident of his own resources, resolved upon an experiment, which is never tried but once, and invoked the aid of a foreign power. Genseric and Gunderic, the young and ambitious leaders of the Vandals, having already devastated Spain, cheerfully promised their assistance; and these princes established on the ruins of the kingdom they were summoned to preserve, a dynasty which (though at one time menaced by the famous Belisarius,) continued to sway the north of Africa, until its conquest was achieved, at the close of the seventh century by the enterprising khalifs of Arabia.

The reduction of the West had indeed been attempted by the Saracens somewhat earlier; for in the year 647 Abdallah, the foster-brother of Othman, led thither an army of 40,000 men; and though this ex-

pedition was not entirely successful, it paved the way for future attempts; and Hassan, the Governor of Egypt, established a nominal Arabian supremacy over an immense region, more than 2300 miles in length, comprising under the general name of Barbary, the states of Morocco, Fez, Algiers, Tripoli, and Tunis.

But though the Arabs overcame the resistance of the aborigines and of the Romans who still remained in the country; and though their half-disciplined and predatory tribes roamed at pleasure through these fertile districts; it was not in the power of such an unconnected and marauding people, whose principal strength lay in their fervent but evanescent religious enthusiasm, to form any lasting projects for the subjugation of the provinces they overran. Many, indeed, settled in the country they had invaded, and in time became exposed, in their turn, to aggressions, such as those by which they had themselves profited. But the greater number preferred the wild charms of a desert life to the sober pleasures to which alone a citizen can aspire. Princes, however, of Arabian blood,—the Zéirides,—reigned over the north-western coast till the beginning of the twelfth century; and it was under their patronage that Abdallah, the marabout,\* implanted in the bosom of his countrymen that love of Islamism, which,—if it has imparted to the resistance of their hardy descendants the ferocity of a religious war,—has also stamped it with a generous self-devotedness which irresistibly challenges our admiration and our sympathy.

But, in addition to the aboriginal tribes, the remaining Roman colonists, the Vandals, and their Arabian conquerors—and we must add to our list the ubiquitous Jew—another people combined to swell the heterogeneous throng, which dwelt in these regions. The Spanish Moors, driven from their native fields in Granada and Andalusia, found here a temporary refuge where they might brood over vain hopes of future revenge.

This confused mass, in course of time, subsided into separate and independent kingdoms—of which Algiers, Morocco,

\* A marabout is the Levite of the Arabs. The distinction is hereditary and is confined to a particular tribe. He is considered a saint both before and after death, and enjoys many privileges and a vast degree of influence. The word *marabout* is indifferently applied to the tomb or the saint after death.

and Tunis, were the most considerable. The history of the two last must from this period be abandoned in order to pursue the fortunes of Algiers itself.

Exposed to all the temptations, which situation, poverty, and the hereditary craving for wild and hazardous adventure conspired to afford, it is not strange that the coast of Barbary became the dread of every Mediterranean cruiser; but the maritime depredations of its occupants, however daring, did not attain any formidable degree of organization till the commencement of the sixteenth century; when the restless ambition of two brothers, in humble station, laid the foundation of that lawless power—'friends of the sea, but enemies of all that sailed thereon'—as they exultingly proclaimed themselves, which for nearly three centuries rendered the name of Algiers at once an object of hatred and of terror.

A potter in the island of Lesbos enjoys the ambiguous celebrity of being the father of these youths. Horuc and Hayraddin have not been the only truants who have shrunk from a life of industry; but seldom has truancy been attended by such disastrous consequences to mankind. Both brothers joined the pirates of the Levant, and Horuc, the elder and more determined villain of the two, soon learned how high a premium, bravery, when united with a total want of humanity and principle, bore among those roving adventurers. With wickedness sufficient to overawe, and with daring to fascinate, their comrades, the young Lesbians gained rapidly in resources and influence;—but, in all probability, would never have aspired beyond the command of a few privateers, had not a fortunate conjuncture of circumstances opened to them a field for more permanent conquest.

Spain, even before she sank to the condition of a third-class state in Europe, was never remarkable either for the justice of her arms, or the liberality of her counsels. Not content with persecuting the unhappy Moors with relentless fury, couched under a pretended zeal for the furtherance of Christianity, Ferdinand V., guided by his clever and ambitious minister the Cardinal Ximenes, pursued them even to their African retreats. In the year 1505 he despatched to the coast of Barbary a powerful force, under Peter, Count of Navarre; who subdued Oran—a town which has given its name to one of three Regencies into which

Algeria is at present divided, placed there a Spanish garrison and menaced the capital itself.

The Algerines in this extremity summoned to their assistance a prince of Arabian extraction, Selim Euteni; who enjoyed great influence among the tribes of the desert. This chieftain accepted the sovereignty they offered him, and for a while enabled them to resist the efforts of the generals of Ferdinand. But, in a few years, it was again necessary to resort to foreign aid, and in an ill-advised moment Selim begged succor from Barbarossa (to whom we have already alluded under his more proper name of Horuc,) who at that time had become one of the most notorious of the Mediterranean corsairs. The pirate came; and the infatuated Selim went with open arms to greet his future murderer.

Barbarossa, on his arrival, took the command of the fleet and army, and spared no pains to ingratiate himself with the Algerines. A mixture of cruelty and liberality was peculiarly attractive to a people already predisposed to piracy; and when Barbarossa caused Selim to be stabbed in his bath, and himself to be proclaimed king, he found no more serious opposition than a few subsidiary murders, and the distribution of a few bags of sequins, were sufficient to extinguish.

History has not failed to embellish this crime, in itself sufficiently treacherous, with the incidents of romance. It is said that other passions, besides that of ambition, impelled Barbarossa to shed the blood of his suppliant and his host. The innocent incendiary was Zaphira, Selim's Arabian bride, who, on the murder of her husband, repelled with a noble indignation the amorous overtures of the usurper, and—a second, but a purer Cleopatra—preferred death itself to rewarding his crimes with her love.

But Barbarossa, though immediately successful in his projects, had not gained possession of a quiet throne. The Spaniards, masters of the province of Oran, attacked him with European skill and Eastern perseverance; and the self-elected sovereign of Algiers found his piratical bands, however superior on their native element, totally unable to cope with soldiers regularly disciplined. It was in vain that the fierce usurper fought with a courage that should animate only the bosom of a patriot; in vain did he scatter his ill-gotten treasure on the banks of the Sinan, in the hope of ar

resting the steps of his merciless pursuers: Heaven could not suffer the prolonged existence of such a monster: and in dying the death of a soldier he experienced a fate far too lenient for his crimes.

Hayraddin, his successor, known (as well as his brother) by the *soubriquet* of Barbarossa, was less cruel in disposition, and was an equally enterprising commander. Finding himself unable to contend single-handed against Spain, he became a vassal of the Grand Seignior in return for his protection; and so ingratiated himself with the Turkish court by his matchless skill in naval tactics that Solyman raised him to the dignity of a pasha, sent him against the celebrated Genoese admiral, Andrew Doria; and as he proved successful in his operations against this formidable commander, the grateful sultan assisted him to gain the neighboring kingdom of Tunis by a manœuvre very similar to that which had wrested the sovereignty of Algiers from the family of Selim. The Bey of Tunis, however, Muley Haschen, had the good fortune to escape from the clutches of Hayraddin, and make his way to Spain, where he claimed the assistance of Charles V. His petition was successful; for the emperor, ambitious of the renown which in those days attached to every expedition against a Mahomedan state, fitted out an immense armament to effect his restoration.

On the 16th of July, 1535, Charles sailed from Sardinia with more than 30,000 troops on board his fleet. The Goletta at Tunis had long been considered one of the strongest forts on the Mediterranean, and Barbarossa had intrusted its defence to Seiran, a renegade Jew, of unquestioned courage and ability. But the numerical preponderance of the Christian army was too overwhelming to allow of any prolonged resistance. The Goletta was taken by a *coup-de-main*; and the tardy loyalty of the inhabitants of Tunis began to declare itself against the usurper. In this extremity Barbarossa risked all in a pitched battle. The impetuous onsets of the Moors and Arabs, though led on by the fierce janissaries of the sultan, failed to break the serried ranks of Charles's veterans, and the sudden apparition of a body of Christian slaves, who had taken advantage of the confusion to free themselves from their fetters, accelerated a victory that had hardly ever been doubtful; Barbarossa was compelled to abandon Tunis, and save himself, by a hasty flight, from the dungeons of Madrid.

This expedition, one of the most successful exploits of Charles's eventful reign, levelled for a time the power of Barbarossa to the dust. Ten thousand Christian slaves spread the fame of their deliverer through every state of Europe, and Spain for once enjoyed the sweetest triumph a nation can taste; that of having been the successful and disinterested champion of humanity and legitimate warfare. But other engagements soon diverted the attention of Charles from the humbled pirates; and with a pertinacity peculiarly their own, they were soon bolder and more prosperous than ever.

Barbarossa in person indeed no longer directed the affairs of his capital. His duties as the Turkish high admiral detained him at the court of Solyman, but his place at Algiers was ably filled by Hassan Aga, a Christian renegade; and it was when commanded by this general, that the pirates taught Charles a lesson which deeply mortified that haughty prince, and amply revenged them for their former disasters at Tunis.

The occasion of this fresh invasion by the emperor was the atrocities committed by the pirates on the coast of Spain; and the forces which he assembled were even more numerous than before. Every thing apparently conspired to its success. The audacious Algerines had forgotten to spare the dominions of the Pope; and his Holiness promised absolution to all who took part in the expedition, and the crown of martyrdom to those who should fall. The chivalry of Spain, and many of the gallant knights of Malta, crowded on board the fleet as volunteers, and even ladies of birth and character did not disdain to share the hardships of the voyage. But as the army was disembarking, a violent storm produced that disorder which is fatal to an ill-arranged project; and the torrents of rain which poured for several days together, proved an important auxiliary to the spirited sallies of Hassan. Day by day the immense host became more demoralized and broken; the prestige of former success was dispelled; and at length, without receiving any fatal blow, it melted insensibly away as 'snow on the mountain,' and Charles, having lost all, *not* excepting his honor, was glad to re-embark the shattered remains of troops that had conquered at Pavia.

Very dolorous is the narrative of this ill-fated expedition, which has been transmitted to us by the pen of an English volunteer, Sir Nicholas Villagnon, who,—while

he extols the 'high enterprise and valeaunt-ness' of the emperor—bewails 'the miserable chaunces of wynde and wether, with dyverse other adversities dable to move even a stonye hearte to pray to God for his ayde and succor.'

The exultation of the pirates at their success knew no bounds. With sarcastic profusion, an *onion* became the market-price of a captive Spaniard; and the situation of Charles was such during the remainder of his reign, that he could make no further attempt to redeem his lost laurels in Algeria.

But though unattempted by the government of Spain, such a fair field for chivalrous enterprise could not remain long unoccupied. John Gascon, a young Valentinian noble, was the next who volunteered to break a lance for the security of travellers. His plan, though rash, was not ill-imagined. Assembling a few adventurous friends, he sailed straight to Algiers, and, favored by the night, approached unchallenged the famous Mole-gate. Had his machinery been equally prompt with his courage, he would have avoided his subsequent fate, and the questionable advantage of ranking among the martyrs of Spain. But gunnery and all the arts subsidiary to it were at that period in their infancy, and bad powder marred many a hopeful design, and sacrificed many a brave soldier. The fire-ships destined to blow up the Algerine fleet would not explode, and the chivalrous Gascon scorning to escape unperceived, struck his dagger into the Mole-gate, and left it sticking there, in fatal derision of their careless sentinels. A race for life or death followed; but the long polaccas of the pirates gained rapidly on the Spanish vessels, though urged with all the energy of despairing men; and a torturing death, to which it would be useless to do more than allude, ended the career of the gallant but rash Valentinian.

The Quixotic attempt of John Gascon was not the only one directed against Algiers by the prowess of individuals. In the year 1635, four young Frenchmen resolved to win renown by reducing this nest of freebooters with a single privateer. Their expedition, though not so tragical in its termination as that we have just related, was not more successful. Its only effect was to leave in the minds of the Algerines a rankling enmity to the French flag, which in time surpassed their hereditary dislike to that of Spain. This feeling first

openly displayed itself when in the year 1652, a French fleet was forced by stress of weather into their harbor, and the admiral demanded the release of all his countrymen who happened to be confined in the town. A contemptuous refusal was the only answer vouchsafed by the pirates; and the Frenchman retaliated this insult by carrying off in duance the Turkish viceroy and his principal *cadi*. Maddened by this abduction, the Algerines swept the coast of France with fire and sword; and a buccaneering warfare commenced between the two coasts of the Mediterranean. Louis XIV. at length determined to chastise the insolence of the corsairs in the most signal manner, and he announced his intention of laying Algiers in ashes. The reply of the dey to this threat tells more for his humor than his patriotism. 'Let him,' quoth he, 'send me half the money it would cost him, and I will do it for him more effectually.' The pirate's coolness, however, did not avail him, for the celebrated Du Quense, with the aid of bomb-vessels (which had then been recently invented by Bernard Renaud, a young French artisan) found little difficulty in fulfilling the threat of his sovereign; and the humbled and frightened inhabitants, after having endeavored to atone for their resistance by murdering its promoter—a common expedient enough in despotic governments—obtained peace from France, and leisure to recruit their coffers by depredations elsewhere.

It was not, however, only by the secular arm that efforts were from time to time made to rescue unhappy Christians from paynim bondage. The court of Rome exerted its influence in their cause, and under her auspices, a society of monks—the Mathurin Trinitarian Fathers—established themselves at Fontainebleau, from whence from time to time they despatched bands of missionary traders to traffic with the slave-merchants of Algiers. Their design was humane, and it would be unjust to sneer because the friars yearned after the acquisition of sequins, as well as of communicants. Philemon de la Motte is the Chaucer of these ambi-dextrous pilgrimages, and he evidently considers the chance of reward for himself and his associates in another world, as unaffected by the trivial circumstance of their having 'made it answer' in the present. And perhaps he is right.

The immediate effect, however, of this



philanthropic bartering was unfortunate; for the Algerines found the traffic so much to their mind, that to replenish their stock more rapidly than they could do by casual captures on the sea, they commenced again harassing the coast of Spain with marauding incursions; and their spoliation became at length such a disgrace to the government of that country, that in 1775 Charles III. resolved to give the whole piratical states of Barbary such a decisive blow as would cripple their resources for the future. For this purpose a large fleet was fitted out, and the command intrusted to Count O'Reilly, an Irish adventurer of some reputation, in conjunction with Don Pedro Castejon. But 'Ferdinand Count O'Reilly' did not take Algiers. He landed his troops in disorder, kept them for some days in a state of inaction, exposed to the harassing attacks of the Algerines, and then hastily re-embarked them and returned home. The discomfited Spaniards tried to console each other, not only for dishonor, but for 'infinite loss,' by alternately cursing the climate of Africa, and the policy of employing a hot-headed and quick-footed soldier of fortune.

Hitherto the states of Europe alone had been insulted by the corsairs, but we have now to recount their relations with a trans-Atlantic power. On the first appearance in the seas of the white stars of the United States, the dey inwardly rejoiced, and promised himself and his associate thieves most thoroughly to despoil the infant republic then struggling into existence. An American vessel was soon captured, and with a coolness that recalls to the mind the grim politeness sometimes recorded of the more civilized 'minions of the moon,' his highness consoled his captives, while superintending the riveting of their manacles, with praises of the 'immortal Washington,' and conjured Congress, in answer to its demands for their liberation, to send him that general's portrait, 'that he might always have before his eyes the asserter of independence and liberty.'

America, although in no mood for jesting, was at that time unable to resent this impertinence of Omar, son of Mohammed. Her contest with England had, indeed, proved triumphant; but another such victory would have been her ruin, and she had emerged from the conflict crippled and resourceless. Though sorely against her will she was compelled to 'eat the leek' proffered her by the insolent dey. Wash-

ington did not, indeed, send his picture, but he despatched deputies with plenary powers to purchase, at any reasonable price, the captured Americans. But the bill was heavy, and made out with commercial accuracy:

For 3 Captains	at 6000 dollars each	18,000
2 Mates	at 4000	8,000
2 Passengers	at 4000	8,000
14 Seamen	at 1400	19,600
		53,600
For Custom 11 per cent.		5,896
Total		59,496

This was more than America could at that time afford, and several years elapsed before such of the prisoners as had survived their treatment, were liberated.

Hitherto we have seen the wicked 'flourishing like a green bay-tree;' but the climax is past; humanity re-asserts her rights; and we are about to record the Punishment,

During the struggle between Napoleon and the allied powers, Algiers was but little heeded. In vain did the expectant pirates,

"Gaze where some distant sail a speck supplies,  
With all the thirsting eye of entraprise."

For under the policy of Buonaparte commerce languished almost to inanition—and at a crisis when the liberties of Europe hung suspended in the balance, few vessels cared to cross the seas unless guarded by the all-sufficient protection of an English frigate. But when the fall of Napoleon gave tranquillity once more to the world, and men began again to busy themselves with trade, and in the pursuit of riches, the piracies committed by the states of Barbary became once more the subject of remark and indignation.

England, which had just chastised, at such a fearful cost to herself, the great arch-robber of Europe, was not likely to permit the petty depredations of a few insignificant states to remain any longer unproved. To her, as the constituted protectress of the civilized world, seemed naturally to belong the office of exterminating the nest of robbers. Accordingly, in the year 1816, a discussion arose in parliament, on the motion of Mr. Brougham, as to the propriety of our compelling the piratical governments of Algiers, Tripoli and Tunis, to observe the conventionalities of the law of nations in their intercourse with other

states. Up to this period our own relations with them had been on the whole amicable. In the time of Elizabeth, indeed, Sir E. Mansel had conducted thither an expedition, which he mismanaged so much as to weaken in some degree the influence of our flag; and Admiral Blake still later had stormed the Goletta, at Tunis, in revenge for some insults offered to vessels under our protection, and had presented himself before Algiers, and demanded satisfaction from that city also. The Algerines bid him do his worst; and Blake, after having 'curled his whiskers,' (his constant custom, it is said, when irritated,) captured two of their vessels, and compelled them to sue for peace. These misunderstandings, however, had been only temporary; and in the reign of Charles I. a treaty had been concluded with them, which was then still subsisting, and had been adhered to on their parts with tolerable fidelity. Some, therefore, urged, that, under these circumstances, it was inconsistent with good faith on our part to commence hostilities; and it was moreover, suggested that, waiving the question of right or wrong, success itself would be doubtful; for it was by no means an easy exploit to bombard a city in which all the houses were flat-roofed, and built of stone, after the fashion of Rosetta and Buenos Ayres.

To these arguments, however, it was replied with irresistible force by the promoters of the Algerine expedition, that the pirates, by indiscriminately attacking all nations they fancied weaker than themselves, had become *hostes humani generis*, and out of the pale of ordinary treaties; that we merely owed our own exemption from insult to the salutary dread they entertained of British guns; that as to the difficulty of the enterprise, it did not become those who had sustained the hostility of Europe, to flinch from punishing half-disciplined barbarians; and, finally, that it was not intended to interfere with their independence, but simply to compel their adherence to those principles, in their foreign intercourse, which humanity and justice rendered imperative on every government.

These considerations prevailed; in the summer of the same year, a fleet was placed under the command of Edward Pellew, Admiral Lord Viscount Exmouth; and that officer was directed to obtain from the several states of Algiers, Tripoli, and Tunis, if possible by negotiation, but fail-

ing that, by force of arms: first, the unequivocal abolition of Christian slavery; secondly, the recognition of the Ionian Islands as possessions of our crown; and lastly, an equitable peace for the kingdoms of Sardinia and Naples.

The appearance of the English squadron off the coast of Barbary apparently sufficed to obtain all these concessions. With regard, indeed, to the article respecting slavery, the Dey of Algiers demurred, and suddenly remembering his allegiance as a vassal of the Ottoman empire, which had long since become merely nominal in its character, suggested the necessity of obtaining the concurrence of the Sublime Porte.

Lord Exmouth, on the dey's first answer, which was a point blank refusal, had vigorously prepared for hostilities; but this latter proposal threw him off his guard. His lordship's honest English heart was no match for the cunning of the Algerine, whose only object was to gain time for finishing the defences of his capital. Unsuspicious of this ulterior object, he even placed a frigate at his command, in order that the desired permission might be more speedily obtained—and, contenting himself with stipulating for a final answer to his demands at the end of three months, sailed back to England, where the fleet was paid off.

Hardly, however, had this been accomplished, when tidings arrived of an outrage so cruel and unprovoked, that we scarcely know whether to admire the folly or the treachery of the dey under whose orders it was perpetrated.

The town of Bona, to the east of Algiers in the province of Constantina, has from a very early period\* been famous for the excellence and abundance of the coral found in the gulf of the same name on which it is situated. These fisheries had been formerly in the hands of the Catalans, then of the Genoese, and afterwards of the French, under whom the 'Compagnie d'Afrique' at one time rivalled in wealth and prosperity our own 'Hudson's Bay Company.' Oregon however is not the only debatable territory in the world, and those coral banks often changed masters. At length, in 1807, England was duly invested by the dey with the seigniorial possession of this fishing sta-

\* The coral fisheries of Bona are mentioned by Aboulfeda, who flourished about the year 700 of the Hejra, in his '*Description du Pays du Magreb*.'

tion; and at the time of Lord Exmouth's expedition it was occupied for the most part by Genoese, Neapolitan, or Sardinian traders, under the protection of our flag.

Upon this defenceless colony, as soon as the now hated sails of the English fleet had disappeared, the dey of Algiers, with all the wayward folly of a child, poured out his pent up indignation. His soldiers laid waste the town, massacred many of the inhabitants and enslaved the remainder; and, failing there, wreaked their vengeance upon the English flags, which they tore to ribbands and dragged through the mire in insane triumph.

The commotion excited in England by this burst of foolish fury may easily be imagined. It had at least the effect of silencing those disposed to advocate conciliatory measures with the pirates, and Lord Exmouth set off again for the Mediterranean with the full determination not to be again deceived by his highness.

On arriving at Gibraltar, Lord Exmouth was joined by the Dutch admiral Van Capellen, who had been ordered by his government to co-operate with the British commander, and the combined fleet set forward in company for the coast of Barbary. The dey now felt that he must throw away the scabbard; and on a frigate appearing in the port of Algiers to take off the English consul, Mr. Macdonald, he placed that gentleman in chains, and hearing to his vexation that his wife and daughter had effected their escape in the dresses of midshipmen, he ordered two boats belonging to the frigate which happened to be in the harbor to be detained with their crews. When these fresh misdemeanors were reported by the fair fugitives on their arrival on board the fleet, they of course added new fuel to the general indignation, and on the 17th of August, Lord Exmouth anchored his fleet, which consisted of twenty-five English and five Dutch vessels, three or four leagues from Algiers, in no mood to digest any further coquetry on the part of the dey.

His lordship's interpreter, M. Salemé, was immediately despatched with a letter containing the ultimatum of the English admiral. His demands were brief and stern; though not more so than the conduct of his highness fully justified. In addition to our previous requisitions, they comprised stipulations for the immediate delivery of all Christian slaves without ransom; for the settlement of the grievances of the Sardinian, Sicilian and Dutch gov-

ernments; and for ample satisfaction for the insults offered to our own. Three hours were all that was to be allowed the dey for deliberation, and M. Salemé was directed to return at the expiration of that time if no answer was previously given. Even this short interval was considered too long by the gallant spirits on board our fleet. 'Salemé,' playfully exclaimed an officer of the Queen Charlotte, as the interpreter stepped over the side into his boat, 'if you return with an answer from the dey, that he accepts our conditions without fighting, we will kill you instead!' And that the same ardor animated the whole fleet, their subsequent conduct abundantly testified.

At the expiration of the appointed time, Salemé returned without any reply from his highness, and at the same instant a light breeze springing up, Lord Exmouth gave the signal for advance. Turning the head of his own ship towards the shore he ran across the range of all the batteries without firing a shot, and lashed her to the main-mast of an Algerine brig which lay about eighty yards from the mole that enclosed the inner harbor. The other vessels followed in the wake of the Queen Charlotte, and took up their allotted stations with admirable precision.

A dead silence prevailed during these evolutions; the Algerines were taken by surprise, and their guns were not shotted, so that a brief interval elapsed during which the scene must have been one of the most thrilling interest.

This frightful repose was soon broken. The Algerines took the initiative, and a gun fired athwart the poop of the admiral's vessel begun the battle. A furious cannonade on both sides continued for several hours without intermission. The bomb-boats belonging to our fleet pressed forward close under the batteries, and caused immense havoc among the troops which crowded the mole; and, when at last the enemy's fire became more slack, an explosion ship which had been kept in reserve was brought forward close under the walls, and the devastating effects it produced completed their confusion.

The total cessation of the enemy's fire towards the close of the evening convinced Lord Exmouth that his victory was complete, and he therefore drew off his vessels out of gun-shot, and early the next day despatched Salemé with a second note to the dey, reiterating the demands which had been treated so disdainfully the preceding morning. At

the same time preparations were made for renewing the bombardment, but they were unnecessary. The haughty Algerine was effectually humbled. The greatest part of his capital was reduced to ashes, and his very palace at the mercy of our troops; his ships were burnt or taken, and his numerical loss was very great. Under these circumstances no alternative remained to him. A gun was fired in token of his acceptance of the terms offered, and an officer was sent on shore to superintend the embarkation of the liberated slaves, and the restoration of the immense sums the dey had from time to time exacted from the Sardinian and Neapolitan governments as ransom for their captured subjects. The demeanor of his highness on this trying occasion was very entertaining. The most bitter pill appears to have been the apology, which we required on behalf of our consul. Seated cross-legged on his divan, the dey sulkily gave the requisite orders for the freedom of the slaves, and even the delivery of the treasure; but when Salemé hinted that now was the proper time to ask pardon of Mr. Macdonald for the insults to which he had been exposed, his highness shook his head, and puffed his chibouque in all the bitterness of wounded pride. But the English officer was inexorable, and Omar at length muttered, that M. Salemé might say for him what he pleased. 'This is not sufficient,' was the answer, 'you must dictate to the interpreter what you intend to express.' And the dey at last complied. More than a thousand slaves on this occasion were restored to liberty, and as they embarked on board the vessels employed to convey them to Europe, they exclaimed in grateful chorus: 'Viva il Red' Inghilterra, il padre eterno! è il ammiraglio Inglese che ci ha liberato di questa secondo Inferno!' Among them were inhabitants from almost every state of Europe, but singularly enough not a single Englishman.

The punishment which England thus inflicted seemed severe enough to have produced caution, if not penitence; but the habits of the Algerines were too inveterate to be changed. Under Ali, the successor of Omar, who did not long survive his disasters, they returned to their old courses; and so early as 1819, a combined fleet of French and English vessels were compelled to threaten a second bombardment, if their flags were not respected. But from the moment that the last Dey of Algiers, Hassein Pasha, succeeded to the divan, it

became evident that even plunder had become a secondary object with the Algerine government; and that hatred to the French power was now the ruling passion by which it was actuated. Among the signs which from time to time gave evidence of this hostile feeling was a tax, which in 1824 Hassein Pasha levied on all French goods of whatever description; and as may easily be imagined, the French, the most irascible people in the world, bore with the utmost impatience these marks of enmity, and eagerly longed for some occasion for an open rupture. When both sides were thus ripe for a quarrel, an opportunity was sure to present itself, and the petulant ill-temper of the dey furnished a *causa belli* perfectly legitimate. Upon some trivial dispute with the French consul, his highness so far forgot his dignity and his safety, as to strike him across the face with a fly-flap he held in his hand; and this outrage being followed by an attack on some French establishments near Bona, war was declared. A blockade commenced which continued for three years, greatly to the expense of France, but not much to the annoyance of the Algerines, who being able to draw boundless resources from the interior, treated the blockading fleet with contempt, and at length fired on the ship of Admiral de la Bretonniere, which had approached their harbor bearing offers of accommodation.

This unpardonable breach of the laws of legitimate warfare put all France in commotion. The national honor had been outraged in the most open manner, and it must be as openly vindicated. It was therefore resolved, not only to visit the authors of this crime with condign punishment, but also to take that opportunity of repairing the recent dismemberment of the French colonial possessions, by reducing Algeria itself to a province, and establishing there a permanent French supremacy. This project pleased every body. The patriot exulted in the idea of rivalling, if not eclipsing the splendor of England in the East; the philanthropist anticipated the blessings which would enure to Africa from European civilization; and the speculatist already saw himself possessed of the rich plain of the Metidja, and the orange gardens of Koleah and Blidah, whose fame had even at that time penetrated to Paris, and had there excited a mania for foreign acquisitions not unlike that which raged in the days of Law and the Mississippi Scheme.

Having thus determined upon the subju-

gation of Algeria, neither pains nor money were spared to insure the success of the expedition. The minister of war, the Count de Bourmont, with more heroism than he afterwards thought proper to display in the course of the campaign, placed himself at its head: and on the 28th of May, 1830, the army effected an undisturbed disembarkation at Sidi-El-Ferruch, a small promontory about five leagues to the west of Algiers.

As the projects of the French embraced occupancy as well as conquest, and an attempt at 'colonization made easy,' by the aid of wealth and science, the ingredients of the immense host thus poured forth upon Africa were necessarily very miscellaneous, and even chaotic in their character. Engineers to map out the country; *savans* to philosophize on their discoveries; antiquarians to search after Roman relics; farmers, fond of experimentizing, to cultivate the land as it was conquered; emigrants with their title-deeds to farms yet in the future tense firmly secured in their knapsacks, mingled with the more regular elements of an invading army: while crutches for the disabled, wooden legs for the mutilated, and air balloons for the adventurous, bore witness to the foresight and ingenuity of the Parisian war-office.

The first military operations on the African coast took place on the same day that the army disembarked. A small fort on the promontory appeared to the French engineers to present an obstacle which must be overcome. Approaches were made in form—a storming party threw themselves, with promising bravery, on the breach as soon as practicable—but alas! *parturiunt montes*, and the young aspirants for fame received more raillery than praise when they emerged with the garrison—two hens and a litter of puppies!

But more formidable enemies were not wanting, and soon made themselves felt, though not seen. It was the policy of the dey to allow the French to land, for the sake of plundering their baggage after he should have beaten them; but it formed no part of his design to allow them to sleep in peace when that landing was effected. As night drew on, the tired soldiers addressed themselves to repose—but in vain. Continual alarms prevented their closing their eyes. Sentries mistook their comrades for Bedouins; partial attacks were made from time to time upon detached portions of the line; out-posts were surprised; and at

length the confusion became so great, and the casualties so numerous, that if it had been January instead of June, the consequences would have been very serious. It would, perhaps, have been happy for Hassein Pasha if he had persevered in this mode of warfare. It was suited to his resources, his talents, and his troops. But he had formed an inordinate estimate of his own military skill, and resolved to risk his fortunes in a battle.

The plain of Staweli appeared to offer considerable advantages as a theatre for this combat. Somewhat elevated above Sidi-El-Ferruch, it afforded the Mussulmans the opportunity of charging down hill—a consideration of no slight moment in the onset of troops, each man of whom fought as his own fancy or fortune directed him, and who despised regular manœuvres as much as the Highlanders at Preston-Pans.

The French army consisted of three divisions, each of which was, about four o'clock in the morning of the 17th of June, simultaneously attacked by the enemy; and on each wing the success of the Turks was at first decisive. Against the left the charge was led most gallantly by the Aga in person, at the head of his Janissaries. Urging their horses at full speed down the declivity, and leaping the barricade, behind which the French were entrenched, in a style which Lord Gardiner might envy, their first onset was irresistible; and if it had not been for the opportune arrival of General D'Arcine, with the 29th, the fortune of the day might have been different, and 'Flodden had been Bannockburn!' On the right, too, the Bey of Constantina, by creeping up some small ravines clothed with brushwood, approached unperceived within a hundred yards of the French line, and all but achieved the capture of a park of artillery which was there posted.

But among undisciplined troops there is no surer prelude to ruin than a partial success, and at this moment General Lahitte—for the Count de Bourmont had contented himself with surveying the action from the beach with the aid of a telescope—took on himself the responsibility of ordering the whole of the right wing to advance in *echelon*, so as to coop up the Arab army between the two French divisions. This movement was completely successful, although the left forgot to act merely as a *pivot*, and advanced simultaneously with

the right. This error, which, with more skilful antagonists might have been fatal, had in fact a happy result; and the barbarians, broken and disheartened, retreated in the utmost disorder. The French army bivouacked for the night in the Algerine camp; and if their general had pushed on immediately to Algiers, there is little doubt he would have carried it by a *coup-de-main*.

But the Count de Bourmont was not a prompt, nor, as we have already hinted, a very courageous soldier. The battle of Staweli was fought and won on the 17th of June, at the distance of only four leagues from Algiers, but it was not till the 28th that the French army was ordered to take Mount Bujareah, the summit of which commanded the capital. This important position was carried in a night skirmish, and rapid preparations were now made for investing Algiers itself. No nation in the world excels France in military engineering; and at daybreak on the 4th of July, the batteries of De Bourmont opened their fire at point-blank distance upon the devoted city, with splendid precision and effect. The dey and his janissaries fought like lions; but the fortifications of Algiers on the land side, erected merely with a view to the rude assaults of insurgent Arabs, were quite unfitted to withstand a scientific attack—and the issue of the combat was not for a moment doubtful. By nine o'clock, the fire from the emperor's fort, which overhung the town, was silenced; and the French engineers had already broken ground for new works against the remaining stronghold—the Kassaubah—when a flag of truce from the dey announced that he had abandoned the hopeless conflict, and suspended further operations.

The terms which were granted the unfortunate old pirate, were more clement than he could reasonably have expected. His personal property was secured to him, and he was permitted to retire to Naples, which he chose for his future residence. One article of the convention concluded on this occasion is important; as it must influence our opinion of the subsequent conduct of the French in Algeria. It is to this effect—'The exercise of the Mohammedan religion shall remain free: the liberty of the inhabitants of all classes, their religion, property, commerce, and industry, shall receive no injury; their women shall be respected; the general takes this on his own responsibility.'

Algiers being thus reduced, and the dey expelled, the French began to congratulate each other on their conquest; to survey its resources, and to deliberate as to its future fate. No great acumen, however, was requisite in the opinion of the politicians of Paris to mark out their future course. The end was obvious, and the means easy. Algeria must be colonized. The Arabs must be flattered or forced into submission; and European energy, with the aid of science, must supply the ravages or the lethargy of barbarism. True, they argued, we have hitherto been unfortunate in our colonies; they have been one by one wrested from us by the arms or jealous diplomacy of other states; but here we have nothing to fear. England, the only power able to molest us, feels secure in the possession of Gibraltar, Malta, and Corfu, and will view with indifference our acquirements in the west. If Algeria is not, as Egypt, on the high road to India, or to any mighty emporium of wealth, still it enjoys redeeming advantages. Napoleon himself would not have disdained a country so rich in tropical productions, at the distance of only three days' sail from Marseilles. Once let us establish our *Nouvelle France* on the other side of the Mediterranean, and who shall limit our empire? Who can calculate the results that will flow from such a virgin field for wealth and enterprise?

These were bright and not unnatural hopes—yet how signally have they failed! Since the capture of Algiers, in 1830, the north of Africa, instead of conferring riches and prosperity upon France, has been a constant object of anxiety and disappointment, and an incessant drain on her resources. The profound tranquillity which has reigned in Europe, has alone enabled her to maintain in Algeria 100,000 troops with any regard to prudence. We could almost venture to predict, that in the event of a continental war, she would be compelled, before six months elapsed, to abandon all her African interior possessions to the Arab tribes she is now endeavoring to crush.

It is the coast alone that is at present conquered. Oran, Algiers, Bona, Phillipville, Constantina are hers—but at the distance of ten miles from any of these towns the farmer cannot visit his cattle; the husbandman cannot till his ground, without the protection of a patrol—and not even then without a very fair chance of being riddled by a bullet, or being dismembered by a

yataghan.\* And this is the state of things after an occupation of fifteen years—after the expenditure of money France can ill afford to spare from her internal economy—and after the perpetration, on both sides, of outrages which humanity shudders to remember!

That, as far as the Algerines were concerned, the French were justified in expelling the dey, and in taking possession of those territories to which he had a rightful claim, we are prepared to admit. A piratical state has a *caput lupinum*, and may be exterminated by the first who is sufficiently powerful; nay, he who accomplishes the feat is entitled to the gratitude of the rest of the civilized world.† England might with equal fairness have annexed Algiers to her colonial possessions in 1816; and, that we did not, resulted, perhaps, more from a cautious regard to the national reputation, than from a consideration of the best interests of Europe. England felt at that period all the conscious pride of the popular school-boy. We had 'tamed the pride' of the overgrown bully of Europe, and we felt unwilling to hazard our well-earned character by any achievements, the motives of which might be questioned. Perhaps, too, the reflection, that while we retained our possessions in the Mediterranean, we might securely abandon the north-west-

ern coast of Africa, was not without its influence in strengthening this commendable coyness.

France, however, had the advantage of being entirely unfettered by the trammels of propriety. She had no character to lose; and therefore did not hesitate to seize the opportunity of enriching herself, by spoiling the Philistines. And, under the circumstances, she decided rightly. Her colonization, as well as reduction, of Algiers and its circumjacent territory, cannot, we think, be censured by even a severe moralist. But we can go no further. *Qui non habet ille non dat.* The dey of Algiers had neither right nor title (not even that of seigniorial possession) to the country south of the plain of the Metidja; and we must confess our sympathy with the efforts which the Kabyles of the highlands, and the Bedouins of the plains, are making to preserve that independence which they have enjoyed so long; and which would seem intended by Providence to be a kind of birth-right to the inhabitants of such regions, as a partial compensation for the rugged and nomadic life they are destined to lead.

But their opposition would have long ago succumbed under the immense resources brought to bear against them, if they had not possessed a leader who had influence among them sufficient to organize that partial degree of combination which alone is suited to their genius. Unfortunately for France, such a man appeared at the precise moment when his presence became indispensable, if the Arabs were to offer any effectual resistance. His name is familiar to all the world. There are few, indeed, who have not heard of Abd-el-Kader.

The father of this extraordinary man was a marabout of great celebrity, and lineally descended from Muley Abd-el-Kader, who is revered among the Arabs as the *Elisha* of Mahomet. His mother too, who is still alive, is remarkable for her grace and intelligence, and the young Abd-el-Kader enjoyed the advantage of an extremely cultivated Eastern education. While yet a mere youth he thoroughly understood the character of his countrymen, and used every effort to obtain that reputation for sanctity, without which he knew no permanent influence among the Arab tribes could be hoped for; and to which his position as a marabout and a pilgrim to Mecca entitled him to aspire.

On the death of his father, in 1836, the happy effects of this foresight, and youth-

\* "Nul ne peut se hasarder à une certaine distance sans être armé jusqu'aux dents. On va chercher de l'eau à la fontaine voisine, le fusil sur l'épaule; on se visite l'arme au bras d'une propriété à l'autre. Cette impossibilité de se transporter à la moindre distance, sans être accompagné d'une escorte, est un supplice indéfinissable et qui ne permet pas de se croire un seul instant dans un pays civilisé." 'Rapport, &c., par M. Blanqui,' p. 17.

† The arrogance of the Algerines, and the amount of contribution they levied from different states as a species of *blackmail*, is most surprising. And it is curious to observe the effect of mutual jealousy among the continental powers in elevating to such factitious importance a mere den of robbers. France, indeed, since the time of Henry IV., paid no tribute except under color of rent for the coral banks of Bona; and the Roman states enjoyed an equal freedom. Turkey, too, prohibited any depredations on Austrian or Russian vessels. But Sweden, Denmark, Portugal, Tuscany, the Two Sicilies, Sardinia, and Hanover, paid very heavily for the nominal friendship of the dey; and it is a disgraceful fact that England, even so lately as 1806, made him a present of 600*l.* whenever she changed her consul, an event which of course the Algerine government contrived to render tolerably frequent.—Vide 'L'Algérie,' par Baron Baude, vol. i. p. 264.

ful austerity were immediately perceptible. He was unanimously elected emir of his own tribe; and when he unfurled the banner of Mahomet, proclaimed a holy war, and undertook to drive the unbelievers from Africa, immense masses of tribes crowded to his standard from every quarter; and the young sultan was enabled to commence that determined opposition to the French arms, the issue of which is even yet doubtful, and which has fixed on him the attention of the whole world. His career since that epoch has been chequered with disasters, but has been on the whole successful. It is evidently not his policy to risk his undisciplined troops in pitched battles against the French, and accordingly he has seldom attempted it; and in the few instances in which he has, even when supported, as at Isly, by the neighboring empire of Morocco, a signal defeat has been his fate. But in vain have general after general attempted his destruction. A victory however decisive has failed to crush him—has been barren of the usual consequences. In some quarter where he is least expected, the ubiquitous emir is certain to reappear after the apparent demolition of his forces; to revenge himself for his previous discomfiture by some *coup de main* at once rash and successful, and to vanish as suddenly when his exploit is achieved: while the editor of the '*Moniteur Algerien*' endeavors, with the *legerdemain* of a French annalist, to turn defeat into victory, and a rapid retreat into a daring *razzia*! The butcheries of Clauzel, Barthezene, and Savary—the courteous urbanity and judicious measures of Lamoricière—and the pompous manifestoes of Bugeaud have proved equally inefficacious. Not only in the more distant provinces, such as Oran and Constantina, but even in the immediate vicinity of Algiers itself, ebullitions and outbreaks of the most dangerous character are continually occurring, and every thing evidences the determination of the Mussulman to shake off the hated yoke of the French on the earliest opportunity.

The '*Journal des Debats*' of the 12th of December, 1845, contains an instructive exposition of this hostility, from the mouth of Mohammed Abdallah, when a prisoner under sentence of death. He had been convicted of instigating revolt among the Beni-Zoug-Zougs, and was at one time supposed to be the famous Bou-maza, though afterwards ascertained to be only that chieftain's brother. The prisoner enu-

merates thirty-four different tribes who had pledged their faith to his brother, who is, in fact, (though this has been denied,) one of Abd-el-Kader's numerous emissaries; and on being asked what had his countrymen to complain of on the part of the French, made this reply: 'The Arabs detest you because you are of a different religion; because you are strangers; because you now take possession of their country, and to-morrow will demand their virgins and their children. They said to my brother, lead us, and let us recommence the war. Every day which passes consolidates the Christians. Let us have done with them at once.' 'Whatever you may say,' rejoined the mortified official, 'there are many Arabs who appreciate and are devoted to us!' 'There is but one God,' was the answer of the obstinate catechumen, 'my life is in His hands, and not in yours. I shall, therefore, speak candidly. Every day you find Mussulmen come to tell you that they are attached to you, and that they are your faithful servants. Do not believe them; they lie through fear or through self-interest. If you were to give every Arab a slice of roast meat every day, which they love so well, cut from your own flesh, they would not the less detest you; and every time that a chief arises whom they believe capable of vanquishing you, they will all follow him were it proposed to attack you in Algiers itself.' 'Do you not believe,' persisted his interrogators, 'that the Arabs will tire of dying for an enterprise which can never have any chance of success?' But the question remained unanswered: refusing to be baited any longer, the prisoner wrapped himself up in his *haïck*, and relapsed into that obstinate silence from which it is hopeless to attempt to arouse a child of the desert.

To this account of the state of the French prospects in Algeria, we give implicit credit; for the course of events during the period of their occupation, bears with it concurrent testimony. The speculative dreams to which the African expedition in 1830 gave birth have faded away. Algeria is yet an unsubdued, an uncolonized, and an unproductive country.

It would have been vexatious if the gallant Arabian, who has directed this opposition, had been either ugly or ferocious; and we are happy to be able to acquaint our readers, on the authority of M. de France (to whom we owe an apology for this tardy notice), that he is by no means



either the one or the other. That gentleman has detailed his adventures among the Arab tribes, after having been taken prisoner while absent from his ship on a shooting party, in a simple and unaffected style which adds to the interest of his story. The following is his portrait of Abd-el-Kader, which, considering it is from the pen of a Frenchman and a captive, is sufficiently attractive.

"Abd-el-Kader is little, being not more than five feet high; his face long, and of excessive paleness; his large black eyes are mild and caressing; his mouth small and graceful; his nose aquiline. His beard is thin, but very black. He wears a small moustache, which gives his features, naturally fine and benevolent, a martial air, which becomes him exceedingly. The *ensemble* of his physiognomy is sweet and agreeable. M. Bravais has told me that an Arab chief, whose name I have forgotten, being one day on board the 'Loiret,' in the captain's state-room, on seeing the portrait of a woman, Isabeau de Baviere, whom the engraver had taken to personify Europe, exclaimed, 'There is Abd-el-Kader.' Abd-el-Kader has beautiful small hands and feet, and displays some coquetry in keeping them in order. He is always washing them. While conversing, squatted upon his cushions, he holds his toes in his fingers, or, if this posture fatigues him, he begins to pare the bottom of the nails with the knife and scissors of which the mother-of-pearl handle is delicately worked, and which he constantly has in his hands.

"He affects an extreme simplicity in his dress. There is never any gold or embroidery upon his *bernous*.\* He wears a shirt of very fine linen, the seams of which are covered with a silken stripe. Next to his shirt comes the *haïck*.† He throws over the *haïck* two *bernous* of white wool, and upon the two white *bernous* a black one. A few silken tassels are the only ornaments which relieve the simplicity of his costume. He never carries any arms at his girdle. His feet are naked in his slippers. He has his head shaved, and his head-dress is composed of two or three Greek caps, the one upon the other, over which he throws the hood of his *bernous*."—p. 28.

The testimony paid by M. de France to the courtesy, kindness and humanity of the emir, is equally strong. The cruelties indeed practised by the Arabs upon such unfortunate Christians as fall within their clutches, are most revolting in their de-

tails; but it does not appear that their enormities are authorized, or even known by their sultan,\* though doubtless his power rests on too precarious a tenure to enable him to hold the reigns of discipline with too unyielding a hand.

But, though Sidi-el-Hadj-Abd-el-Kader-Mahidin (which is his name in full) has been a very powerful obstacle to the progress of the French in Africa, he is by no means the only one with which they have had to contend; and we are inclined to doubt whether if he had never existed they would have had better fortune; or whether, if he were to be slain to-morrow, their success would be materially accelerated.

Among the primary causes of the failure of the projected colonization of the north of Africa, may be classed the profound ignorance which prevailed among the French, on their first arrival, of the nature of the country in which they found themselves. Intoxicated with the reports of the fertility of Algeria, they forgot the unhealthiness which is usually its concomitant, and which, in fact, prevails in very many parts of the Regency to a fearful extent. Immediately south of Algiers lies the Sahel, which is an immense elevated tract of country, lying between the Mediterranean and the plain of the Metidja. Its surface is crowded with little valleys and intersected by deep ravines. Its general appearance is rugged, sterile, and broken. Here we find health indeed, though no greater susceptibility of culture than is afforded by similar mountainous regions. But, behind this stretches the vast plain of Metidja, which science and combination might render available, but, which in its present state, confided to the isolated enterprise of individuals, is more fatal to life than even the Arab bullets.†

\* An English vessel had been wrecked off the African coast; the crew were on the point of being sacrificed by the natives, when a detachment opportunely arrived from Abd-el-Kader, the officer in command of which thus addressed the Arabs:—"Unhappy people! What are you about? In sacrificing these men you would commit a most wicked action—an offence against God. Dread then the anger of your sultan. These sailors are not of the same religion as our enemies, the French; on the contrary, their prophet is acknowledged by ours." So completely overawed were these ignorant people, that their prisoners were conducted in safety to Abd-el-Kader, who, after furnishing them with clothes, &c., sent them to Gibraltar.—'Times' Newspaper, 14th of January, 1846.

† "Malheur au voyageur imprudent qui s'est

\* The *bernous* is a woollen mantle without sleeves, but with a hood.

† The *haïck* is a covering of very thin wool, worn as a wrapper over the head and shoulders.

The disappointment and reaction which followed the insalubrity of the 'land of promise' were greatly increased by the rash eagerness of the first emigrants to purchase land from the Mussulmen, though they did not understand the nature of the interests they were buying, and were, in fact, entirely ignorant of the tenure of real property among the Algerines. Dispositions of estates, entailed by a species of mortmain, were extremely common. M. Blanqui, who was deputed by L'Academie des Sciences at Paris to investigate the causes of the failure of colonization in Algeria, informs us that those properties are called *habous* or *engagés*, of which the legal estate has been vested by some individual in an eleemosynary or other corporation, while the beneficial interest is reserved to himself and his successors in some determinate line. The confusion which would flow from this separation of the legal ownership from the actual enjoyment, in the alienation of land, may easily be imagined when we reflect, that in general its existence was unsuspected by the credulous emigrant, and undisclosed by the roguish vender! The effect of these improvident or fraudulent transactions has been to render the titles to property throughout the Regency extremely insecure; and this, combined with the destructive influence of malaria, has deprived France of that nucleus of enterprising and thriving colonists, without which any attempt to radiate over a more extended region must be futile, or at best unstable.

But as if France had been determined to afford her infant colonies on the African coast no aid she could possibly withhold, she has thought fit to fetter their foreign traffic, by the perfect freedom of which they could alone have hoped to surmount their other disadvantages, with trammels which are only suited to a city in its maturity. The

tariff, which is only an incentive to the opulent traders of Marseilles, damps the enterprise of the Algerines. They might well have imitated our example at Singapore, which, itself also formerly a mere nest of pirates, has, from the simple expedient of throwing open its ports, become a thriving city of 30,000 inhabitants: but the French, by establishing a *douane* before there was any commerce to tax, have rendered the first nugatory, and have paralyzed the latter.

The peculiarities of the people among whom they were thrown, presented additional difficulties to the French. The features of the Arab character are strongly defined; and in a general way attach to the Kabyles, the Bedouins, the Beni Ammer, the Flittahs, and all that host of tribes, with the names of which the despatches of Marshal Bugeaud have made us familiar. Avarice, restlessness, treachery, and fanaticism: hospitality, hardihood, intelligence, and devotion, are some of the antagonistic traits which an Arab of the desert exhibits. In person, too, they all bear to each other a strong family resemblance. Well formed, clean limbed, muscular, and of middle stature, they are the very build for guerrilla troops. Their complexion is of a clear olive tint, often deeply browned by exposure to the sun; their eyes are dark and sparkling; their hair black, coarse, and luxuriant. Their senses are sharpened by constant exercise to a degree rivalling the acuteness of the North American Indians. A Bedouin will hear the murmuring of distant warfare, or detect in a cloud of dust an approaching caravan, where a European is utterly at fault. So far from dreading war, it is their choice and their pastime. An Arabian in his war-saddle would not exchange his seat for the softest divan in Persia. To slay a Christian he exultingly sacrifices his own life—for he well believes, that

aventurer sans guide et sans précaution sur ce terrain en apparence si uni et si facile à parcourir! S'il y aborde au temps des hautes herbes, il court le risque d'être enseveli dans ces forêts de graminées colossales qui paraissent de loin un tapis de gazon: S'il y circule à l'époque des chaleurs de l'été, la terre entr'ouverte lui envoie des bouffées de gaz pestilentiels qui donnent la fièvre et la mort: enfin, dans la saison des pluies, tout se change en cloaques fangeux ou en marais profonds qui recèlent autant de pièges et qui sont plus dangereux que la fièvre."—"Algerie, Par M. Blanqui," p. 12. The attention of the French government has lately been ably called to the necessity of *systematic* cultivation. Vide Mémoires au Roi sur la Colonisation de L'Algerie par L'Abbé Landmann. Paris. 1845.

"They that shall fall in march or fight,  
Are called by Allah to realms of light;  
Where in giant pearls the hours dwell,  
And reach to the faithful, the wine-red shell;  
With their words so sweet, and their forms so fair,  
Their gazelle-like eyes, and their raven hair;  
Where the raptured ear may drink its fill  
Of the heavenly music of Izrahil;  
And bending from Allah's throne on high  
Is the Tree of Immortality."

Such is the crafty creed which the Koran inculcates; and the Moslem too often shames the Christian in his choice between the Future and the Present.

Thus warlike in their tastes, the Arabs have thrown themselves heart and soul into the *melée*. Religion and interest, duty and pleasure, point towards the same path; and it would require far more tact and circumspection than the French seem disposed to exert to divert them from its pursuit.

But the truth is, that our volatile neighbors have not the gift of colonization. They never have, and never will, succeed in attaching the affections of a foreign people. The feelings of a nation, when conquered, are in a high state of irritation. That irritation must be allayed; but a Frenchman has neither tact nor perseverance to do so. Again; when once the solid fruits of victory have been obtained, a wise foe will refrain from glorying over his opponent; but a Frenchman's vanity is stronger than his prudence, and the bombastic manifestoes of Bugeaud have uselessly exacerbated the enmity of the emir and his followers. Once more: there is no feeling stronger in the Arab bosom than a veneration for domestic ties, and a regard for female purity. The French have violated the one, and have outraged the other;\* and the result has been a loathing hatred of French habits and domination, which seems to leave no hope of conciliation. The war must now be one of extermination. The only alternative is that of abandonment—a measure that adverse circumstances may hereafter force France to embrace—but which we fear it would be vain to hope from her moderation or her magnanimity.

\* "Le grand argument," says M. Blanqui, p 101, "des puritains Maures ou Arabes a toujours été la corruption de nos mœurs plutôt que la différence des deux religions."

**RELIGIOUS TOLERATION IN CHINA.**—A letter has been issued by Keying, the high imperial commissioner of the Celestial ruler of the Chinese Empire, granting toleration to all sects of Christians throughout the five ports (and, we presume, wherever they are permitted to be), in which this great functionary proclaims the following liberal principles:—"I do not understand drawing a line of demarcation between the religious ceremonies of the various nations; but virtuous Chinese shall by no means be punished on account of the religion they hold. No matter whether they worship images or do not worship images, there are no prohibitions against them, if, when practising their creed, they act well. You, the honorable envoy, need therefore not to be solicitous about this matter, for all western nations shall in this respect certainly be treated upon the same footing and receive the same protection."

From *Tait's Magazine*.

## NOTES ON GILFILLAN'S "GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS."

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

[Continued.]

"*A Gallery of Literary Portraits.*" By George Gilfillan. Edinburgh: Wm. Tait.

JOHN KEATS.

MR. GILFILLAN introduces this section with a discussion upon the constitutional peculiarities ascribed to men of genius; such as nervousness of temperament, idleness, vanity, irritability, and other disagreeable tendencies ending in *ty* or in *ness*; one of the *ties* being "poverty;" which disease is at least not amongst those morbidly cherished by the patients. All that can be asked from the most penitent man of genius is, that he should humbly confess his own besetting infirmities, and endeavor to hate them: and as respects this one infirmity at least, I never heard of any man (however eccentric in genius) who did otherwise. But what special relation has such a preface to Keats? His whole article occupies twelve pages; and six of these are allotted to this preliminary discussion, which perhaps equally concerns every other man in the household of literature. Mr. Gilfillan seems to have been acting here on celebrated precedents. The "*Omnes homines qui sese student præstare cæteris animalibus*" has long been "smoked" by a wicked posterity as an old hack of Sallust's, fitted on with paste and scissors to the Catilinarian conspiracy. Cicero candidly admits that he kept in his writing desk an assortment of moveable prefaces, beautifully fitted (by means of avoiding all questions but "the general question") for parading, *en grand costume*, before any conceivable book. And Coleridge, in his earlier days, used the image of a man's "sleeping under a manchineel tree," alternately with the case of Alexander's killing his friend Clitus, as resources for illustration which Providence had bountifully made inexhaustible in their applications. No emergency could by possibility arise to puzzle the poet, or the orator, but one of these similes (please Heaven!) should be made to meet it. So long as the manchineel continued to blister with poisonous dew those who confided in its shel-

ter, so long as Niebuhr should kindly forbear to prove that Alexander of Macedon was a hoax, and his friend Clitus a myth, so long was Samuel Taylor Coleridge fixed and obdurate in his determination that one or other of these images should come upon duty whenever, as a youthful writer, he found himself on the brink of insolvency.

But it is less the generality of this preface, or even its disproportion, which fixes the eye, than the questionableness of its particular statements. In that part which reviews the *idleness* of authors, Horace is given up as too notoriously indolent: the thing, it seems, is past denying: but "not so Lucretius." Indeed! and how shall this be brought to proof? Perhaps the reader has heard of that barbarian prince, who sent to Europe for a large map of the world accompanied by the best of English razors: and the clever use which he made of his importation was, that, first cutting out with exquisite accuracy the whole ring-fence of his own dominions, and then doing the same office, with the same equity, (barbarous or barber-ous,) for the dominions of a hostile neighbor, next he proceeded to weigh off the rival segments against each other in a pair of gold scales; after which, of course, he arrived at a satisfactory algebraic equation between himself and his enemy. Now, upon this principle of comparison, if we should take any *common* edition (as the *Delphin* or the *Variorum*) of Horace and Lucretius, strictly shaving away all notes, prefaces, editorial absurdities, &c. all "flotsom" and "jetsom" that may have gathered like barnacles about the two weather-beaten hulks; in that case we should have the two old files undressed, and in *puris naturalibus*: they would be prepared for being weighed; and, going to the nearest grocer's we might then settle the point at once, as to which of the two had been the idler man. I back Horace for *my* part; and it is my private opinion that, in the case of a quarto edition, the grocer would have to throw at least a two ounce weight into the scale of Lucretius, before he could be made to draw against the other. Yet, after all, this would only be a collation of quantity against quantity; whilst, upon a second collation of quality against quality, (I do not mean quality as regards the final merit of the composition, but quality as regards the difficulties in the process of composition,) the difference in amount of labor would appear to be as between the weaving of a blanket and the

weaving of an exquisite cambric. The *curiosa felicitas* of Horace in his lyric compositions, the elaborate delicacy of workmanship in his thoughts and in his style, argue a scale of labor that, as against any equal number of lines in Lucretius, would measure itself by months against days. There are single odes in Horace that must have cost him a six weeks' seclusion from the wickedness of Rome. Do I then question the extraordinary power of Lucretius? On the contrary, I admire him as the first of demoniacs; the frenzy of an earth-born or a hell-born inspiration; divinity of stormy music sweeping around us in eddies, in order to prove that for us there could be nothing divine; the grandeur of a prophet's voice rising in angry gusts, by way of convincing us that prophets were swindlers; oracular scorn of oracles; frantic efforts, such as might seem reasonable in one who was scaling the heavens, for the purpose of degrading all things, making man to be the most abject of necessities as regarded his causes, to be the blindest of accidents as regarded his expectations; these fierce antinomies expose a mode of insanity, but of an insanity affecting a sublime intellect.\* One would suppose him partially mad by the savagery of his headlong manner. And most people who read Lucretius at all are aware of the traditional story current in Rome, that he did actually write in a delirious state; not under any figurative disturbance of brain, but under a real physical disturbance caused by philtres administered to him without his own knowledge. But this kind of super-

\* There is one peculiarity about Lucretius, which even in the absence of all anecdotes to that effect would have led an observing reader to suspect some unsoundness in his brain. It is this, and it lies in his manner. In all poetic enthusiasm, however grand and sweeping may be its compass, so long as it is healthy and natural, there is a principle of self-restoration in the opposite direction: there is a counter state of repose, a compensatory state, as in the tides of the sea, which tends continually to re-establish the equipoise. The lull is no less intense than the fury of commotion. But in Lucretius there is no lull. Nor would there *seem* to be any, were it not for two accidents: 1st, the occasional pause in his raving tone enforced by the interruption of an episode; 2dly, the restraints (or at least the suspensions) imposed upon him by the difficulties of argument conducted in *verses*. To dispute metrically, is as embarrassing as to run or dance when knee-keep in sand. Else, and apart from these counteractions, the motion of the style is not stormy, but self-kindling and continually accelerated.

natural *affatus* did not deliver into words and metre by lingering oscillations, and through processes of self-correction: it threw itself forward, and precipitated its own utterance, with the hurrying and bounding of a cataract. It was an *æstrum*, a rapture, the bounding of a *mœnad*, by which the muse of Lucretius lived and moved. So much is known by the impression about him current amongst his contemporaries: so much is evident in the characteristic manner of his poem, if all anecdotes had perished. And upon the whole let the proportions of power between Horace and Lucretius be what they may, the proportions of labor are absolutely incommensurable: in Horace the labor was *directly* as the power, in Lucretius *inversely* as the power. Whatsoever in Horace was best—had been obtained by *most* labor; whatsoever in Lucretius was best—by *least*. In Horace, the exquisite skill co-operated with the exquisite nature; in Lucretius, the powerful nature disdained the skill, which, indeed, would not have been applicable to *his* theme, or to *his* treatment of it, and triumphed by means of mere precipitation, of volume, and of headlong fury.

Another paradox of Mr. Gilfillan's under this head, is, that he classes Dr. Johnson as indolent; and it is the more startling, because he does not utter it as a careless opinion upon which he might have been thrown by inconsideration, but as a concession extorted from him reluctantly: he had sought to evade it, but could not. Now, that Dr. Johnson had a morbid predisposition to decline labor from his scrofulous habit of body,† is probable. The ques-

tion for us, however, is, not what nature prompted him to do, but what he did. If he had an extra difficulty to fight with in attempting to labor, the more was his merit in the known result, that he *did* fight with that difficulty, and that he conquered it. This is undeniable. And the attempt to deny it presents itself in a comic shape, when one imagines some ancient shelf in a library, that has groaned for nearly a century under the weight of the doctor's works, demanding, "How say you? Is this Sam Johnson, whose Dictionary alone is a load for a camel, one of those authors whom you call idle? Then Heaven preserve us poor oppressed book-shelves from such as you will consider active." George III. in a compliment as happily turned as if it had proceeded from Louis XIV. expressed his opinion upon this question of the doctor's industry by saying, that he also should join in thinking Johnson too voluminous a contributor to literature, were it not for the extraordinary merit of his contributions. Now it would be an odd way of turning the royal praise into a reproach, if we should say; "Sam, had you been a pretty good writer, we, your countrymen, should have held you to be also an industrious writer: but, because you are a *very* good writer, therefore we pronounce you a lazy vagabond."

Upon other points in this discussion there is some room to differ from Mr. Gilfillan. For instance, with respect to the question of the comparative happiness enjoyed by men of genius, it is not necessary to argue, nor does it seem possible to prove, even in the case of any one individual poet, that, on the whole, he was either more

\* "*Habit of body*:" but much more from mismanagement of his body. Dr. Johnson tampered with medical studies, and fancied himself learned enough to prescribe for his female correspondents. The affectionateness with which he sometimes did this, is interesting; but his ignorance of the subject is not the less apparent. In his own case he had the merit of one heroic self-conquest; he weaned himself from wine, having once become convinced that it was injurious. But he never brought himself to take regular exercise. He ate too much at all times of his life. And in another point, he betrayed a thoughtlessness, which (though really common as laughter) is yet extravagantly childish. Every body knows that Dr. Johnson was all his life reproaching himself with lying too long in bed. Always he was sinning, (for he thought it a sin:) always he was repenting; always he was vainly endeavoring to reform. But why vainly? Cannot a resolute man in six weeks bring himself to rise at any hour of the twenty-four? Certainly he can; but not without appropriate means. Now the

Doctor rose about eleven A. M. This, he fancied was shocking; he was determined to rise at eight, or at seven. Very well; why not? But will it be credited that the one sole change occurring to the Doctor's mind, was to take a flying leap backwards from eleven to eight, without any corresponding leap at the other terminus of his sleep. To rise at eight instead of eleven, presupposes that a man goes off to bed at twelve instead of three. Yet this recondite truth, never to his dying day dawned on Dr. Johnson's mind. The conscientious man continued to offend; continued to repent; continued to pave a disagreeable place with good intentions, and daily resolutions of amendment; but at length died full of years, without having once seen the sun rise, except in some Homeric description, written [as Mr. Clifton makes it probable,] thirty centuries before. The fact of the sun's rising at all, the Doctor adopted as a point of faith, and by no means of personal knowledge, from an insinuation to that effect in the most ancient of Greek books.

happy or less happy than the average mass of his fellow men: far less could this be argued as to the whole class of poets. What seems *really* open to proof, is, that men of genius have a larger *capacity* of happiness, which capacity, both from within and from without, may be defeated in ten thousand ways. This seems involved in the very word *genius*. For, after all the pretended and hollow attempts to distinguish genius from talent, I shall continue to think (what heretofore I have explained) that no distinction in the case is tenable for a moment but this: viz. that genius is that mode of intellectual power which moves in alliance with the *genial* nature, i. e. with the capacities of pleasure and pain; whereas talent has no vestige of such an alliance, and is perfectly independent of all human sensibilities. Consequently, genius is a voice or breathing that represents the *total* nature of man; whilst, on the contrary, talent represents only a single function of that nature. Genius is the language which interprets the synthesis of the human spirit with the human intellect, each acting through the other; whilst talent speaks only from the insulated intellect. And hence also it is that, besides its relation to suffering and enjoyment, genius always implies a deeper relation to virtue and vice: whereas talent has no shadow of a relation to *moral* qualities, any more than it has to vital sensibilities. A man of the highest talent is often obtuse and below the ordinary standard of men in his feelings; but no man of genius can unyoke himself from the society of moral perceptions that are brighter, and sensibilities that are more tremulous, than those of men in general.

As to the examples\* by which Mr. Gilfillan

\* One of these examples is equivocal, in a way that Mr. Gilfillan is apparently not aware of. He cites Tickell, ["whose very name" [he says,] "savors of laughter," as being, "in fact, a very happy fellow." In the first place, Tickell would have been likely to "square" at Mr. Gilfillan for that liberty taken with his name; or might even, in Falstaff's language, have tried to "tickle his catastrophe." It is a ticklish thing to lark with honest men's names. But, secondly, *which* Tickell? For there are two at the least in the field of English literature: and if one of them was "very happy," the chances are, according to D. Bernoulli and De Moivre, that the other was particularly miserable. The first Tickell, who may be described as Addison's Tickell, never tickled any thing, that I know of, except Addison's vanity. But Tickell the second, who came into working order about fifty years later, was really a very pleasant fellow. In the time of Burke he diverted the whole nation by his poem of "*Anticipa-*

supports his prevailing views, they will be construed by any ten thousand men in ten thousand separate modes. The objections are so endless, that it would be abusing the reader's time to urge them; especially as every man of the ten thousand will be wrong, and will also be right, in all varieties of proportion. Two only it may be useful to notice as examples, involving some degree of error, viz. Addison and Homer. As to the first, the error, if an error, is one of fact only. Lord Byron had said of Addison, that he "died drunk." This seems to Mr. Gilfillan a "horrible statement;" for which he supposes that no authority can exist but "a rumor circulated by an inveterate gossip," meaning Horace Walpole. But gossips usually go upon some foundation, broad or narrow; and, until the rumor had been authentically put down, Mr. Gilfillan should not have pronounced it a "malignant calumny." Me this story caused to laugh exceedingly; not at Addison, whose fine genius extorts pity and tenderness towards his infirmities; but at the characteristic misanthropy of Lord Byron, who chuckles as he would do over a glass of nectar, on this opportunity for confronting the old solemn legend about Addison's sending for his step-son, Lord Warwick, to witness the peaceful death of a Christian, with so rich a story as this, that he, the said Christian, "died drunk." Supposing that he *did*, the mere physical fact of inebriation, in a stage of debility where so small an excess of stimulating liquor (though given medicinally) sometimes causes such an appearance, would not infer the moral blame of drunkenness; and if such a thing were ever said by any person *present* at the bed-side, I should feel next to certain that it was said in that spirit of exaggeration to which most men are tempted by circumstances unusually fitted to impress a startling picturesqueness upon the statement. But, without insisting on Lord Byron's way of putting the case, I believe it is generally understood that, latterly, Addison gave way to habits of intemperance. He suffered, not only from his wife's dissatisfied temper, but also (and probably much more) from *ennui*. He did not walk one mile a-day, and he ought to have

*tion*," in which he anticipated and dramatically rehearsed the course of a whole parliamentary debate, (on the king's speech,) which did not take place till a week or two afterwards. Such a mimicry was easy enough, but that did not prevent its fidelity and characteristic truth from delighting the political world.

walked ten. Dyspepsy was, no doubt, the true ground of his unhappiness : and he had nothing to hope for. To remedy these evils, I have always understood that every day (and especially towards night) he drank too much of that French liquor, which, calling itself *water of life*, nine times in ten proves the water of death. He lived latterly at Kensington, viz. in Holland House, the well-known residence of the late Lord Holland ; and the tradition attached to the gallery in that house, is, that duly as the sun drew near to setting, on two tables, one at each end of the long *ambulachrum*, the right honorable Joseph placed, or caused to be placed, two tumblers of brandy, somewhat diluted with water : and those, the said vessels, then and there did alternately to the lips of him, the aforesaid Joseph, diligently apply, walking to and fro during the process of exhaustion, and dividing his attention between the two poles, arctic and antarctic of his evening *diaulos*, with the impartiality to be expected from a member of the Privy Council. How often the two "blessed bears," northern and southern, were replenished, entered into no *affidavit* that ever reached *me*. But so much I have always understood, that in the gallery of Holland House, the ex-secretary of state caught a decided hiccup, which never afterwards subsided. In all this there would have been little to shock people, had it not been for the sycophancy which ascribed to Addison a religious reputation such as he neither merited nor wished to claim. But one penal reaction of mendacious adulation, for him who is weak enough to accept it, must ever be, to impose restraints upon his own conduct, which otherwise he would have been free to decline. How lightly would Sir Roger de Coverley have thought of a little sotting in any gentleman of right politics ! And Addison would not, in that age, and as to that point, have carried his scrupulosity higher than his own Sir Roger. But such knaves as he who had complimented Addison with the praise of having written "no line which, dying, he could wish to blot," whereas, in fact, Addison started in life by publishing a translation of Petronius Arbiter, had painfully coerced his free agency. This knave, I very much fear, was Tickell the first ; and the result of his knavery was, to win for Addison a disagreeable sanctimonious reputation that was, 1st, founded in lies ; 2d, that painfully limited Addison's free agency ; and 3dly, that prepared insults

to his memory, since it pointed a censorious eye upon those things viewed as the acts of a demure pretender to piety, which would else have passed without notice as the most venial of frailties in a layman.

Something I had to say also upon Homer, who mingles amongst the examples cited by Mr. Gilfillan, of apparent happiness connected with genius. But, for want of room,\* I forbear to go further, than to lodge my protest against imputing to Homer as any personal merit, what belongs altogether to the stage of society in which he lived. "They," says Mr. Gilfillan, speaking of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," "are the healthiest of works. There are in them no sullenness, no querulous complaint, not one personal allusion." No ; but how *could* there have been ? Subjective poetry had not an existence in those days. Not only the powers for introverting the eye upon the *spectator*, as himself, the *spectaculum*, were then undeveloped and inconceivable, but the sympathies did not exist to which such an innovation could have appealed. Besides, and partly from the same cause, even as objects, the human feelings and affections were too broadly and grossly distinguished, had not reached even the infancy of that stage in which the passions begin their processes of intermodification, nor *could* have reached it, from the simplicity of social life, as well as from the barbarism of the Greek religion. The author of the "Iliad," or even of the "Odyssey," (though doubtless a product of a later period,) could not have been "unhealthy," or "sullen," or "querulous," from any cause, except *psora*, or *elephantiasis*, or scarcity of beef, or similar afflictions with which it is quite impossible to inoculate poetry. The metrical roman-

\* For the same reasons, I refrain from noticing the pretensions of Savage. Mr. Gilfillan gives us to understand, that not from want of room, but of time, he does not (which else he *could*) prove him to be the man he pretended to be. For my own part, I believe Savage to have been the vilest of swindlers ; and in these days, under the surveillance of an active police, he would have lost the chance which he earned of being hanged, by having previously been transported to the Plantations. How can Mr. Gilfillan allow himself in a case of this nature, to speak of "universal impression" (if it had really existed) as any separate ground of credibility for Savage's tale ? When the public have no access at all to sound means of judging, what matters it in which direction their "impression" lies, or how many thousands swell the belief, for which not one of all these thousands has any thing like a reason to offer ?

ces of the middle ages have the same shivering character of starvation, as to the inner life of man; and, if *that* constitutes a meritorious distinction, no man ought to be excused for wanting what it is so easy to obtain by simple neglect of culture. On the same principle, a cannibal, if truculently indiscriminate in his horrid diet, might win sentimental praises for his temperance; others were picking and choosing, miserable epicures! but he, the saint upon earth, cared not what he ate; any joint satisfied *his* moderate desires; shoulder of man, leg of child; any thing, in fact, that was nearest at hand, so long as it was good, wholesome human flesh; and the more plainly dressed the better.

But these topics, so various and so fruitful, I touch only because they are introduced, amongst many others, by Mr. Gilfillan. Separately viewed, some of these would be more attractive than any merely personal interest connected with Keats. His biography, stripped of its false coloring, offers little to win attention; for he was not the victim of any systematic malignity, as has been represented. He met, as I have understood, with unusual kindness from his liberal publishers, Messrs. Taylor and Hessey. He met with unusual severity from a cynical reviewer, the late Mr. Gifford, then editor of *The Quarterly Review*. The story ran, that this article of Mr. G.'s had killed Keats; upon which, with natural astonishment, Lord Byron thus commented, in the 11th canto of *Don Juan*:—

John Keats who was kill'd off by one critique,

Just as he really promised something great,  
If not intelligible,—without Greek,

Contrived to talk about the gods of late,  
Much as they might have been supposed to speak.

Poor fellow! his was an untoward fate:

'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,  
Should let itself be snuffed out by an Article.

Strange, indeed!—and the friends who honor Keats's memory, should not lend themselves to a story so degrading. He died, I believe, of pulmonary consumption; and would have died of it, probably, under any circumstances of prosperity as a poet. Doubtless, in a condition of languishing decay, slight causes of irritation act powerfully. But it is hardly conceivable that one ebullition of splenetic bad feeling, in a case so proverbially open to revision as the pretensions of a poet, could have overthrown any masculine life, unless where that life had already been irrecoverably un-

dermined by sickness. As a man, and viewed in relation to social objects, Keats was nothing. It was as mere an affectation when he talked with apparent zeal of liberty, or human rights, or human prospects, as is the hollow enthusiasm which many people profess for music, or most poets for external nature. For these things Keats fancied that he cared; but in reality he cared not at all. Upon them, or any of their aspects, he had thought too little, and too indeterminate, to feel for them as personal concerns. Whereas Shelley, from his earliest days, was mastered and shaken by the great moving realities of life, as a prophet is by the burden of wrath or of promise which he has been commissioned to reveal. Had there been no such thing as literature, Keats would have dwindled into a cipher. Shelley, in the same event, would hardly have lost one plume from his crest. It is in relation to literature, and to the boundless questions as to the true and the false arising out of literature and poetry, that Keats challenges a fluctuating interest; sometimes an interest of strong disgust, sometimes of deep admiration. There is not, I believe, a case on record throughout European literature, where feelings so repulsive of each other have centred in the same individual. The very midsummer madness of affectation, of false vapory sentiment, and of fantastic effeminacy, seemed to me combined in Keats's *Endymion*, when I first saw it near the close of 1821. The Italian poet Marino had been reputed the greatest master of gossamery affectation in Europe. But *his* conceits showed the palest of rosy blushes by the side of Keats's bloody crimson. Naturally, I was discouraged from looking further. But about a week later, by pure accident, my eye fell upon his *Hyperion*. The first feeling was that of incredulity that the two poems could, under change of circumstances or lapse of time, have emanated from the same mind. The *Endymion* displays absolutely the most shocking revolt against good sense and just feeling that all literature does now, or ever *can*, furnish. The *Hyperion*, as Mr. Gilfillan truly says, "is the greatest of poetical torsos." The first belongs essentially to the vilest collection of wax-work filigree, or gilt gingerbread. The other presents the majesty, the austere beauty, and the simplicity of Grecian temples enriched with Grecian sculpture.

We have in this country a word, viz. the word *Folly*, which has a technical appro-



priation to the case of fantastic buildings. Any building is called "a folly,"\* which mimics purposes incapable of being realized, and makes a promise to the eye which it cannot keep to the experience. The most impressive illustration of this idea, which modern times have seen, was, undoubtedly, the ice palace of the Empress Elizabeth—†

"That most magnificent and mighty freak,"

which, about eighty years ago, was called up from the depths of winter by

"The imperial mistress of the fur-clad Russ."

Winter and the Czarina were, in this architecture, fellow-laborers. She, by her servants, furnished the blocks of ice, hewed them, laid them: winter furnished the cement, by freezing them together. The palace has long melted back into water; and the poet who described it best, viz. Cowper, is not much read in this age, except by the

\* "A folly." We English limit the application of the term to buildings: but the idea might as fitly be illustrated in other objects. For instance, the famous galley presented to one of the Ptolemies, which offered the luxurious accommodations of capital cities, but required a little army of four thousand men to row it, whilst its draft of water was too great to allow of its often approaching the shore; this was "a folly" in our English sense. So again was the Macedonian phalanx: the Roman legion could form upon any ground: it was a true working tool. But the phalanx was too fine and slow for use. It required for its manœuvring a sort of opera stage, or a select bowling-green, such as few fields of battle offered.

† I had written "the Empress Catherine:" but, on second thought, it occurred to me that the "mighty freak" was, in fact, due to the Empress Elizabeth. There is, however, a freak connected with ice, not quite so "mighty," but quite as autocratic, and even more feminine in its caprice, which belongs exclusively to the Empress Catherine. A lady had engaged the affections of some young nobleman, who was regarded favorably by the imperial eye. No pretext offered itself for interdicting the marriage; but, by way of freezing it a little in the outset, the Czarina coupled with her permission this condition—that the wedding night should be passed by the young couple on a mattress of her gift. The mattress turned out to be a block of ice, elegantly cut by the court upholsterer, into the likeness of a well-stuffed Parisian mattress. One pities the poor bride, whilst it is difficult to avoid laughing in the midst of one's sympathy. But it is to be hoped that no *ukase* was issued against spreading seven Turkey carpets by way of under blankets, over this amiable nuptial present. Amongst others who have noticed the story, is Captain Colville Frankland, of the navy.

religious. It will, therefore, be a sort of resurrection for both the palace and the poet, if I cite his description of this gorgeous folly. It is a passage in which Cowper assumes so much of a Miltonic tone, that, of the two, it is better to have read his lasting description, than to have seen, with bodily eyes, the fleeting reality. The poet is apostrophizing the Empress Elizabeth.

—No forest fell,  
When *thou* wouldst build: no quarry sent its  
stores  
To enrich thy walls: but thou didst hew the  
floods,  
And make thy marble of the glassy wave.

Silently as a dream the fabric rose:  
No sound of hammer or of saw was there:  
Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts  
Were soon conjoin'd, nor other cement ask'd  
Than water interfus'd to make them one.  
Lamps gracefully disposed, and of all hues,  
Illumin'd every side; a watery light  
Gleam'd through the clear transparency, that  
seem'd  
Another moon new-risen:—

—Nor wanted aught within  
That royal residence might well befit  
For grandeur or for use. Long wavy wreaths  
Of flowers, that fear'd no enemy but warmth,  
Blush'd on the panels. Mirror needed none,  
Where all was vitreous: but in order due  
Convivial table and commodious seat  
(What *seem'd* at least commodious seat) were  
there;  
Sofa, and couch, and high-built throne august.  
The same lubricity was found in all,  
And all was moist to the warm touch; a scene  
Of evanescent glory, once a stream,  
And soon to slide into a stream again.

The poet concludes by viewing the whole as an unintentional stroke of satire by the Czarina,

—On her own estate,  
On human grandeur, and the courts of kings.  
'Twas transient in its nature, as in show  
'Twas durable; as worthless, as it seem'd  
Intrinsically precious: to the foot  
Treach'rous and false,—it smiled, and it was  
cold.

Looking at this imperial plaything of ice in the month of March, and recollecting that in May all the crystal arcades would be weeping away into vernal brooks, one would have been disposed to mourn a beauty so frail, and to marvel at a frailty so elaborate. Yet still there was some proportion observed: the saloons were limited in number, though *not* limited in splendor. It was a *petit Trianon*. But what if, like Versailles, this glittering bauble, to which

all the science of Europe could not have secured a passport into June, had contained six thousand separate rooms? A "folly" on so gigantic a scale would have moved every man to indignation. For all that could be had, the beauty to the eye, and the gratification to the fancy, in seeing water tortured into every form of solidity, resulted from two or three suites of rooms, as fully as from a thousand.

Now, such a folly, as *would* have been the Czarina's, if executed upon the scale of Versailles, or of the new palace at St. Petersburg, *was* the Endymion: a gigantic edifice (for its tortuous enigmas of thought multiplied every line of the four thousand into fifty) reared upon a basis slighter and less apprehensible than moonshine. As reasonably and as hopefully in regard to human sympathies, might a man undertake an epic poem upon the loves of two butterflies. The modes of existence in the two parties to the love-fable of Endymion, their relations to each other and to us, their prospects finally, and the obstacles to the *instant* realization of these prospects,—all these things are more vague and incomprehensible than the reveries of an oyster. Still the unhappy subject, and its unhappy expansion, must be laid to the account of childish years and childish inexperience. But there is another fault in Keats, of the first magnitude, which youth does not palliate, which youth even aggravates. This lies in the most shocking abuse of his mother-tongue. If there is one thing in this world that, next after the flag of his country and its spotless honor, should be holy in the eyes of a young poet,—it is the *language* of his country. He should spend the third part of his life in studying this language, and cultivating its total resources. He should be willing to pluck out his right eye, or to circumnavigate the globe, if by such a sacrifice, if by such an exertion he could attain to greater purity, precision, compass, or idiomatic energy of diction. This, if he were even a Kalmuck Tartar, who by the way *has* the good feeling and patriotism to pride himself upon his beastly language.\* But Keats was an Englishman;

\* Bergmann, the German traveller, in his account of his long rambles and residence amongst the Kalmucks, makes us acquainted with the delirious vanity which possesses these demi-savages. Their notion is, that excellence of every kind, perfection in the least things as in the greatest, is briefly expressed by calling it *Kalmucksk*. Accordingly, their hideous language, and their vast na-

Keats had the honor to speak the language of Chaucer, Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton, Newton. The more awful was the obligation of his allegiance. And yet upon this mother tongue, upon this English language, has Keats trampled as with the hoofs of a buffalo. With its syntax, with its prosody, with its idiom, he has played such fantastic tricks as could enter only into the heart of a barbarian, and for which only the anarchy of Chaos could furnish a forgiving audience. Verily it required the *Hyperion* to weigh against the deep treason of these unparalleled offences.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

#### STATE OF POLITICAL PARTIES IN SPAIN.

##### *Queen Isabella II.'s Speech to the Cortes of 1846.*

THERE is, we believe, a sect in this country which still puts faith in human perfectibility, and teaches that we have all of us long been on the high road to angelic completeness. It is just within the limits of possibility that it may be right; Goodwin, if we remember well, had a notion of that sort, and there are sundry gentlemen beyond the Atlantic, encouraged by the high state of morals in Pennsylvania and other repudiating states, who re-echo the sentiments of the perfectionists on this side of the water.

If diligently sought for, more than one philosopher of this school might, no doubt, be found also in Spain, where things have been wearing so promising an aspect for the last century or so. The rare merit of the theory of perfectibility is, that it is founded on experience.

tional poem, [doubtless equally hideous,] they hold to be the immediate gifts of inspiration: and for this I honor them, as each generation learns both from the lips of their mothers. This great poem, by the way, measures (if I remember) seventeen English miles in length; but the most learned man amongst them, in fact a monster of erudition, never read farther than the eighth mile-stone. What he could repeat by heart was little more than a mile and a half; and, indeed, *that* was found too much for the choleric part of his audience. Even the Kalmuck face, which to us foolish Europeans looks so unnecessarily flat and ogre-like, these honest Tartars have ascertained to be the pure classical model of human beauty,—which, in fact, it is, upon the principle of those people who hold that the chief use of a face is—to frighten one's enemy.

All history shows that men were exceedingly demoniacal at their first starting on this globe, and that they have gone on improving their tempers and their practices from that day to this, so that at present there is scarcely an ounce of the old man left in them. There are no tyrants or cannibals in the world now. None who persecutes for conscience' sake, no thirst for conquest, no appetite for war or bloodshed. We all of us sit down under our vines and under our fig-trees, and there is no such thing as faction or an union workhouse in the land. Gentlemen with white waistcoats legislate for us, gentlemen in hair-cloth shirts preach to us at the universities, and take charge of our ethical habits, and determine the relations in which we are henceforward to stand to the Bishop of Rome. Clearly we have very few steps to take to reach that supercelestial state towards which the advocates of perfectibility assure us we are hastening; a state in which there will be no circulating libraries, in which gentlemen will buy books for themselves and read them; the millennium of printers and paper-makers, the holiday of soldiers, the long vacation of lawyers.

Meanwhile, there is a slight jarring of the system in Spain, where General Narvaez, the Pythagoras of the Peninsula, has for some time been endeavoring to inculcate into the press the necessity of preserving a five years' silence. He considers free discussion a very pernicious thing, and objects to juries, because they are apt to take views of political errors and delinquencies somewhat different from those of the government. There was a time when similar fancies possessed gentlemen in office here, in our own island, though they had exceedingly few converts among the people. There is therefore progress, it may be said, or in other words, a tendency towards perfection.

We fancy the human race very much resembles a traveller, who progressing perpetually has some timesto traverse long level plains, steppes or downs, and sometimes to climb steep acclivities, or to ascend the pinnacles of mountains; but sometimes also, when he has got up as high as he can go or as there is a rock or a glacier to stand upon, it becomes his duty, painful or pleasant as the case may be, to descend, to plunge into sombre valleys or toil drearily along over morasses and swamps. Civilization, at its best, cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. It is the greatest pos-

sible mistake to suppose that man is as yet an unhatched perfectibility, and that he will by and by break his shell, put forth a powerful pair of wings, and soar away after some transcendental fashion into what Mr. Shelley calls the 'intense inane.' At all events the upholders of this notion act as to excite in us but little hopes; they philosophize as the witch repeats her prayers—backwards, and imagine that the best means of fitting us for mounting upwards is to strip our nature of every thing ethereal and spiritual.

Our own opinion is that modern society does not intend to climb much higher. It seems to be rapidly becoming practical, to be surrounding itself with conveniences, in one word, to be making itself comfortable,—a temper of mind highly adverse to ambitious speculation. Nations which look up the plane of possibility, which contemplate a high and distant level, and are resolved to reach it, gird up their loins and prepare for a struggle. They think little of ordinary enjoyments, present or prospective. Their delight is in intellectual and moral activity, in building up systems of philosophy or government, in subduing the actual by the speculative, in mounting over the steps of their own theories to the loftiest regions of thought. But throughout Christendom humanity is evidently in the attitude of Lot's wife. It regrets the circle of traditions, emotions, creeds, and philosophies out of which it has blundered, and longs passionately to re-enter it. We live in an age of re-actions. But as time never retraces its steps, so neither can mankind. In endeavoring to reproduce what formerly existed, they are impelled by irresistible principles into something new, inferior, or superior to what has been, but not at any rate the same.

With respect to Spain, the great point of interest is to ascertain, if possible, whether its progress towards constitutional freedom is to be pacific or bloody, or, in other words, whether moral objects are to be effected by moral and intellectual means, or by exhibitions of physical force, and a perpetual cycle of revolutions. Some appear to think, that because the action of society has there for many years past been greatly disturbed, we are to look for a constant recurrence of the same phenomena. It may be however that it has now passed through the period of turbulence and anarchy, and entered upon that of repose. Many features in the aspect of the country would

appear favorable to this conclusion. The masses seem weary of violence, of *pronunciamientos*, of bootless insurrections, of street fights and fierce personal struggles in coffee-houses. They have made the discovery that little is to be gained by such doings. No thanks to Narvaez, or Senor Pidal, or Senor Mon, or the Bank of San Fernando. The tranquillity of the present period is the offspring of events, as was the confusion of that which preceded it. General Espartero and his colleagues were the martyrs of circumstances. They aimed at bestowing institutions on Spain, but failed; because the passions of the people kindled by civil war could not be suddenly allayed or reduced to order.

Should matters in the Peninsula take a fortunate turn, infinitely more credit will be given to the Narvaez administration than it has any claim to. Since its accession to power, which took place under very peculiar circumstances, no formidable attempt has been made to renew the state of anarchy, not so much owing to the unsparing policy of the government, which however has evinced its determination to purchase quiet at any sacrifice, as owing to a new turn taken by the public mind. The fierier and more destructive passions had burnt themselves out, and whoever had remained in power, or succeeded to it, the effect had been nearly the same. After the exhaustion of the public and private resources of the country, the necessity of renewing them was universally felt, so that the minds of all classes were turned towards commerce and industry. They perceived that while they were knocking each other in the head, the rest of Christendom was enriching itself, submitting new lands to the plough, calling forth fresh harvests, building new factories, constructing new ships, founding new colonies or establishing new institutions calculated to promote public prosperity. The knowledge of these facts slowly surmounted the Pyrenees, or stole in with the contraband cotton goods over the sea-board of Andalusia. Among other revolutions there was then effected a revolution of opinion, which, at the outset, enabled the moderados to triumph over their rivals, but in the end will prove fatal to their power.

Up to this moment the Spaniards have entertained but crude notions of civil government. When they had an absolute king, they thought it their duty to practise the most complete abnegation of self, to

deposit their estates, and even their reputations, at the foot of the throne, and, with a sort of practical idolatry, to worship the prince. All Spanish history may be regarded as a realization of this feeling. The proudest nation of Europe was of nothing so proud as of its complete subjection to the throne, which by degrees undermined its energy, corrupted its morals, extinguished all love of industry, and gave universal currency to a barbarous taste for display and gross physical excitement. When the state had, through these means, been reduced to the lowest pitch of weakness and degradation, a reaction took place, monarchy became the object of general aversion, and the secret of national prosperity was sought for in the opposite extreme of that which had once been regarded as the supreme good.

Hence the rise of the republican party, which supposed that society could be turned inside out, like a coat, and that names were a sort of talisman, which could effect miracles by mystical processes, unknown to political science. The leaders of this party in Spain, as every where else, were generally honest and able men, who, deeply versed in theory, sometimes disdained to study the occasions and modes of its application. They refused to believe that political constitutions are slower of growth than the oak, that they are but the complete expression of the national character, that they are planted in a country with the first germ of its population, and that though they may at different times assume different phases, they are essentially among any given people, one and the same, till the utter extinction of nationality.

Still, whatever degree of freedom Spain may hereafter enjoy, she will be indebted for it to the republican party, who, though they aimed at too much, actually created something. They infused into the public mind the belief that the Spanish monarchy, like an old house, required to be pulled down and built up again; and if they had been chosen to superintend the operation, and could have freely acted according to their own plan, would have taken care it should have had more than one chimney.

But the elements of political change are seldom homogeneous in any country. If there was in one quarter a powerful tendency towards democracy, in another there was a counteracting impulse, and the result was a compromise, a recognition of the popular principle, a limitation of the royal

prerogative, in one word, a sort of constitution, which, however imperfect, was rather in advance of the age.

It is now a matter of the utmost difficulty to discover the condition of the public mind in Spain. We cannot trust safely to the interpretation which may appear to be given by events. These are rather the result of material forces, more or less nicely balanced, than of that curious and delicate mechanism of thought which the leading statesmen and politicians of the country have been endeavoring to introduce, and on which we bestow the name of public opinion. Neither, unfortunately, can we trust to those who have travelled there and undertaken to report on the existing state of things, their wishes being much too obviously the parents of their theories. Few minds are sufficiently capacious to take in all the multiplied relations of a great people. Still fewer are capable of basing a sort of divination on their experience, and foretelling what is to be from what is. We approach the subject with diffidence. Our own leanings and partialities are all on the side of freedom, and therefore, when we desire to satisfy ourselves respecting the future destiny of any people, our hopes are apt to preponderate over our fears. It must not, however, be dissembled that there exist in the case of Spain many causes of apprehension, and that the most patient, laborious, and conscientious inquiry may possibly lead to a too favorable conclusion, when the tendencies of the mind are such as we confess ours to be.

In the process of regenerating a people, there is a work for all classes of statesmen, and all kinds of administrations. Without, therefore, believing in the doctrine of political necessity, or imagining that certain men are born to effect certain purposes and no others, we may affirm, upon the whole, that as Espartero was well fitted to manage the public affairs of Spain, during a certain critical period, so Narvaez is aptly qualified to remain in the ascendant during another phasis of public opinion, in its nature, perhaps, transitory. The Progresista party, though essentially popular in its principles, had highly unpopular work to perform; for while a great majority of the Spanish people were vehement Papists, swayed by all the prejudices of Romanism, and habitually directed by their clergy, it was found necessary for the promotion of national prosperity, to take measures highly unpalatable to the pope, as

well as to the great body of the clergy. The partisans of the movement in Spain would appear to be situated nearly as the commonwealth's men were in England, during the contest for liberty under Charles I. Possessing superior knowledge, superior principles, and superior personal character, they are yet inferior in the essential requisite of numbers, and are disliked by the many, because the cure of the state is not to be effected without occasioning considerable pain and discomfort. They took the lead for a time, because, as a party, they displayed more intelligence and greater energy than their opponents, but were overthrown because, by undertaking church reform, they enlisted against them the prejudices of the majority, and even appeared to be inimical to religion itself. It is not at all improbable, moreover, that being accidentally placed in opposition to the Church, they may in some instances have misunderstood the necessities of their position, and have really become irreligious from imagining that it was requisite for the antagonists of the clergy to be so. At any rate we discover in this antagonism the weak point of the Progresistas, who have now discovered their error, and, yielding to their natural impulses as Spaniards, have reconciled themselves to the Church, and are seeking to work in conjunction with it.

Nor is there any reason to doubt the sincerity of their reconciliation. From the very nature of things, the advocates of political progress are impassioned and imaginative, prone to subtle theorizing, addicted to speculation, and more inclined to seek their happiness in the worship of abstractions, in gratifying the sense of duty in the lofty domains of ideal truth, than in the bleak and chilly mazes of skepticism. To all such men religion is a necessity and an enjoyment, not, however, the religion of shows and ceremonies, not a literal faith in arbitrary creeds, but that high, poetical, spiritual belief, which burns like a pure flame upon the loftiest summits of the intellectual world, and lights up the interspace between earth and heaven. No men have so much need of religion as the votaries of popular institutions. All the force of worldly principles is with their enemies. Power has an affinity with power. Church establishments may support despotism, but religion never does or can. It is the last resource of the oppressed, the comfort of the afflicted and persecuted. It takes

refuge at the hearth of the poor, travels from cottage to cottage, sits on the highway with the beggar, accompanies the victim to his dungeon, stands beside him on the scaffold, supporting and strengthening his soul under all trials, the greatest as well as the least.

We say then that the Progresistas in Spain must be a religious party; though it may be long before the Roman Catholic clergy become friendly to them. Still some steps have already been taken towards so desirable a consummation. The secret of the Moderados has transpired. It has been discovered that they are a cold, calculating faction, inimical at heart to the Church, not because it is the depository of doctrines, which when properly understood are hostile to their principles, but because it stands up as the rival of the state, for the affections and resources of the country.

Narvaez and his colleagues are far more unfriendly to the pope than the Progresista leaders ever could be. It is only because the queen's Camarilla is a sort of petty vestibule of the Vatican, that they consent to hold communication with His Holiness. They are possessed, no less than their predecessors, by the conviction that the clergy must submit to reformation before there can be any internal peace for Spain; that they must be subjected to a double discipline, that, in the first place, of involuntary poverty, which by degrees may possibly bring them to their senses; and, secondly, that of education, the expense of which must be defrayed by the state. To be really useful in his calling, the priest must pamper less his appetite and cultivate infinitely more his intellectual faculties and the affections of his heart. He must cease to be a gross worshipper of the table and the bottle, and familiarize himself with that practice which 'with gods doth diet.' He must be poor in spirit as in purse, the friend and companion of the indigent, the lowly inhabitant of a lonely dwelling. He must rescue his divinity from the worms, and once again pore diligently over those pages, into which neither he nor his predecessors can truly be said to have looked for centuries. No body of men ever stands in so invidious a light as that of a priesthood squabbling for temporalities. It is impossible to ward off from it, under such circumstances, the blighting suspicion of hypocrisy, the fear that the golden key of the Scriptures is only used to unlock the treasury of mammon, and that little appe-

tite is felt for those riches which are laid up 'where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through or steal.'

We have said that the Moderados look with no kindness either towards Rome or the clergy, and it is equally certain that His Holiness is of this opinion, for which reason the mission of Senor Castillo y Ayense has hitherto been productive of little fruit.

It is true that Maria Christina, like many other personages of corrupt manners, is ready to do penance for sensual indulgences by the grovelling practices of superstition. Having nearly exhausted the irregular pleasures of this world, and, in the intemperate pursuit of them, weakened her understanding, never too strong, she now fancies that the road to Paradise lies between files of priests and monks, and that the odor of incense and the sonorous chantings of the mass will be accepted in lieu of the perfume of a good life and the harmonies of virtuous deeds. The court, therefore, is a mixture of frivolity and fanaticism, of trivial shows and mechanical austerities, regarded with supreme contempt by every member of the cabinet. Narvaez is a careless and dissipated man, who has no serious thought, save how he may rise in the world; Martinez de la Rosa is a French philosopher, who looks upon the Church as a necessary part of the state machinery, and the clergy as convenient instruments; and M. Mon is a pragmatist economist, whose highest speculations never rise above questions of revenue, whose whole creed is comprehended in his new scheme of finance, and who, probably, watches with more anxiety the operations of the Bank of San Fernando, than the growth of piety or upright principles among his countrymen.

One little trait in the history of this precious cabinet deserves to be mentioned, not as being calculated to illustrate its serious opinions or tendencies, but as betraying the innate frivolity of its leading members. All the world is familiar with the sad condition of Spain for many years past; with the frequency of its sanguinary revolutions; with the unsettling, throughout its whole extent, of the very foundations of society. If it possessed any statesmen, therefore, alive to the duties of their place, solicitous to heal the wounds which a protracted anarchy had inflicted, they would assuredly apply themselves in the first instance to the grave necessities of

the times; and afterwards, when they had composed the troubles of the kingdom, restored the finances, re-established public credit, and reconciled class with class, would probably bestow some attention on those arts which constitute the most graceful ornaments of a tranquil and flourishing state. But Narvaez and his colleagues, taking an original view of these matters, fancied it would argue superior serenity of mind, to be able, in the midst of political convulsions, to meditate on the correct orthography of the Spanish language. They accordingly published a sage decree on this subject, directing the instructors of youth to watch over the spelling of their pupils, and to see that they conformed in so grave an affair to the rules of the academy. If they neglected this duty, they were to be deprived of their diplomas. With authors, whether philosophers, or political economists, or poets, or novelists, or journalists, they did not interfere. These refractory, but unimportant classes, were abandoned to the error of their ways. If they spelled wrong, it was their own fault, and they must abide the consequences. But in the case of students it was wholly different; they were to be examined with peculiar severity, not only by the commission of public instruction, but by the political chief of Madrid. This brilliant idea must, we think, have originated with Senor Martinez de la Rosa, who has brought all the pedantry of a dramatic coxcomb into the gravest affairs of state. He fancied, no doubt, that ruin was impending over his valuable works, and that it could only be averted by interesting the government of the country in the great question of orthography. Possibly he may have dreaded the revolutionary spirit in the serious business of style. Swift, we know, during the excitement and uncertainty of Queen Anne's reign, addressed a letter to Lord Oxford, expressing his deep anxiety, lest the English language should fall to pieces for want of an academy. But Spain is not in this predicament; it has enjoyed the rare advantage of which Swift regretted our being deprived; and yet has, we find, been visited by so great a confusion in the matter of orthography, that serious apprehensions have come at length to be entertained, lest the most important public documents should cease to be intelligible.

But enough of this: the Narvaez ministry has a dim perception of the truth, that ignorance lies at the root of all the recent

troubles in Spain, but in attempting to remedy the evil, has thought proper to begin at the wrong end. What the Spaniards require to be taught is, that nations cannot possibly be regenerated by the mere exercise of physical force, and that it is altogether useless to overthrow even a bad government, unless you know how to set up something better in its place. We by no means maintain that nations are never to take up arms against their oppressors, and engage in civil wars. It is, on the contrary, our firm conviction, that of all wars, civil wars are generally the most just, though infinitely the most terrible. All we would insist on is this, that the leaders of parties ought never to plunge their countrymen in civil strife, before they have calmly and deliberately convinced themselves, that there exists no other means of establishing or restoring public liberty. Spain is the slave of instinct and impulse. She finds herself uneasy, and is persuaded that bad government is the cause of her discomfort. She, therefore, puts forth her energies, gathers together her populations, arms them with mortal instruments, precipitates them against each other, overthrows the men in power, and obliterates all traces of their errors or their crimes with blood.

A free stage is thus produced. A brilliant opportunity for starting *de novo*, but where are the statesmen? Where are their enlightened supporters? Where are the legislators? Where are the firm, honest, and patriotic electors? Alas! nowhere! Spain has them not. The dreadful cycle, therefore, of misrule, discontent, agitation, insurrectionary movements, civil wars, revolutions, is always in progress, and the fruit we see before us, in the utter demoralization of the country. Still misfortune is a school, as well to nations as to individuals, and afflictions and disasters shed by degrees a bitter enlightenment upon the mind. Under these stern instructors the Spanish people would appear to have profited something, even though they should only have made the discovery, that acts of violence do not necessarily lead to freedom, but may, under certain circumstances, prove rather the harbinger of despotism.

Endeavoring to conjecture the character of the future from the past, we are led to think it probable that there will not soon again be a general breaking up of the established order of things in Spain. Attempts may be made, and partial troubles may arise, but it would very greatly surprise

us to behold the Peninsula traversed again by hostile Spanish armies, each representing a particular theory of government. The attachment to families and dynasties, which is almost indestructible, because it springs rather from instinct than from reason, may yet occasion civil wars, though there would seem to exist among all ranks a considerable abatement of dynastic fanaticism. Nevertheless, it cannot be quite safe to reason upon the movements of a people among whom loyalty develops itself in so extravagant a manner as it does in Spain. No feeling is so dangerous and objectionable as this, because none is so liable to abuse. Men glory in committing acts of folly, in proof of their attachment to princes; which, instead of entitling them to the respect of the rational part of their species, ought to render them the subjects of unmitigated scorn. It is quite right to treat with respect the first magistrates of a free state, if they conduct themselves in an honest and upright manner; but it is beyond measure silly and absurd to suffer that respect to assume an impassioned character. In politics there should be no passion whatsoever, save the love of liberty; every where the parent of whatever is excellent or noble in human institutions.

Loyalty too frequently resembles the attachment of the canine race for man, not being eradicated by ill usage, or contempt, or the incessant assumption of superiority. It is, consequently, the most degrading of all feelings. It places one class of persons below the proper level of humanity, in order to place others above it. It can properly, therefore, have no existence in constitutional states, where, in order to be an object of affection, the sovereign must habitually display good and popular qualities; or, in other words, deserve the attachment which he inspires. In Spain it is not so. They who are interested in reviving the puerile devotion of the people to the old monarchy, seek by all manner of trivial arts to invest the person of Isabella II. with a net-work of political superstition. When she appears on the Prado of Madrid, all the ladies rise in their carriages, all the gentlemen stand uncovered. This may, by some writers, be traced to the old fantastic gallantry of the Spanish people, and on that ground justified. But we cannot admit such a defence. If this kind of civil idolatry were paid only to a queen, we might be induced to tolerate it as significative of the homage paid by strength to feminine gen-

teness. It is not so, however. Had Spain a king, the same ceremonies would be practised, the same devotion felt or affected. It is not to the woman, therefore, but to the wearer of the crown; not to the sex, but to the situation, that the compliment is paid.

Again, when the young Queen of Spain goes to the theatre, through what an ordeal is she compelled to pass! We have not the vanity to suppose that our own queen ought to be set up as a model for the imitation of all other princes upon earth; but in these questions of state, and parade, and show, we think they might most of them profit considerably by observing what she does. For example, when she goes to the theatre, we believe she would gladly be permitted to enjoy the spectacle like any other lady, without being every now and then saluted with the national air, and compelled to rise and bow, and to return the salutes of the audience, till what was meant for pleasure, is converted into a mere toil. Princes should be suffered to taste the same quiet, harmless enjoyments as other people; to pass unnoticed through the street, to appear unnoticed at the theatre, or on the race-course, or wherever else they go in search of amusement. If they act so as to deserve the affection of the people, they will be sure to discover they are beloved by a thousand silent tokens, by the air of satisfaction, and looks of delight exhibited by the people wherever they appear. Noisy demonstrations, hurrahs, *vivas*, are as deceptive as they are ridiculous, since they would be as profusely lavished on a Caligula or a Nadir Shah, as on an Alfred or a Victoria.

One nation, it is true, is seldom competent to pass judgment on the practices of another. We are cold, moreover, here in the north; in us reason predominates. We calculate, we institute laborious comparisons. We weigh our opinions in a balance, we enter philosophically into the *rationale* even of our dissipations. Not so in the south; there, habitually, impulse is the incentive to action, for which reason they have more need than we of well-organized institutions. We could govern ourselves almost without a central government, being political animals, as it were, by nature. To us, public business stands in the place of all other amusements. We are sufficiently entertained by the art of governing ourselves, and take more interest in a parliamentary debate, than in the finest drama, or in any other work of art; we have, in



fact, made the great discovery that the government of a state is the noblest of all arts, the most intensely interesting of all occupations, and as we become absorbed by it, grow indifferent to amusements of every kind. This is the reason of the neglect into which the stage has fallen in England, together with almost every other variety of public entertainment. Thousands upon thousands rush to Covent Garden to hear speeches on political economy, whom the ability of the greatest actor could not tempt to spend a shilling or walk a hundred yards. Nay, to share in the gratification of political excitement, even for a few hours, men travel to London from the remotest corners of the empire in the midst of frost and snow, and all the inclemencies of the winter. Just so has it always been in free states.

Hitherto, however, Spain has exhibited but little of this taste, though from many indications, there appears to be good ground for hoping that she is now in the act of acquiring it. She throws less intensity than formerly into her passion for bull-fights, and even into the milder madness of the stage, which will probably long survive the grosser and more animal enjoyment of the arena. Yet the good people of Madrid seem quite intoxicated with joy when their little queen condescends to share with them the recreations of the theatre, and express their rapture by throwing forth garlands of flowers from their boxes, and letting loose doves and other birds, adorned with bunches of ribbands, to flutter through the open spaces of the building, and be caught perhaps by some enthusiast in pit or gallery. Among the worshippers of pleasure of former ages, a similar practice prevailed, only among them the birds thus let loose were sprinkled with fragrant essences, which, by fluttering to and fro, they diffused agreeably through the air.

Another practice which the Moderados seem anxious to establish is that of consecrating in their families the portrait of the queen, among those of the saints of the Roman Catholic calendar. Possibly Isabella II. may be quite as worthy of admiration as many of those saints, though if her canonization were proposed, and we were required to perform at Rome the part of the devil's advocate in lieu of the reverend cardinal who on such occasions plays that part, we might possibly be able to point out some flaws in her character which would prevent the completion of the cere-

mony. She is indeed as yet too young to be either a saint or a sinner. But if she be the daughter of Maria Christina, whom she herself, by way of paying her a particular compliment, has made a colonel of dragons, we can reasonably anticipate nothing very exemplary from her, being brought up as she is under the tutelage of that mother, and in the society of those profligates by whom during her whole life she has been surrounded.

Among the better meaning persons who had charge of Isabella during her childhood, there were some who deemed it advisable to inspire her with pity for the poor, and in the execution of this praiseworthy design gave proof of an ingenuity which deserves to be commemorated. It probably occurred to them that it might offend the senses of the royal child to be brought in contact with actual humanity, deformed, and rendered loathsome by the accidents of wretchedness. They therefore erected a cottage in the palace garden of the *Buen Retiro*, and placed in it an inhabitant to co-operate in bringing to maturity the charitable feelings of Isabella. As she entered this lowly dwelling, she beheld by the dim light which pervaded it, a solitary wretch stretched on his pallet of straw. As she advanced reluctantly towards him, he made several ineffectual efforts to get up, either to implore her aid, or to thank her for the interest she seemed to take in him. But then, as through debility or sickness, sank back upon his miserable bed and remained speechless. The exhibition must have been truly edifying. It was an automaton thrown into all the aforesaid attitudes by springs upon which her little majesty's feet pressed as she moved along the floor.

It is not stated to what party the authors of this valuable invention belonged, but they were probably Moderados of the same school with that celebrated preacher who refused to mention hell to ears polite. No doubt the effect on the child's mind was striking enough at first, especially if she had not previously been made aware of the nature of the dumb mechanism. But was real indigence so rare in the vicinity of the palace and throughout Madrid, as to compel the courtly teachers of the young queen to have recourse to so costly a representation? Would not the genuine hovel of some half-famished Castilian peasant have afforded her majesty as true and impressive a lesson? And might not the mo-

ney laid out on this useless toy have been better spent even in indiscriminate charity? Surely there is a blight upon the dwellers in palaces which prevents their minds from ripening, and keeps them for ever in a state of crude infancy.

But there is no necessity to enlarge on the extravagances of the palace, to illustrate the nature of the state of things towards which the Moderados would lead back the Spanish nation. They have inscribed the characteristics of their system on the whole face of the country, in ruined towns and villages, in stormed cities, in battle-fields, whitened by the bones of the dead. They have employed as their instruments the worst men to be found in the Peninsula, men to whom assassination is a pastime, who rejoice at beholding the streets and churches crowded with widows and orphans, and old men rendered childless by the sword. Yet, as generally happens, the great masters of cruelty have found imitators ambitious of practising on their masters the lessons learned from them. Thus assassins have frequently been found to post themselves at night along the streets of Madrid, under the porches of doors, and behind the pillars of churches—whence they have fired at Narvaez as he passed to the opera, riddled his carriage, and picked off some of his outriders and attendants, though hitherto without once touching his person. This is how parties advance their views in Spain. They have no time for arguments, for registering, canvassing, voting, for constitutional agitation, and years of parliamentary debate. They see the opponent of their schemes before them, and shoot him; or, missing their aim, are perhaps shot. The crime gives birth to revenge, and the victors of to-day are perhaps to-morrow victims; the courage of all parties being kept up by the number of deaths it is able to occasion, or of vengeance which it has on its hands.

A highly characteristic anecdote is related of one of the revolutionary chiefs, who still figure in the Cortéz. Having been despatched by his province at the head of a small army to assist in besieging the central government in the capital, he found himself compelled, while yet at some distance, to halt and enter into negotiations. His force was weak, and likely to become weaker by delay, unless he could hit upon some device for at once raising the courage of his followers, and justifying the confidence of those who intrusted him with

command. He felt the necessity of a military execution, but knew not whom to execute, as there was not among his friends a single delinquent, and it was just then no easy task to get hold of one of the enemy. In this dilemma he bethought himself of a splendid stratagem. He invited the central government to send him an agent with whom to treat, and secretly resolved to seize him as soon as he should arrive, form his troops into a hollow square, and shoot him immediately, to keep up their spirits. Not being at all aware of his humane purpose, the ministers despatched a gentleman to his camp, and along with him a person who happened to be a friend of the energetic chief, a circumstance which entirely deranged the plans of the latter. For, notwithstanding his most pathetic entreaties, the general's friend would not consent to have the person for whose safety he was pledged, shot like a dog, in order to establish an influence wholly unintelligible out of Spain.

The tactics of this chief were by no means peculiar. Most of those who have found themselves in the possession of power, during the last thirteen years of confusion and anarchy, have sought to excite in themselves the consciousness of being somebody by putting other people to death. It is said that certain idiosyncracies are gratified by sitting round a cheerful fire, and hearing the footsteps of less fortunate mortals trudging by in the splashing rain or through the drifting snow. And so it appears to be with Spanish political adventurers, who never fancy themselves quite safe but when they are engaged in cutting off their enemies, or persons who might possibly ripen into enemies if left quietly in possession of their heads. The multiplication of enmities under the influence of such a system could not fail to be great. Every person in office must of necessity be the foe of many, not merely of those whom his party had ousted, but of those still more resolute and determined individuals whose friends and relations they had remorselessly sacrificed.

Whilst things are moving in this vicious circle, exhausting the moral energies and paralyzing the material resources of the country, it cannot be matter of surprise that the middle classes should be nearly all of them Progresistas, ever ready and eager to engage in the work of revolution. The opinion of those, however, is quite erroneous, who imagine that the middle classes

love revolution for its own sake. If they desire to pull down, it is that they may build up more firmly. They may be weary of change, but they are still more weary of stagnation. By a sort of instinct implanted by Providence in man they perceive that the establishment of freedom is necessary to the success of industry, and hence they have been the enemies of every administration, with one single exception, that has been formed in Spain for many years past, and will be the enemies of every one that is formed till the rights of industry shall be properly recognized.

Scarcely an event has occurred since the overthrow of Espartero which may not be adduced to prove the strong enmity of the middle classes of Spain to the Moderado party. The evidence of this truth is supplied by the population of all the great towns; for in Spain, as in England, the agricultural classes are centuries behind the rest of the community in enlightenment, and therefore attached to oligarchy. It is generally felt,—in the towns of course we mean—that for the proper development of its resources industry has need of freedom and tranquillity. The conviction is unbroken and is the same now as it was twelve years ago; but experience has taught it to make use of different tactics and different weapons. With the exception of Catalonia, where industrial activity and skill in manufacturing processes run hand in hand with political ignorance, all Spain appears now to be persuaded that oligarchy is to be combated and overcome by intellectual and not by physical weapons. In the production of this feeling the revolutions of Spain seem to have resulted, and they cannot therefore be said to have happened in vain. Even those members of the Narvaez administration whose studies led them to bestow some attention on the interests of the national industry, have thereby been in some measure liberalized and set at variance with the military dictator and his thick and thin upholders. Mon and Pidal, possessing some administrative skill and knowledge of the relation in which all governments ought to stand towards the people, form a sort of opposition, as it were, in the cabinet, from which therefore they seem likely to be ejected.

Yet, like all other finance ministers, Mon is unpopular. He is necessarily the ringleader in the war against the purse, and his manner of conducting operations is often to the last degree vexatious and arbi-

trary. An instance occurred in the beginning of the present year. In casting his eye over the whole frame-work of society to discover every chink through which reals might be made to ooze, he observed the water-carriers of Madrid, and fancied that they had not been made to contribute enough towards the maintenance of Queen Isabella II. and her government. This laborious class of men is composed entirely of Galicians who from time to time leave their rugged mountains and proceed to the capital, in the hope of realizing a little fortune by their brawny strength. They are in some sort the Bœotians of Spain, being as remarkable for the bluntness of their wit as for the herculean proportions of their frames. Nevertheless, if they are dull, they can boast of moral qualities for which the inhabitants of many other provinces would perhaps be glad to be equally celebrated. They are industrious and honest, and therefore, whether as porters or water-carriers, generally contrive to earn a comfortable livelihood, save money, and return to their native mountains, where they spend the remainder of their days in comparative ease and independence.

Such are the Gallegos upon whom Senor Mon, in January last, fastened his financial fangs. The condition of this fraternity may serve to throw some light on the habits and manners of the people of Madrid. Into every house, great and small, they are allowed to enter unquestioned with their water-pails, to pass from court to court, and descend or mount according to the locality of the cisterns which it is their duty to fill. This privilege they obtain through the purchase of a license from the government, which costs somewhere about twenty pounds. Until Senor Mon took their affairs into his hands, they were permitted to dispose of this license to their successors in the craft and mystery of water-carrying, and thus escape a loss which to such persons must be a heavy one. Mandeville long ago made the discovery that private vices are public benefits, and Senor Mon, with equal perspicacity, has descried the great truth, that the prosperity of a whole community is augmented by the oppression and ruin of its various parts, or something approaching very nearly to that consummation. He applied this to the water-carriers, and at once increased the price of their licenses, while he took away the right to dispose of them. His excuse was this; bad characters, he said, under pretence of de-

siring to supply their neighbors with water, purchased the licenses from the retiring Gallegos, and obtaining thus an entrance into the greatest houses, perpetrated there all manner of crimes. This single hint of the great finance minister throws open a world of mystery to the imagination. Fancy a man in possession of a Gallego's license, and determined to make the most of it in such a city as Madrid. The ring of Gyges itself could hardly lay open to daring villany a wider field of operations. We trust some of our novelists who have long been woefully in want of new materials for their fictions, will act upon the suggestion here thrown out, and be very careful not to make the slightest allusion to us.

With respect to the water-carriers, being impatient of oppression, yet thoroughly ignorant of all political manœuvres, they determined on having recourse to a very extraordinary form of *Pronunciamento*. They piled up their pails, and sitting still with folded arms, resolved to kill the Madrilenas with thirst. For whole days the fountains were unvisited, the cisterns unfilled. No coffee could be made, no lemonade manufactured. The lips of the prettiest Madrilenas began to look parched and dry, and crowding round their husbands and fathers, with many soft imprecations against Senor Mon, they besought them to appeal to the humanity of the Gallegos, and entreat them not to extinguish all the beauty of Spain at once. The gentlemen adopted a different method. Instead of appealing to the feelings of the injured party, they went to the Corregidor, who on their representation, published a *banda*, commanding the water-carriers immediately to return to their work on pain of fine and imprisonment. This produced the desired effect, the unfortunate mountaineers observing four of their companions seized and put in confinement by way of example, became terrified, and succumbed to authority, only muttering, as they resumed their usual labors, the ineffectual threat that they would enhance their charges.

While we were engaged in celebrating this great achievement of the Asturian financier, intelligence arrived that the cabinet of which he formed a part had been broken up, and for a reason which, if it be the true one, reflects much credit on Senor Mou. It has long been known that the Narvaez ministry was divided into two parties on the subject of the Trappani mar-

riage, and that while Narvaez adopted the views of the court, and was favorable to the union of the uncle with the niece, Senors Mon and Pidal took a wholly different view of the matter, and agreed with a great body of the Spanish people in deprecating such an alliance. The court party has triumphed, and there has been a new distribution of offices, though without those accompaniments of riot and disturbance, which formerly were sure to occur on every change of administration. This circumstance bespeaks some improvement in the condition of Spain. At the same time we must not omit to take into account one fact, which may go far towards explaining it, without presupposing any material advance in civilization. Hitherto the principal agents of insurrection have been those multitudes of *empleados* who, thrown out of employment by each successive cabinet, have immediately swelled the ranks of the disaffected; and while their wounds were yet fresh and smarting, have incited them to acts of violence. As the ministers now going out and coming in, belong equally to the Moderado faction, and have, therefore, for the most part, the same dependants and adherents, there no longer exists any particular necessity for a complete change of underlings. The disturbance, therefore, of the upper strata, in the political world does not always unsettle its foundations, and ministries are formed or dissolved without occasioning a revolution.

It may be necessary to touch briefly on the circumstance which has nominally thrown General Narvaez out of office, though his influence at court remaining undiminished, and his appointment to be generalissimo of all the forces of Spain, giving him more power than ever, he may again become minister whenever he pleases; and will irresistibly sway the decisions of whomsoever may happen to fill that post. All Europe is of course aware that the little Queen of Spain, though still almost a child, requires to be married; which, according to the views taken of such matters by the wisdom of our age, is a thing that ought to interest the whole civilized world. Its consequences, in fact, may produce much good or harm. Maria Christina has a brother in the kingdom of Naples, who, under the name of the Count di Trappani, has of late been frequently mentioned in the journals. Of his character we have been able, after the most diligent inquiry, to learn nothing. It is not exactly known whether

he be tall or short, fair or brown, young or old. All that seems well ascertained is, that he is Christina's brother, and that she is desirous of marrying him to her daughter. People of strict morals may be startled by this design. But they should remember who and what Christina is; should recall to mind the incidents of her life, her history since the death of Ferdinand, her marriage with Munoz, and what preceded and followed it. After which their surprise will be considerably abated.

Christina has now one grand purpose to accomplish, which is despotically to sway the mind of her daughter, and through her to govern Spain. In childhood, she is said systematically to have subdued and weakened her mind, in order to insure her own ascendancy, and now she hopes to reap the fruits of that maternal policy. The Count di Trappani is, probably, an instrument whose stops she understands, and, therefore, she strenuously advocates his interests, in opposition to those of her nephew, Don Enrique, son of the Infante Don Francisco de Paula. The Moderados for the most part side of course with her, while the Progresistas, being more national in their feelings, are favorable to the pretensions of Don Enrique, who in politics, moreover, is said to have adopted their principles. Now without being Progresistas, Mon and Pidal were on this point agreed with them. Not, however, being able, from their position as ministers, openly to offer opposition to the court, in their places in the Cortes they are said to have incited others to do so. No doubt they look with apprehension on the unnatural alliance, and fear lest it should prove a source of many woes to Spain. Hence those altercations and contests in the cabinet, which led to its dissolution, and will probably exercise a powerful influence on the relations of parties in the legislature.

At present the opinions in the Cortes by no means represent those prevailing out of doors; the people, but more especially the middle classes, belong in nine cases perhaps out of ten to the liberal party; while in the Congress there is but one Progresista member, and in the Senate extremely few. So anomalous a state of things can scarcely be expected to last. Senor Orense, the Progresista, who stands alone in the Congress, feels himself supported by much more than his own individual strength, and when he speaks, evidently expresses the convictions of a great

party. He knows that his words will produce an echo throughout Spain, for which reason he does not hesitate at times to set the whole government and Cortes at defiance, and give rise to scenes of tumultuous agitation, which would speedily prove fatal to him, but for the critical situation of the public mind throughout the country. The war of words which recently took place between Senor Orense and General Narvaez shows that the former is regarded as the representative of a party which may soon be dangerous. The triumph of the Moderados in the late elections proves nothing, for when ministers have a point to carry, and can reckon confidently on the army, they coerce the various constituencies of the kingdom, in the most audacious manner. Thus, on one occasion, at Badajoz, a whole battalion of soldiers was distributed among the voters, and compelled to bear down the public by its mercenary suffrages. Similar events are of perpetual recurrence; there is no freedom of election in Spain. What is denominated the constitution, is as yet a mere contrivance for passing power from hand to hand, by a sort of decent juggle, which appears not to implicate the court, while it *seems* to consult the wishes of the people.

Senor Galeano, an apostate from the liberal cause, once disclosed in the Cortes the secret of Spanish parties. He acknowledged that the Moderados were attached to France, and acted under French influence, and this was because, as he said, they were detested in England. He was mistaken. Our leanings are in favor of the Progresistas, because their opinions and policy appear to us better calculated, than those of their political opponents, to bestow prosperity upon Spain. We do not detest the Moderados, we only differ from them in opinion. Of many of their practices it is impossible to approve. We cannot commend the zeal and activity with which they have fabricated conspiracies at Madrid in order to have a pretext for putting to death their political rivals. Nor can we praise the servility with which they have long been doing the work of France, to the detriment of their own country. To be pleased with such proceedings, would argue little conscience or judgment on our part. Both feeling and common sense imperatively require us to condemn them, not because they are hostile to Great Britain, since under certain circumstances that may be their duty, but because they are

bad Spaniards. At the same time we do not advocate their overthrow by violence. The Progresistas we trust will bide their time, and, wisely taking advantage of circumstances, gradually remove the ground from beneath the feet of their adversaries. Until this shall be effected, Spain must continue to be a very inferior power, despised by the rest of the world, as a pitiful appendage to the French monarchy. Its middle classes, however, seem to be bent on delivering it from this humiliating state of dependence. Even by Moderado members questions have lately been put in the Cortes which indicate how uneasily the French yoke sits upon the shoulders of Spain. The middle classes at length desire to have an industry of their own, a commerce and a commercial navy of their own, and ships and steamers of war the property of Spain. In obedience to this national impulse, even the Moderado cabinet has consented to make an effort, and is having several steamers built in England. These, should Spain ever escape from her present state of tutelage, may form the nucleus of a future navy to be employed for or against us, according to circumstances. Meanwhile, we desire it to be most distinctly understood, that the people of this country would view with extreme satisfaction the revival of industry and the establishment of freedom in the Peninsula. We regard it without a particle of jealousy, standing as we do too high for rivalry, too far advanced in the race to be overtaken by any other people, unless we voluntarily relinquish our own advantages, and sit still while others make progress. Taken altogether, we cannot be the rivals of any people; our destinies are peculiar—we stand alone. Our very situation on the globe renders us the masters of its commerce. Our centre is every where, and our circumference nowhere. We are at home in our colonies, and our colonies as yet have no boundaries. They are spreading, they are acquiring strength, they are approximating towards each other, they may touch some day, and coalesce into one prodigious whole, the like of which it has not fallen to the lot of history to describe. From such a position it is quite impossible that we should look upon Spain with any other than a friendly eye. We desire to behold her flourishing and free, our friend, if possible, but at any rate her own friend, and not the slavish handmaid of another state.

From Tait's Magazine.

## ON CHRISTIANITY, AS AN ORGAN OF POLITICAL MOVEMENT.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

FORCES, which are illimitable in their compass of effect, are often, for the same reason, obscure and untraceable in the steps of their movement. Growth, for instance, animal or vegetable, what eye can arrest its eternal increments? The hour-hand of a watch, who can detect the separate fluxions of its advance? Judging by the past, and the change which is registered between that and the present, we know that it must awake; judging by the immediate appearances, we should say that it was always asleep. Gravitation, again, that works without holiday for ever, and searches every corner of the universe, what intellect can follow it to its fountains? And yet, shyer than gravitation, less to be counted than the fluxions of sun-dials, stealthier than the growth of a forest, are the footsteps of Christianity amongst the political workings of man. Nothing, that the heart of man values, is so secret; nothing is so potent.

It is *because* Christianity works so secretly, that it works so potently; it is *because* Christianity burrows and hides itself, that it towers above the clouds; and hence partly it is that its working comes to be misapprehended, or even lost out of sight. It is dark to eyes touched with the films of human frailty: but it is "dark with excessive bright.\*" Hence it has happened sometimes that minds of the highest order have entered into enmity with the Christian faith, have arraigned it as a curse to man, and have fought against it even upon Christian impulses, (impulses of benignity that could not have had a birth except in Christianity.) All comes from the labyrinthine intricacy in which the *social* action of Christianity involves itself to the eye of a contemporary. Simplicity the most absolute is reconcileable with intricacy the most elaborate. The weather—how simple would appear the laws of its oscillations, if we stood at their centre! and yet, because we do *not*, to this hour the weather is a mystery. Human health—how transparent is its economy under ordinary circumstances! abstinence and cleanliness, labor and rest, these simple laws, observed in

\* "Dark with excessive bright." *Paradise Lost*, Book III.

just proportions, laws that may be engrossed upon a finger nail, are sufficient, on the whole, to maintain the equilibrium of pleasurable existence. Yet if once that equilibrium is disturbed, where is the science oftentimes deep enough to rectify the unfathomable watch-work? Even the simplicities of planetary motions do not escape distortion: nor is it easy to be convinced that the distortion is in the eye which beholds, not in the object beheld. Let a planet be wheeling with heavenly science, upon arches of divine geometry: suddenly, to us, it shall appear unaccountably retrograde; flying when none pursues; and unweaving its own work. Let this planet in its utmost elongations travel out of sight, and for us its course will become incoherent: because our sight is feeble, the beautiful curve of the planet shall be dislocated into segments, by a parenthesis of darkness; because our earth is in no true centre, the disorder of parallax shall trouble the laws of light; and, because we ourselves are wandering, the heavens shall seem fickle.

Exactly in the predicament of such a planet is Christianity: its motions are intermingled with other motions; crossed and thwarted, eclipsed and disguised, by counter-motions in man himself, and by disturbances that man cannot overrule. Upon lines that are direct, upon curves that are circuitous, Christianity is advancing for ever; but from our imperfect vision, or from our imperfect opportunities for applying even such a vision, we cannot trace it continuously. We lose it, we regain it; we see it doubtfully, we see it interruptedly; we see it in collision, we see it in combination; in collision with darkness that confounds, in combination with cross lights that perplex. And this in part is irremediable; so that no finite intellect will ever retrace the total curve upon which Christianity has moved, any more than eyes that are incarnate will ever see God.

But part of this difficulty in unweaving the maze, has its source in a misconception of the original machinery by which Christianity moved, and of the initial principle which constituted its differential power. In books, at least, I have observed one capital blunder upon the relations which Christianity bears to Paganism: and out of that one mistake grows a liability to others, upon the possible relations of Christianity to the total drama of this world. I will endeavor to explain my views. And the reader, who takes any interest in the subject, will not

need to fear that the explanation should prove tedious; for the mere want of space, will put me under a coercion to move rapidly over the ground: I *cannot* be diffuse; and, as regards quality, he will find in this paper little of what is scattered over the surface of books.

I begin with this question:—What do people mean in a Christian land by the word "*religion*?" My purpose is not to propound any metaphysical problem: I wish only, in the plainest possible sense, to ask, and to have an answer, upon this one point—how much is understood by that obscure term,\* "*religion*," when used by a

\* "*That obscure term*:"—i. e. not obscure as regards the use of the term, or its present value, but as regards its original *genesis*, or what in civil law is called the *deductio*. Under what angle, under what aspect, or relation, to the field which it concerns did the term *religion* originally come forward? The general field, overlooked by religion, is the ground which lies between the spirit of man and the supernatural world. At present, under the humblest conception of religion, the human spirit is supposed to be interested in such a field by the conscience and the nobler affections. But I suspect that originally these great faculties were absolutely excluded from the point of view. Probably the relation between spiritual *terrors* and man's power of propitiation, was the problem to which the word *religion* formed the answer. Religion meant apparently, in the infancies of the various idolatries, that *latreia*, or service of sycophantic fear, by which, as the most approved method of approach, man was able to conciliate the favor, or to buy off the malice of supernatural powers. In all Pagan nations, it is probable that religion would on the whole be a degrading influence; although I see, even for such nations, two cases, at the least, where the uses of a religion would be indispensable; viz. for the sanction of *oaths*, and as a channel for gratitude not pointing to a human object. If so, the answer is easy: religion *was* degrading; but heavier degradations would have arisen from irreligion. The noblest of all idolatrous peoples, viz. the Romans, have left deeply scored in their very use of their word *religio*, their testimony to the degradation wrought by any religion that Paganism could yield. Rarely indeed is this word employed, by a Latin author, in speaking of an individual, without more or less of sneer. Reading that word, in a Latin book, we all try it and ring it, as a petty shopkeeper rings a half-crown, before we venture to receive it as offered in good faith and loyalty. Even the Greeks are nearly in the same *dropia*, when they wish to speak of religiosity in a spirit of serious praise. Some circuitous form commending the correctness of a man, *κατὰ τὰ θεῖα*, in respect of divine things, becomes requisite; for all the direct terms, expressing the religious temper, are preoccupied by a taint of scorn. The word *βίος*, means *pious*,—not as regards the gods, but as regards the dead; and even *εὐσεβής*, though not used sneeringly, is a world short of our word "*religious*." This condition of language we need not wonder at: the

Christian? Only I am punctilious upon one demand, viz. that the answer shall be comprehensive. We are apt in such cases to answer elliptically, omitting, because silently presuming as understood between us, whatever *seems* obvious. To prevent that, we will suppose the question to be proposed by an emissary from some remote planet,—who, knowing as yet absolutely nothing of us and our intellectual differences, must insist, (as I insist,) upon absolute precision, so that nothing essential shall be wanting, and nothing shall be redundant.

What then is religion? Decomposed into its elements, as they are found in Christianity, how many *powers* for acting on the heart of man, does, by possibility, this great agency include? According to my own view, four.\* I will state them, and number them.

1st, A form of worship, a *cultus*.

2dly, An idea of God; and (pointing the analysis to Christianity in particular) an idea not purified merely from ancient pollutions, but recast and absolutely born again.

3dly, An idea of the relation which man occupies to God; and of this idea also, when Christianity is the religion con-

language of life must naturally receive, as in a mirror, the realities of life. Difficult it is to maintain a just equipoise in any moral habits, but in none so much as in habits of religious demeanor under a Pagan [that is, a degrading] religion. To be a coward is base: to be a sycophant, is base: but to be a sycophant in the service of cowardice, is the perfection of baseness: and yet this was the brief analysis of a devotee among the ancient Romans. Now, considering that the word *religion* is originally Roman, [probably from the Etruscan,] it seems probable that it presented the idea of religion under some one of its bad aspects. Coleridge must quite have forgotten this Paganism of the word, when he suggested as a plausible idea, that originally it had presented religion under the aspect of a coercion or restraint. Morality having been viewed as the prime restraint or obligation resting upon man, then Coleridge thought that religion might have been viewed as a *religiatio*, a reiterated restraint, or secondary obligation. This is ingenious, but it will not do. It is cracked in the ring. Perhaps as many as three objections might be mustered to such a derivation: but the last of the three is conclusive. The ancients never *did* view morality as a mode of obligation: I affirm this peremptorily; and with the more emphasis, because there are great consequences suspended upon that question.

\* "Four:" there are *six*, in one sense, of religion: viz. 5thly, corresponding moral affections; 6thly, a suitable life. But this applies to religion as *subjectively possessed* by a man, not to religion as *objectively contemplated*.

cerned, it must be said, that it is so entirely remodelled, as in no respect to resemble any element in any other religion. Thus far we are reminded of the poet's expression, "Pure religion *breathing* household laws;" that is, not *teaching* such laws, not formally *prescribing* a new economy of life, so much as *inspiring* it indirectly through a new atmosphere surrounding all objects with new attributes. But there is also in Christianity,

4thly, A *doctrinal* part, a part directly and explicitly occupied with *teaching*; and this divides into two great sections,  $\alpha$ , A system of ethics so absolutely new as to be untranslatable\* into either of the classical languages; and,  $\beta$ , A system of mysteries; as, for instance, the mystery of the Trinity, of the Divine Incarnation, of the Atonement, of the Resurrection, and others.

Here are great elements; and now let me ask, how many of these are found in the Heathen religion of Greece and Rome? This is an important question; it being my object to show that no religion *but* the Christian, and precisely through some one or two of its *differential* elements, could have been an organ of political movement.

Most divines who any where glance at this question, are here found in, what seems to me, the deepest of errors. Great theologians are they, and eminent philosophers, who have presumed that (as a matter of course) all religions, however false, are introductory to some scheme of morality,

\* "*Untranslatable*." This is not generally perceived. On the contrary, people are ready to say, "Why, so far from it, the very earliest language in which the Gospels appeared, excepting only St. Matthew's, was the Greek." Yes, reader; but *what* Greek? Had not the Greeks been, for a long time, colonizing Syria under princes of Grecian blood,—had not the Greek language (as a *lingua Hellenistica*) become steeped in Hebrew ideas,—no door of communication could have been opened between the new world of Christian feeling, and the old world so deaf to its music. Here, therefore, we may observe two preparations made secretly by Providence for receiving Christianity and clearing the road before it; first, the diffusion of the Greek language through the whole civilized world (*ἡ οἰκουμένη*) some time before Christ, by which means the Evangelists found wings, as it were, for flying abroad through the kingdoms of the earth; secondly, the Hebraizing of this language, by which means the Evangelists found a new material made plastic and obedient to these new ideas which they had to build *with*, and which they had to build *upon*.



however imperfect. They grant you that the morality is oftentimes unsound; but still, they think that some morality there must have been, or else for what purpose was the religion? This I pronounce error.

All the moral theories of antiquity were utterly disjoined from religion. But this fallacy of a dogmatic or doctrinal part in Paganism is born out of Anachronism. It is the anachronism of unconsciously reflecting back upon the ancient religions of darkness, and as if essential to *all* religions, features that never were suspected as possible, until they had been revealed in Christianity.\* Religion, in the eye of a Pagan, had no more relation to morals, than it had to ship-building or trigonometry. But, then, why was religion honored amongst Pagans? How did it ever arise? What was its object? Object! it *had* no object; if by this you mean ulterior object. Pagan religion arose in no motive, but in an impulse. Pagan religion aimed at no distant prize ahead: it fled from a danger immediately behind. The gods of the Pagans were wicked natures; but they were natures to be feared, and to be propitiated; for they were fierce, and they were moody, and (as regarded man who had no wings) they were powerful. Once accredited as facts, the Pagan gods could not be regarded as other than terrific facts; and thus it was, that in terror, blind terror, as against power in the hands of divine wickedness, arose the ancient religions of Paganism. Because the gods were wicked, man was religious; because Olympus was cruel, earth trembled; because the divine beings were the most lawless of Thugs, the human being became the most abject of sycophants.

Had the religions of Paganism arisen teleologically; that is, with a view to certain purposes, to certain final causes ahead; had they grown out of *forward*-looking views, contemplating, for instance, the furthering of civilization, or contemplating some interests in a world beyond the present, there would probably have arisen, concurrently, a section in all such religions, dedicated to positive instruction. There

would have been a *doctrinal* part. There might have been interwoven with the ritual of worship, a system of economics, or a code of civil prudence, or a code of health, or a theory of morals, or even a secret revelation of mysterious relations between man and the Deity: all which existed in Judaism. But as the case stood, this was impossible. The gods were mere odious facts, like scorpions or rattlesnakes, having no moral aspects whatever; public nuisances; and bearing no relation to man but that of capricious tyrants. First arising upon a basis of terror, these gods never subsequently enlarged that basis; nor sought to enlarge it. All antiquity contains no hint of a possibility that *love* could arise, as by any ray mingling with the sentiments in a human creature towards a Divine one; not even sycophants ever pretended to *love* the gods.

Under this original peculiarity of paganism, there arose two consequences, which I will mark by the Greek letters  $\alpha$  and  $\beta$ . The latter I will notice in its order, first calling the reader's attention to the consequence marked  $\alpha$ , which is this:—in the full and profoundest sense of the word *believe*, the pagans could not be said to believe in *any* gods: but, in the ordinary sense, they did, and do, and must believe, in *all* gods. As this proposition will startle some readers, and is yet closely involved in the main truth which I am now pressing, viz. the meaning and effect of a simple *cultus*, as distinguished from a high doctrinal religion, let us seek an illustration from our Indian empire. The Christian missionaries from home, when first opening their views to Hindoos, describe themselves as laboring to prove that Christianity is a *true* religion, and as either asserting or leaving it to be inferred, that, on that assumption, the Hindoo religion is a false one. But the poor Hindoo never dreamed of doubting that the Christian was a true religion; nor will he at all infer, from your religion being true, that his own must be false. Both are true, he thinks: all religions are true; all gods are true gods; and all are *equally* true. Neither can he understand what you mean by a false religion, or how a religion *could* be false; and he is perfectly right. Wherever religions consist only of a worship, as the Hindoo religion does, there can be no competition amongst them as to truth. *That* would be an absurdity, not less nor other than it would be for a Prussian to denounce the Austrian emperor,

\* "*In Christianity.*" Once for all, to save the trouble of continual repetitions, understand Judaism to be commemorated jointly with Christianity; the dark root together with the golden fruitage; whenever the nature of the case does not presume a contradistinction of the one to the other.

or an Austrian to denounce the Prussian king, as a false sovereign. False? *How* false? In what sense false? Surely not as non-existing. But at least, (the reader will reply,) if the religions contradict each other, one of them *must* be false. Yes; but *that* is impossible. Two religions cannot contradict each other, where both contain only a *cultus*; they could come into collision only by means of a doctrinal, or directly affirmative part, like those of Christianity and Mahometanism. But this part is what no idolatrous religion ever had, or will have. The reader must not understand me to mean that, merely as a compromise of courtesy, two professors of different idolatries would agree to recognize each other. Not at all. The truth of one does not imply the falsehood of the other. Both are true as *facts*: neither can be false, in any higher sense, because neither makes any pretence to truth doctrinal.

This distinction between a religion having merely a worship, and a religion having also a body of doctrinal truth, is familiar to the Mahometans; and they convey the distinction by a very appropriate expression. Those majestic religions, (as they esteem them,) which rise above the mere pomps and tympanies of ceremonial worship, they denominate "*religions of the book*." There are, of such religions, three, viz., Judaism, Christianity, and Islamism. The first builds upon the Law and the Prophets; or, perhaps, sufficiently upon the Pentateuch; the second upon the Gospel; the last upon the Koran. No other religion can be said to rest upon a book; or to need a book; or even to admit of a book. For we must not be duped by the case where a lawgiver attempts to connect his own human institutes with the venerable sanctions of a national religion, or the case where a learned antiquary unfolds historically the record of a vast mythology. Heaps of such cases, (both law and mythological records,) survive in the Sanscrit, and in other pagan languages. But these are books which build upon the religion, not books upon which the religion is built. If a religion consists only of a ceremonial worship, in that case there can be no opening for a book; because the forms and details publish themselves daily, in the celebration of the worship, and are traditionally preserved, from age to age, without dependence on a book. But, if a religion has a doctrine, this implies a revelation or message from Heaven, which can-

not, in any other way, secure the transmission of this message to future generations, than by causing it to be registered in a book. A book, therefore, will be convertible with a doctrinal religion:—no book, no doctrine; and, again, no doctrine, no book.

Upon these principles, we may understand that second consequence (marked  $\beta$ ) which has perplexed many men, viz., why it is that the Hindoos, in our own times, but equally, why it is that the Greek and Roman idolaters of antiquity, never proselytized; no, nor could have viewed such an attempt as rational. Naturally, if a religion is doctrinal, any truth which it possesses, as a secret deposit consigned to its keeping by a revelation, must be equally valid for one man as for another, without regard to race or nation. For a *doctrinal* religion, therefore, to proselytize, is no more than a duty of consistent humanity. You, the professors of that religion, possess the medicinal fountains. You will not diminish your own share by imparting to others. What churlishness, if you should grudge to others a health which does not interfere with your own! Christians, therefore, Mahometans, and Jews originally, in proportion as they were sincere and conscientious, have always invited, or even forced, the unbelieving to their own faith: nothing but accidents of situation, local or political, have disturbed this effort. But, on the other hand, for a mere "*cultus*" to attempt conversions, is nonsense. An ancient Roman could have had no motive for bringing you over to the worship of Jupiter Capitolinus; nor you any motive for going. "Surely, poor man," he would have said, "you have some god of your own, who will be quite as good for *your* countrymen as Jupiter for mine. But if you have *not*, really I am sorry for your case; and a very odd case it is; but I don't see how it could be improved by talking nonsense. You cannot beneficially, you cannot rationally, worship a tutelary Roman deity, unless in the character of a Roman; and a Roman you may become, legally and politically. Being such, you will participate in all advantages, if any there *are*, of our national religion; and, without needing a process of conversion, either in substance or in form. *Ipso facto*, and without any separate choice of your own, on becoming a Roman citizen, you become a party to the Roman worship." For an idolatrous religion to proselytize,

would, therefore, be not only useless but unintelligible.

Now, having explained *that* point, which is a great step towards the final object of my paper, viz., the investigation of the reason why Christianity is, which no pagan religion ever *has* been, an organ of political movement, I will go on to review rapidly those four constituents of a religion, as they are realized in Christianity, for the purpose of contrasting them with the false shadows, or even blank negations, of these constituents in pagan idolatries.

First, then, as to the *CULTUS*, or form of the national worship:—In our Christian ritual I recognize these separate acts: viz. A, an act of Praise; B, an act of Thanksgiving; C, an act of Confession; D, an act of Prayer. In A we commemorate with adoration the *general* perfections of the Deity. There, all of us have an equal interest. In B, we commemorate with thankfulness those special qualities of the Deity, or those special manifestations of them, by which we, the individual worshippers, have recently benefited. In C, by upright confession, we deprecate. In D, we pray, or ask for the things which we need. Now, in the *cultus* of the ancient pagans, B and C (the second act and the third) were wanting altogether. No thanksgiving ever ascended, on his own account, from the lips of an individual; and the state thanksgiving for a triumph of the national armies, was but a mode of ostentatiously publishing the news. As to C, it is scarcely necessary to say that this was wanting, when I mention that penitential feelings were unknown amongst the ancients, and had no name; for *pœnitentia*\* means *regret*, not *penitence*; and *me pœnitēt hujus facti*, means, “I rue this act in its consequences,” not “I repent of this act for its moral nature.” A and D, the first act and the last, *appear* to be present; but are so most imperfectly. When “God is praised aright,” praised by means of such deeds or such attributes as express a divine nature, we recognize one great function of a national worship,—not otherwise. This, however, we must overlook and pardon, as

\* In Greek, there is a word for repentance, but not until it had been rebaptized into a Christian use. *Metanoia*, however, is not that word: it is grossly to defeat the profound meaning of the New Testament, if John the Baptist is translated, as though summoning the world to *repentance*; it was not *that* to which he summoned them.

being a fault essential to the religion: the poor creatures did the best they could to praise their god, lying under the curse of gods so thoroughly depraved. But in D, the case is different. Strictly speaking, the ancients never prayed; and it may be doubted whether D approaches so near to what *we* mean by prayer, as even by a mockery. You read of *preces*, of *agai*, &c., and you are desirous to believe that pagan supplications were not *always* corrupt. It is too shocking to suppose, in thinking of nations idolatrous yet noble, that never *any* pure act of approach to the heavens took place on the part of man; that *always* the intercourse was corrupt; *always* doubly corrupt; that eternally the god was bought, and the votary was sold. Oh, weariness of man's spirit before that unresting mercenariness in high places, which neither, when his race clamored for justice, nor when it languished for pity, would listen without hire! How gladly would man turn away from his false rapacious divinities to the godlike human heart, that so often would yield pardon *before* it was asked, and for the thousandth time that would give without a bribe! In strict propriety, as my reader knows, the classical Latin word for a prayer is *votum*; it was a case of contract; of mercantile contract; of that contract which the Roman law expressed by the formula—*Do ut des*. Vainly you came before the altars with empty hands. “But *my* hands are pure.” Pure, indeed! would reply the scoffing god, let me see what they contain. It was exactly what you daily read in morning papers, viz.:—that, in order to appear effectually before that Olympus in London, which rains rarities upon us poor abject creatures in the provinces, you must enclose “an order on the Post-Office or a reference.” It is true that a man did not always register his *votum*, (the particular offering which he vowed on the condition of receiving what he asked,) at the moment of asking. Ajax, for instance, prays for light in the “*Iliad*,” and he does not then and there give either an order or a reference. But you are much mistaken, if you fancy that even light was to be had *gratis*. It would be “carried to account.” Ajax would be “debited” with that “advance.”

Yet, when it occurs to a man that, in this *Do ut des*, the general *Do* was either a temple or a sacrifice, naturally it occurs to ask what *was* a sacrifice? I am afraid that the dark murderous nature of the pagan

gods is here made apparent. Modern readers, who have had no particular reason for reflecting on the nature and management of a sacrifice, totally misconceive it. They have a vague notion that the slaughtered animal was roasted, served up on the altars as a banquet to the gods; that these gods by some representative ceremony "made believe" to eat it; and that finally, (as dishes that had now become hallowed to divine use,) the several joints were disposed of in some mysterious manner: burned, suppose, or buried under the altars, or committed to the secret keeping of rivers. Nothing of the sort: when a man made a sacrifice, the meaning was, that he gave a dinner. And not only was every sacrifice a dinner party, but every dinner party was a sacrifice. This was strictly so in the good old ferocious times of paganism, as may be seen in the *Iliad*: it was not said, "Agamemnon has a dinner party to-day," but "Agamemnon sacrifices to Apollo." Even in Rome, to the last days of paganism, it is probable that some slight memorial continued to connect the dinner party [*cæna*] with a divine sacrifice; and thence partly arose the sanctity of the hospitable board; but to the east of the Mediterranean the full ritual of a sacrifice must have been preserved in all banquets, long after it had faded to a form in the less superstitious West. This we may learn from that point of casuistry treated by St. Paul,—whether a Christian might lawfully eat of things offered to idols. The question was most urgent; because a Christian could not accept an invitation to dine with a Grecian fellow-citizen who still adhered to paganism, *without* eating things offered to idols. The whole banquet was dedicated to an idol. If he would not take *that*, he must continue *impransus*. Consequently, the question virtually amounted to this: were the Christians to separate themselves altogether from those whose interests were in so many ways entangled with their own, on the single consideration that these persons were heathens? To refuse their hospitalities, *was* to separate, and with a hostile expression of feeling. That would be to throw hindrances in the way of Christianity: the religion could not spread rapidly under such repulsive prejudices; and dangers, that it became un-Christian to provoke, would thus multiply against the infant faith. This being so, and as the gods were really the only parties invited who got nothing at all of the banquet, it becomes a question of

some interest,—what *did* they get? They were merely mocked, if they had no compensatory interest in the dinner! For surely it was an inconceivable mode of honoring Jupiter, that you and I should eat a piece of roast beef, leaving to the god's share only the mockery of a *Barmecide* invitation, assigning him a chair which every body knew that he would never fill, and a plate which might as well have been filled with warm water? Jupiter got *something*, be assured; and what *was* it? 'This it was,—the luxury of inhaling the groans, the fleeting breath, the palpitations, the agonies, of the dying victim. This was the dark interest which the wretches of Olympus had in human invitations to dinner: and it is too certain, upon comparing facts and dates, that, when left to their own choice, the gods had a preference for *man* as the victim. All things concur to show, that precisely as you ascend above civilization, which continually increased the limitations upon the gods of Olympus, precisely as you go back to that gloomy state in which their true propensities had power to reveal themselves, was man the genuine victim for *them*, and the dying anguish of man the best "nidor" that ascended from earthly banquets to *their* nostrils. Their stern eyes smiled darkly upon the throbbings of tortured flesh, as in Moloch's ears dwelt like music the sound of infants' wailings.

Secondly, as to the birth of a new idea respecting the nature of God:—It may not have occurred to every reader, but none will perhaps object to it, when once suggested to his consideration, that—as is the god of any nation, such will be that nation, God, however falsely conceived of by man, even though splintered into fragments by Polytheism, or disfigured by the darkest mythologies, is still the greatest of all objects offered to human contemplation. Man, when thrown upon his own delusions, may have raised to himself, or may have adopted from others, the very falsest of ideals, as the true image and reflexion of what he calls god. In his lowest condition of darkness, terror may be the moulding principle for spiritual conceptions; power, the engrossing attribute which he ascribes to his deity; and this power may be hideously capricious or associated with vindictive cruelty. It may even happen, that his standard of what is highest in the divinity should be capable of falling greatly below what an enlightened mind would figure to itself as lowest in man. A more shocking

monument, indeed, there cannot be than this, of the infinity by which man may descend below his own capacities of grandeur; the gods, in some systems of religion, have been such and so monstrous by excesses of wickedness, as to ensure, if annually one hour of periodical eclipse should have left them at the mercy of man, a general rush from their own worshippers for strangling them as mad dogs. Hypocrisy, the cringing of sycophants, and the credulities of fear, united to conceal this misotheism; but we may be sure that it was widely diffused through the sincerities of the human heart. An intense desire for kicking Jupiter, or for hanging him, if found convenient, must have lurked in the honorable Roman heart, before the sincerity of human nature could have extorted upon the Roman stage a public declaration,—that their supreme gods were capable of enormities which a poor, unpretending human creature [homuncio] would have disdained. Many times the ideal of the divine nature, as adopted by pagan races, fell under the contempt, not only of men superior to the national superstition, but of men partaking in that superstition. Yet, with all those drawbacks, an ideal *was* an ideal. The being set up for adoration as god, *was* such upon the whole to the worshipper; since, if there had been any higher mode of excellence conceivable for *him*, that higher mode would have virtually become his deity. It cannot be doubted, therefore, that the nature of the national divinities indicated the qualities which ranked highest in the national estimation; and that being contemplated continually in the spirit of veneration, these qualities must have worked an extensive conformity to their own standard. The mythology sanctioned by the ritual of public worship, the features of moral nature in the gods distributed through that mythology, and sometimes commemorated by gleams in that ritual, domineered over the popular heart, even in those cases where the religion had been a derivative religion, and not originally moulded by impulses breathing from the native disposition. So that, upon the whole, such as were the gods of a nation, such was the nation: given the particular idolatry, it became possible to decipher the character of the idolaters. Where Moloch was worshipped, the people would naturally be found cruel; where the Paphian Venus, it could not be expected that they should escape the taint of a voluptuous effeminacy.

Against this principle, there could have been no room for demur, were it not through that inveterate prejudice besieging the modern mind,—as though all religion, however false, implied some scheme of morals connected with it. However imperfectly discharged, one function even of the pagan priest (it is supposed) must have been—to guide, to counsel, to exhort, as a teacher of morals. And had *that* been so, the practical precepts, and the moral commentary coming after even the grossest forms of worship, or the most revolting mythological legends, might have operated to neutralize their horrors, or even to allegorize them into better meanings. Lord Bacon, as a trial of skill, has attempted something of that sort in his “Wisdom of the Ancients.” But all this is modern refinement, either in the spirit of playful ingenuity or of ignorance. I have said sufficiently that there was no *doctrinal* part in the religion of the pagans. There was a *cultus*, or ceremonial worship: *that* constituted the sum-total of religion, in the idea of a pagan. There was a necessity, for the sake of guarding its traditional usages, and upholding and supporting its pomp, that official persons should preside in this *cultus*: *that* constituted the duty of the priest. Beyond this ritual of public worship, there was nothing at all; nothing to believe, nothing to understand. A set of legendary tales undoubtedly there was connected with the mythologic history of each separate deity. But in what sense you understood these, or whether you were at all acquainted with them, was a matter of indifference to the priests; since many of these legends were variously related, and some had apparently been propagated in ridicule of the gods, rather than in their honor.

With Christianity a new scene was opened. In this religion the *cultus*, or form of worship, was not even the primary business, far less was it the exclusive business. The worship flowed as a direct consequence from the new idea exposed of the divine nature, and from the new idea of man's relations to this nature. Here was suddenly unmasked great doctrines, truths positive and directly avowed: whereas, in Pagan forms of religion, any notices which then were, or seemed to be, of circumstances surrounding the gods, related only to matters of fact or accident, such as that a particular god was the son or the nephew of some other god; a truth, if it *were* a truth, wholly impertinent to any interest of man.

(To be continued.)

From the Athenæum.

## LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS A BECKET.

*The Life and Letters of Thomas à Becket, now first gathered from the Contemporary Historians.* By the Rev. J. A. Giles, D. C. L. 2 vols. Whittaker & Co.

THERE is scarcely a personage in English history whose character has been more disputed than that of Thomas à Becket. It seems, indeed, as if the extreme opinions of his age, whether favorable or hostile to him, were to be for ever perpetuated. Yet surely nothing is easier than to arrive at a tolerably just estimate of both the man and his actions. For such an estimate there is no lack of materials on either side of the question. We have not only an abundance of letters from his enemies and his friends, but we have the testimony of eye-witnesses in reference to the more important transactions of his life. Of his biographers, too (who are numerous), most not only lived in his own time, but were personally acquainted with him, and were often actors in the eventful scenes which followed his elevation to the primacy of the English church. Nothing, therefore, is wanted but a dispassionate mind to form a right notion of the man. As to a few of his actions, indeed, there may be more ground for difference of opinion. Before they can be rightly understood, it is absolutely necessary to have contemplated the ever-disputed limits of the civil and ecclesiastical jurisdictions during many ages prior to the 12th century. This knowledge is not very readily or very easily obtained. It lies scattered through ponderous tomes of canons, through numerous imperial edicts, and through the decrees of assemblies partaking of both a civil and ecclesiastical character; and untiring must be the patience which perseveres in the interminable search. Hence we need not wonder at the contradictory judgments of historians on the policy the archbishop adopted towards the head of the state. Not that the truth is less attainable in this case than in the other; but blindly to censure or to praise was easier than to examine; and either was adopted according to the predilections of the writer. To such predilections, even more, perhaps, than to the indisposition for research into the nature and extent of the antagonistic jurisdictions, must be ascribed the widely divergent opinions respecting this eminent man—for

eminent he was, independently of his social position. If accident brought him into connection with men who introduced him to the king, accident assuredly did not give him his habits of business, his knowledge of canon and civil law, his general learning, his acute penetration, or his commanding genius. These, without adventitious aids or lucky chances, would have rendered him remarkable in any walk of life. Nor must we forget that the personal history of Becket is of high interest. It is scarcely less extraordinary than any romance of the period. Hence so many pens attempted to describe it. Without including the general historians who lived in or immediately after his time, a full score of writers devoted themselves to his biography alone. Though some of them have either perished, or hitherto eluded discovery, the greater number subsist, but for the most part either mutilated, or printed in fragments only.

The merit of first collecting the scattered authorities, whether fragmentary or entire, whether biographical or epistolary, for the life of this celebrated chancellor and churchman, must be awarded to Dr. Giles. In this respect he has shown great industry, no less than a laudable desire to vindicate his subject from the angry aspersions of most English historians. Those authorities are partly printed, and partly MS.,—the former nearly as scarce as the latter. From these various sources (fragments and abridgements only of which have yet been published, with two or three exceptions) the leading facts of Becket's life have been derived; and they are here to be found with greater attention to the chronological order than has before been attempted. We have, therefore, a considerable quantity of original matter, and (what is of more consequence) such matter as throws increased light on the moral and mental constitution of the subject. Such works are indeed a contribution to literature; and much have we to regret, that, in an age of literary leisure, when collections of MSS. are so easily accessible, they so seldom come before us.

One of the MS. authorities adduced by Dr. Giles asserts that both the father and mother of Becket were from Normandy. The name is certainly foreign; but as Gilbert is uniformly represented as a respectable citizen of London (according to one account he had filled the office of Sheriff), it is more rational to infer that,

though of Norman descent (paternally, at least), he was born in London. Who was his mother? "A Norman," replies one writer;—"A Saxon," says another; while a third stoutly maintains that she was daughter of Amurath, a Pagan chief of the Holy Land,—meaning, we suppose, a Mohammedan emir. It is a pity that so beautiful a legend will not stand the test of criticism. For more than a century after the youth of Gilbert, the name of Amurath was unknown in that region. If not confined to the princes of the dynasty of Othman, it was certainly so to the people subject to that house; and of neither rulers nor governed does history make mention prior to the 13th century. Besides, the legend is sufficiently exposed by its internal improbability; and we are surprised that either Dr. Giles or Mr. Turner should have thought it worth a moment's serious consideration. Probably the mother was of the Saxon race: we know but of one MS. that distinctly declares her to have been Norman; and as it mistakes her name, calling her Rose instead of Matilda, its authority is of no great weight. A Mohammedan she could not have been, from the grateful manner in which Becket himself alludes to the Christian instruction which he had received from her in his childhood, and, indeed, to the twenty-first year of his age.

Of the future Saint we may readily suppose that his natural parts were great, and his behaviour serious beyond his years, without admitting such stories as the following, which the author would have done well to pass over without comment:—

"One day the father came to see his son, and when the boy was introduced into the presence of his father and the prior, the father prostrated himself at his feet. At seeing this, the prior said in anger, 'What are you about, you foolish old man? your son ought to fall down at your feet, not you at his!' But the father afterwards said to the prior in private, 'I was quite aware, my lord, of the nature of what I was doing: for that boy of mine will one day or other be great in the sight of the Lord.'"

Having studied under the canons of Merton, next at Paris, and subsequently entered into minor orders, Thomas exhibited talents so conspicuous and manners so pleasing, that by some friends he was introduced to Archbishop Theobald, who presided over the see of Canterbury during the extraordinary period of twenty-two years. He soon found himself, however,

rather deficient in erudition; and he had the wisdom to pass in study the vacant hours which other young men spent in amusement. A rigorous application, followed by a year's subsequent study of canon and civil law at Bologna, not only removed his deficiencies, but placed him on higher ground than the rest of the clerks who lived in the palace of the primate. Though merely sub-deacon, he was presented with two rural livings, and two stalls in the Cathedrals of London and Lincoln; and the duties of all, therefore, he must have performed by deputy,—so early had abuses crept into the Anglo-Norman Church. Even when promoted to the archdeaconry of Canterbury, it was not thought necessary that he should take any higher orders than those of deacon. But his spiritual career (if such it may be called) was soon suspended; for by the influence of his patron the Archbishop, and of Henry, bishop of Winchester (a prince of the royal family), he was raised to the high post of Chancellor, at the early age of thirty-eight, viz. in 1155. "This was not a solitary instance," observes Dr. Giles, "of high offices of state being placed in the hands of churchmen." We should think not: from the foundation of the Saxon kingdoms every chancellor had probably been an ecclesiastic; at least, we do not remember an exception. There is some inaccuracy, too, in another assertion, that Chancellor Becket ranked next to the king, and was the second person in authority. As chief minister, and still more as royal favorite, he might be second only to Henry; but it is certain that, as Chancellor merely, his rank was inferior to that of the Chief Justiciary. His office, however, was more wealthy than the other. He had charge of all vacant dignities, whether in Church or State; and as they were often conferred (or, we should rather say, sold, and that, too, after a considerable vacancy,—the proceeds all the while passing through his hands into the royal exchequer), according to his recommendation, it is not unreasonable to conclude that he was no stranger, either to bribes offered for his good word, or to some share of the profits arising from the sale. On no other hypothesis can we account for the receipt of the enormous sums necessary to support his more than royal state. Probably he took nothing for inferior church livings, and this disinterested conduct is doubtless one cause of his great popularity as Chan-

cellor. But he was by no means blind to his own advantage: as his secretary, Fitz-Stephen, observes,—

“His great mind rather aimed at great objects, such as the Priorship of Beverley, and the presentation to the prebends of Hastings, which he got from the Earl of Augy, the Tower of London, with the service of the soldiers belonging to it, the Chatelainship of Eye, with its honor of two hundred and forty soldiers, and the castle of Berchamstead.”

It might have been added, that, besides the church dignities before mentioned, (archdeacon of Canterbury, canon of two cathedrals, rector of two parishes, and this stall at Hastings, with the Priorship of Beverley,) he was Dean of Hastings, incumbent of many valuable livings, and a dignitary in several other dioceses. And well might “his great mind” look to some “great objects,” since he had to support such amusements, such entertainments as the following:—

“He generally amused himself, not in a set manner, but accidentally, and as it might happen, with hawks and falcons, or dogs of the chase, and in the game of chess,

Where front to front the mimic warriors close,  
To check the progress of their mimic foes.

The house and table of the Chancellor were common to all of every rank who came to the king's court, and needed hospitality: whether they were honorable men in reality, or at least appeared to be such. He never dined without the company of earls and barons, whom he had invited. He ordered his hall to be strewn every day with fresh straw and hay in winter, and with green branches in summer, that the numerous knights for whom the benches were insufficient might find the area clean and neat for their reception, and that their valuable clothes and beautiful shirts might not contract injury from its being dirty. His board shone with vessels of gold and silver, and abounded with rich dishes and precious liquors, so that whatever objects of consumption, either for eating or drinking, were recommended by their rarity, no price was great enough to deter his agents from purchasing them.”

Often he had the additional expense of entertaining royalty; and as these occasions were sometimes unexpected, he held himself obliged, no doubt, to display the same pomp at ordinary meals:—

“Occasionally the king came to the Chancellor's house to dinner, sometimes for the pleasure only, at other times from curiosity, to see whether what fame said of his table and

establishment was true. The king sometimes rode on horseback into the hall where the Chancellor was sitting at table, with an arrow in his hand, as on his return from hunting, or on his way to the forest: sometimes he would drink a cup of wine, and, when he had seen the Chancellor, take his departure; at other times he would jump over the table, sit down and eat with him. Never were there two men more friendly, or on better terms with one another since Christianity first began.”

But most expensive of all were his military expeditions, in which he proved himself a sturdy member of the church militant. Thus one that knew him well, Roger of Pontigny, assures us:

“Afterwards, in the war between the French king and his own master, the king of England, when the armies were assembled in March, at the common boundaries of their territories, between Gisors, Trie and Courcelles, the Chancellor, besides the seven hundred knights of his own household, maintained twelve hundred other stipendiary knights, and four thousand serving-men, for the space of forty days. To every knight were assigned three shillings per day of the Chancellor's money towards their horses and esquires, and the knights themselves all dined at the Chancellor's table. One day, though he was a clerk, he charged with lance in rest and horse at full speed against Engelram at Trie, a valiant French knight, who was advancing towards him, and having unhorsed the rider, carried off his horse in triumph. Indeed, the Chancellor's knights were every where foremost in the whole English army, doing more valiant deeds than any of the others, and every where distinguishing themselves; for he himself was always at their head, encouraging them and pointing out the path to glory: he gave the signal for his men to advance or retreat, on one of those slender trumpets which were peculiar to his band, but which were well known to all the rest of the army around.”

We will not transcribe the account of his celebrated embassy to the French court, because the substance of it is to be found in our most popular histories. It is, however, less generally known, that during this journey his extravagance was such, that he gave a hundred shillings for a dish of eels, though he had so many hundreds of men to provide for daily:—

“Such housekeeping as this was certainly formed on a gigantic scale; and there was equal magnificence in its minute details; for we are told that a dish of eels was one day purchased for the Chancellor's table at the high price of a hundred shillings. From this single fact it may be inferred, without doubt, that the Chancellor's table was equally sump-



trous in other respects, and when this instance of his prodigality was known at home at England, it became a proverb in the mouths of men for a very long time. We meet with other intimations in the contemporary biographers, which leave no room to doubt that Becket's table was rich, and even luxurious, not only whilst he was chancellor, but even after his promotion to the archbishopric of Canterbury; but it is also admitted by all, that he partook but frugally of what was set before him, and even if this was not the fact, we should not infer that he was addicted to the pleasures of the table from the anecdote above mentioned, which merely tends to show that he was anxious to display his magnificence and riches in the eyes of the French people."

Did this churchman never once call to mind that such lavish waste was robbing of the poor? that to them belonged the revenues of his endless preferments, after a bare allowance for necessary wants? Well may Lingard say, that at this period he had yet to learn the self-denying virtues of the Christian character.

The surprise of all England was unbounded when, in 1162, it was known that Becket was raised to the primacy. For a time most people refused to believe in the possibility of so astounding a metamorphosis. The Bishop of Hereford exclaimed, Who can now say that miracles have ceased; seeing that a soldier is transferred into a priest, —a layman into an archbishop? But it is easy to perceive that Henry had good reasons for this promotion. As chancellor, Becket had uniformly supported his claims to the revenues of the vacant sees and other dignities, and why should not the same man, when archbishop and chancellor too, persevere in the same line of conduct? To understand the great subject of controversy between the Church and the Crown, it is necessary to advert to some transactions during the preceding reigns,—the more necessary as neither Dr. Giles nor our general historians (with one or two little known exceptions,) have attempted to do justice to the subject. If what follows be grave, it will perhaps be found instructive; certainly it is an indispensable key to Becket's character and position.

Though William the Norman had now and then kept dignities vacant that he might enjoy the revenues, he had seldom done so longer than a ~~few~~ <sup>few</sup> and his violation of the canons sinks into insignificance when compared with that of Rufus, his successor. In ancient and purer times, the temporalities of a vacant bishopric or abbacy had

been administered by order of some bishop or even the metropolitan; and the revenues (of which a strict account was always kept) paid over to the successor immediately after his appointment. Subsequently, when a clergyman was nominated for the same purpose expressly by the crown, he was regarded, not as the royal servant, but as steward for the next dignitary. But it was soon found to be as easy as it was profitable to maintain the clergyman in the post for years together. Rufus seems to have been the first, openly and unblushingly, to effect this kind of spoliation; and he is said to have learned the lesson from Flambard, his unscrupulous justiciary. It was not difficult to give something like a reason for such an outrage. In regard to their temporalities, it was alleged, all prelacies were as much fiefs of the crown as those held by the secular barons. On the demise of a feudatory, the fief had necessarily, and from time immemorial, reverted to the original donor, and was never regranted to the heir without the payment of a heavy sum by way of *relief*. In countries where the law was not subject to the caprice of a despot, the relief was fixed and permanent—being rated according to the value of the fief; but in England the head of the state soon learned to exact far beyond the amount sanctioned by custom. The same rule was applied by Rufus to the dignities of the church. On every vacancy, the administration of each was placed in the hands of a royal officer; the revenues were paid into the royal exchequer; and to the monks or chapter, a portion was left barely sufficient for their more pressing wants. Nor was this all: sometimes (from the time of Rufus, indeed generally) the lands of the prelacy, with the rights, revenues, and feudal prestations connected with them, were sold to the highest bidder—frequently by auction; and as the purchaser knew not how long he might be permitted to farm the property, his interest was to make the most he could of his bargain before a successor were nominated. This state of things will give us some idea of the exactions to which the sub-tenants (the yeomen, farmers, and tillers of the ground) were subjected. Often they were wholly ruined, and were compelled to beg their bread from the charity of their neighbors. As a natural consequence, when such vacations were long (and they were mostly from four to ten years), the buildings, whether churches, monasteries, colleges, farm-houses, or cottages, were sure

to be dilapidated. Here then we see the true reason why *the poor* (the farmers and laborers) suffered with the church. The church was literally their patrimony; and if it was oppressed, they felt the iron hand of power as keenly as any monk or canon. When, at length, a successor was appointed, and was compelled to purchase the pre-lacy, (even Flambard, the notorious adviser of the measure, was forced to pay a thousand marks for the see of Durham,) he entered on the administration of the temporalities, too poor either to relieve the sub-tenants, or to restore the half-ruinous buildings.

Another subject of contention, equally sore, was the dispute between the church and the royal justiciaries as to the extent of the two jurisdictions. During the middle ages, and indeed from the foundation of the Germanic states, punishments, even that for murder, were commuted for pecuniary fines, which fines enriched the court where the causes were decided. Under the most favorable circumstances (*viz.* where justice was administered according to right, and without bribery) such courts were a source of great profit both to the church and to the royal exchequer; and both were naturally anxious to extend their respective jurisdictions. If this were the place for the inquiry, we could easily show by what gradations the church had obtained so large a share in the judicial functions of the state: but we can do no more than hastily glance at the more prominent steps of that progress. From the earliest ages of the church, Christians had been enjoined to settle their disputes among themselves, without appealing to the pagan tribunals. By Constantine and his successors, bishops were appointed the arbitrators of differences in their respective dioceses, and the imperial officers were commanded to execute their decrees. But, for some time the regulation appears to have been confined to cases where *one* of the parties in the suit was an ecclesiastic; though there is equal reason to infer that where both were laymen, they might, if *they chose*, have had the benefit of a spiritual instead of a temporal judge. It is certain that Theodosius, when both were laymen, allowed the cause to pass into the ecclesiastical courts on the demand of either plaintiff or defendant. This important constitution was adopted by Charlemagne, and obeyed by all the people submitted to his sceptre. In England there does not seem to have been any recognized distinction be-

tween the functions of the two species of judicature. We know that in the Anglo-Saxon times the bishop sat with the earl in the shire courts, and had a voice in the judgment pronounced, no matter what the nature of the suit, or who were the parties. But the Norman Conqueror separated the two jurisdictions, and the "Courts Christian," presided over by the bishop or his archdeacon, took cognizance of all causes where ecclesiastics were concerned, or where certain questions were at stake. As under the term churchmen, many thousands were included, who, in the proper sense of the word were not clergymen, and never intended to be so—who were not even in minor orders, and who received the tonsure only that they might hold benefices, and perform the duties by deputy, it is evident that a large portion of the community were confessedly subject to the ecclesiastical tribunals. Whether plaintiffs or defendants, they owed obedience to no other authority; and as their disputes were generally with laymen, they dragged the latter into their own courts. Again: where both the parties to a suit were laymen, it was often regarded as within the domain of the church; for it might concern tithes, advowsons, public scandal, marriage, wills, perjury, breach of contract, and other questions which a little ingenuity could prove, in some way or other, to be connected with religion. Thirdly, as in the more ancient times, men began to prefer the ecclesiastical judges to the royal or the feudal, and especially after the publication of Gratian's *Decretum*. Students hastened from all parts of Europe to Bologna, to become thoroughly acquainted with the canon law: on their return they practised in the episcopal courts; and both wealth and preferment followed success. They had, too, another great advantage: the precedents by which they were bound (the canons of councils) were certain, determinate, invariable, the result of the wisdom of ages; while the royal and baronial functionaries were often puzzled by the contradictory spirit of the Anglo-Saxon and the Norman laws, and oftener still by the perishable traditions of the common or unwritten law. Then the fines of these secular courts varied according to caprice or interest. In all cases they were exorbitant enough; and if they could not be paid, mutilation of limb was almost sure to follow. Add to these important grounds of difference, that the royal and feudal judges were not merely ignorant but corrupt; that

they sold justice to the highest bidder; that it was inaccessible to the poor; that innocence and guilt, right and wrong, were words without meaning, can we wonder at the superior popularity of the episcopal courts? "Of all the abuses," observes Mr. Hallam, "which deformed the Anglo-Norman government, none was so flagitious as the sale of judicial redress. The king, we are often told, is the fountain of justice; but in those ages it was a fountain which gold only could unseal." Even when bribery was not practised, innumerable were the cases where justice could not be expected. It could not be expected if the king, or his ministers, or his favorites, were concerned directly or indirectly in a suit. It could not be expected in the inferior feudal courts, if the baron, or his kindred, or his retainers, had an interest opposed to it. Can we be surprised that the people should cry out against the conduct of such courts?—that when the king or the barons attempted to draw into them suits which fell within the domain of ecclesiastical jurisprudence, both church and people should complain?

But while adverting to these obvious distinctions, let us not lose sight of the evils which otherwise attended the ecclesiastical judicature. He whose "kingdom is not of this world" never designed his priests to be judges in such numerous cases, or perhaps in any case. They might gratuitously reconcile disputants, for their mission is Peace; but they were never expected to heap up wealth by mere offices of charity. It was never intended that their minds should be distracted from their proper calling, or that they should be absorbed by a worldly spirit. Besides the penalties they inflicted were, in many cases, glaringly inadequate to the offence. They could not sit in judgments of blood; no matter what the crime, they could neither condemn to death nor mutilate; and though they had power to flagellate, they more frequently imprisoned, or accepted a pecuniary compensation. In that lawless period, many clergymen (the reader is requested not to overlook the extensive meaning of the term) were guilty of great crimes—murder, seduction of females, robbery, &c. Would suspension, or a fine, or imprisonment, or all three, be a sufficient punishment for such offences? Every body, in the present day, will answer, "No!"—every body, too, will agree that such leniency was a direct encouragement to crime.

The preceding rapid summary will afford us something like a key to the secret motives which swayed Henry and Becket in their contests with each other. Though both were wrong—the former in despoiling the church and the poor, and in perpetuating a system of judicial corruption, and the latter in contending for clerical privileges at variance with the interests of society—it is easy to perceive that their fault was far from equal. Indeed, the term is wholly inapplicable to Becket, who, however injurious, in some respects, those privileges might be, was bound by oath to maintain them. They were founded on the canons; the canons were as obligatory on him as modern laws are on us; and he could not disobey them without treason to the church and rebellion to his spiritual chief. Whatever is faulty in them, must be imputed, not to him, but to the system which he was required to administer.

In contemplating the character of Becket, we are apt to confound it at two very different periods, before and after his elevation to the primacy. It is certain, that during his chancellorship he was full of pride, and much addicted to pleasure. It is equally certain that after his assumption of the episcopal function, he became a new man. This is acknowledged by all his biographers, and by all the writers of the age. Was his conversion sincere? If his character had remained unchanged—if the world were still all in all to him—he would surely have forborne to offend a master who, when obeyed, was always generous. There was no reason why he should resign the chancellorship, if he aimed at power and wealth. He was expected to fill both dignities, which would have rendered him more wealthy and more powerful than many kings. Many primates before him had also been chancellors. His resignation of the latter office could have been dictated only by a sense of the responsibility he should incur if he continued in it, and served the king's rapacity as he had before done. While a servant of Henry, he might have silenced the voice of conscience by the reflection (a very false one, however) that, *as a servant*, his first duty was obedience,—that the crown, not himself, was responsible for the acts which he disapproved. But as the head of the English church, he could not consent to their perpetration without the ruin of that church, or without bringing on himself the resentment of Christendom. Of his change in

private life, we have no wish to say anything, except that it was conformable to the opinions of the times. His renunciation not merely of splendor but of necessities; his adoption of a course of penance not often witnessed in the most ascetic saints; his coarse sackcloth next the skin; his unsavory food; his refusal to drink water (his only beverage) unless it were rendered nauseous by bitter herbs; and, worse than all, the frequent application of the scourge to his naked back, may provoke a smile, but assuredly they are proofs of sincerity. In other respects, even modern devotion must applaud the change. His dismissal of nobles and knights, and his retention of none but humble ecclesiastics; his constant attendance at the service of the altar; his boundless charity to the poor; his relief of human anguish in every shape; his protection of the weak against the powerful, and his stern rebuke to injustice in high places, rendered him worthy of his post, and entitled him to the admiration of posterity. His defect (and honesty requires that it should be censured as it deserves) was an excessive warmth of feeling—a natural irritability of temper, which he took little pains to subdue. This led him into many precipitate measures; it envenomed opposition; and it doubtless contributed to the preparation of the tragedy which closed his days.

The disappointment of the king when the archbishop resigned the chancellorship, may be easily conceived. It was tantamount to saying, "I will no longer have the custody of the vacant prelacies, nor will I permit them to remain vacant if I can help it!" But the new primate directed his first care to the recovering of the castles, fiefs, and manors, which had been wrested by force from his see,—no matter whether by the royal grant or not; and when the holders were obstinately bent on retaining them, he did not hesitate to visit them with the doom of excommunication. Equally offensive to the monarch was his resolution to vindicate, in its fullest extent, the authority of the episcopal courts, to the inevitable prejudice of the royal and baronial. Hence the great feudatories, no less than the king, became his enemies; and numerous they were. Another grievance, which was rather felt than alleged against him, was his loud denunciation of all bishops and abbots concerned in simony—who should either purchase dignities for themselves, or sell the preferments in their

gift. As a necessary consequence, disappointment in the royal breast was followed by anger, anger by exasperation, and this again by a determination to ruin the man who had been so remarkable a favorite. Referring to our general histories for a detailed account of what took place at Clarendon and Northampton, we shall merely observe that some of the demands of Henry (lauded as they have been by partial historians) would, if complied with, have made the church a silent tool in the hands of despotism: that property which had hitherto been, in a great degree, the patrimony of the poor, would have gone to enrich him and his favorites. True it is that some of them were also founded in wisdom, and well deserved to be adopted. But why propose any of them to the archbishop, when the king well knew that he had no power to sanction them? Merely to have a pretext for his destruction. After some hesitation, Becket, though forsaken by his episcopal brethren, who had been gained by the monarch, refused to join in betraying the church and the poor, whose advocate he openly declared himself to be. In a furious passion, the king resolved his ruin—either by forcing him to resign, or by taking his life if he would not. Let historians say what they please, no unbiassed reader can peruse the transactions on these two occasions, without acknowledging that the death of the archbishop was certain if he remained in England. Hence his memorable escape at midnight, notwithstanding the vigilance of the royal guards, and, after many romantic adventures, his arrival in France, where the Pope then was.

Though the exiled primate was received with great respect by the King of France and the Pope, and an honorable asylum furnished him in the Cistercian monastery of Pontigny, he had soon to learn that justice, honor, and religion, have less influence than gold on the mighty of the earth. That the "god of this world" had rendered his suffragan bishops hostile to him, and more than one, as the price of servility, hoped to fill his place. The legates, too, and learned umpires, whom the Pope nominated to negotiate a reconciliation between him and the King, were soon gained by the latter. Many of the cardinals around the papal throne were soon also the creatures of Henry; and, though Christ's vicar on earth might be considered inaccessible to direct bribery, it is certain that a timely offer of Peter's pence (the payment of which had

long fallen into arrears) frequently saved the King from excommunication, and the realm from an interdict. On the venality alike of Pope and cardinals, we have several intimations in both these volumes. Thus, the excellent John of Salisbury, in a letter to the archbishop :—

“I do not place much reliance on the court of Rome : whose necessities and mode of acting I now see through. Our lord the pope, indeed, is a holy and righteous man, and his abbat, as I am told by many, does his best to imitate him : but their necessities are so great, and the dishonesty and cupidity of the Romans are so startling, that the pope sometimes uses his prerogative, and by dispensation obtains what may benefit the state, but cannot benefit religion.”

And Becket himself is often loud in his complaints. Hearing that English gold had produced great relaxation in the severity intended to be adopted toward the guilty, he thus observes in a letter to his agent at Rome :

“If this is true, then without doubt, his lordship the pope has suffocated and strangled, not only our own person, but himself and every ecclesiastic of both kingdoms ; yea, both churches together, the Gallican and the English. For what will not the kings of the earth dare against the clergy, under cover of this most wretched precedent ? And on what can the Church of Rome rely, when it thus deserts and leaves destitute the persons who are making a stand in its cause, and contending for it even unto death ?”

Again, speaking of Rome :—

“The glorious city is captured, that city which subdued the world is subverted and sunk before the love of human favor ; and that which could not be slain with the sword, has been cut off by the poisons of these western regions. With shame be it spoken : by her fall the Church’s liberties have been sacrificed for the sake of temporal advantages. The road to her ruin lay through the sinuous paths of riches : she has been prostituted in the streets to princes, she has conceived iniquity, and will bring forth oppression to the undeserving.”

And in a letter to the Pope himself—

“We have one miserable source of consolation in all this, if you will allow me to say so : that the Roman Church takes this mode of rewarding its friends and faithful children. May God comfort her better than she provides for herself : may he comfort the Church of England and us, and all our wretched ones.”

In another letter to the papal legate he says :

“‘To quell the haughty, but to spare the fallen,’ was the ancient motto of the Romans, and it is surely the doctrine of Christ’s Church, ‘Behold, I have set thee over nations and kingdoms,’ &c. Should there be any regard

for persons among the successors of St. Peter ? This is not so with God, who treats prince and plebeian alike as they have deserved. What glory can there be either for God or man in giving the poor man his rights and restraining princes from heinous crimes ? Justice severely punishes the powerful and exercises her harshest prerogative over those who are in office. Who was ever before allowed, with the connivance of the Roman pontiff, to abuse the property of the Church so licentiously as the king of England has done ? He has now for five years held the revenues of our see and all our goods, besides the bishoprics of Lincoln, Bath, Hereford, and Ely, whilst the possessions of the see of Landaff have been almost all squandered upon his knights, and Bangor has been ten years without a bishop, because the king will not consent to an election.”

The following (to Cardinal Albert) is still stronger :—

“I wish, my dear friend, your ears were hard by the mouths of some of our people, that you might hear what is chaunted in the streets of Ascalon to the discredit of the Roman Church. Our last messengers seemed to have brought us some consolation in the Pope’s letters which we have received, but their authority has been altogether nullified by other letters, commanding that Satan should be set free to the destruction of the Church. Thus by the apostolic mandate the bishops of London and Salisbury, one of whom is known to have been the fomentor of the schism, and the contriver of all this wickedness from the beginning, and to have inveigled the bishop of Salisbury and others into the crime of disobedience, have been absolved from excommunication. I know not how it is ; but at your court Barabbas is always let go free, and Christ is crucified. Our proscription and the sufferings of the Church have now lasted nearly six years. The innocent, poor and exiled, are condemned before you, and for no other cause, I say conscientiously, than because they are Christ’s poor and helpless ones, and would not recede from God’s righteousness : whilst on the other hand the sacrilegious, murderers, and robbers, are acquitted, however impenitent, though I say, on Christ’s own authority, that St. Peter himself, sitting on the tribunal, would have no power to acquit them.”

“Roman robbers,” “traitors to religion,” “sons of perdition,” and other terms of the kind, are by no means spared by the offended exile, and assuredly they seem to have been fully deserved.

The letters before us (and they are numerous) give us an unfavorable account of the English bishops generally, who had not, and wished not to have, any will but the King’s. Thus the admirable writer we have before quoted (John of Salisbury), in a letter to Becket :—

"The consolatory letters which your faithful children, the bishops of the province of Canterbury, lately sent you, after your long exile and proscription, I have carefully perused, and I look upon them as dictated by Ahitophel himself come to life, and written by a second Deeg of Idumea, thirsting for the blood of Christ and his elect. Every thing is therein so perverted that it is easy for any one to see how irreconcilable they are with public opinion and the voice of truth, and how manifestly they have been framed to give a color of justice to the appeal of the bishops."

Elsewhere he asserts that their faces must be no less brazen than a harlot's, for daring to assure the Pope that Henry was "an obedient son of the Church." He is particularly severe on the bishop of London, the most bitter of Becket's enemies, and the most servile tool of royalty: "He boasts that London was once the seat of an *arch-flamen*, when Jupiter was worshipped in Britain. So wise and religious a man as he might perhaps like to see the worship of Jupiter restored, that if he cannot be archbishop, he may at least be *arch-flamen*."

Becket, who was invested with the legatine authority, (though he had the mortification often to see that authority suspended through English gold,) was not a man to suffer with impunity the injustice of his own and the Church's enemies. Against the most prominent of them, barons or bishops, he issued his fulminations, both from Pontigny and Clairvaux. During his retirement at the former place, he doubtless imbibed strong feelings of enthusiasm. In the history of saints, confessors, and martyrs, he found subjects enough for contemplation; the study of the canon law exalted in his eyes the prerogatives of the Church; and the denunciations of Scripture on evil-doers, especially the great of the earth, gave to his feelings a new degree of intensity. These were deepened by the arrival of so many of his servants and dependents, and his friends and kinsfolk, banished from England, and who must have perished for want of the necessities of life, had not the French king, the Pope, and the Queen of Sicily administered to their relief. With a refinement of cruelty, the despot had forced the exiles to swear that they would hasten to the exile at Pontigny and show him their miserable plight. The archbishop had already been merged in the excited monk; his human feelings could not support the present sight; and in this unfortunate temper he fulminated the censures so well known to readers of English his-

tory. When compelled to leave Pontigny by the menaces of the king, who threatened to seize all the possessions of the order (the Cistercian) in England, unless he were expelled, the sentiment was not likely to cool. His former excommunications had been suspended by the Pope; at Clairvaux he was permitted to renew them. But how were they to be served? Unless actually delivered they had no efficacy; and Henry *more suo*, had threatened with death every body that should land in England with censures of any kind from Pope or Archbishop. Several messengers, in fact, had been put to death, and the coasts were diligently watched to prevent the arrival of such dreaded missives. Could Henry have succeeded in his object of preventing all communication between his clergy and the Roman see, he might easily flatter himself with the hope of making the English Church as dependent on his caprice, and subject to his rapacity, as the humblest peasant in the land. But all his vigilance was vain:—

"The archbishop was for some time sorely at a loss to find a person who would venture to convey this sentence into England. At last a young layman, named Berenger, offered himself, and we learn from the narrative of Fitz-Stephen in what manner he discharged his mission. On the festival of Ascension Day a priest, an excellent but timid man, named Vitalis, was officiating at the high altar of St. Paul's Church, London, when, just as they began to chaunt the *Offerenda*, and the priest had presented the bread and wine, and made ready the chalice, a stranger, named Berenger, approached, and falling down on his knees, held out to the priest what appeared to be his donation to the offertory. The priest, astonished at the man's behavior, held out his hand to receive the oblation. Berenger put into his hand a letter, saying, 'The bishop of this diocese is not present; no more is the dean; but I see you as Christ's officiating minister, and I here, in the name of God and our lord the pope, present to you this letter from the archbishop of Canterbury, containing the sentence which he has pronounced on the bishop of London, also another letter to the dean, enjoining him and his clergy to observe this sentence. And I forbid you, by God's authority, to celebrate in this church after the present mass, until you have delivered to the bishop and the dean these letters.' The stranger, having spoken these words, disappeared amid the crowds of people who were moving off to their homes, as was usual after the Gospel had been read, for they had already heard mass in their own parish churches. A buzz went round among those who were near-

est to the altar, and they began to ask the priest if divine service was prohibited in the cathedral. On his answering in the negative the people said no more, and the man retired unmolested. The priest meanwhile continued the service of the mass; but the king's officials made search in all parts of the city for Berenger, and placed guards at all the crossings of the streets, but he could nowhere be found. Not many days elapsed before the bishop and dean returned to London, when the priest Vitalis delivered to each his letter."

The sorrows of his kinsmen, his friends, and above all, his poor dependents, were infinitely more galling to the Archbishop than his own. For their sakes he often submitted to negotiate, though he well knew from the character of the king that little benefit was to be expected from it. Nor did he like his own continued dependence on the bounty of others. Though he had often found a friend in the French king, he more than once had reason to distrust his sincerity; and on one occasion, a misunderstanding having risen, both he and his companions believed the door of hope to be closed. This was after an ineffectual interview between Louis, Henry, and Becket, at Montmirail:—

"The party at St. Columba's were discussing the events which had lately happened, and the failure of their journey to Montmirail. They had also another subject for conversation, in the supposed alienation and continued silence of the French king. The archbishop, smiling at the different suggestions that were offered, said, 'I am the only one amongst you whom king Henry wishes to injure, and if I go away, no one will impede or harm you: do not be afraid.' 'It is for you that we take thought,' replied they, 'because we do not see where you can find refuge; and though you are so high in dignity, yet all your friends have deserted you.' 'Then do not care for me,' said he, 'I commend my cause to God, who is very well able to protect me. Though both England and France are closed against me, I shall not be undone. I will not apply to those Roman robbers, for they do nothing but plunder the needy without compunction. I will adopt another mode of action. It is said that the people who live on the banks of the Arar in Burgundy, as far as the borders of Provence, are more liberal. I will take only one companion with me, and we will go amongst those people on foot, and they will assuredly have compassion on us.' At that moment an officer appeared from the French king, inviting the archbishop to an interview. 'He means to turn us out of his kingdom,' said one of those who were present. 'Do not forebode ill,' said the archbishop, 'you are not a prophet, nor a son of the prophets.'"

The French king, perceiving that he had

been Henry's dupe, restored his favor to the Archbishop.

The hollow reconciliation on the part of the king, which enabled Becket to revisit his flock, is too well known to require further exposure. Surprise has been expressed that so penetrating a man should have suffered himself to be deluded by royal hypocrisy, especially when the kiss of peace was so pertinaciously denied him. The truth, however, is that he was not deluded at all. He saw that the promised conditions would not be fulfilled; he knew that mischief was designed him; he had warnings enough from many quarters that if he returned to his see his life would be taken. But he despised the foreseen consequence; and he solemnly declared, that whether he lived or died he would no longer be kept from his flock. He went; and, as every body knows, perished in a manner the most barbarous, but with a dignity unequalled.

On that tragical event, the particulars of which have been so long familiar to every reader, it would be useless to comment. But we think no unbiassed reader can arise from a perusal of the circumstances that preceded and followed it, without a conviction that the murder was expressly commanded by Henry. It is evidently, indeed, not Dr. Giles's opinion; but Dr. Giles is not much distinguished for either penetration or reflection. He falls too blindly into the train of preceding writers; and leans to conclusions not warranted by the facts which he himself adduces. His work wants connexion: it has little coherency of parts; the events are not consecutively dependent on each other. This is chiefly the fault of the plan, which, consisting for the most part of letters from many different persons, cannot possibly have the unity of purpose essential to the solution of an historical problem. A carefully constructed narrative founded on the letters, biographies, and histories of the period, with the originals in a copious appendix, would have been a far preferable mode of dealing with the subject. Such a concatenation of parts would have allowed of comparison and inference, and have imperceptibly conducted the reader's mind to the legitimate conclusion for which we are contending—Becket's authorized murder. At the same time it would have displayed the king's character in true colors, by dispersing the cloud of hypocrisy which rests upon it. In him met two extremes, which we rarely find in any other historical personage—dis-

simulation with violence. As each predominated, his character was estimated by actual beholders from it alone, little regard being had to the variableness of his caprice. After Becket's murder, it was thought by the world at large that dreadful measures would be adopted to punish the king and his advisers. But gold turned aside both interdict and excommunication, and restored monarch, baron, and bishop to the favor of Christ's vicar—thus verifying the character which Becket had so strongly passed on that court.

In conclusion, we may observe, that if Dr. Giles has made a less satisfactory use of his abundant materials than might have been expected from him,—if a life of Becket be still a desideratum,—he has rendered a valuable service to succeeding biographers. This, indeed, constitutes the true value of his book. In its actual form it cannot be called either a history or a biography; it affords us little insight into the important questions of feudal and ecclesiastical judicature; or even into the spirit and manners of the age. But, notwithstanding these obvious defects, it is really an acquisition to our literature.

From the London Daily News.

## TRAVELLING LETTERS WRITTEN ON THE ROAD.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

### VIII.

#### PIACENZA TO BOLOGNA.

AT Piacenza, which was four or five hours' journey from the inn at Stradella, we broke up our little company before the hotel door, with divers manifestations of friendly feeling on all sides. The old priest was taken with the cramp again before he had got half-way down the street; and the young priest laid the bundle of books on a door step, while he dutifully rubbed the old gentleman's legs. The client of the avvocato was waiting for him at the yard gate, and kissed him on each cheek, with such a resounding smack, that I am afraid he had either a very bad case, or a scantily-furnished purse. The Tuscan, with a cigar in his mouth, went loitering off, carrying his hat in his hand, that he might the better trail up the ends of his dishevelled moustache. And the brave courier, as he and I strolled away to look about us, began

immediately to entertain me with the private histories and family affairs of the whole party.

A brown, decayed, old cheese of a town, Piacenza is. A deserted, solitary, grass-grown place, with ruined ramparts: half filled up trenches, which afford a frowsy pasturage to the lean kine that wander about them; streets of stern houses moodily frowning at the other houses over the way. The sleepest and shabbiest of soldiery go wandering about with the double curse of laziness and poverty uncouthly wrinkling their misfitting regimentals; the dirtiest of children play with their impromptu toys (pigs and mud) in the feeblest of gutters; and the gauntest of dogs trot in and out of the dullest of archways, in perpetual search of something to eat, which they never seem to find. A mysterious and solemn Palace, guarded by two colossal statues, twin Genii of the place, stands gravely in the midst of the idle town; and the king with the marble legs, who flourished in the time of the Arabian Nights, might live contentedly inside of it, and never have the energy in his upper half of flesh and blood to want to come out.

What a strange, half-sorrowful and half-delicious doze it is, to ramble through these places gone to sleep and basking in the sun! Each in its turn appears to be, of all the mouldy, dreary, God-forgotten towns in the wide world, the chief. Sitting on this hillock, where a bastion used to be, and where a noisy fortress was, in the time of the old Roman station here, I became aware that I have never known, till now, what it is to be lazy. A dormouse must surely be in very much the same condition before he retires to the wool in his cage—or a tortoise before he buries himself. I feel that I am getting rusty. That any attempt to think, would be accompanied with a creaking noise. That there is nothing any where to be done, or needing to be done. That there is no more human progress, motion, effort, or advancement of any kind, beyond this. That the whole scheme stopped here centuries ago, and lay down to rest until the Day of Judgment.

Never while the brave courier lives! Behold him jingling out of Piacenza, and staggering this way, in the tallest posting-chaise ever seen, so that he looks out of the front window as if he were peeping over a garden wall; while the postilion, concentrated essence of all the shabbiness of Italy, pauses for a moment in his animated conversation, to touch his hat to a



blunt-nosed little virgin hardly less shabby than himself, enshrined in a plaster Punch's show outside the town.

In Genoa, and thereabouts, they train the vines on trellis-work, supported on square clumsy pillars, which in themselves are any thing but picturesque. But here they twine them around trees, and let them trail among the hedges; and the vineyards are full of trees, regularly planted for this purpose, each with its own vine twining and clustering about it. Their leaves are now of the brightest gold and deepest red; and never was any thing so enchantingly graceful and full of beauty. Through miles of these delightful forms and colors, the road winds its way. The wild festoons; the elegant wreaths and crowns, and garlands of all shapes; the fairy nets flung over great trees, and making them prisoners in sport; the tumbled heaps and mounds of exquisite shapes upon the ground; how rich and beautiful they are! And every now and then a long, long line of trees, will be all bound and garlanded together, as if they had taken hold of one another, and were coming dancing down the fields!

It was most delicious weather when the tall posting-chaise brought us into Modena, where the darkness of the sombre colonnades over the footways, skirting the main street on either side, was made refreshing and agreeable by the bright sky, so wonderfully blue. I passed from all the glory of the day into a dim cathedral, where high mass was performing, feeble tapers were burning, people were kneeling in all directions—before all manner of shrines, and officiating priests were crooning the usual chaunt, in the usual low, dull, drawling, melancholy tone.

Thinking how strange it was to find in every stagnant town, this same Heart beating with the same monotonous pulsation, the centre of the same torpid, listless system, I came out by another door, and was suddenly scared to death by a blast from the shrillest trumpet that ever was blown. Immediately came tearing round the corner, an equestrian company from Paris; marshalling themselves under the walls of the church, and flouting with their horses' heels the very griffons, lions, tigers, and other monsters in stone and marble, decorating its exterior. First, there came a stately nobleman, with a great deal of hair, and no hat, bearing an enormous banner, on which was inscribed, MAZEPPA! TO-NIGHT! Then, a Mexican chief, with a great pear-

shaped club on his shoulder, like Hercules. Then, six or eight Roman chariots: each with a beautiful lady in extremely short petticoats, and unnaturally pink leggings, erect within, shedding beaming looks upon the crowd, in which there was a latent expression of discomposure and anxiety for which I couldn't account, until, as the open back of each chariot presented itself, I saw the immense difficulty with which the pink legs maintained their perpendicular, over the uneven pavement of the town, which gave me quite a new idea of the ancient Romans and Britons. The procession was brought to a close by some dozen indomitable warriors of different nations riding two and two, and haughtily surveying the tame population of Modena, among whom, however, they occasionally condescended to scatter largesses in the form of a few hand-bills. After caracolling among the lions and tigers, and proclaiming that evening's entertainments with blast of trumpet, it then filed off by the other end of the square, and left a new and greatly increased dullness behind.

When the procession had so entirely passed away, that the shrill trumpet was mild in the distance, and the tail of the last horse was hopelessly round the corner, the people who had come out of the church to stare at it, went back again. But one old lady kneeling on the pavement within, near the door, had seen it all, and had been immensely interested, without getting up; and this old lady's eye, at that juncture, I happened to catch, to our mutual confusion. She cut our embarrassment very short, however, by crossing herself devoutly, and going down at full length on her face before a figure in a blue silk petticoat and a gilt crown; which was so like one of the procession-figures, that perhaps at this hour she may think the whole appearance a celestial vision. Any how, I must certainly have forgiven her her interest in the Circus, though I had been her Father Confessor.

There was a little fiery-eyed old man with a crooked shoulder, in the cathedral, who took it very ill that I made no effort to see the bucket (kept in an old tower) which the people of Modena took away from the people of Bologna in the fourteenth century, and about which there was war made, and a mock-heroic poem too. Being quite content, however, to look at the inside of the tower, and feast in imagination on the bucket within; and preferring to loiter in the shade of the tall campanile, and about the cathedral, I have no personal know-

ledge of this bucket, even at the present time.

Indeed, we were at Parma before the little old man (or the Guide-Book) would have considered that we had half done justice to the wonders of Modena. But it is such a delight to me to leave new scenes behind, and still go on, encountering newer scenes—and, moreover, I have such a perverse disposition in respect of sights that are cut, and dried, and dictated—that I fear I always sin against similar authorities, in every place I visit.

Parma has cheerful, stirring streets, for an Italian town; and, consequently, is not so characteristic as many places of less note. Always excepting the retired Piazza, where the Cathedral, Baptistery, and Campanile—ancient buildings, of a sombre brown, embellished with innumerable grotesque monsters and dreamy-looking creatures, carved in marble and red stone—are clustered in a noble and magnificent repose. Their silent presence was only invaded, when I saw them, by the twittering of the many birds that were flying in and out of the crevices in the stones and little nooks in the architecture, where they had made their nests. They were busy, rising from the cold shade of Temples made with hands, into the sunny air of heaven. Not so the worshippers within, who were listening to the same drowsy chant, or kneeling before the same kinds of images and tapers, or whispering, with their heads bowed down, in the very self-same dark confessionals, as I had left in Genoa, and everywhere else.

The decayed and mutilated paintings with which this church is covered, have, to my thinking, a remarkably mournful and depressing influence. It is miserable to see great works of art—something of the Souls of Painters—perishing and fading away, like human forms. This cathedral is odorous with the rotting of Coreggio's frescoes in the Cupola. Heaven knows how beautiful they may have been at one time. Connoisseurs fall into raptures with them now; but such a labyrinth of arms and legs, such heaps of fore-shortened limbs, entangled and involved and jumbled together, no operative surgeon, gone mad, could imagine in his wildest delirium.

There is a very interesting subterranean church here. The roof is supported by marble pillars, behind each of which there seemed to be at least one beggar in ambush; to say nothing of the tombs and secluded

altars. From every one of these lurking places such crowds of phantom-looking men and women, leading other men and women with twisted limbs, or chattering jaws, or paralytic gestures, or idiotic heads, or some other sad infirmity, came hobbling out to beg, that if the ruined frescoes in the cathedral above, had been suddenly animated, and had retired to this lower church, they could hardly have made a greater confusion, or exhibited a more confounding display of arms and legs.

There is Petrarch's tomb, too; and there is the Baptistery, with its beautiful arches and immense font; and there is a gallery containing some very remarkable pictures, whereof a few were being copied by hairy-faced artists, with little velvet caps more off their heads than on. There is the Farnese Palace, too; and in it one of the dreariest spectacles of decay that ever was seen—a grand old, gloomy theatre, mouldering away.

It is a large wooden structure of the horse-shoe shape; the lower seats arranged upon the Roman plan, but above them, great heavy chambers rather than boxes, where the nobles sat, remote in their proud state. Such desolation as has fallen on this theatre, enhanced in the spectator's fancy by its gay intention and design, none but worms can be familiar with. A hundred and ten years have passed since any play was acted here. The sky shines in through the gashes in the roof; the boxes are dropping down, wasting away, and only tenanted by rats; damp and mildew smear the faded colors, and make spectral maps upon the panels; lean 'rags are dangling down where there were gay festoons on the Proscenium; the stage has rotted so, that a narrow wooden gallery is thrown across it, or it would sink beneath the tread, and bury the visitor in the gloomy depth beneath. The desolation and decay impress themselves on all the senses. The air has a mouldering smell, and an earthy taste; any stray outer sounds that straggle in with some lost sunbeam, are muffled and heavy; and the worm, the maggot, and the rot have changed the surface of the wood beneath the touch, as time will sear and roughen a smooth hand. If ever Ghosts act plays, they act them on this ghostly stage.

And find it dreary, too, most likely if they come from the pleasant Cemetery at Bologna, where I found myself walking next Sunday morning, among the stately marble tombs and colonnades, in company with a crowd of common people—all good temper-

ed and obliging, as they always are in Italy to every one who has a cheerful word for them—and escorted by a little cicerone of that town, who was excessively anxious for the honor of the place, and most solicitous to divert my attention from the bad monuments: whereas, he was never tired of extolling the good ones. Seeing this little man (a good-humored little man he was, who seemed to have nothing in his face but shining teeth and eyes) looking wistfully, as I thought, at a certain plot of grass, I asked him who was buried there. "The poor people, Signore," he said with a shrug and a smile, and stopping to look back at me—for he always went on a little before, and took off his hat to introduce every new monument. "Only the poor, Signore! It's very cheerful. It's very lively. How green it is, how cool! It's like a meadow! There are five"—holding up all the fingers of his right hand to express the number, which an Italian peasant will always do, if it be within the compass of his ten fingers—"there are five of my little children buried there, Signore; just there; a little to the right. Well! Thanks to God! It's very cheerful. How green it is, how cool it is! It's quite a meadow!"

He looked me very hard in the face, and seeing I was sorry for him, took a pinch of snuff, (every cicerone takes snuff,) and made a little bow—partly in deprecation of his having alluded to such a subject, and partly in memory of the children and his favorite saint. It was as perfectly an unaffected and as natural a little bow as ever man made. Immediately afterwards he took his hat off altogether, and begged to introduce me to the next monument; and his eyes and his teeth shone brighter than before.

☞ We learn that Mr. Dickens has suddenly discontinued this admirable series of Letters, with the probable design of issuing them in another form. We break off the thread thus abruptly with no little regret.  
—EDITOR.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE SIKHS—THEIR RISE AND PROGRESS.

THE founder of the sect by whom, under the denomination of Sikhs, the Punjab has for half a century been governed, and to a great extent inhabited, was Nanac Shah, a Hindu of the tribe of Vedi, in the Chastrya caste. He was born in the year of Christ 1469, at a village called Talwandi, in the district of Bhatti, and province of Lahore; and from his earliest years is described as devoting himself to the study of truth, and to the contemplation of the Supreme Being. Many marvellous stories are told of him, of course, which all resolve themselves into this: that becoming satisfied of the many absurdities that abound in the popular belief of his countrymen, and discrediting the fables with which Mahommedanism is overspread, he not only adopted as his own creed a pure Theism, but did his best by persuasion and argument to bring others to the same way of thinking. Nanac, however, appears to have been a wise, as well as righteous reformer. He assumed, and with justice, that in the religions both of the Hindus and the Moslems, there was a common foundation of truth. He disavowed, therefore, every thing like an intention to root out either system; but sought to reconcile the disciples of each to reason, and to one another, by inviting them equally to return to the pure and simple faith from which both had been induced to stray. Accordingly he interfered but little with the usages of common life to which those with whom he conversed were accustomed. He endeavored, indeed, to break down among Hindus the *religious* distinctions of caste, by proclaiming wherever he went that in the sight of God all men were equal. And on the other hand, he invited the Mahommedans to abstain from practices, such as the slaughter of the cow, which were offensive to the prejudices of their neighbors; but beyond these limits he never ventured. Nanac's teaching was simple, gracious, and therefore sublime. He endeavored with all the power of his own genius, aided by the authority of writers of acknowledged weight on both sides, to impress upon Hindus and Mahommedans; alike, a belief in the unity of the Godhead while in their dealings one with another he inculcated love of toleration and an abhorrence of war; and his life was as peaceable as his doctrines.

The opinions of Nanac had gained so much ground while he lived, that at his death, Guru Angard, his successor, found himself at the head of a numerous and continually increasing party. Like the founder of the sect, Angard was a teacher of reverence and devotion towards one God, and universal peace among men; neither does any change appear to have been introduced into the Sikh tenets, till persecution and wrong drove a people benevolent in principle to gird on the sword, which they have never since laid aside. The outrage in question befell in 1606, when Argunmal, Guru or chief teacher of the body, excited the jealousy of the Mahomedan rulers of the province, and was put to death. He had, by collecting the sacred treatises of his predecessors into a volume, and blending with them his own views on various important points, given a consistency and form to the religion of the Sikhs, such as it had not previously been seen to possess. And the dominant party taking the alarm, and as tradition records, having their bad passions ministered to by a rival, caused Argun to be cast into prison, where he died.

Argun left a son, Nar Govind by name, who, though young, possessed both talent and energy of character, and who succeeding to the chiefship, gave at once and forever a new turn to the tastes and feelings of his followers. He put arms into their hands, and in the name of a religion of peace waged implacable war with the persecutors. He likewise so far broke in upon the ordinary habits of his people, that he permitted them to eat the flesh of all animals except the cow; thus marking his hatred of the Mahomedans by sanctioning the use of swine's flesh, which, though esteemed by the lower tribes of Hindus, is to the Moslem an abomination. Nar Govind is said to have worn in his girdle two swords; and being asked why he did so, made answer, "One is to avenge the death of my father, the other to destroy the miracles of Mahommed."

Five sons survived Argun, of whom two died without descendants; two more were driven to the mountains by the persecutions of the Mahomedans; while the fifth, his eldest, died before his father, leaving two sons, Daharmal and Nar Ray. The latter succeeded his grandfather in 1644, and owing, probably, to the vigor of Arungzebe's government, passed his days in peace. But in 1661, the year of his decease, a

violent contest arose about the succession, which was referred to Delhi, and by the imperial court sent back again to be decided by the free votes of the Sikhs themselves. For as yet, it is worthy of remark, that the influence of the chief was purely spiritual. He did not affect temporal authority, neither was he followed into the field as one who sought to establish the independence of a people, or his own right to rule over them. His was the leadership of a sect; and as Arungzebe appears to have granted free toleration, so, in matters of civil arrangement, both Nar Ray and his religionists paid to Arungzebe a willing obedience. Accordingly the Sikhs, in 1664, elected Nar Creshn to be chief, in preference to Ram Ray, both being sons of Nar Ray; and on the demise of Creshn passed over Ram Ray Moullin, and placed his uncle, Tegh Behadur, at their head. This was one of the sons of Nar Govind, whom persecution had driven to the mountains; and now, again, he appears, chiefly through the malice of his nephew, to have suffered much disquiet. It must be acknowledged, however, that over this portion of Sikh history a considerable cloud has fallen. The truth is, that this sect was well nigh crushed, in consequence of the endeavor of Nar Govind to raise it into political importance; and not till the dissolution of the Mogul empire which ensued upon the death of Arungzebe, did it exhibit any marked signs of returning vitality.

Tegh Behadur suffered a violent death, and his son, Guru Govind, cherished an implacable hatred of the murderers. Circumstances, moreover, favored him more than they had done his warlike predecessor and namesake; and he took full advantage of them. He made his first appearance at the head of an armed band among the hills of Serinagar; and when forced by superior numbers to abandon that theatre of operation, he repaired to the Punjab, where a Hindu chief, in active rebellion against the government, welcomed him gladly. He was put in possession of Mak-haval, a town on the Sutlej, and of the villages dependent upon it, and set up forthwith for a prince as well as a high priest. Crowds of warriors gathered round his standard, and he gained over converts to his religious opinions from day to day. All these he encouraged to devote themselves to *steel*, by carrying arms constantly about them, and using them freely. He would admit of no avenue to advancement except personal merit. He

changed the name of the sect from Sikh to Singh, that is, Lion; and conferring upon all his followers alike the title which heretofore only the Rajaputs had borne, taught them to aspire after a similar military reputation, and to achieve it. He it was who commanded the Sikhs to wear blue dresses, and not to cut the hair either of their heads or beards. Like Argunmal, he was an author as well as a soldier; for he added to the Ade-Grant's of the former his own not less sacred volume, called the Podshah Ka-Grant's, or book of the Tenth King, a title which he boldly assumed to himself, because he was the tenth Guru, or spiritual chief, from Nanac.

Guru Govind was for a while successful in every undertaking. He overthrew Rajas and Zemundars on both sides of the Sutlej, till an appeal was made to Delhi, and Arungzebe sent an army against him. He fought with the resolution of despair, but was beaten from one post to another; and at length, after losing wives, children, and hosts of adherents, became a solitary wanderer and a maniac. He was the last spiritual head of the Sikhs, whom a prophecy is said to have forewarned that they should never be able to number more than ten high-priests. But if as a religious body they lost their consistency, as a nation they became for a while more terrible than ever. One Banda, or Bairagi, a devoted friend and follower of Guru Govind, seized the moment of Arungzebe's death to raise their banner again. He won many battles, committed frightful atrocities, overran all the country between the Sutlej and the Jumna, and was at last wholly routed by Abdel-Samad Khan, one of the ablest and most successful of the generals of the Emperor Forokhseer. The wreck of the more resolute among his troops sought shelter among the mountains northeast of the Punjaub, whither the pursuers were unable to follow them. Banda himself, with many more, was taken and put to death, while the mass of the people bent to the storm, and for a while ceased to be overwhelmed by it.

It was thirty years subsequently to these events, when Nadir Shah carried his victorious arms into the heart of Hindostan, that the Sikhs appeared again as a party in the arena. They descended from their fastnesses, and falling upon the peaceful inhabitants of the Punjaub, robbed them of the property which they were endeavoring to secure from the rapacity of the Persian

plunderer. In like manner they hung upon the rear of the Persian army during its return, and stripped it of much of the booty which had been gathered in Delhi, and elsewhere. Emboldened, likewise, by the state of feebleness into which the empire had fallen, and seeing that both into Cabul and the Punjaub the death of Nadir had introduced anarchy, they began to aim at permanent conquests; and being joined by their ancient co-religionists, and finding willing converts every where, they gradually possessed themselves of the whole extent of the country of the five rivers. They appear, however, at this time, to have been destitute of a head, either civil or religious. Like the Anglo-Saxons, they followed a multitude of petty chiefs, who in a great council, called the Guru-mata, of which Guru-Govind is said to have been the inventor, made choice, ere an important expedition was begun, of the warrior who should lead in it; but the authority of the chief, as it was conferred upon him for a special purpose, so, as soon as the object for which it had been given was attained, it ceased of its own accord. Such a state of things, though it might render them formidable for attack, reduced them in defensive warfare to great weakness: and their inability to withstand a resolute and united enemy was proved in the contests which they endeavored to sustain, now against the Afghans, and now against the Mahrattas. Ahmed Shah, as is well known, chastised them severely, and established his son, Timour Khan, as governor at Lahore; but he could not long maintain himself there, and was driven out. Next came the Mahrattas, who after seducing Surhind, marched to the capital of the Punjaub, and took possession. But the battle of Puniput, in 1762, broke their strength for ever, and Lahore and all the districts dependent on it, passed once more under Affghan rule. Then followed a great battle, or rather surprise, when Ahmed fell upon the Sikhs unexpectedly, and cut to pieces 20,000 of them. But Ahmed abode in the country not more than a year, and his return to Cabul gave the signal for fresh risings, and led the way to new outrages. Finally, the chiefs began to quarrel among themselves, feuds being transmitted from father to son; and the nation became, in consequence, formidable to itself and to the weak governments which bordered upon it.

The Sikhs were in this state when Daulat Rao Scindia, being supported by an

army of which French officers were at the head, not only checked their incursions into the upper province of Hindostan, but compelled their chiefs south of the Sutlej to pay tribute, and accept his protection. And had it not been for his war with the English, there is little doubt but that he would have made himself master of all the fertile provinces that lie between that river and the Indus.

Daulut Rao Scindia, after retreating across the Sutlej, was forced to capitulate; whereupon the Punjaub—and, to a considerable extent, the country between the Sutlej and the Jumna—submitted to the rule of the Sikhs. These set up, when in power, the same form or system of government under which they had lived and fought during their season of difficulty. The smaller proprietors of the soil, the heads of villages and towns, and so forth,—the whole body, in short, of local governors and magistrates, paid obedience to one or other of twelve chiefs; for twelve aristocrats seem to have divided the land among them, and to have ruled over it with an authority co-equal—at least, in name—from about the year 1765 to 1773. The associations over which each sirdar, or chief, held rule were called *Misuls*. They varied both as to extent and military strength; the largest being able to furnish 10,000 horse for war, the smallest being assessed at 2500. For it is worthy of remark, that though for purposes of domestic administration each chief or sirdar was perfectly independent of the others, in case of danger from without, all were expected to act under a common standard. And the *Guru-mata*, or great council of the nation, composed entirely of chiefs, determined on whom should be conferred the honor as well as the responsibility of commanding the whole.

Runjeet Singh, the Lion of the Punjaub, and the true founder of the Sikh empire, derived his descent from one of these feudal chiefs. His grandfather, Churut Singh, was sirdar of the Sookeer-chuck Missul, and seems to have been one of the least powerful of the confederation, his retainers numbering no more than 2500 horse. Like his brother-chiefs, he was constantly at war, invading the territories of a neighbor or repelling invasion; and was killed in a feudal battle by the bursting of his own matchlock, though not, as the records of his nation aver, till he had slain a multitude of his enemies. He died at a moment of much peril to his tribe, inasmuch

as his son, Maha Singh, was a boy of only ten years old; and in the Punjaub, not less than elsewhere, the reign of a minor is almost always a feeble one. But the *Misul* held together, and Maha exhibiting, as he advanced towards man's estate, great vigor both of body and mind, it soon began to enlarge its influence. Moreover, Maha, like a politic chieftain, married the daughter of a sirdar, who proved very serviceable to him; and almost as soon as his son and heir, Runjeet, was born, looked about for similar benefits to the nation through him. Accordingly, the Lion of the Punjaub, who first saw the light in the year 1780, was, in 1786, wedded, or, at least, betrothed, to a bride of his father's selection.

The education of Runjeet Singh appears to have been entirely neglected. He never learned so much as to read or to write. Nature, too, seems to have acted the part of a step-mother towards him; for he was attacked by the small-pox in his infancy, and not only had his face scored and deeply indented by it, but lost the sight of one of his eyes. He was unfortunate, moreover, in this respect, that his father died in the very flower of his days, being as yet under thirty; and Runjeet, at twelve years of age, was left to the guidance of tutors. They indulged him in every whim and caprice, insomuch that, up to his seventeenth year, his life was one of constant and frightful dissipation. Indeed, the national character was by this time wholly changed from that which its founder designed it to be. Excesses of all sorts, over-eating, over-drinking,—the coarse feeding of the North combined, with the hideous vices of the East, to render the Sikh the most dissolute and depraved among all the families of men. And from his twelfth to his seventeenth year Runjeet Singh appears, in all these respects, not to have come short of the most dissolute of his subjects and countrymen.

Runjeet Singh was yet in the midst of his career of vice, when Shah Mahommed, from Cabul, broke in upon the Punjaub with a powerful army. Chief after chief went down before him; and Runjeet, among others, fled from his home and his government. But in his case, misfortune appears to have operated beneficially. He awoke, as it were, to a sense of his proper duties, and forthwith devoted himself to the management of public affairs, and, in due time, to the aggrandizement of his *Misul*. He could not, indeed, offer to Shah

Mahommed resistance in the field. His military strength was broken, and himself a fugitive; but he managed to ingratiate himself into the good graces of the Affghan, and gathered up, by little and little, the fragments of his principality. At last, when Mahommed, after his insane march upon Delhi, returned in 1793, if not defeated, at all events baffled, to his own land, Runjeet contrived to lay the victor under an obligation, and made the most of it. While crossing the Indus, eight or ten of the Affghan guns were upset, and sank into the river. There was no time to raise them, for Persia was up, and the Doorannee empire—very imperfectly consolidated, at the best—could not be exposed to invasion in any of its faces without imminent hazard. Whereupon, Mahommed commissioned his friend Runjeet to recover and send him back his artillery; and Runjeet obtained, as the reward of his service, a grant of Lahore. Let us do the old Lion justice. He raised the guns—if we recollect right, twelve in number—and retaining only four for his own use, sent the other eight to Peshawur.

Having thus tasted the sweets of command, and feeling the growth of ambition within him, Runjeet proceeded, with equal boldness and address, to extend the limits of his empire. Sometimes by a skilful diplomacy, sometimes by violence, he gained an ascendancy over his neighbors, till both in the Punjab and in the territories east of the Sutlej they paid him tribute. So early as 1802 he had assumed a commanding position among the Sikh sirdars, and appeared nowise disposed to rest contented with it; and the dissensions which soon after arose in the royal family of Cabul presented an opening to his spirit of enterprise, of which it took immediate advantage. He marched into Mooltan, and though unsuccessful at first, ceased not to renew his attempts till he had subdued it. Eastward and northward, likewise, his victorious banners were borne; and he was looking with a covetous eye upon the provinces beyond the Indus, when, in 1805, the irruption of the Mahrattas, bringing Lord Lake and an English army in their train, recalled him. The part which Runjeet was now required to play proved both difficult and delicate. His respect for the power of England would have led him to refuse an asylum to the Mahrattas, had not the religious prejudices of his subjects, and in some sort his own, fallen into the oppo-

site scale; and how to make the balance hang evenly, puzzled him much. He managed matters, however, with consummate address. Affecting good will to both parties, and seeking only to reconcile them, he managed to get rid of both without a collision, and marked his delight at their departure by committing such fearful excesses, in the course of the great religious festival of the Hoollee, that for four months he was not able to mount his horse.

The fame of Runjeet Singh was now spread throughout the whole of the country of the five rivers; and most of the chiefs having become his tributaries, the Missuls, or tribes, were absorbed and consolidated into a kingdom. He aspired next, at the subjugation of the sirdars, to the left of the Sutlej, and gave out that the Jumna was the proper line of demarkation between his dominions and those of the English. But he had not pushed his conquests far (though wherever he went Victory followed in his footsteps), ere the chiefs sent to implore the protection of the British government; and, in 1807, Mr., now Lord Metcalfe, set out upon the mission, which first established between the Sikhs and ourselves specific relations. At first, Runjeet exhibited little disposition to listen to the counsels of moderation which the English envoy conveyed to him. He was in the full tide of conquest, and conquerors are seldom willing to stop in their career and to go backwards. But Runjeet was too prudent to hold otherwise than in profound respect a power which, in half a century, had supplanted that of the Mogul, and become masters of the very empire where, at first, its representatives had craved for leave to carry on trade, and submitted to all manner of contumelies and insults for the purpose of securing it. Moreover, an event occurred in the heart of his camp, which gave the Sikh monarch a very exalted opinion of the qualities of the Company's troops. Mr. Metcalfe was attended in his mission by an escort of Sepoys, two or three companies of a regiment of infantry, and, either by accident or designedly, the soldiers composing them were Mussulmans. The season of a Mussulman festival came round while the envoy's tents were pitched in Runjeet's camp; and the Sepoys, attending to the requirements of their religion, proceeded to keep the feast as their law directed. The proceeding gave mortal offence to the Sikhs, who, being lashed to fury by the declama-

tions of some bigoted priests, seized their arms and attacked the mission camp. Nothing could exceed the discipline and good conduct of the guard. They formed, met the assailants, and, after a sharp encounter, drove them back with loss, though the numbers which acted directly against them could not fall short of 2000 or 3000. Runjeet Singh was an eye-witness to the battle, and the impression which it made upon him operated beyond the period when, with some difficulty, he caused the tumult to cease.

Beyond all question the proof which he seemed to have received of the immeasurable superiority of English disciplined troops over his own irregular levies, induced Runjeet to listen with a more favorable ear to the remonstrance of the envoy. He declined, indeed, to relinquish the conquests which he had actually achieved, and seemed loth to come under any engagement never to push them farther. But when a British army, under Colonel Ochterlony, took the field, and advanced from Delhi for the avowed purpose of supporting the arguments of the minister, Runjeet became convinced that they were unanswerable. One by one his garrisons withdrew from the posts of which he had put them in occupation, while the English advanced, and established themselves in force at Umbala. It is marvellous how much weight a few batteries of nine-pounders, especially if bayonets and sabres in adequate numbers be beside them, carry in the controversies of nations. Runjeet admitted, at length, that the Sutlej, not the Jumna, would make the best boundary on the south-eastern part of his dominions; and, on the 25th of April, 1809, a treaty was ratified on both sides, of which it is not necessary to give in this place more than the substance.

The treaty in question determined,

1. That there should be perpetual amity between the British government in India and the court and nation of his highness Maha Rajah Runjeet Singh; that the British and Sikh nations should deal with each other on terms of reciprocal good-will; that the former should never interfere with the proceedings of the latter, so long as they confined themselves to the north-west bank of the Sutlej.

2. In return for this the Maha Rajah agreed to maintain no more troops on the left of the Sutlej than should be absolutely necessary for self-defence; and to abstain from all encroachments on the

rights of the chiefs, whom the British government had taken under its protection.

3. That the slightest violation of the engagements thus entered into on both sides with good faith, should put an end to the treaty, whether the provocation came from the Sikhs or from the English.

Having arranged this important business, the British Minister, with his escort, withdrew; and Runjeet falling back behind the Sulej, a proclamation was, by authority of the governor-general, put forth for the guidance of the protected chiefs. The document in question explained, "That the territories of Terhend and Matooa (for such was the designation assumed by the Sikhs of Puteela, Naba, Keend, and Kykul) being taken under British protection, Runjeet Singh was prohibited and had agreed not to interfere, after the 6th of May, 1809, in any way with the people or their ruler. At the same time the British government set up no claim to supremacy or rule. It demanded no tribute, nor any other mark of dependence, but left the chiefs at liberty to exercise, each within the limits of his own dominions, plenary authority as heretofore. The chiefs, on the other hand, were required to facilitate, by every means in their power, the movements of such British troops as might, from time to time, be employed in insuring to them and their subjects invasion from the Punjaub. Moreover, in the event of an invasion actually taking place, the chiefs were informed that the British government would expect them to join the British army, with as many armed followers as they might respectively be able to muster. Again, certain posts, and among others Lodiana, were surrendered to the English, in order that garrisons being stationed there, the means might be at hand of overawing the Punjaubees, and a base of operations, in the event of war, established. The protected chiefs were to grant free egress from these posts, and ingress, to all merchants and others passing to and fro on their lawful business; and were not to impose any tribute on horses while proceeding through their territories for the purpose of being used by the British cavalry. Finally, the protecting power claimed the right to decide in all questions of disputed succession, and declared itself entitled to occupy in the event of a failure of rightful heirs. It does not appear that against the different clauses of this proclamation any remonstrance was, from any quarter, sent in; and when in



process of time, one or more reigning members became extinct, the sovereignty over their possessions passed into our hands; no one presuming to deny the justice of an arrangement which, among a people where the privilege of adoption is never conceded, is both, by rich and poor, admitted to be legitimate.

Shut out, by these means, from schemes of conquest on one side of the Sutlej, Runjeet Singh forthwith devoted his energies to the extension and consolidation of his power on the other; and the better to insure its permanency, he began in this same year, 1809, to regiment, and in some sort discipline his troops, after the European fashion. His admiration of Mr. Metcalf's body-guard led him into this; and though he employed to accomplish his purpose only deserters from the English native regiments, with Hindus, who had served and earned their pensions, the progress which his men made was very creditable. His battalions of foot he fixed at 400 rank and file each. He had likewise his regular, as well as irregular cavalry; while his artillery he placed under a distinct command, and took infinite pains to increase both its weight and its efficiency. Thus supported, he soon made himself master of the whole of the Punjaub; and renewed, with greater success than formerly, the invasion of Mooltan; while events were already in progress at Cabul, and throughout the extent of the Dooranee empire, which opened for him further and not less important conquests elsewhere.

In 1809, Shah Sujah-ool-Mulk, our unhappy puppet of 1839, was driven from his throne. In 1817 he sought shelter at Lahore, where Runjeet, under circumstances of peculiar cruelty and wrong, forced him to give up the Koh-i-noor, the largest diamond in the world. This done, he marched an army into Kashmere, of which, though repulsed at the beginning, he succeeded, in the course of time, in making himself master. Mooltan also was effectually subdued; and, in 1818, partly by guile, partly by hard fighting, Peshawur fell into his hands. Whithersoever he went, in short, victory attended him; not always in the first instance, nor without frequent reverses; but always crowning his efforts in the end, except when he came in contact with the English. And this he did in 1819, under circumstances of which, perhaps, he might have had some reason to complain, had he not been as far-sighted in

his views of policy as he was energetic in war. It happened that one of the protected chiefs, whose residence and capital lay on the left of the Sutlej, had estates or territories from which he drew rents, on the right bank of the river. Runjeet, interpreting his treaty with us somewhat favorably for himself, demanded tribute from this rajah for the lands which he held north-west of the boundary; and the tribute not being immediately paid, he sent an armed force to compel it. The Rajah complained to the protecting power, and a British corps took the field. Runjeet had no wish to force on a war with England; he therefore ordered his armed collectors to retire from the disputed territory, and sacrifice the tribute.

It was in the month of March, 1822, that a couple of European military adventurers presented themselves, for the first time, at the durbar of the Maha Rajah. These were MM. Ventura and Allard; the former an Italian, the latter a Frenchman by birth, but both officers who had served with distinction in the French army under Napoleon. M. Ventura had obtained the rank of colonel of infantry, M. Allard a similar rank in the cavalry; and both had fought in many battles, including the last, and, to the empire, the most fatal of them all, the great fight at Waterloo. Seeing their fortunes marred in Europe, they sought employment in Persia; there they do not seem to have been very well treated, nor much to have improved the state of the shah's army. But however this may be, they grew weary of the sort of life which they led at Tehran, and making their way through Afghanistan, they came to Lahore, and desired to enter into the service of the king. Runjeet appears to have been suspicious, at the outset, of their motives. He could not understand either their position or their views; and the Sikhs being a jealous and prejudiced people, perhaps he might not feel that it would be altogether safe to take them into his confidence. He proceeded, therefore, with great caution; and getting them to write in French a little statement of their past career and future purposes, he sent it to parties in Loodiana, whom he could trust, and got it faithfully translated. The experiment seemed to satisfy him. He took them at once into his service, as military instructors; and, committing his infantry to the one, and his cavalry to the other, saw with equal wonder and admiration, the rapid progress which both arms made in their knowledge of mil-

itary movements and exercises. By and by another French gentleman, M. Court, who had been well educated in the Polytechnic School, arrived; and he, on the recommendation of his predecessors, undertook the training of the Sikh artillery. We need not stop to explain what remarkable progress the Sikhs make under their European teachers. Moreover others, such as M. Avitabile, came; and the result of their combined efforts was to give to the Maha Rajah an army, before which none throughout the East, except that of England, could stand. Of the exact amount, in point of numbers, to which it was raised, we cannot speak with accuracy; but this much is certain, that Sir John Kean, on his return from Cabul, reviewed about 40,000 of them; and declared in London that he had seldom looked upon a finer body of men, or inspected a cavalry or an artillery better mounted, equipped, and worked even in Europe.

If we take the amount of Runjeet's force, when it stood the highest, at 150,000 of all arms, we shall probably not go much beyond the mark. He himself called it 200,000 regular and irregular; the former consisting of disciplined infantry, the latter of matchlock men, fantastically dressed according to their own taste. His regular cavalry, about 15,000 strong, carried swords, carabines, and some of them lances; wearing casques, or steel helmets, with shawls wrapped round them; and armor over their quilted jackets, either mail or cuirasses. The artillery cannot be said to have been formed into a distinct corps; for though it numbered 400 pieces, there were but 4000 gunners drilled to use them, the working of each piece being entrusted to the regiment to which it was attached. All accounts unite, however, in describing the guns as excellent; and the skill of the gunners, whether with shot or shell, as highly creditable. The muskets and bayonets with which the regular infantry were armed, come, like their cannon, from the great foundry of Lahore. They are much inferior to those in use with European armies; and the troops that wield them are described by Mr. Osborne and others, as slow in their manner of working.

It may be so as far as parade manœuvres are concerned, but the Sikhs have shown themselves rapid marchers, and so they will again in the event of a prolongation of the war, which the bloody battles of Mootkee and Ferozeshah seem only to have begun.

Moreover, their capability of sustaining fatigue is great. Long of limb, and thin and spare in their figures, they accomplish marches which, in respect to their extent, would sorely try an Englishman. They have repeatedly compassed 300 miles in eleven days, a feat seldom surpassed even in a temperate climate, and gigantic where the thermometer stands at 112° in the shade.

From the ratification of the treaty in 1809 up to 1819 there was little or no direct or diplomatic intercourse between the supreme government and the court of Lahore. At the latter of these dates Sir Alexander Burns arrived at Runjeet's durbar, bringing with him, as a gift from the prince-regent, four enormous dray-horses, and having carried back some valuable information to Calcutta, was again in 1831 employed on a similar errand, and the move was followed up not long afterwards by a personal interview between the Maha Rajah and the Governor-general. It took place at Ruper, and ended in a solemn renewal of the engagements of 1809, of which, having some notable plans under consideration, Runjeet contrived in due time to obtain the written minutes. The next thing heard of him was that he had assembled a large army and was about to march into Scinde. And very much surprised was he when the British government made him aware that no such scheme of conquest could be permitted; and that if he ventured to cross the line that separated his present dominions from those of the Ameers, an army from Bombay would forthwith compel him to return.

Runjeet Singh was very indignant on receiving this announcement. He contrived, however, though not without sending the British envoy away, to hide his chagrin, and being as prudent as he was bold, yielded with a good grace where resistance seemed to be hopeless. And partly, perhaps, because his conduct on the occasion was appreciated, partly because his good will was worth more than the cost, Lord Auckland, in the treaty of 1838, secured to him for ever the province which he had wrested from the Affghans. Nevertheless, it is now well understood that his chiefs looked with much disfavor on his acquiescence in the policy of England at that time, and scarcely had he paid Nature's great debt ere the hostile feeling which the natives cherished towards the English connexion showed itself.

The Lion of the Punjaub died at a very critical moment for the interests and influence of the English in India. We had entered upon our insane expedition to Cabul, and were already involved in difficulties which seem most unaccountably to have taken us by surprise, when the old man, feeling his end approach, gathered the whole of his principal officers about him and caused them, in his presence, European as well as native, to take the oath of allegiance to his son, Kurruck Singh. This ceremony took place on the 28th of June, 1839, and in a few days subsequently the Maha Rajah expired. Now Kurruck Singh was a very weak man, altogether incapable of sustaining the burden of such an empire as was thus laid upon his shoulders, and though he received it peaceably enough, but a short time elapsed ere difficulties began to gather round him. He found in office men whom his father had trusted, Rajah Dhejan Singh, with his son the Rajah Mera Singh, and his brothers Goolab Singh and Soochet Singh, and naturally gave to them the confidence which they appear never in the previous reign to have abused. But though able men and sprung from a good family, they had been born poor, and worked their way from the station of private troopers in one of Runjeet's regiments of regular cavalry. Success appears to be as fruitful of animosities among the Sikhs as among ourselves, and the four adventurers, envied at every stage, now found that they were hated. Other great men conspired to supplant them in their master's councils, and succeeded. They were wroth, and entered, without delay, into schemes of vengeance. They found also in Noo Nehal Singh, the son of the new sovereign, and a brave and clever youth, a not unwilling instrument wherewith to work. Under the pretext of forcing the Maha Rajah from the presence of a dangerous favorite, they broke into the palace with armed men, slew their rival, Cheyt Singh, in the king's presence, and cast into prison a whole family of nobles. Then followed a proclamation, which set forth that Kurruck Singh was, from mental imbecility, incapable of carrying on the affairs of government. Then was Noo Nehal placed as regent on the throne, and Rajah Mera Singh, though he conceded to his father the foremost place in regard to rank, became, in the exercise of a paramount influence in the palace, at once a rival and eye-sore to his nearest of kin.

We have already explained that, from the moment that the Sikhs devoted themselves "to steel," all the humane and pure moral teaching of Nanao Shah ceased to be remembered. Instead of abjuring war, they waged it incessantly, and indulged besides in vices of every sort, as well those which brutalize amid their tendency to render the perpetrator effeminate, as in crimes of violence and an utter disregard to human life. The court of Noo Nehal soon became a perfect sink of debauchery, while his father was understood to be wasting away in his seclusion by a disease which common report attributed to poison. At last the ill-fated Kurruck Singh died, and his body was, with great pomp, consumed to ashes. But Noo Nehal reaped no accession to his honors from the event, for, returning on his elephant from his father's obsequies, the animal backed against the gateway of the palace and brought down a mass of brickwork upon the head of its rider. An unworthy favorite, who occupied the same houdah with him, was killed upon the spot, while the skull of Noo Nehal received so severe a fracture that, after lingering a few hours insensible, he expired.

So sudden a death to the young monarch occasioned a great sensation among the Sikhs. It dissolved, moreover, the whole frame-work of society, for there was no direct heir to claim the throne—none, at least, possessing personal weight enough to ensure a ready acquiescence in the demand. As far as England is concerned, however, the probabilities are that the death of Noo Nehal is not much to be regretted. He never made any secret of his hatred of us, and had planned, and would have doubtless, sooner or later, carried it out, a project for involving us simultaneously in a war with the Punjaub, with Nepaul, Birmah, and Cabul. At the same time, there is no denying that his death has precipitated the struggle. The revolutions which followed it in the Punjaub, fruitful as they have been of evil to the natives of that state, never shook the hatred wherewith the chiefs and soldiery regard us. Indeed, so implacable is this feeling, that the refusal of his temporary successor, Shere Singh by name, to fall upon the rear of General Pollock's army and cut off its convoys, cost the individual his life. But we are anticipating.

When Noo Nehal's fate was announced to the minister Dhejan Singh, he cast his eyes at once upon Shere Singh, one of twin sons whom Mehtab, one of Runjeet's wives,

had borne, but of whom the old Lion never would acknowledge the legitimacy. Shere Singh was a man of considerable energy of character, and proceeded at once from his retirement near Umretzur to assume the reins of government; but the widow of Kurruck Singh opposed him, giving out that her daughter-in-law, the relic of Noo Nehal, was *enceinte*, and that it was her duty to act as regent till the child should be born. At first the tale was credited, so both Shere Singh and Dhejan Singh withdrew again from the capital; but the falsehood came to light as soon as men recalled to their remembrance that the interesting lady numbered no more than eight years of age. Accordingly, Shere Singh took the field again and prevailed. But these claims and counter-claims, as they could not be maintained without constant appeals to the troops, so they soon converted the Sikh army into a body as disorganized and mercenary as were the Prætorian bands of Rome. Rivals bid for their services, and were served and betrayed alternately. Thus Shere Singh having gained his end by largesses, kept his place only till he forgot to be profuse among his troops, and was murdered at a review, the very minister who raised him to the throne being a party to the deed. Other assassinations and military riots followed, till, in the end, all government, or semblance of a government, ceased, and the army, after existing by plunder as long as it could be had on the Sikh side of the Sutlej, advanced towards the river and threatened the protected principalities.

Here, then, we stop for the present. Before we meet our readers again, the results of the operations which have been carried on in the neighborhood of Loodiana will have transpired; and as soon as we feel ourselves in a position to deal fairly by so important a subject, we will not fail to give a sketch both of them and of the circumstances which shall appear to have led to them and arisen out of them.

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#### MURILLO, OR THE PAINTER WITHOUT AMBITION.

It is through the assistance of the fine arts that we are better acquainted with two of the most striking epochs in the history

of Europe than with any other period in history. We allude, first, to that of the Reformation, the reign of Henry VIII., and Cardinal Wolsey, in England, with its corresponding period in Italy and Germany, the reign of the Emperor Charles V., extending to Spain, to that of his successor and son, Philip II., the husband of our Queen Mary.

The second period alluded to in the history of Europe, arrived a hundred years after; it extends over about fifty years of the seventeenth century, comprising the ministries of Cardinal Richelieu and his successor Mazarin in France, corresponding in England with the reign of Charles I., the Rebellion, and the restoration of the Stuarts to power. It is especially to painters that we are indebted for our knowledge of the cardinal ministers of both France and Spain, of their sovereigns, their friends, their enemies, and the courts that they so despotically governed.

The state of the fine arts in Europe at both these periods (the Reformation and the Rebellion) was glorious. At the time of the Reformation, Holbein resided in England; Albert Durer flourished in Germany; Titian, Tintoret, Giorgione, and Paul Veronese were protected by the Emperor Charles V.; Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Janet, and Prismaticcio, by Francis I.; Michael Angelo was rather persecuted than protected by the different successive popes; and Pierin del Vago, along with several other artists, worked at Genoa for the great and generous Andrea Doria.

Richelieu and Mazarin were equally in their day surrounded by a halo of glory in painting, owing to their enormous wealth; commissions were sent to Italy on a large scale, which laid the foundation of all the collections of France; and, notwithstanding the poverty and the bad fortune of the sovereigns of England and Spain, they protected, as well as their ministers, the fine arts, and both loved and understood painting. Accordingly, Rubens, Vandyke, Velasquez, and Murillo, along with the famous miniature painters, Oliver, Petitot, and Cooper, having transmitted to posterity the likenesses of all those by whom they were surrounded, we know the air and countenance, the figure and costume of the most celebrated persons of Europe; and thus are we become intimately acquainted with the beauties and wits, and the military and political leaders of the day.

We know the peculiar expression of the

unfortunate Charles; the grace of Henrietta Maria; the portly grandeur of her mother, Mary of Medecis; the sternness of Wallstein, according so exactly with Schiller and Coleridge's description of that extraordinary man; the warrior looks of the great commander, Spinola; the fatuity of Buckingham, so exactly in accordance with his character and conduct; and the vulgarity of feature of the minister of Spain, Olivares, joined to his expression of stern good sense.

It is to be regretted that the last great painter of Europe, Murillo, left but few portraits behind him of persons known to posterity. Murillo appears to have been as great in portrait-painting as he was in ideal or religious art. The portraits he has left are perfect in point of truth and nature, but Murillo was an unambitious man. He neither sought the society, the approbation, nor the patronage of kings or ministers. In his character of a mild and gentle nature, there was a sighing and struggling for independence of mind as well as habits, that was the marked characteristic of his life. His representations of himself more portray this spirit of independence than his contemplative and poetical nature, and there is more energy, vivacity, and animal life expressed, than would be expected in the gentleness and love of quiet and retirement that belonged to Murillo's character.

There are two portraits of Murillo at Paris; one is reckoned the *chef d'œuvre* of the Spanish gallery in the Louvre, the other belongs to Louis Philippe. Both have been engraved, and are well known in England through the engravings. The one belonging to the king represents him older and more grave in character than the former. The former would suit the character of Columbus; it represents boldness, acuteness, and sagacity. The latter is more religious in feeling and intent on his art. Another portrait, by and of Murillo, is said to belong to Don Berardo de Friate in Spain, was engraved there, and the engravings sold in London; and a fourth portrait is known in Holland and Belgium, and has been engraved in those countries.

There are also portraits in the Louvre of Murillo's mother and of his servant; but the most celebrated portrait by the hand of Murillo is now in England, and belongs to Lord Lansdowne, who bought it from Mr. Watson Taylor. It was brought to England by a Frenchman, but was seen, in 1806, in its original place, that is, hanging

up in the repertory of the Hospital de los Venerables at Seville. It represents the superior, Don Justino Francisco Neve, the dear friend and patron of Murillo, in whose arms he died. It is a whole length of an ecclesiastic, sitting in his arm-chair, and very perfect as portraiture. There is also in the Louvre the portrait of Don Andreas de Antrade, with his dog, a whole-length. Of this picture there are several repetitions in England. One of these repetitions belongs to the queen; another is at Longford Castle in Wiltshire. However, Murillo's portraits are rare. He painted many abbots, bishops, monks, and generals of monastic orders in Spain, for whose convents and chapter-houses he had commissions for large works of a religious nature. Of these persons, few are known out of Spain, and even in Spain their very names and histories are unknown or forgotten.

Murillo's reputation as a painter rests on the ideal in which he soared—on the earthly nature of the Spaniard raised by his imagination and traced to a heavenly nature—on a poetical feeling which came not forth in words, but that went direct from the mind to the hand; at the same time his art was so entirely national, that the most ignorant can immediately distinguish his pictures from those of any of the Italian school. The religious feeling of his faith and creed is expressed in every performance. We read in his divine pictures the history of Spain and of the Spaniards; the strong and fiery passions of the South, held down by the Inquisition; and the gloom and superstition of its kings and nobles. In Murillo's compositions may be read many a well-known story in Spanish life, and of the greatest individuals of the nation; the wisdom of Ferdinand and Isabella, the gloom and intellect of the Emperor Charles V., the crime and superstition of Philip II., the sagacity and wisdom of Ximenes and Olivares, and even the weakness of the imbecile Charles II., that monarch who so much appreciated Murillo's paintings, that he passed a law prohibiting their exportation out of Spain, thus showing sense and feeling enough to estimate their merit.

Alongside of the national characteristics of the Spaniards expressed in Murillo's composition, is a coloring that tells of the brilliancy of a fine climate; it is the beautiful on earth, in air and vegetation, allied to faith in God and in the saints; all these deeply imbued with the ferocity of the early religious wars, which made and created

those same saints and martyrs. The moral gloom with which Murillo was surrounded only cleared off now and then under the influence of a bright sun by day, and a clear, starry firmament by night.

Like Spagnoletto, Murillo's representations of our Saviour are disagreeable in the extreme. They express human nature, not divine nature; Spaniards in feature, passions, and countenance. Of all the great painters, it is Titian who has best combined the divine and human nature of our Lord, blended and mingled as Scripture has authorized our belief. It must be rather to the pictures of the Virgin Mary and the martyred saints that we must turn to become acquainted with Murillo. See the Madonnas in Marshal Soult's gallery, the way that they float in air on the canvass. They are evidently painted at the hour of setting sun in the south of Europe, and not in the street of a crowded metropolis, under the influence of a chilling easterly wind, or a November fog. The play of coloring in these pictures is so harmonious, that the idler lingers long before them, scarcely able to tear himself away, and yet not able to explain why he is so attracted there. One might suppose that Milton had contemplated the crowd of sunny cherubims in which the figure of the Madonna is encircled, those lovely beings

"In the color of the rainbow live,  
And play in the plighted clouds."

It is but Murillo, Correggio, and Guido, that can paint cherubims.

But it is difficult to bring the mind to a belief that the same artist who painted these heavenly visions, and thus represented assumptions and martyrdoms, could have excelled in low life in the manner in which Murillo, as a painter, is classed in the gallery at Munich. There he is known but as the painter of real life. The ragged beggar-boys of Seville are there depicted, devouring grapes and melons, and playing at cards as eagerly as if they staked thousands. All objects are represented with a truth that has caused it to be said, with regard to these paintings, "that the indifference to the external and the internal freedom amidst rags and poverty, raises these same paintings of beggar children to all that art can depict or express."

Painting began at once in Spain; not like the schools of Italy, gradually and successively, but dividing immediately into the

schools of Seville and Madrid. That of Madrid owed its origin to El Mudo (Navarette), having belonging to it the families of Italian origin of Castillo, Carducci, and others, who formed Sanchez Coello (the favorite painter of Philip II.), Pareda, Colantes, and others.

The school of Seville owed its origin to Luis de Vargas, and Pietro Campana, both of whom were formed and educated in Italy, and this same school continued with Alonzo Cano, Zurbaran, Velasquez, &c., and ended with Murillo.

Murillo, like Velasquez his contemporary and master, was born at Seville; and baptized on the 1st of January, 1618, under the name of Bartolomé Esteban. His parents were of humble origin, his youth was passed in obscurity, without education, without pleasures, without resource; "a most melancholy youth," as one of his biographers remarks of him, often leads to greatness. At last Juan de Castillo, a distant relation, took the boy out of compassion and charity to his home, whose reputation, destined to be so celebrated in the history of art, was to carry down the name of the master to posterity. Castillo drew correctly, but could only instruct the youth in the dry and cold coloring of a professor of Seville; and Murillo shortly left him to go to Cadiz, where, as it may be said, he became self-taught. The poor boy, deprived of all instruction, of all study, had to gain his daily bread by his pencil, of which he scarcely knew the use, and could not make great proficiency in an art which he used but as the means of procuring daily food and clothing. He sold his religious paintings (painted on wood) by the dozen, to persons going to America, and to the newly converted population of Peru and Mexico; but in painting these daubs, he acquired the habit of handling a paint-brush, managing his colors, and nothing more.

Murillo had attained the age of twenty-four, when, fortunately for him, an enthusiastic Spanish painter, Pietro de Moya, passed through Seville, to which town Murillo had returned. Moya had been in London, and had been instructed by Vandyke, and brought with him, on his revisiting Spain, the brilliant coloring and the good taste with which Vandyke inspired his admirers.

At the sight of Moya's paintings, Murillo fell into an ecstasy of delight; he was touched with the spark which sets the fire of genius into a flame. But what could he

do? He had neither money nor patronage; and soon after Moya's visit to Seville, Vandyke died, so that it would have been useless to have gone to England; a journey to Italy was too expensive to think of undertaking; and Moya himself, then but a scholar, was going to Granada. In a fit of despair, Murillo took a desperate resolution; he bought a large canvass, cutting it into small pieces, which he covered with little figures of the Madonna, of the Infant Saviour, with cherubims and garlands of flowers; and after disposing of these trifles at the fair at Seville, with a few pence in his pocket, neither asking advice nor taking leave of any one, he set out on foot for Madrid. It was in the year 1643. Arrived at Madrid, he presented himself to Velasquez, then in all the glory of his reputation and his good fortune. The king's favorite painter received the young artist kindly, encouraged him, promised him work, gave him the means of studying the works of the great Italian masters in the palaces and at the Escorial, and in his own studio Velasquez finally instructed and advised him.

Murillo passed two years in studying the great colorists. The masters he preferred were Titian, Rubens, and Vandyke, Spagnoletto, and Velasquez. Less anxious for renown than for independence he left Madrid, notwithstanding Velasquez's wish to retain him in that city, and returned to Seville in 1645. It was said that Murillo took a disgust to courts and cities, in consequence of the disgrace of the prime minister Olivares, which happened in 1643. He was a great patron of the arts, and was sent into exile, where he shortly after died. His loss was deeply deplored by Velasquez; and it is probable that the pure and simple-minded Murillo may have taken a disgust to Madrid in consequence of this public event. No persuasions of Velasquez could get him to profit by the king's bounty, or recommendations to pursue his studies at Rome. Painters are as excitable as patriots or poets.

Hardly had Murillo's absence been noticed in his native town; but the astonishment was great when the following year he painted for the Convent of San Francisco three pictures, one was "The Death of Saint Claire," a picture that formed the principal ornament latterly of the Aguado Gallery at Paris. Every one inquired where Murillo could have learned this noble and attractive style, which partook of the manner of Spagnoletto, Vandyke, and Velasquez, and that was thought from its variety

to be superior to all that they had produced.

Notwithstanding the envy which generally follows success, notwithstanding the rivalry and hatred of Valdez Leal, of Herrera the younger, whom Murillo had dethroned from being at the head of their profession as painters, he soon rose from indigence and obscurity to renown; and, in 1648, he was in a position good enough to obtain in marriage the hand of a rich and noble lady, Doña Beatrix de Cabrera y Sotomajor.

From the year that Murillo returned to Seville (1645), until his death in 1682, he rarely left his native place, nor indeed scarcely his studio; spending there thirty-seven years in constant and incessant employment, and by that means producing the enormous number of pictures that were the work of his pencil. Given up to his art, he sought neither the patronage of the great nor the applause of the multitude, but made his happiness in placing his talent at the disposal of those persons who pleased himself in indulging his taste for composing his pictures in retirement, and for being completely independent in his daily habits of life. The chapters, the monasteries, and the grantees of Spain sent incessant requests and orders to the artist of Seville; and there were few cathedrals, sacristies, or convents, that did not possess some representation of their patron saint by his hand. Most of the illustrious and ancient families of Spain also aspired to the portrait of some ecclesiastic, friend, or relation painted by him.

The Convent of Capuchins at Seville at the beginning of this century, possessed nineteen first-rate pictures painted by Murillo, and the Hospital de la Claridad had in its little church eight of his most famous compositions. He received from the hospital for the painting of "Moses Striking the Rock," 13,300 réaux de vellon; for the "Miracle of the loaves in the Desert," 15,975; and for all the eight pictures together, 32,000 réaux de vellon, a sum amounting to about 850*l.* of our money—a large sum for those days, and for Spain. The most laborious and productive time of his life was from his fiftieth to his sixtieth year; proving in art as in literature, that the greatest works of a man of genius are towards his decline, when he can unite experience and habit to invention and imagination. Murillo is, of all the Spanish masters, the one who possessed the most of the

ideal and of a poetical grandeur in his works. He seldom made use of allegory in his compositions, but went straight to his point to represent the scene as he imagined it, without having recourse to learning, or to tradition, or to legendary tale, as had the great Italian masters.

Murillo, like many of the great painters, had three successive manners; and these were called in Spanish, *frio, calido, y vaporoso* (cold, warm, and vaporous). These three terms sufficiently indicate the manner of each,—the children, the beggars, and the scenes of every-day life, in which Murillo excelled, were painted in his first style, as were a few of his monastic scenes.

The silvery tone in which his Annunciations are painted, are in the style called vaporous; harmonizing all throughout, and giving to the scene the appearance of the lighted-up clouds, a miraculous but fantastic light, full of the charms of effect and the triumph of coloring, and attempted previously but by Guido and Correggio.

Murillo's third manner, the warm tint, was the one that he preferred. Some of his largest compositions, now in the Museum at Madrid, are painted in this manner, and they are all taken from the stories of saints. It is in such-like subjects of divine poetry that the pencil of Murillo, like the wand of the enchanter, can show prodigies; and if in common life he is equal to the greatest of painters, he stands alone like Milton, in scenes of another world; and of the two great Spanish painters (him and his instructor Velasquez), it may be said that Velasquez was the painter of the earth, and Murillo that of the heavens.

In his Assumptions, Murillo takes a lofty flight into aerial regions amidst the ecstasies of saints and the visions of the enthusiast. As Velasquez aspired to the illustration of truth and to precision in details, so did his friend Murillo live above realities. He loved poetical life, and addressed himself to the imagination.

It was in the warm manner to which Murillo was so partial, that he painted what is esteemed his greatest performance, "St. Anthony of Padua," a picture now in the chapel of the cathedral of Seville; however, many of his admirers prefer the picture of "St. Isabella of Hungary," now in the museum at Madrid. It represents the pious queen gaining a celestial crown, not by prayer, but by works. The scene takes place in a hall of simple and beautiful architecture, where Murillo has succeeded in

combining all the perfection of each of his styles of painting, and of conveying to the eye and mind of the spectator a moral influence. In ancient times the kings of France and England were supposed to cure the evil. The kings of Hungary had another vocation, they cleansed and washed the lepers. The palace is converted into an hospital, where reigns a fearful and disgusting misery; the rags, dirt, and vermin, with which the children are covered, is suited but for Murillo's powers to represent. On one side are the ladies of the court, graceful, handsome, and magnificently dressed; on the other side are these wretched children, deformed, full of sores and suffering, amidst paralytic and almost lifeless old age. One profile of an old woman is brought out with great skill from a background, formed by the velvet robe of one of the court ladies. This is the triumph of coloring, as the whole picture is the triumph of contrasts. All that is brilliant in beauty, in health, and in luxury, is placed alongside of all the hideous ills to which human nature is subject. All of disease, all of splendor; but Charity approaches and unites these two extremes; a young and beautiful woman, wearing a royal crown beneath her nun's veil, is in the act of washing the impure head of a leper; her white and delicate hands seem to refuse the disgusting office that Religion calls on her to perform; her eyes are filled with tears; and her distress of mind is shown on her countenance, but Charity overcomes disgust, and Religion carries her through her terrible task. Such is the scene of a picture which causes artists and travellers such an admiration of the varied powers of Murillo; each detail is admirable; the least change would destroy the harmony of the whole; and Viardot says, "that this picture places Murillo by the side of Raphael."

The lover of painting has but few opportunities of studying the Spanish school in England. At Paris and at Munich the means are more at hand. In England, it is principally to the Sutherland Gallery that he must have recourse. That gallery possesses five pictures by Murillo, one of which is an acknowledged masterpiece of art. Four pictures by Zurbaran, one by Alonzo Cano, one by Spagnoletto, and one by Velasquez.

At Dulwich are several pictures by the hand of Murillo; at Grosvenor House is the celebrated landscape formerly in the palace of St. Jago, at Madrid; at Lord Ashbur-



ton's are four of his works, one of which represents "St. Thomas of Villa Neve, when a Child, distributing Alms."

At Mr. Wells', at Redleaf, is a very fine picture by Murillo, that was formerly in a church at Genoa; it also represents "St. Thomas of Villa Neve relieving the Sick."

At Longford Castle, in Wiltshire, are two fine Murillos, along with some excellent specimens of Velasquez; at the Duke of Wellington's are several of the Spanish school; at Lord Lansdowne's is a curious picture of El Mudo (Navarete), a rare Spanish painter, as well as several works by the hands of Velasquez and Murillo; at Mr. Sanderson's is one Murillo; at Leigh Court near Bristol, are three fine Murillos; at Lord Shrewsbury's are two, on sacred subjects; at Burleigh, one picture; at Woburn one picture: and the above mostly comprise the whole of Murillo's works to be found in England.

With regard to the number of his productions, Murillo is only to be rivalled by his countryman, Lopez di Vega. Like that poet, his youth was but of little use to him; like him he labored the rest of his life, and in his own line equalled the 1800 comedias, the 400 autos sacramentales, the epic and the burlesque poems, the sonnets, the stories, which made Cervantes call Lopez "a monster in nature;" unlike his master Velasquez, Murillo repeated his subjects often. Velasquez gave a care to every one of his paintings, all being intended for his king and master, while Murillo's works, destined to become the property of various persons in different parts of Spain, were often repetitions, and thus he became his own plagiarist.

Velasquez was most at home in common life in an adherence to truth to nature, while Murillo's greater energy, and more brilliant imagination, loved to soar above real life, though not like Zurbaran or Morales, whose powers are in terror and gloom, who revel in penance; in superstition, in autos de fè, the scenes of the Inquisition, and the ecstasies of Loyola.

The fine arts are proved to be passions in hundreds of instances, and like passion wholly and entirely lay hold of the mind of man; and when this is the case, the picture partakes of the character of the artist. There are many instances amongst artists of death occurring from grief, disappointment, jealousy, and envy, and particularly in Spain; amongst these examples is that

of Castillo, a native of Cordova. He came to Seville in 1666, when Murillo was at the height of his reputation; and on looking at his productions, which he did with great astonishment, he saw Nature reflected in her most perfect shape, with a brilliancy that he knew he could not emulate, nor had he believed in the power of art to attain. At length he recovered his speech but only to exclaim "Yà muriro Castillo!" (Castillo is no more). He returned to his home, but never again to paint.

Castillo was a poet as well as a painter. Seized with a hopeless gloom, he lived a short time in a state of despair, dying of a broken spirit, proving that there are natures endowed with such susceptible passions that to take away hope is to take away life.

It has been written that Murillo was a stranger both to interest and to ambition. It was in 1670, when Murillo must have been about the age of fifty-seven, that one of his paintings was carried in procession at Madrid, at the festival of Corpus Christi. The subject was "The immaculate Conception;" and the picture made such a sensation at Madrid, and at court, that the king's impatience would brook no delay, and he sent for Murillo from Seville; but the love of ease and retirement of the painter was not to be conquered by ambition or honors. He refused the commands of his sovereign under various pretences, and continued to live on at Seville in independence, that is, in constant labor and study of his art. Pictures were, however, sent by him to the royal collection.

But Murillo was not so totally engrossed with his art as to forget others. With the aid of his artist-friends, and the public authorities, he established an academy at Seville, of which he became director. It was opened in 1660, at a time of public rejoicing in Spain,—at the peace of the Pyrenees and the marriage of Louis XIV. to the Infanta Maria Theresa. Neither in this work nor in any other did Murillo receive any assistance from his own family. His eldest son went to the West Indies as a merchant; his second son became a canon of the cathedral at Seville; and his daughter took the veil in the convent of the *Madre de Dios*.

In 1681 Murillo went to Cadiz to paint the altar-piece of "The Marriage of St. Catherine," for the Convent of Capuchins; he fell from a scaffolding erected near the painting, was much hurt, and returned to

his home at Seville, ill, in consequence of his fall. After lingering for some time, he died in April, 1682, and was buried in a vault in the church of Santa Cruz, under the chapel where is the painting of "The Descent from the Cross," by Pietro Campana, and where Murillo was accustomed to pass some part of each day in prayer and meditation. This magnificent picture had been ever the object of Murillo's admiration and reverence throughout his life. And in that same chapel where so many holy thoughts had entranced him, in the same spot where his mind had ever been intent on religious meditations and feelings, his body found a resting-place. There is a harmony and a peace in the whole of Murillo's life and death, very powerful in his religious and poetical life; and in him is found a painter, as Wordsworth is a poet.

It is related, that one day when the church-doors were about to be closed towards evening, the sacristan reminded Murillo, then in meditation before his favorite picture, that it was time to depart. "I wait," said Murillo, still in his ecstasy, "I wait until these holy persons have taken away the body of our Lord."

After Murillo's death, it was discovered how entirely disinterested his life and character had been. No further fortune did he possess than a hundred reals, that he had received the day before he died; and that money, with sixty ducats found in a drawer, comprised the whole of his earthly possessions.

From the Eclectic Review.

#### HOUSEHOLD VERSES.

*Household Verses.* By Bernard Barton. Virtue. 1845.

THE reappearance of an old friend is always welcome; this neat little volume, therefore, inscribed with the well-remembered name of Bernard Barton, comes before us with peculiar claims on our attention and regard. During the last ten or twelve years, death has been busy among our poets; sickness, and advancing age, too, have compelled many more to give up "the gentle craft;" we are therefore well pleased to find a writer, whose productions have always been marked by much grace and feeling, putting forth his "eighth vol-  
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ume of verse, after a silence of nine years, in trustful reliance," as he says in his modest preface, "on its indulgent reception by a public from whom he has never met with aught but courtesy and kindness."

The unpretending but pleasing title given to this little volume, well describes its character. Many of the poems are addresses to living, or memorials of departed friends; many have been suggested by passing occurrences, and many are the pleasant musings of a thoughtful, pious, and grateful mind. The stanzas on page 103 are graceful, but the following poem is of a higher order; we regret our space will only allow the admission of the subjoined stanzas. They were suggested by a beautiful copy of the Madonna and child, presented to him by a friend.

"I may not change the simple faith,  
In which from childhood I was bred;  
Nor could I, without scorn, or scathe,  
The living seek among the dead;  
My soul has far too deeply fed  
On what no painting can express,  
To bend the knee, or bow the head,  
To aught of pictured loveliness.

"And yet, Madonna! when I gaze  
On charms unearthly, such as thine;  
Or glances yet more reverent raise  
Unto that infant, so Divine!  
I marvel not that many a shrine  
Hath been, and still is reared to thee,  
Where mingled feelings might combine  
To bow the head and bend the knee.

"And hence I marvel not at all,  
That spirits, *needing outward aid*,  
Should feel and own the magic thrall  
In your meek loveliness displayed:  
And if the objects thus portrayed  
Brought comfort, hope, or joy to them,  
Their error, let who will upbraid,  
I rather pity—than condemn.

"For me, though not by hands of mine,  
May shrine or altar be upreared,  
In you, the *human and divine*  
Have both so beautiful appeared,  
That each, in turn hath been endeared,  
As in you feeling has explored  
Woman—with holier love revered,  
And God—more gratefully adored."

pp. 83—85.

In a similar feeling, these pretty lines were written, "to illustrate a sketch of a ruined chapel."

"Turn not thou in pride aloof  
From this simple, lowly roof;  
Still let memory's gentle spell  
Save from scorn the Saint's Chapelle.

"Humble as it now appears,  
Yet its floor, in by-gone years,  
Has by worshippers been trod,  
Gathered there to praise their God.

"Even now, though 'tis but rare,  
Intervals of praise and prayer,  
Which recall its former use,  
Should redeem it from abuse.

"Where devotion has been felt,  
Where the devotee hath knelt,  
Chance or change, which years have brought,  
Should not check a serious thought.

"Where Religion's holy name  
Hath preferred its sacred claim,  
While a relic can be found  
Count it still as hallowed ground.

"Hallowed—not by formal rite,  
Framed in Superstition's night;—  
Ceremonial type, or sign,  
Sanctify no earthly shrine.

"But the homage of the heart,  
Thoughts and feelings which impart  
Trust in time, and hope in heaven,  
These to hallow earth were given."—p. 91.

Many of the sonnets are worthy transcription; we give the following as a specimen:—

"And I said, This is my infirmity: but I will remember  
the years of the right hand of the Most High!—Psalm lxxvii.  
10.

"Almighty Father! in these lines, though brief,  
Of thy most holy word, how sweet to find  
Meet consolation for a troubled mind,  
Nor for the suffering body less relief!  
When pain or doubt would, as a mighty thief,  
Rob me of faith and hope, in Thee enshrined,  
O be there to these blessed words assigned  
Balm for each wound, a cure for every grief.  
Yes! I will think of the eternal years  
Of Thy right hand! the love, the ceaseless care,  
The tender sympathy Thy works declare,  
And Thy word seals; until misgiving fears,  
Mournful disquietudes, and faithless tears,  
Shall pass away as things which never were!"  
p. 93.

With the subjoined remarkably flowing and graceful elegiac verses, to the memory of a young friend, we must conclude: recommending Bernard Barton's pleasant "Household Verses" to all our readers, and assuring him that we shall always be ready to welcome a similar volume from his pen.

"Lilies, spotless in their whiteness,  
Fountains, stainless in their brightness,  
Suns, in cloudless lustre sinking,  
Fragrant flowers, fresh breezes drinking,  
Music, dying while we listen,  
Dew-drops, falling as they glisten;

All things brief, and bright, and fair,  
Many might with thee compare.

"Symbols these of time and earth;  
Not of thy more hidden worth!  
Charms, thy memory which endear,  
Were not of this lower sphere;  
Such we reverently trace,  
Not of nature, but of grace!  
By their birthright, pure and high,  
Stamped with immortality.

"Brightly as these shone in thee,  
THINE, we know, they could not be!  
Yet we love thee not the less,  
That thou couldst such gifts possess,  
And, still mindful of their Donor,  
Use them to advance His honor  
Meekly, humbly, prompt to own  
All their praise was His alone!—p. 33.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF DAVID HUME.

### SECOND ARTICLE.

[The reader can hardly regret to see a continuation of the lively abstract of the lately published life of David Hume, by Mr. Burton, the first part of which appeared in the May No. It abounds in anecdote and humor, and presents a glimpse of the men and manners of one of the most interesting periods of modern literary annals.—EDITOR.]

THE life of Hume was one of much social enjoyment. When his pecuniary affairs had a little improved, he became a singularly happy man. "I was," says he, "ever more disposed to see the favorable than the unfavorable side of things—a turn of mind which it is more happy to possess than to be born to ten thousand a-year." In our March number, we mentioned that within two years of his being appointed keeper of the Advocates' Library, he published the first volume of his "History of the House of Stuart;" and in 1756, the second volume containing "The History of England, from the Death of Charles I. to the Revolution." We then endeavored to show the origin of what we regard as some of the heresies in Hume's political creed, and we have little doubt, that had Hume commenced his studies with any earlier period of English history, he could not, with the same plausibility, have vindicated his notion of all power in the people being usurpations on the prerogative. The

"History of the House of Stuart," was followed by that of "Tudor"—and the earlier part of the "History of England" was that which was last given to the public. It is in every respect the worst. The clamor against the "House of Tudor" was as great as that against his first volume. "The reign of Elizabeth," he says, "was particularly obnoxious." The volumes which relate the Anglo-Saxon story, and the fortunes of England, till the accession of Henry the Seventh, "met with tolerable, and but tolerable success." The last volume was published in 1761—six years from the publication of the first.

In the interval between the publication of the first and second volumes, appeared his "Natural History of Religion." The book was a failure—but Hume's disappointment was, he says, lessened by the gratifying circumstance that it was answered by Hurd.

In 1762, we find Hume speaking to his friends of the large sums given him for the copyright of the successive portions of his history; and he mentions the comfort of having set up a chaise. "I was become not only independent, but opulent. I retired to my native country, determined never to set foot out of it, and retaining the satisfaction of never having preferred a request to one great man, or even making advances of friendship to any of them." The plans of a literary man are as likely to be disturbed as those of any other, and Hume, though without solicitation on his part, was destined to be indebted to the great. In 1763, the Earl of Hertford, with whom Hume was not in the slightest degree acquainted, was sent as ambassador to Paris, and invited Hume to accompany him, holding out the expectation which was eventually realized, of Hume becoming secretary to the embassy. Hume declined the offer at first, but on its being repeated, suffered himself to be prevailed on. In 1765, Lord Hertford became Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Hume was left for some months "chargé d'affaires."

Hume's reception in Parisian society is mentioned by him with extravagant delight. His reputation had preceded him, and his entire freedom from affectation or pretence of any kind completed the charm. His works, too, were known by translations—were probably more read than in England—and certainly with greater sympathy. The admiration with which Hume had been regarded on the continent for some years,

was, some short time before, pleasantly manifested to him by a correspondence with Madame de Boufflers, which was commenced by that lady, on reading his "History of the House of Stuart." The biographer of Hume guards us against confounding this lady, whose name was Hippolite de Soujon, Comtesse de Boufflers Rouvel, with the Marquise de Boufflers Rémen-court, mother of the Count de Boufflers. Among the distinguishing circumstances one was, that Hume's correspondent was mistress of the Prince de Conti, while the other ornamented the court of Stanislaus Augustus, in the same recognized relation. On the dissolute state of society, which the fact of ladies in such relations being leaders of fashion, and received every where, implies, there can be but one opinion in these countries; but Mr. Burton well observes, that in judging of the individual, the feelings of the society in which life is passed, must be our standard.

"There is," says he, "a great difference between those who act up to the standard of a low social system, and those who do the same acts in breach of a higher one. A Mahometan, with his harem in Constantinople, is inferior in his tone of morality to an English gentleman of good domestic conduct; but he is infinitely superior to an Englishman with his harem in Piccadilly."

Between Hume and this lady a correspondence commenced in 1761. Her first letter is amusing.

"I am a woman," she says, "not old; and in spite of the frivolity and dissipation in which we all live here, there is scarcely a good book in any language that I have not read either in the original or in translations; and I assure you, monsieur, with a sincerity which you cannot suspect or distrust, that I have never met with any book which, in my judgment, combines so many perfections as yours."

This was likely to do, and it did catch the fat philosopher. She then tells him what she thinks of Cromwell and Charles, and civil and religious liberty; and again she returns to David Hume—every thing from whose pen shows him to be the perfect philosopher and statesman, an historian full of genius, an enlightened politician, and a genuine patriot. This letter was written at a time when she had no acquaintance whatever with Hume; nor does it appear that they had one friend in common. A woman of genius can do any thing; and

in the postscript to this first letter she invites him to Paris. Hume's replies to these letters are those of a man greatly gratified; but the correspondence soon languishes, and would probably have died away after the first expression of mutual admiration, if it were not that she became interested for Rousseau, and wrote to Hume about him at the same period that he was pressed on Hume's notice by another friend—the exiled Earl Marischal of Scotland, who was banished for the rebellion of 1715, and was then governor of Neuchâtel. In 1715, he must have been a mere boy; and when he wrote to Hume he had become a foreigner to such an extent as to find a difficulty in writing English. He was a singularly good-natured man, and he thought to have served both Hume and Rousseau by promoting the unfortunate acquaintance which was probably the most vexatious circumstance in all Hume's life. But to dwell on Rousseau now would be to anticipate. Hume arrived in France on the 14th of October, 1763. It is scarce surprising that he was received with great distinction. Of English literature, the French at the time absolutely knew nothing, except through the representations of Voltaire. Shakspeare, judged of by their canons of criticism, was a barbarian of some genius, considering his age and country. Milton was something, but not much better. In the literature of England, however, there was much of promise. The only admirable things that had been done were by Addison, whose drama of *Cato* atoned, by its studious regularity, for the insults offered by Shakspeare to all true taste, and whose *Campaign* was, in spite of its subject, recognized as a great national epic. Addison's rank in society was one of the reasons why his literary claims were freely admitted; and this same feeling now operated favorably for Hume. That a great philosopher should have been born in Edinburgh, an obscure town, the name of which no one in Paris could pronounce or spell, was itself little short of a miracle. That such a man should, in their own walk, be able to take the lead of the Voltaires and Diderots, enhanced the wonder; and that he should appear in the best society as an equal, and not resting on any doubtful claims of literary merit—claims which might be as capriciously denied as admitted—was one of those things that could not often occur, and its occurrence was therefore the more readily greeted. Previ-

ous even to Hume's arrival in France, he had received several letters describing the actual adoration with which he seemed to be regarded by that strange people. Lord Elbank writes to him (May 11, 1763): "No author ever yet attained to that degree of reputation in his own lifetime that you are now in possession of at Paris." In a letter from Andrew Stuart to Sir William Johnstone (16th December, 1762), he says:—

"Tell Hume he is so much worshipped here, that he must be void of all passions, if he does not immediately take post for Paris. In most houses where I am acquainted here, one of the first questions is, do you know Monsieur Hume, whom we all admire so much? I dined yesterday at Helvetius's, where this same Monsieur Hume interrupted our conversation very much."

In a letter to Smith, Hume himself describes the honors he had received:—

"MY DEAR SMITH—I have been three days at Paris, and two at Fontainebleau, and have every where met with the most extraordinary honors, which the most exorbitant vanity could wish or desire. The compliments of dukes and marshals of France, and foreign ambassadors, go for nothing with me at present. I retain a relish for no kind of flattery but that which comes from the ladies. All the courtiers, who stood around when I was introduced to Madame de Pompadour, assured me that she was never heard to say so much to any man; and her brother, to whom she introduced me,—\* But I forget already that I am to scorn all the civilities of men. However, even Madame Pompadour's civilities were, if possible, exceeded by those of the Duchesse de Choiseul, the wife of the favorite and prime minister, and one of the ladies of the most distinguished merit in France. Not contented with the many obliging things she said to me on my first introduction, she sent to call me from the other end of the room, in order to repeat them, and to enter into a short conversation with me; and not contented with that, she sent the Danish ambassador after me, to assure me that what she said was not from politeness, but that she seriously desired to be in friendship and correspondence with me. There is not a courtier in France who would not have been transported with joy to have had the half of these obliging things said to him by either of these great ladies. But what may appear more extraordinary, both of them, as far as I could conjecture, have read with some care all my writings that have been translated into French—that is, almost all my writings. The king said nothing par-

\* Some words obliterated.

ticular to me when I was introduced to him; and (can you imagine it?) I was become so silly as to be a little mortified by it, till they told me that he never says any thing to any body the first time he sees them. The Dauphin, as I am told from all hands, declares himself on every occasion very strongly in my favor; and many people assure me that I have reason to be proud of his judgment, even were he an individual. I have scarce seen any of the geniuses of Paris, who, I think, have in general great merit, as men of letters. But every body is forward to tell me the high panegyrics I receive from them; and you may believe that —\* approbation which has procured me all these civilities from the courtiers.

"I know you are ready to ask me, my dear friend, if all this does not make me very happy. No, I feel little or no difference. As this is the first letter I write to my friends at home, I have amused myself (and I hope I have amused you) by giving you a very abridged account of these transactions. But can I ever forget that it is the very same species that would scarce show me common civilities a few years ago at Edinburgh, who now receive me with such applauses at Paris."

Hume's income was considerably increased by a pension procured for him by the interest of Lord Hertford; and the hope of becoming secretary to the embassy added to his comforts, as it gave the near expectation of a thousand a year additional, and—

"Puts me," he says to Ferguson, "on the road to all the great foreign enjoyments. Yet I am sensible that I set out too late, and that I am misplaced; and I wish, twice or thrice a day, for my easy-chair and my retreat in James's Court. Never think, dear Ferguson, that as long as you are master of your own fireside and your own time, you can be unhappy, or that any other circumstance can make an addition to your enjoyment." "I know nothing that is necessary to happiness but cordiality, and the talent of finding diversion in all places. I remember, some where, a man's being told that he was too nice, because he could not dine on a ragout, and must have cold mutton."

In a letter to Robertson, Hume, who appears to have been always occupied in kindnesses to his friends, tells him of a translator or translatrix, a Madame Belot, who had done his "House of Tudor," and was ready to do Robertson's or any other man's work. Hume praises her handicraft, but Grimm tells us of some strange blunders. Hume alludes somewhere to the Polish aristocracy, and Madame renders this "*une aristocratie polie*." Poor thing! Mr.

\* A word or two obliterated.

Burton quotes a sentence from a French journal which tells of her in a year or two after, when she was living with the President Mesnieres, in a relation which, though not that of marriage, seems to have been recognized as one not utterly humbling. The president's taste is, however, called in question for his choice as "*Cette dame est peu jeune; elle est laide, seche et d'un esprit triste et melancolique.*"

"Do you ask me," adds Hume, in the letter which mentions Madame Belot. "about my course of life? I can only say, that I eat nothing but ambrosia, drink nothing but nectar, breathe nothing but incense, and tread on nothing but flowers! Every man I meet, and, still more, every lady, would think they were wanting in the most indispensable duty, if they did not make a long and elaborate harangue in my praise. What happened last week, when I had the honor of being presented to the D——n's children, at Versailles, is one of the most curious scenes I have ever yet passed through. The Duc de Berry, the eldest, a boy of ten years old, stepped forth, and told me how many friends and admirers I had in this country, and that he reckoned himself in the number, from the pleasure he had received from the reading of many passages in my works. When he had finished, his brother, the Count de P. [Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII.,] who is two years younger, began his discourse, and informed me that I had been long and impatiently expected in France; and that he himself expected soon to have great satisfaction from the reading of my fine history. But what is more curious; when I was carried thence to the Count D'A. [D'Artois, afterwards Charles X.,] who is but four years of age, I heard him mumble something which, though he had forgot in the way, I conjectured, from some scattered words, to have been also a panegyric dictated to him. Nothing could more surprise my friends, the Parisian philosophers, than this incident.

It is conjectured that this honor was paid me by express orders from the D., who, indeed, is not on any occasion sparing in my praise.

"All this attention and panegyric was at first oppressive to me; but now it sits more easy. I have recovered, in some measure, the use of the language, and am falling into friendships which are very agreeable; much more so than silly, distant admiration. They now begin to banter me, and tell droll stories of me, which they have either observed themselves, or have heard from others; so that you see I am beginning to be at home."

It is not surprising that Hume loved Paris. In a letter to Blair he tells of a masquerade to which he went with Lord Hertford:

"We went both unmasked; and we had scarce entered the room when a lady, in mask, came up to me and exclaimed:—'*Ha! Monsieur Hume, vous faites bien de venir ici a visage découvert. Que vous serez bien comblé ce soir d'honnêtetés et de politesses! Vous verrez, par des preuves peu équivoques, jusqu'à quel point vous êtes chéri en France.*' This prologue was not a little encouraging; but, as we advanced through the hall, it is difficult to imagine the caresses, civilities, and panegyrics which poured on me from all sides. You would have thought that every one had taken advantage of his mask to speak his mind with impunity. I could observe that the ladies were rather the most liberal on this occasion. But what gave me chief pleasure was to find that most of the eulogiums bestowed on me, turned on personal character, my naïvete, and simplicity of manners, the candor and mildness of my disposition, &c.—'*Non sunt mihi cornea fibra.*' I shall not deny that my heart felt a sensible satisfaction from this general effusion of good will; and Lord Hertford was much pleased, and even surprised, though he said, he thought that he had known before upon what footing I had stood with the good company of Paris."

There is an amusing chapter in Mr. Burton's book on the society of Paris, at the time of Hume's visit, but no attempt to describe that society has been perfectly successful. It can only approach to be felt after continued study of the thousand memoirs of the day. The books from which we can learn most of it, and all we can learn is very imperfect, are, Grimm, Marmontel, and Madame du Deffand, and, in her way, Madame de Genlis. The mystery of fashion is impenetrable. Madame du Geoffrin, the star described as of most splendor in the Parisian heaven, had no claim of rank; she was the daughter of a valet de chambre, and the widow of a manufacturer; she brought round her artists, and authors, and celebrities of all kinds; D'Alembert, Helvetius, Marmontel, and Raynal were sure to be met with her on her public days, and Rousseau, when at rare intervals he ventured from his solitude. Her manners were natural and good-natured; she believed, and acted on the belief, that if it were not for the rich, the poor could not live at all; and she patronized all manner of artists and artisans. At her parties, politics were carefully and even anxiously excluded. In spite of her patronage of the philosophers, she was suspected by them of some concealed religion—"Elle avait un appartement dans un couvent de religieuses et une tribune a l'Eglise des Capucins—mais avec autant de

mystère que les femmes galantes de ce temps-là avaient des petites maisons."

Madame de Bocage did what she could to rival Madame Geoffrin, but failed; she was rich—she was beautiful, or was said to be so—her rank was unimpeachable, but she had one fault, and that was fatal—she wrote poetry; the *Columbiade* and the *Amazones* are, or were, epics, and the guests who appeared at her parties feared to be examined in them, and had not courage to submit to the test.

Madame du Deffand declared war against Hume from the first. He went to Madame De Boufflers' parties, and she was jealous, as this was treason to her. There is a letter of her's to Walpole, from which a sentence is worth transcribing; it is lively, and will give some notion of the heartlessness, as well as the wit of these strange people.

"Vous me faites un grand plaisir de m'apprendre que David Hume, va en Ecosse; je suis bien aise que vous ne soyez plus à portée de le voir, et moi ravie de l'assurance de ne le revoir jamais. Vous me demanderez ce qu'il m'a fait? Il m'a déplu. Haïssant les idoles je déteste leurs prêtres et leurs adorateurs. Pour d'idoles, vous n'en verrez pas chez moi; vous y pourrez voir quelquefois de leurs adorateurs, mais qui sont plus hypocrites que devots; leur culte est extérieur; les pratiques, les cérémonies de cette religion sont des soupers, des musiques, des operas, des comedies, &c."

With Madame du Deffand's circle Hume's relations became those of active hostility—the hostility being all on the lady's side—in consequence of her quarrel with Mademoiselle De L'Espinasse. Mademoiselle was young, and was a sort of companion, it would seem, to Madame, who was blind, and read with her young friend's eyes. The young friend soon discovered she had a soul of her own, and Madame du Deffand's guests came an hour earlier than the time fixed for her parties, to enjoy the society of Mademoiselle, who was exceedingly lively; a good deal pock-marked, however; and whose charms were most successful in the twilight. At six o'clock in the evening, madame entered her apartments one day, and found that mademoiselle had been all the time engaged in conversation, high and deep, with D'Alembert and others of the philosophers—this was treason, and Mademoiselle was banished.

Her exile was a triumph. Mademoiselle set up for herself—won philosophers, and

artists, and poets, as many as she could, away from their allegiance to that elder throne. Her friends supplied her with a house and appurtenances of all kinds, and a pension from the king was obtained for her. D'Alembert visited her—the blind old lady soon learned the astounding fact, and the philosopher had to choose between madame and mademoiselle. He paid the compliment to youth, if not to beauty, and he had his reward. Not long after his secession, he became dangerously ill, and mademoiselle nursed him. D'Alembert was removed to her house, and whatever was her love for the philosopher, her peace of mind was disturbed by the jealousies of some for whom she was supposed to entertain feelings of a warmer nature. She died early; and vexation occasioned by his connexion with her, broke the spirit and probably hastened the death of D'Alembert. With D'Alembert and with Turgot, Hume had relations of more intimate friendship than with any others of the distinguished natives of France, in whose company he then lived. D'Alembert is mentioned with kindness in his will.

We have mentioned that Hume's opinions on the mechanism of the human mind, and of the evidence of our individual consciousness being insufficient to prove the actual existence of an external world—did not affect his habitual belief or conduct. He was in every thing favorably distinguished from the philosophical society, among whom he found himself in Paris. Romilly has preserved a conversation of Diderot's, who said to him—"Je vous dirai un trait de Hume, mais il vous sera un peu scandaleux peut être car vous Anglais vous croyez un peu en Dieu; pour nous autres nous n'y croyons gueres. Hume dina avec une grande compagnie chez le Baron d'Holbach. Il était assis à côté du Baron; on parla de la religion naturelle. Pour les Athées, disait Hume, je ne crois pas qu'il en existe; je n'en ai jamais vu. Vous avez été un peu malheureux repondit l'autre, vous voici à table avec dix-sept pour la première fois."

Mr. Burton gives us one or two of the letters of invitation to Hume, to French parties—one is amusing:—"M. L'Abbé Georgel fait un million de compliments à M. Hume. He makes great account of his works—admires her wit, and loves her person." We fancy it would take some time to persuade Monsieur L'Abbé, that this was not very good English. Hume's

interest was solicited in the disposal of church patronage. He is requested by Madame Helvetius, to procure an abbaye for her friend M. Macdonalt, "of an illustrious Irish family;" and is told by another lady, making a similar request, that the clergy will feel more pleasure in obliging him, than in performing the duties of their office. Lord Charlemont again met Hume on this visit to Paris—and again gives us an account of him. The passage is well worth looking at by those who have an opportunity, in Hardy's "Life of Lord Charlemont." Its substance is, we believe, given by Mr. Burton, but broken into such fractions, as best fit it with the respective parts of his work. Its effect is in this way lessened—Lord Charlemont's narrative was written a considerable time after this meeting with Hume in Paris; and he speaks also of intercourse with him in London. On the whole, his recollections are favorable to Hume. Hume was, it would appear, in the habit of showing him his essays, as he was preparing them for the press, and was asked by Lord Charlemont whether he did not think the diffusion of his views on the subject of religion would not diminish the happiness of mankind, and whether he did not think the curb of religion a necessary restraint. Hume's answer was—"The objections are not without weight, but error can never produce good, and truth ought to take place of all considerations."

"One day," says Charlemont, "that he visited me in London, he came into my room laughing. 'What has put you into this good humor, Hume?'—'Why, man, I have just heard the best thing said to me I ever heard. I was complaining that I had written many volumes throughout which there were but few pages that contained any reprehensible matter, and yet, for those few pages, I was abused and torn to pieces. 'You put me in mind,' said an honest fellow in the company, whose name I do not know, 'of a notary public, who, having been condemned to be hanged for forgery, lamented the hardship of his case, that having written many thousand inoffensive sheets, he should be hanged for one line.'"

Lord Charlemont accounts for Hume's reception in Paris, by the fact, that free-thinking and English frocks were then the fashion, and the Anglomanie was the *ton du pais*. Lord Holland, though less in fashion than Hume, had his share of admiration. He used to doze after dinner, and at a great entertainment fell asleep.

"Le voilà!" says a marquis, "Le voilà, qui



pense! 'No lady's toilet was complete without Hume's attendance. At the opera his broad unmeaning face was usually seen *entre deux jolis minois*. The ladies in France give the ton, and the ton was deism; a species of philosophy ill suited to the softer sex, in whose delicate frame weakness is interesting, and timidity a charm. But the women in France were deists, as with us they were charioteers. The tenets of the new philosophy were *à portée de tout le monde*, and the perusal of a wanton novel, such, for example, as Therese Philosophe, was amply sufficient to render any fine gentleman or any fine lady, an accomplished, nay, a learned deist. How my friend Hume was able to endure the encounter of these French female Titans I know not. In England, either his philosophic pride, or his conviction that infidelity was ill-suited to women, made him perfectly averse from the initiation of ladies into the mysteries of his doctrine. I never saw him so much displeased, or so much disconcerted, as by the petulance of Mrs. Mallet, the conceited wife of Bolingbroke's editor. This lady, who was not acquainted with Hume, meeting him one night at an assembly, boldly accosted him in these words: 'Mr. Hume, give me leave to introduce myself to you; we deists ought to know each other.' 'Madame,' replied he, 'I am no deist. I do not style myself so, neither do I desire to be known by that appellation.'—*Hurdy's Life of Charlemont*. Vol. I. p. 235.

Grimm's account is more lively; but the statement is in substance the same:

"Ce qu'il y a encore de plaisant, c'est que toutes les jolies femmes se le sont arraché, et que le gros philosophe Ecossais s'est plu dans leur société. C'est un excellent homme, que David Hume; il est naturellement serein, il entend finement, il dit quelquefois avec sel, quoiqu'il parle peu; mais il est lourd, il n'a ni chaleur, ni grâce, ni agrément dans l'esprit, ni rien qui soit propre à s'allier au ramage de ces charmantes petites machines qu'on appelle jolies femmes. O que nous sommes un drôle de peuple!"

Madame D'Epinay is still more amusing:—

"Le célèbre David Hume, grand et gros historiographe d'Angleterre, connu et estimé par ses écrits, n'a pas autant de talens pour ce genre d'amusemens auquel toutes nos jolies femmes l'avoient décidé propre. Il fit son début chez Madame de T—; on lui avoit destiné le rôle d'un Sultan assis entre deux esclaves, employant toute son éloquence pour s'en faire aimer; les trouvant inexorables, il devoit chercher le sujet de leurs peines, et de leur résistance: on le place sur un sofa entre les deux plus jolies femmes de Paris, il les regarde attentivement, il se frappe le ventre et les genoux à plusieurs reprises, et ne trouve

jamais autre chose à leur dire que: '*Eh bien! mes demoiselles...Eh bien! vous voilà donc...Eh bien! vous voilà...vous voilà ici?*' Cette phrase dura un quart d'heure, sans qu'il pût en sortir, une d'elles se leva d'impatience: Ah! dit elle, je m'en étois bien doutée, cet homme n'est bon qu'à manger du veau! Depuis ce temps il est relégué au rôle de spectateur, et n'en est pas moins fêté et cajolé. C'est en vérité une chose plaisante que le rôle qu'il joue ici; malheureusement pour lui ou plutôt pour la dignité philosophique, car, pour lui, il paroit s'accommoder fort de ce train de vie; il n'y avoit aucune manie dominante dans ce pays lorsqu'il y est arrivé; on l'a regardé comme une trouvaille dans cette circonstance, et l'effervescence de nos jeunes têtes s'est tourné de son côté. Toutes les jolies femmes s'en sont emparées; il est de tous les soupers fins, et il n'est point de bonne fête sans lui."—*Memoires et Correspondance de Madame D'Epinay*, Vol. iii. p. 284."

Hume's popularity was such as to have provoked Walpole into more than his usual waspishness. In one letter he describes him as treated "with public veneration." In another, he speaks of the tone of conversation in Paris, as "solemn, pedantic, and seldom animated but by a dispute. Mr. Hume, who very gratefully admires the tone of Paris, having never known any other tone, said, with great surprise—"Why, what do you like, if you hate both disputes and whist?" To another correspondent, he says that "laughing is out of fashion at Paris. They have no time to laugh.—There is God and the king to be pulled down first, and men and women, one and all, are devoutly employed in demolition. . . Mr. Hume is the only thing in the world which they believe *implicitly*, which they must do, for I defy them to understand any language that he speaks."

This was in 1765.—In the next year marvellous was the change in Horace's tone. Rousseau, the vainest and the maddest of men, every now and then appeared in the salons of Paris, in his Armenian dress, complaining of kings and people. He was in that early stage of insanity in which the sufferer, viewing every thing around him in reference to himself alone, weaves all into evidence of conspiracy. The case is so common that we believe it is one of the most ordinary incidents of insanity; in fact a regular stage in the disease. This was the hour for Walpole, and a play of small wit was directed against the savage philosopher. A letter with the name of the King of Prussia, inviting the persecuted Jean Jacques to his court, to live as a bro-

ther, was written by Walpole—was shown to Helvetius and the Duke of Nivernois. The French was doctored and cured, and the letter forwarded to Rousseau. That Rousseau should have believed a lie, seems a poor reason for France regarding the utterer of the falsehood with admiration.\* But so it was, the copies of Walpole's letter in Frederick's name "spread like wild-fire, *et me voici à la mode*. I was sent for about like an African prince, or a learned canary bird."†

In a letter of Hume's (1765), are sentences we wish to transcribe:—

"There is a very remarkable difference between London and Paris (of which I gave warning to Helvetius, when he went over lately to England, and of which he told me, on his return, he was fully sensible). If a man have the misfortune, in the former place, to attach himself to letters, even if he succeeds, I know not with whom he is to live, nor how he is to pass his time in a suitable society. The little company there that is worth conversing with, are cold and unsociable; or are warmed only by faction and cabal; so that a man who plays no part in public affairs becomes altogether insignificant; and, if he is not rich, he becomes even contemptible. Hence that nation are relapsing fast into the deepest stupidity and ignorance. But, in Paris, a man that distinguishes himself in letters, meets immediately with regard and attention. I found, immediately on my landing here, the effects of this disposition. Lord Beauchamp told me that I must go instantly with him to the Duchess de la Vallière's. When I excused myself on account of dress, he told me that he had her orders, though I were in boots. I ac-

\* We may as well print the letter:

"MON CHER JEAN JACQUES,

"Vous avez renoncé à Genève, votre patrie. Vous vous êtes fait chasser de la Suisse, pays tant vanté dans vos écrits; la France vous a décréte; venez donc chez moi. J'admire vos talens; je m'amuse de vos rêveries qui (soit dit en passant) vous occupent trop et trop longtems. Il faut à la fin être sage et heureux; vous avez fait assez parler de vous, par des singularités peu convenables à un véritable grand homme; démontrez à vos ennemis que vous pouvez avoir quelquefois le sens commun: cela les fâchera sans vous faire tort. Mes états vous offrent une retraite paisible: je vous veux du bien, et je vous en ferai, si vous le trouvez bon. Mais si vous vous obstinez à rejeter mon secours, attendez-vous que je ne le dirai à personne. Si vous persistez à vous creuser l'esprit pour trouver de nouveaux malheurs, choisissez-les tels que vous voudrez; je suis roi, je puis vous en procurer au gré de vos souhaits; et, ce qui sûrement ne vous arrivera pas vis-à-vis de vos ennemis, je cesserai de vous persécuter, quand vous cesserez de mettre votre gloire à l'être.

Votre bon ami,

FREDERICK."

† Walpole to Gray.

cordingly went with him in a travelling frock, where I saw a very fine lady reclining on a sofa, who made me speeches and compliments without bounds. The style of panegyric was then taken up by a fat gentleman, whom I cast my eyes upon, and observed him to wear a star of the richest diamonds;—it was the Duke of Orleans. The Duchess told me she was engaged to sup in President Henault's, but that she would not part with me—I must go along with her. The good president received me with open arms; and told me, among other fine things, that, a few days before, the dauphin said to him, &c. &c. &c. Such instances of attention I found very frequent, and even daily."

Hume, soon after, was made secretary to the embassy. His appointments were £1,200 a-year, and £300 for his equipage, and three hundred ounces of plate for his table.—[Letter to his brother, 14th July, 1765.] On Lord Hertford's appointment as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Hume was thought of as secretary. The arrangement was understood to be fixed;—and among the manuscripts preserved among Baron Hume's papers are applications to David for church preferment. Mr. Burton quotes one from a general officer, supplicating a chaplaincy for a friend:—

"The divine in question has a very good living, but in a quarter of the world where he has not a creature to converse with. If his excellency would enrol him among that million of the tribe of Levi that attend at the Castle of Dublin, who are called his chaplains, it would excuse his attendance at quarters, and his general (I mean his bishop) would be under the necessity of permitting him to be absent whilst he had the honor to be about the commander-in-chief at head quarters."

Lord Hertford found the prejudice against his bringing over a Scotchman too strong. He obtained for Hume a pension of £400 a-year. "There was," says Hume, in a letter to his brother, "a kind of fray in London on Lord Hertford's declaring his intentions in my favor. The princess Amelia said that she thought the affair might be easily accommodated. "Why may not Lord Hertford give a bishopric to Mr. Hume?"

Rousseau now appears upon the stage. He had succeeded in attracting Madame de Boufflers and the Marischal Keith, and thus Hume was prepared to respond to the vow, of eternal friendship which was tendered to him. At the close of the year 1765, he came to Paris, having, as he said, been

driven by the priests and the women from Neufchatel—

"'Is it not strange,' said he to Madame de Boufflers, 'that I, who have written so much to decry the morals and conduct of the Parisian ladies, should yet be beloved by them, while the Swiss women, whom I have so much extolled, would cut my throat?'"

"'We are fond of you,' said she, 'because we know that, whatever you may say, you love us to distraction. They detest you, because they know they are too ugly to attract you.'"

On leaving Neufchatel, he went to a little island, in the midst of a lake, near Berne. The island was inhabited but by one German peasant, his wife, and sister. But the Council of Berne was alarmed, trembled at the thought of a revolution, and ordered him at once to withdraw from their state. Hume undertook his protection, when he thus seemed hunted out of all society.

To Paris he came, though outlawed by the parliament, in a strange dress, which rendered him conspicuous to the police, as to every body else. He refused the king's passport, because it could, under his circumstances, be only given to him in a false name, and this was a violation of truth to which he would not submit. The instant he came to Paris he was all the fashion. He claimed to have immediate communications with the Divinity, and Hume believed him to be speaking what he thought the truth. In January, 1766, Hume, he, and M. de Luze of Geneva, reached England. On disembarking, Rousseau says "he leaped on his illustrious friend's neck, embraced him without uttering a word, and covered his face with kisses and tears." Rousseau's establishment consisted of a female, Mademoiselle le Vaseux, who is called his "gouvernante," and whom he insisted on accompanying him in all his visits, and his dog, "who," says Hume, "is no better than a collie."

"This woman forms the chief incumbrance to his settlement. M. de Luze, our companion, says that she passes for wicked, and quarrelsome, and tattling, and is thought to be the chief cause of his quitting Neufchatel. He himself owns her to be so dull, that she never knows in what year of the Lord she is, nor in what month of the year, nor in what day of the month or week; and that she can never learn the different value of the pieces of money in any country. Yet she governs him as absolutely as a nurse does a child. In her ab-

sence his dog has acquired that ascendant. His affection for that creature is beyond all expression or conception."—*Hume*.

The "gouvernante" followed in the train of the philosopher, for Hume, luckily, had not the trouble of conveying her. She was consigned to the care of another great man. While Hume was negotiating for a pension for Rousseau, and had nearly got the promise of a hundred a-year, he received a letter—

"A letter has also come to me, open, from Guy the bookseller, by which I learn that mademoiselle sets out post, in company with a friend of mine, a young gentleman, very good-humored, very agreeable, and very mad! He visited Rousseau in his mountains, who gave him a recommendation to Paoli, the King of Corsica; where this gentleman, whose name is Boswell, went last summer, in search of adventures. He has such a rage for literature, that I dread some event fatal to our friend's honor. You remember the story of Terentia, who was first married to Cicero, then to Sallust, and at last, in her old age, married a young nobleman, who imagined that she must possess some secret, which would convey to him eloquence and genius."

Hume, one night, persuaded Rousseau to go to the theatre with him. There had been some previous arrangement with Garrick, who placed him in a box opposite the king and queen. At the very moment they were leaving home, he told Hume that he had changed his mind—"For what shall I do with Sultan?" (his dog.) "Leave him behind," said Hume. "He will get into the streets, and be lost." "Lock him up in your room, and put the key in your pocket." When they were at the door, the dog howled. Rousseau again changed his mind. Hume at last, half by force, half by urging that the king and queen were expecting to see him, got him to proceed. Efforts were made to lodge Rousseau and his family in one cottage or another with farmers and gardeners: these failed. Rousseau said that he had not come to England to be mixed up with farmers and gardeners, and he was only properly housed when Mr. Davenport, a gentleman of five or six thousand a year, located him and his at some nominal rent, in a house which he happened to have in the peak of Derby. Hume, who was beginning to know his man, thus describes the prospect of his continuing in this hermitage:—"If it be possible for a man to live without occupation, without books, without society, and without sleep, he will not quit this wild and solitary place,

where all the circumstances which he ever required, seem to concur for the purpose of making him happy. But I dread the weakness and inquietude natural to every man, and above all to a man of his character. I should not be surprised that he soon quitted his retreat." Rousseau's suspicious temper had even before Hume wrote the sentence which we have just transcribed, been excited. Some dispute between mademoiselle and an old domestic of Mr. Davenport's seems to have been the immediate occasion of an actual outbreak of madness. Then, with diseased ingenuity, Rousseau put together all the facts connected with Walpole's letter. He had first attributed it to Voltaire, then to D'Alembert, then some accident led him to suppose an Englishman the author, then Hume himself became the great object of a thousand suspicions, and no act of kindness was there from Hume or his friends which he did not contrive to dovetail into the diabolical plot for his destruction, which he persuaded himself occupied all Europe. He wrote a letter to the English newspapers, in which he said, that the author of the forged letter from the king of Prussia had his accomplices in England. Hume says, that the excitement manifested in the language of this letter made him tremble for Rousseau. While Rousseau was thus agitating himself to frenzy, Hume and his friends were busy trying to arrange the pension affair in such a manner as would be most palatable to the philosopher. Jean Jacques first refused it because it was to be a secret. The king's consent was then sought to permit it to be published. This would not do either; Rousseau refused to allow Hume to interfere in his affairs at all. We have no intention of following Mr. Burton in his account of this quarrel, which is told at dreadful length, and for which Mr. Burton has not the excuse of Hume's former biographer, Ritchie, who published the original letters. A remark of Mr. Burton's may be worth preserving. In mentioning a letter of Rousseau's to Hume, he observes that "the frantic bitterness of the language is contrasted with the elaborate neatness of the penmanship, which, if handwriting conveyed a notion of character, would represent a calm, contented mind gratifying itself by the exercise of the petty art of calligraphy." Among the illustrations which accompany Mr. Burton's work is a fac-simile of Rousseau's handwriting, from Rousseau's letter to Hume in reply to his propo-

sal about the pension. Rousseau's insanity in reality appears at this period to have risen to such a height as to leave him scarcely an accountable agent; and to describe his frenzy as malevolence or ingratitude is rather to adopt a metaphor from language which assumes the sanity of all men, than to express with any but the loosest analogy, Rousseau's conduct or feelings. Hume was foolishly provoked into the publication of a pamphlet on the subject of the quarrel, and this gave rise to a war of pamphlets both in England and in France. Fuseli, the painter, was one of Rousseau's champions, an absurd enterprise for which he was well fitted. The caricaturists did not allow the incident to pass without supplying them with their share of the harvest, reaped by the thousand industrious livers on the bounty of the day, which is never so bountiful as when men, whose names are more known to the public than their writings, fall out. Rousseau was represented in one of their prints, and shown in all the shop-windows as a yahoo, newly caught in the woods; and Hume as a farmer offering him oats, which he refuses to eat. Horace Walpole is making horns for him of *papier-mâché*, and Voltaire and D'Alembert whipping him up behind. England, Rousseau found, was not the place for him, and he determined to fly. The solitary philosopher does not know, however, how to proceed, and he writes to the chancellor as the first civil magistrate in the kingdom, saying that he must "evacuate" England, and desiring a guard to escort him safely to Dover, "the last act of hospitality which he will desire of the English nation." Rousseau's acts are quite those of a madman. He exhausts himself in language which, for the most part we think may represent, a real purpose entertained at the moment, but the mind becomes fatigued by the very effort of expression in words, or is satisfied, and does not one of all the things so earnestly and extravagantly expressed. He has scarce sent his letter to the chancellor, when he writes to Mr. Davenport, the friend of Hume's, whose house in Derbyshire he occupied, a letter conceived in an humble and penitent spirit, expressing his determination to return to Wooton, and this letter being written and despatched, he straight sets off, not to Wooton, but to Dover, from which he writes a letter to General Conway accusing Hume, Davenport, and every one else, of a conspiracy to bring him to derision; and this letter ends with entreating Conway

not to have him assassinated in private, suggesting that such a step would not be safe—that in his memoirs, already written, and in the event of his death certain of being published, he has told the world of this conspiracy against his peace; that if he is allowed to return to France, he will suppress this work. As a guarantee for his observing this part of the contract, he consents to accept of the pension from the king, after which no one will imagine that he could be so infamous as to write against the king's ministers or his people. "He would not even write against Mr. Hume," he said, and he promised to ascribe all the unpleasant feelings that had arisen between them to his own temper soured by misfortunes. He at last, on the very day of writing one of his letters promising or threatening a return to Wootton, embarked for Calais. Better and kindlier feelings at last awoke in his mind towards Hume, whom he could not at any time have really believed to have been other than his friend. He attributed his conduct in England to the effects of the foggy climate, and his memoirs stop short just before the date at which his narrative would have brought him into contact with Hume and England.

Hume appears to have been heartily sick of the whole affair, as he well might. It tormented him during what had promised to be a pleasant vacation year of life. It is during that time the sole subject of his correspondence, and he never seems to have recurred to it afterwards. Rousseau is not mentioned in Hume's autobiography.

In the course of the year 1766, he returned to Scotland, and seems to have planned passing the rest of his life there; but in the next year we find him, through the interest of Lord Hertford, under secretary of state. Conway was secretary. It was a great day for Hume's friends. None of the Grafton cabinet were Scotsmen. There was no under secretary for Scotland, as in the days before Conway's secretaryship; and Hume was consulted on all affairs that related to Scotland. Hume's heart was in the literary reputation of his country; and he did not lose the opportunity of preaching the merits of his friends. "Tell Robertson," he says, in a letter to Blair, "that the compliment at the end of General Conway's letter to him, was of my composing without any orders from him. He smiled when he read it; but said it was very proper, and signed it. These are not bad puffs from ministers of state, as the

silly world goes." Our next extract presents a more curious document. It is from "the king's letter to the General Assembly, in 1767," *supposed to be written by Hume*:—

"Convinced, as we are, of your prudence and firm resolution to concur in whatever may promote the happiness of our subjects, it is unnecessary for us to recommend to you to avoid contentions and unedifying debates; as well as to avoid every thing that may tend to disturb that harmony and tranquillity which is so essential in councils solely calculated for the suppression of every species of licentiousness, irreligion, and vice. And, as we have the firmest reliance on your zeal in the support of the Christian faith, as well as in the wisdom and prudence of your councils, we are thoroughly assured that they will be directed to such purposes as may best tend to enforce a conscientious observance of all those duties which the true religion and laws of this kingdom require, and on which the felicity of every individual so essentially depends."

Hume was an earnest lover of his country. No Scotsman had the slightest literary claims that Hume did not at once ardently and vehemently support. Blind Blacklock was not only a great psychological curiosity, but also a poet to be ranked with blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides. Blind Milton was nothing to him. Wilkie, too, was a poet in Hume's esteem; for he measured poets by a sort of geographical scale, and Wilkie was a man born in the parish of Dalmanie, West Lothian, and a professor of Natural Philosophy in St. Andrew's. Wilkie had heard of Homer, and had read Pope, and thought he could do something better in the way of epic than had yet been done. A bold preface, dealing with the topics of mythology and poetry in professorial style,—from a small array of false facts deducing—as the men of "the north countrie" know how to do—conclusions that not only prove what they please, but the additional fact, that they were the first persons to see what they would yet persuade you had been all along lying on the surface,—was prefixed to the volume; and this preface did something to help the sale in Edinburgh; for Wilkie's prose style had some life in it, and his speculations were not heavier than Lord Kames's, or Lord Monboddo's. The man who appended ten thousand lines of verse to his dissertation, must be presumed to know what poetry was, and how it should be dealt with. A preface to a poem is, however, a dangerous experiment. Your true critic reads it, picks some hole in it,

and will not read further; and Willie Wilkie was pronounced to be no poet by the wise men who then managed the English oracles. Hume resisted the inspired voice of the *Critical Review*—modestly, as became a man pleading before a tribunal which he wished to persuade to a reversal of its own sentence,—but boldly, too; for the cause of Scotland seemed to be involved in procuring a triumph for Wilkie. Hume writes a letter to the *Review*, exhibiting, in detail, the argument of the poem. It was a bold step; and, perhaps, it is owing to his praises that both Blacklock and Wilkie are embalmed and placed in their due rank among the mummies in Chalmers's repository of the dead poets. John Home, too, was his cousin, and one whom he loved; and Douglas and Agis, and other tragedies by the same hand, are, therefore, bidden by our great critic, to take rank with Shakspeare, or rather above him, with an admission, however, that but for the disadvantages of a rude age and barbarous country, Shakspeare might, perhaps, have rivalled his dramatic friend. Ossian, too, he was well disposed to believe in, and when M'Pherson's first fragments from the Erse were published, he cheerfully subscribed his guinea, to enable him to visit the Highlands, in search of more poetry of the kind. However, on this subject "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream," and he appears to have been outworn by M'Pherson's lying impudence, when the young black-guard affected to resent inquiry as if it involved personal insult.

A book published by a native of Scotland it was Hume's delight to introduce to notice. The only exception we remember was "Ferguson's Essay on the History of Civil Society." He thought the book unequal to the author's reputation; but was delighted at its success—hazarding, however, in a low tone, the safe prophecy, that its reputation would not last long.

In July, 1768, General Conway was superseded by Lord Weymouth, and Hume's under-secretaryship was at an end.

In 1769 he returned to Edinburgh, "very opulent," he says, "for I possessed a revenue of £1000 a-year, healthy, and, though somewhat stricken in years, with the prospect of enjoying long my ease, and of seeing the increase of my reputation." His friends in France did what they could to make him live there. He, however, returned to his old house in James's Court; and we soon find him correcting his History

for another edition. Hume had no love for England. Its constitution, we have endeavored to prove in a former paper, was from the first mistaken by him. He had at one time called himself a Whig; he now found that the name was inconsistent with his present views, and the passage is altered in an after edition of the essay in which it occurs. The History is also essentially altered; and, in every instance—we have his own authority for the statement—the alterations lean to the Tory side. In the next year, Hume commenced building the house in the new town of Edinburgh in which he died. It is in the street now called St. David-street. The name of the street originated in a joke. The house was inhabited by Hume before any other house in the range had been built, and a young lady wrote on the wall, "*St. David Street.*" Hume's servant lassie, like Byron's man, Fletcher, thought it no good speculation to make a saint of her master; the thing would not do, and she ran to tell Hume how he was made game of. "Never mind, lassie," said the laughing philosopher, "many a better man has been made a saint of before."

Of Hume's claim to canonization we do not think very favorably, still a case might be made for him which the devil's advocate would find it hard to resist. If Coleridge could be called as a witness—as he usually is when any thing untenable in philosophy or in fact is to be proved—the advocates for Saint David could at once prove that his doctrine of association is identical with that of Saint Thomas Aquinas—nay, borrowed from the angelical doctor's comment on Aristotle. Coleridge, too, would undertake to prove that books of Hume's, which contained the very treatise, were sold to Sir James Mackintosh, with marks in Hume's handwriting. Hume's private study of good works could be thus shown, and also his modest attempt to conceal his merits of this kind. The devil's advocate, however, might, on cross-examining the witness, force him to admit—first, that the books bought by Mackintosh did not contain any part of Aquinas's commentary on Aristotle, nor the work of Aristotle, in Aquinas's comment on which the law of association is alleged to be propounded; next, that it did not contain Hume's marks or Hume's handwriting; nor was there any reason (except that Mr. Payne, the bookseller, in a catalogue, suggested that some handwriting on the margins might be

Hume's) to think the book bought by Mackintosh had ever belonged to Hume; and lastly, he might show—what, however, is of little importance—that the law of association does not appear to have been stated either by Aristotle or Aquinas—but that the origin of the mistake is, that both mention one or two facts acknowledged by all men, on which St. David, not without help, built up his theoria.\* The advocates of canonization, if they went into evidence of character, would be able to prove that, however offensive his metaphysical speculations might be, and however little like those of St. Thomas, he was in society "simple, natural, and playful." "I was," says the venerable Henry Mackenzie, "during the latter period of his life, frequently in his company, among persons of genuine piety, and never heard him venture a remark at which such men, or ladies more susceptible than men, could take offence." The next witness is Adam, lord commissioner of the jury-court, who died in 1830. The chief fact which he states is, that Hume, who was always playful in conversation, when at tea one evening a chair sunk under his weight, said, "Young ladies, you must tell Mr. Adam to keep stronger chairs for heavy philosophers." Boswell, the young gentleman who escorted Rousseau's gouvernante to England, frankly told Hume he thought he ought not to keep company with him, on account of his books. "But, said I to him," adds Bozzy, "how much better you are than your books." A pleasant letter from Lady Anne Lyndesay, authoress of the song of "Auld Robin Gray," will give some help. It contains Hume's character, "from a manuscript said to have been found in the Pope's library at Rome:"

"CHARACTER OF ———, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF."

"1. A very good man, the constant purpose of whose life is to do mischief.

"2. Fancies he is disinterested, because he substitutes vanity in place of all other passions.

"3. Very industrious, without serving either himself or others.

"4. Licentious in his pen, cautious in his words, still more so in his actions.

"5. Would have had no enemies, had he not courted them; seems desirous of being

\* Compare Coleridge's statement of this matter in his "Biographica Literaria," Vol. i. p. 105, with Mackintosh's "Introduction to Ethical Philosophy," p. 427.

hated by the public, but has only attained the being railed at.

"6. Has never been hurt by his enemies, because he never hated any one of them.

"7. Exempt from vulgar prejudices—full of his own.

"8. Very bashful, somewhat modest, no way humble.

"9. A fool, capable of performances which few wise men can execute.

"10. A wise man, guilty of indiscretions which the greatest simpletons can perceive.

"11. Sociable, though he lives in solitude.

"12.\*

"13. An enthusiast, without religion; a philosopher, who despairs to attain truth.

"A moralist, who prefers instinct to reason.

"A gallant, who gives no offence to husbands and mothers.

"A scholar, without the ostentation of learning."

In this letter, Lady Anne tells us that Hume asked her, did she remember the time when this playful character was written? "I was too young," she replied, "to think of it at the time." "How's this?" said he—"have not you and I grown up together?" I looked surprised. "Yes," added he, "You have grown tall, and I have grown broad."

Home, the poet's, evidence is more doubtful. A banker's clerk, a young man of good character, robbed his master. Home accounts for it by the books he was in the habit of reading,—"*Boston's Fourfold State*," and "*Hume's Essays*."

It is not easy to examine a subject at all connected with literature, without finding it in some way or other illustrated by Scott. In a letter to Mr. Morrit, dated Abbotsford, October, 1815, he says:—"We visited Corby Castle on our return to Scotland, which remains, in point of situation, as beautiful as when its walks were celebrated by David Hume, in the only rhymes he was ever known to be guilty of. Here they are from a pane of glass at Carlisle:—

"Here chicks in eggs for breakfast sprawl;  
Here godless boys God's glories squall;  
Here Scotchmen's heads do guard the wall;  
But Corby's walks atone for all."

"Would it not," he adds, "be a good quiz to advertise '*The Poetical Works of David Hume*,' with notes critical, historical, and so forth, with an historical inquiry into the use of eggs for breakfast, a physical discussion on the causes of their being addled; a history of English church music, and of

\* Obliterated.

the choir of Carlisle in particular; a full account of the affair of 1745, with the trials, last speeches, and so forth of the poor plaiders who were strapped up at Carlisle; and lastly, a full, true, and particular description of Corby, with the genealogy of every family who ever possessed it? I think even without more than the usual waste of margin, the poems of David would make a decent twelve-shilling volume."

Of the "wine of demons," as a father of the Church calls poetry, Hume drank but moderately, and to the defect of imagination, which this indicates, may be ascribed his want of sympathy with the higher virtues, no one of which can exist without the imaginative power. Wordsworth almost identifies Imagination and Faith. Hume's "History" is that of the progress of society rather than the story of individuals. It would seem that in his view—and we are not prepared to dispute its justness—that condition of society is the happiest in which the individual is lost from sight. If a state of society could be imagined allowing free development to all that is good in man, it would be, no doubt, the best; but the very conception, we fear, implies a contradiction. Civilization with its Wilkies, its Blacklocks, and its M'Phersons, is, probably, something better than barbarism with its true Homer.

Whatever Hume's abstract love for High Church may have been, and however opposed to the orthodox doctrines of the Scottish Church, he was in practice no Puseyite—at least he did not fast. Beef and cabbage he calls a charming dish; old mutton, too, he thought well of. He wished the Duke of Nivernois to become apprentice to his "lass," to learn the secret of making sheep's-head broth.

The fat philosopher was fond of children. He was so fat that the little thing who got possession of his knee remembered through all after-life keeping fast hold of his laced waistcoat to keep itself from falling; as for more than one climbing at a time, as in Gray's family picture, it was out of the question.

Hume, in walking home from a party, with Ferguson, addressed his friend, pointing to the starry sky—"Oh, Adam, can any one contemplate the wonders of that firmament, and not believe that there is a God?" Men are forgiven any thing rather than inconsistency with the character which society forms of them; and we are afraid that we are diminishing Hume's claims to the honor of canonization when we men-

tion that he was a good church-goer. — When in France, he appears to have attended the ambassador's chapel pretty regularly; and in Edinburgh he is said to have been fond of Robertson's preaching, and not averse to that of his colleague and opponent, John Erskine. Hume was seriously angry with a servant maid of his who did not attend church, where he had provided seats for all his household. The woman was a dissenter, and attended a different place of worship, which answer satisfied him. A number of stories are told on doubtful authority, all illustrative of Hume's good nature and good sense. They may not be true; but their being believed is some evidence of the character of the man of whom they could be plausibly told. A chandler's wife on one occasion visited him—"She had been intrusted," she said, "with a message to him from on high." Hume ordered her a glass of wine; and before she commenced her attack, contrived to divert her mind from theological topics, by fixing it on soap and candles and their price, and giving her an order for some. He is said to have got bogged in some marshy ground at the base of the Castle rock; an old woman finding "Hume the deist" in this slough of despond, refused to assist him out till he became a Christian. He repeated the creed and Lord's prayer, and thus her conscience was satisfied, and the philosopher rescued.

A proof of Hume's good nature was his writing a review of Dr. Henry's History of England. His review was written for the *Edinburgh Magazine and Review*, a journal conducted by Gilbert Stuart. Stuart, it would appear, detested Henry; and ascribing his own passions to others, thought it good policy to get Henry reviewed by a rival historian. Hume's review was printed, but suppressed. It did not answer Stuart's malignant purpose; for, as might be expected, it was conceived in a spirit of the greatest kindness to Henry, and contained almost unqualified praise of his work. Stuart's account of it is characteristic, and worth preserving for its insane vehemence. He thus writes to a friend:—

"David Hume wants to review Henry, but that task is so precious that I will undertake it myself. Moses, were he to ask it as a favor, should not have it; yea, not even the man after God's own heart. I wish I could transport myself to London to review it for the *Monthly*—a fire there, and in the *Critical*, would perfectly annihilate him. Could you



do nothing in the latter? To the former I suppose David Hume has transferred the criticism he intended for us. It is precious, and would divert you. I keep a proof of it in my cabinet for the amusement of friends. This great philosopher begins to dote."

Mr. Burton quotes another sentence from this letter:—

"Strike, by all means; the wretch will tremble, grow pale, and return [?] with a consciousness of his debility. When you have an enemy to attack, I shall, in return, give my best assistance, and aim at him a mortal blow, and rush forward to his overthrow, though the flames of hell should start up to oppose me."

It is almost a relief to know that this scoundrel was absolutely insane.

In the early part of the year 1776, Hume wrote letters of congratulation to his friend Adam Smith, and to Gibbon, on their respective publication of the "Wealth of Nations," and the "Decline and Fall;" of the latter he told Gibbon he could not expect to see the future volumes, as his health was broken. In April of that year he drew up the short sketch of his life, to which he has left little to his biographer to add. In the previous January he had made all arrangements with reference to his pecuniary affairs. The "Dialogues on Natural Religion" he had some reason to think would be suppressed, and he at once took effectual means to secure their publication, though he had withheld them for a period of thirty years, to avoid giving his friends offence. After writing the short memoir of his life, he set out for London, and at Morpeth met Home and Smith. Smith was obliged to return to Edinburgh. Home was enabled to accompany him to Bath, where the disease (an internal hemorrhage,) seemed to yield, and hopes were entertained of recovery. In Mackenzie's "Life of Home" are some letters of Hume's, which we think Mr. Burton ought to have incorporated with this selection, and we have a codicil to Hume's will, in which he records his difference with the poet, as to spelling the family name, and their opposed opinions on the subject of port wine. He leaves him "six dozen of port, provided he attests, under his hand, signed JOHN HUME, that he has himself alone finished one bottle of port at two sittings. By this concession he will, at once, terminate the only two differences that ever arose between us

concerning temporal matters."\* Hume returned home in July. His recovery now was plainly impossible. His friends appear to have been very much with him till within a few days of his actual decease. There is a mournful levity in their accounts of the indifference with which he awaited death. The letter of Adam Smith, in which the particulars are detailed, can be easily referred to, being prefixed to most of the editions of the History of England. We are glad to avoid a subject so deeply painful.

We are, on the whole, pleased with Mr. Burton's Book. His subject presented great difficulties, which are manfully met. To ourselves, an arrangement of the matter separating the letters of Hume more distinctly from the comments of his biographer, would seem a more convenient one both to author and reader. We close with Mr. Burton's account of Hume's burial place.

"On the declivity of the Calton hill, there is an old grave-yard which, seventy years ago, was in the open country beyond the boundary of the city of Edinburgh, and even at the present day, when it is the centre of a wide circumference of streets and terraces, has an air of solitude from its elevated site, and the abrupt rocky banks that separate it from the crowded thoroughfares. There, on a conspicuous point of rock, beneath a circular monument, built after the simple and solemn fashion of the old Roman tombs, lies the dust of DAVID HUME."

\* "As to the port wine, it is well known that Mr. Home held it in abhorrence. In his younger days, claret was the only wine drank by gentlemen in Scotland. His epigram on the enforcement of the high duty on French wine, in this country, is in most people's hands:—

"'Firm and erect the Caledonian stood,  
Old was his mutton and his claret good;  
'Let him drink port,' an English statesman cried,  
He drank the poison, and his spirit died."  
*Mackenzie's Life of John Home.*

From the "Metropolitan.

## FRANK MERVYN'S TEMPTATION.

### A TALE FOR SPECULATORS.

BY MRS. AEDY.

WHEN Mr. Vansittart reduced the interest of the navy five per cents., the measure was considered to be exceedingly judicious and politic, but although very satisfactory to the nation, it was in many cases fatal to the individual; people were not contented to be deprived of a fifth of their income by the government, but took immediate means to be deprived of every shilling of it by their own act and deed. There never was a period when such a phalanx of companies and societies started forth, all professing to "give new lamps for old ones," or in other words, to take the poor remains of our mutilated navy fives, and give us, in lieu, shares that would pay from fifty to a hundred per cent. in the prettiest sounding investments ever heard of—not odious turnpike tolls and canal shares—but "Pearl Fisheries," "Coral Fisheries," "Gold Mines," and such dazzling names, the last in particular coming sweetly on the ear, and reminding us of the gay and gallant king of the gold mines, who wooed and won the charming All-fair, despite of her unwilling engagement to the yellow dwarf. Many people, however, seemed likely to starve in the midst of plenty; all these schemes professed to build up a fortune for us in a very little time, but the point was which would be "safest and best;" which would do it most swiftly, and most securely. The world was not long suffered to languish for want of a guide; a certain Mr. Glossington most kindly volunteered to be gentleman-usher to the goddess of fortune, and to introduce timid novices into her immediate presence; he was conversant with all the plans and prospectuses of all the companies, and although he certainly gave a preference to a few, he was generously ready to allow that the very worst of them was immeasurably superior to the English funds, as an investment of property. It was not quite easy to divine who Mr. Glossington was; he had been for a short time on the Stock Exchange; he had also practised the law; he had occasionally volunteered his services, before the introduction of the calculating machine, to arrange the intricate accounts of gentlemen under temporary embarrassments, and he had now

and then officiated as a sort of house agent, and undertaken, for a douceur of fifty or a hundred pounds, to bring forward a nonpareil tenant, who would pay double the rent that any body else would, which nonpareil tenant—strange to say—was never forthcoming when wanted! For myself, I was discreet and suspicious as an old man ought to be (to be sure I must allow that my property, being in the three per cents., had not suffered any reduction) and I felt extremely indignant with all the thickly gathering short roads to wealth, which I was disposed to define as short roads to ruin. Nevertheless, I kept my opinion to myself. The occurrences of every day brought more and more to my remembrance the title of an old drama, "A mad world, my masters;" but I did not annoy my acquaintance with interference, I recollected the saying of a clever man, parcel wit and parcel philosopher, whom I knew—"If any person choose to make himself a fool, it is his business principally, not to say exclusively," and I offered to the community no portion of that valuable treasury of advice locked up in the mind of every old man, but which, sooth to say, unlike other treasures, is generally lavishly volunteered by them, and ungratefully rejected by their young friends. At length, however, I was induced to depart from my usual nonchalance, for the purpose of giving a "wizard's warning" to the thoughtless, impetuous Frank Mervyn. I had been his father's friend, and, like most father's friends, saw great reason to lament that the son partook so little of his worthy sire's solidity and prudence of character. Frank inherited from his father the very inconvenient property of five thousand pounds, enough to prevent him from applying steadily to a profession, and not enough to support him independently of one. To do Frank justice, he was fully sensible of the insignificance of this sum, and had repeatedly wished to magnify the five thousand pounds to fifty, but wishes were in vain till Glossington, like the enchanter of a fairy tale, came forth to realize them. Oh! how plausible were his wordy calculations and paper schemes, the fair sex in particular admired and trusted in him; single ladies and widows, too numerous to be reckoned, sold out their four (late five) per cents., and brought the proceeds to Glossington, humbly hoping that he would accept of their small pittances, and give them splendid fortunes in return; and the worthy Glossington always complied with their requests, bowed, as though

he were the obliged party, took charge of their property, and assured them that they should all be laden with wealth in a very short time. I had always a great horror of speculation; Mervyn assured me that many speculators were men of the strictest honor, but I would not altogether agree with him; it seemed to me that a habit of speculation, although it might not precisely stain the honor of him who practised it, must in a great degree deaden that nice sense of conscientiousness and moral principle which I should always wish to see prominently displayed in the character of a relation or friend. Mervyn denied the truth of my assertion, and the argument ended as arguments between old and young men generally do, neither party succeeding in convincing the other. A few days after this conversation I was walking up Cheapside, when I overtook Mervyn, who seemed to be in a great hurry, and in high spirits.

"I think I shall soon have a large sum of money to invest in Glossington's hands," he said, "I am just going to buy a prize in the lottery."

"I rather doubt that," I replied, drily; "you may very probably be going to buy a ticket in the lottery, and I must say that considering you have risked nearly the whole of your property in speculation, you can ill afford to spare two and twenty pounds from the remainder."

"Nay, I cannot be going to do an imprudent thing," said Mervyn, "for Mr. Creswell, my father's friend and yours, who is a perfect pattern of caution, has just written to me, begging that I would purchase a ticket for him, and transmit it to him by the post."

"I can only say, in answer to that observation," I rejoined, "that Mr. Creswell is a man of large fortune, and if he think proper to throw away two and twenty pounds, he can very well afford to do so; but I recommend you to purchase a ticket for him only, and to wait till you are at least half as rich, before you purchase one for yourself."

Mervyn merely smiled, and told me "I was very wise," (a just observation certainly, only I did not quite like the tone in which it was spoken,) and the next moment we were both within one of the Cornhill temples of Plutus. Several persons were crowding round the counter, choosing shares. One man wished for the number of the year in which he was born, and another for that in which his grandfather

gained a lottery prize. A pretty young country girl said she had dreamed the night before of a wedding-ring, and as that was best described by a circle, she wished for a number containing a 0. One terminating in the desired cipher was immediately handed to her, a sign, as her brother who accompanied her told her, that "her wedding-ring would end in nothing." This joke, poor as it was, flushed the offended damsel's cheek with indignation, which was not at all lessened by a smart young clerk, with a green bag under his arm, telling her "not to fret, for that if she got the ten thousand pound prize, he would marry her himself!"

Mervyn advanced to the counter, and asked to see some tickets; he despised all speculation on a small scale, and that he might not be suspected of any partiality for lucky numbers, or any faith in dreams, he hastily snatched the two first that presented themselves, but not before I had taken a memorandum of their numbers in my pocket-book. I walked home with Mervyn to his lodgings, wishing to borrow a book from him. While I was selecting it, he hastily wrote a short letter to Mr. Creswell, enclosed in it one of the tickets (which I did not observe) and returned the other to his pocket.

"I will go out with you," said he, as I was preparing to take my leave, "and put this letter in the post."

We walked together to the end of the street, and then separated—I to return home, and Mervyn to proceed to the post-office.

Perhaps my readers may think me very prosy in entering into these minute details, and will be ready to accuse me of practising the "penny-a-liner" art of making the most of a story; but I beg to assure them that I have always a good reason for every thing that I do, and they will soon find out the necessity of my present exactness.

The next morning the drawing of the lottery began, and about the middle of the day I happened to be passing down Cornhill, when my attention was attracted by a crowd round the office where Mervyn had purchased the tickets the preceding day. A prize of twenty thousand pounds was already drawn; the number seemed familiar to me; I looked into my pocket-book—it was one of those held by Mervyn. I instantly proceeded to his lodgings; he was at home, and I found him resting his head on his hand in an attitude of despondency

which I could not have believed any disappointment in money matters would have induced my lively friend, Frank Mervyn, to adopt.

"I see," said I, advancing with a duly gentle step, and modulated voice, "that you know all, and I fear that the fortunate number" —

"Was the one you saw me enclose to Mr. Creswell," he answered, in a gloomy manner, without raising his head.

"This is certainly an unfortunate accident, my dear Frank," said I, "but there is no blame to be attached to any body."

"Blame," interrupted he, quickly, "no, certainly, who presumed to talk of blame?"

I did not quite like his manner of addressing me, but I knew that vexation seldom improves the temper, or polishes the manners, and therefore I excused his abruptness.

"Oh!" said he, after a few minutes' silence, "how just was your remark, that a habit of speculation deadens the nice feelings of honor!"

"Yes," said I, gratified by his compliment, although I did not exactly see what it had to do with the subject in question. "I believe most of my remarks are very just and sound, and might also be very profitable, if you and my other young friends would only be persuaded."

Here Mervyn again interrupted me—

"How proudly once," said he, "did I boast of my ability to resist temptation; and now, how near have I been to falling!"

I was still more puzzled.

"I dare say, Frank," said I, "you are angry with yourself for not having taken my advice, and relinquished your idea of buying a ticket."

"Angry with myself!" he repeated, rising, and walking up and down the room, "I despise myself."

I was in doubt whether I ought not to ring the bell, and send a messenger for medical assistance, considering Mervyn's senses to be in a very precarious state, when he settled the point by ringing the bell himself.

"I wish this letter to be taken to the post-office," said he, giving one, as he spoke, to the servant who attended.

He stood at the window, watching his messenger round the corner, and then turned to me with a completely altered expression of countenance.

"Congratulate me," said he; "I have overcome the unworthy inclination that I blush to think I could ever have enter-

tained. The letter which I have just given to the servant was the one which you saw me direct yesterday to Mr. Creswell!"

I pressed Mervyn's extended hand in silence, and he continued:

"Soon after I left you, yesterday, I met with a friend whom I had not seen for some time; he pressed me to accompany him home to dinner, and I completely forgot the letter. This morning I was, like you, attracted by the notification in Cornhill of the splendid prize just drawn; I eagerly took out my own ticket, and at the same moment that I ascertained that it was not the number in question, I felt that the letter for Mr. Creswell still remained in my pocket; I returned home, and for the last hour I have been combating a disgraceful and culpable impulse to change the tickets."

"But you have overcome the impulse," I said.

"Yes," he answered, "but I do not think I should ever have entertained it for a moment, had it not been for my unfortunate familiarity with speculation; in fact, I am persuaded that had this event occurred a twelvemonth ago, I should no more have thought of appropriating Mr. Creswell's lottery ticket, than of abstracting the contents of his strong box; but this was the insidious, baleful form in which the evil spirit assailed me. You know my firm confidence in the judgment and integrity of Glossington, and that this twenty thousand pounds (if my own) would immediately have been delivered over to his management. I thought to do the same in the present instance, and when it was trebled in value, to disclose the whole facts to Mr. Creswell, and divide the profits with him."

"It would have been long enough, I fancy," said I, "before the disclosure took place, if you waited till the money was trebled by Mr. Glossington's powers of multiplication."

"I cannot agree with you there," said he, "but I immediately began to reflect that I had no right to judge for another person; the money was fairly and equitably Mr. Creswell's. I knew him to have a decided aversion for speculation, and felt that I could not be justified in running risks for him, which he certainly would never have run for himself. Above all, I reflected that, although my fellow-creatures would not see my exchange of the tickets, it would be beheld by that Almighty Judge who will one day 'bring to light the hidden things of darkness.' My cheerful days, my peaceful

nights, my even spirits, must all be sacrificed, and replaced by self-upbraidings, gloomy retrospection, and anxious forebodings. A prize in the lottery is a desirable thing, but the proverb tells us that 'even gold may be bought too dear,' and certainly I am not disposed to purchase it at the price of an approving conscience."

"You will, I hope, inform Mr. Creswell of your honorable conduct," said I.

"Assuredly not," he replied, "the circumstances are not at all to my credit; I feel much more ashamed of having admitted the temptation, than pride in having resisted it."

"Nay," said I, "do not undervalue your own conduct; few have ever been placed in circumstances of such remarkable temptation, and I sincerely hope that the honor you have evinced will in some way or other be rewarded."

"Thank you for your good wishes," he answered, "but I cannot bear such phrases as 'honor rewarded,' 'virtue rewarded;' a modern writer humorously designates them as the clinking of cash in the white pockets of conscience." I will immediately go to the lottery office and give them the name and address of the fortunate holder of the prize (alas! for me not the 'fortunate youth'), and then return to the usual concerns of life, with rather a more humble opinion of my own excellence and rectitude than I entertained before."

I accompanied Mervyn to the office, where we inquired the fate of the other ticket, and learned that it had been just drawn a blank!

Some time afterwards, Mr. Creswell arrived in London, and notwithstanding Mervyn's strenuous solicitations to deposit the proceeds of his lottery prize in the hands of Glossington, persisted in placing it in the inglorious security of the three per cents.

I was well acquainted with Mr. Creswell, and under the seal of secrecy, acquainted him with Mervyn's triumph over temptation.

This circumstance added much to the interest which he had always taken in him, and he joined with me in deeply lamenting his speculative habits; but reasoning was not now of any avail—it was too late; Frank Mervyn's capital was already in the hands of Glossington, and few and faint were the hopes to be entertained of its escape from them.

Shortly after these events, I was at Bath, for my health, when the London papers informed me of the complete exposure of

Glossington's fraud and dishonesty. He had lately added forgery to his other "choice receipts" for amassing a large fortune in a short time, had been apprehended and imprisoned, and his unfortunate dupes found that they had purchased wisdom at a dear rate, for most of them had exchanged for it the whole of their worldly wealth.

I received a few lines from Mervyn, in which he (very properly) regretted that he had not followed my advice, congratulated himself that he had not been the gainer of the lottery prize, which Glossington's magic wand would so soon have converted into a blank, and finally informed me that his kind friend Mr. Creswell had earnestly pressed him to pay him a long visit at his country seat, which was within a few miles of Cheltenham.

Three months after these occurrences I bent my own steps to Cheltenham, and took an early opportunity of riding over to Mr. Creswell's house, where I hoped to find Mervyn still domesticated. Mr. Creswell had an amiable wife, a pretty daughter, two lively and agreeable sons, and a beautiful house and grounds, and I thought that Mervyn could not be in more desirable quarters.

Mr. Creswell received me with all the cordiality of an old friend, and told me that I had come just in time to condole with him, for that he had made up his mind to part with his only daughter.

"Not, however," he continued, "that I can expect much sympathy from you, for I am about to bestow her on your favorite young friend Frank Mervyn."

"I congratulate you," said I warmly, "you will gain an amiable, kind-hearted, honorable son-in-law, and it matters little to you that he is not a rich one."

"Nay," replied Mr. Creswell, "we must not speak lightly of his possessions, since to him I may be said to owe the portion that I have bestowed on my daughter. I should have contrived in any event to have given her a becoming fortune, but now I have settled the matter very economically for myself, and very satisfactorily for the young couple, by making over to her the twenty thousand pounds which I received a few months ago from the golden mart, in Cornhill."

I was completely silent with surprise—a very unusual effect for surprise to take on me. The straight path is always the best, but in this instance how wonderfully had it also proved the most prosperous! Had Mervyn yielded to the temptation of

exchanging the tickets, he would continually have been oppressed by the burden of a troubled conscience; his ill-gotten gains would have been swallowed up in the vortex of speculation, and any attentions that Mr. Creswell had shown to him in his adversity would have been shunned by him, from a natural horror of receiving benefits from one whom he had injured. Now his conscience was easy, and his prospects bright; all was clear and peaceful without and within, and the two greatest faults in his character, a love of speculation, and a little propensity to think too highly of his own excellence, had been chastened and improved by the experience of the past.

Twenty-two years have since elapsed; Frank Mervyn and his wife reside principally in London, and I often visit at their house. I have now acquired the experience of a quarter of a century in addition to the tolerable stock of wisdom which I possessed in the days of Frank Mervyn's temptation, and I have seen many changes and revolutions in that time, some of which have been very satisfactory to me.

Lotteries are now at an end; people have acquired such a salutary horror, and quick perception of smooth swindlers, that the present era is uninfested by a Glossington, and the funds have been so often reduced, that the fund-holders begin to emulate the apathy of the celebrated Mandrin, who said, when he was undergoing the punishment of the wheel, that the first keen pang brought with it a stunning torpor, which deadened his senses to all those that followed it. Still, however, I am far from being contented with the aspect of things in general: my opinion is, that the world is madder than ever.

For some years I have been excessively annoyed and disconcerted by the increase of railroads; nobody stays at home for a month at a time, neither is home any longer a place of domestic quiet, it is filled with perpetual guests brought down by the railroads. The "homes of England" have ceased to realize the charming description of Mrs. Hemans; the master of the family is always running to London by the railroad to visit his club, or to get his fowling-piece put in order; the sons run by the railroad to every possible part of England, and then avail themselves of the facilities of steam in another element, by running over to the continent; the ladies constantly stand in need of mineral springs, or sea-bathing, and the railroad is at hand to convey them to a watering-place; and should one of the

daughters feel inclined to effect a runaway match, there is no hope of overtaking her, as in the good old days, when one post chaise used to enter into Gretna Green, with another fifty yards behind it; no, she elopes by the railroad, and nobody can follow her till the next train sets off. I thought that railroads had done their worst, but it is very difficult to say when any thing animate or inanimate has done its worst. There is a mania at the present time for railway shares—the newspapers are full of the subject, private conversation is engrossed by it; there are railway quadrilles in the very assembly room, in which an imitation of the abominable whistle is introduced, and the dancers converse on railway investments in the intervals of the figure! The traffic is no matter of secrecy; fathers and sons go together to buy railway shares, ladies devote the superfluities of their pin money to the same purpose; nay, the director of a savings bank has assured me that numerous depositors have recently drawn out their money, and that he has a shrewd suspicion of the reason.

Business and relaxation used to be separate pursuits, but railroads now are the connecting link that unites them. People talk not of green banks, but embankments; not of shepherds and reapers, but of stokers and engineers. None of the common authorized roads to ruin suit the impetuosity of modern speculators—nothing will satisfy them but going to ruin by the railroad: yes, I repeat it advisedly, the world is madder than ever.

I have, however, one pleasing association connected with the present day. Last week I was dining with a large party of gentlemen. I am much more prone to give general advice than I was two-and-twenty years ago, and I read a very sensible lecture on railway speculations to my next neighbor, who pleaded guilty to divers misdemeanors of that description.

"Depend upon it," he replied, "that there is not a person in company with the exception of yourself, who has not speculated in railway shares."

He proposed the query successively to all the party, one alone was able to answer it in the negative, and that one was my friend, Frank Mervyn.

I cannot close my little narrative better than with this anecdote. I do not think I can possibly give my readers a more convincing proof of Frank Mervyn's entire reformation.

## THE NEW PLANET.

THE newly-discovered planet, Astræa, is a companion of the four little ones ascertained, about forty years ago, to exist between Mars and Jupiter, all revolving at nearly equal distances from the sun. If it be no bigger than the smallest of these, it probably is not forty miles in diameter, or possessed of a surface measuring more than the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Think of a tight little Island in this spherical form, wheeling along in independent fashion through space with all its proper features of vegetation and of animated being—a perfect miniature of those respectably-sized orbs of which our own is a specimen! And supposing there are men and women upon it, think of the miniatures of nations which they must compose, and of all their other social arrangements in proportion!

In that case, a piece of land the size of four or five English counties will be a goodly continent, and a mass of sea like the Firth of Forth a perfect Mediterranean. A range of hills such as those of Derbyshire will be as a set of Alps or Himalays to the Astræans, and their Danubes and Amazons will be about the size of our best Scotch *burns*. Rutlandshire would be a large edition of the Russian empire in Astræa. The more common-sized kingdoms would be about the magnitude of our ordinary parishes. It is inconceivable, however, that the people of this little planet are split up into nations so extremely small. Let us rather suppose that they form but four or five in all, each occupying as much land as about half the Isle of Wight. Some quarter of a million in all they might be allowing that the land in Astræa is for the most part fit to produce sustenance for human beings. Narrow as is that fold of existence, and limited its population, there will no doubt be room for the display of human passions in Astræa. It will have its wars occasionally. A Frederick the Great will set all its Europe in a flame, for possession of a Silesia of the size of the Regent's Park. An Alexander, having invaded an India resembling Cornwall in extent, will sigh, and with something like reason, to think that there are no more worlds to conquer. There will be class interests too. Some little Britain will make fierce resolves to raise all its own corn, under whatever difficulties, and at whatever cost:

and treaties will be entered into between Jersey and Guernsey for an exchange of wine against woollen cloths, let the rest of the forty-mile world pine at the arrangement as it pleases. Colonies, too, will not fail to raise a pothier. There will be an Algiers of parish size, with an Abd-el-Kader storming for its defence; and two mighty countries, representing a Britain and an America, will spurt out big words about an Oregon of the extent and value of the Moor of Rannoch.

The Astræans, although their world is so little, will see it to be a firm and stable thing beneath their feet, with all the other bodies of space revolving round it. If not yet arrived at the use of the telescope, and of the rules of geometry, they will believe their sphere to be the great central world, to which every thing else is subordinate. But even if they have advanced as far in these matters as ourselves, they will think and speak on the understanding that Astræa is the world—the only place where they know for certain there are human beings—all the other spheres being only conjecturally scenes of life. Even to those most enlightened on such points, the immediateness of their own little globe will give it an importance and a centrality which they will scarcely be able to attribute to any other mass within their range of observation. There will be a great deal of self-esteem in the Astræans respecting their poor little hummingtop of a world. They will look upon themselves, doubtless, as very high intelligences, and great will that man think himself who becomes known for his acts or words to one-fourth of them. He will also esteem himself a most liberal-minded and cosmopolitan person, who advocates that the five great countries should live at peace with each other, and that statesmen should legislate impartiality for the good of the whole people of the globe. They will have on record their first circumnavigators and discoverers of countries; their Drakes, and Frobishers, and Columbus; the men of giant-heart, who ventured upon untraversed seas of the width of the straits of Calais, and dared to put a girdle round a globe no less than a hundred and twenty miles in circumference. They will also have their great men of philosophy, of letters and of arts. Would it not be curious to get a peep into one of their biographical dictionaries, and see what sort of men had been the Astræan Homer and Milton, the Astræan Socrates and Newton, the Astræan

Phidias and Raphael? Their universal history would be not less amusing! What narrations of conquests pushed over the space of one of our degrees of latitude; and how interesting to trace civilization as arising in a certain parishlike space of ground, and then spreading slowly into the adjacent parishes! Great notions entertained, too, about the origins of all those little nations; some sprung from demigods, no less. One particularly great people, convinced that they were destined to be the leading people in the world, because they were twenty thousand more in number than any other. A Napoleon in Astræa—what a droll phenomenon! Think of him setting out with the idea that his country—la Belle something—measuring about ten miles each way, was destined to predominate over the world. And behold him then overrunning his little Italy, Austria, Prussia, in succession, and thinking he had it all safe. But behold, he is at length led by constant success into an enterprise where nature happens to be against him, and he sinks more rapidly than he rose. Then histories, poems about him, wondering at the vastness of a genius which grasped at a dominion embracing perhaps as much ground as belonged to the king of the East Saxons. Deplorations for so great a spirit, pining like the chained eagle on an islet, wretched as a toy-disappointed child, because he could not be allowed any longer to play the conqueror! He left a name at which the world grew pale—this forty-mile world, to wit—to point a moral and adorn a tale. And yet this, however whimsical it may look from our eight-thousand-mile globe, would undoubtedly be very serious to the Astræans. For just as Astræa is to us, so is the earth to a planet like Jupiter or Saturn, where men may be speculating about our Tellurian history exactly in the present strain, although, as is well known we regard our Napoleon as something very tremendous.

It is possible after all, that the Astræans have a more just view of themselves and their world in comparison with other worlds and other peoples. They may be, perchance, a more modest example of human nature than their earthly brethren; and it may have therefore happened that when they first learned, from their Copernicuses, Newtons, and Herschels, how matters really stood in the universe, that they felt extremely abashed and disheartened about it. Let us for a moment imagine them in their

state of original ignorance, fully persuaded that Astræa was the Mundas or world, and that all the luminous bodies which, like us, they see in the sky, were merely a drapery hung up for the regalement of their eyesight. What a mighty thing Astræa is, and what a grand set of beings are the Astræans! A sun to give us warmth and vegetation. Stars to begem our nightly view, Sister Pallas, or Vesta, occasionally sailing pretty close by, about the size of a moon, as if by way of a holiday spectacle. Every thing very nice and complete about us. But lo! astronomy begins to tell strange tales.—It now appears that there are co-ordinate bodies called planets, probably inhabited as well as ours, and of infinitely larger size. The stars, moreover, are suns, having other planets in attendance upon them, and these probably residences for human beings too. All at once, Astræa shrinks from its position as the centre and principal mass of the universe, into the predicament of a paltry atom, hung loosely on to a machine whose centre is far otherwise. And the Astræans—the People of the World—the Metropolitans of Space—are degraded in a moment into a set of Villagers. What a fall is there, my countrymen, for a respectable set of worlders, who happened not to possess sufficient self-esteem to bear them up against it! What an overturn to all the ordinary ideas of Astræan mankind! One can imagine the fact making its way over such a baby globe in the course of a couple of days, and thus producing a universal hanging down of heads and thrusting of tails between legs, as it were simultaneously. What a sad state for a world to be in—not a bit of spirit or spunk remaining in it; not one Astræan fit to say a cheering word to another! In such a state of things, one can imagine hardly a word of any kind spoken in Astræa for a week. It would look as if the planet were never to get up its head again in life. There would, however, be varieties in the moods of Astræans on this distressing subject. Some, a little more vaporizing than the rest, would by and by suggest that no matter for the small size of the globe; the smaller the globe, the bigger the people, for, gravitation being less with us than in larger worlds, we require larger size to keep us fast to the ground. Let neighbor Jupiter, then, plume himself on his vast diadem, but his people must be pigmies in comparison with us. The malicious, again, would feel a conso-



lation in the idea, that there was at least one planet no larger than Astræa. It is always a great matter to have associates in any misfortune or degradation that befalls us. Come along, then, friend Pallas, you and we against any of these lumbering worlds. Huzza for the tight, light, nice, trim, little planets! In time, the first feelings of humiliation would wear off, and perhaps the Astræans would at last come to look upon their world as not so bad after all. Well, if we are only a kind of village in the solar system, why, let us just make the best of it, and endeavor to be content.

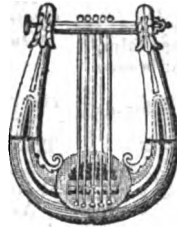
Another view occurs respecting Astræa, that, if it had advanced in the arts conducive to locomotion, and spins at any thing like an average rate of speed upon its axis, it may be quite possible to go round it in a single day, and thus enjoy either perpetual noon, or perpetual midnight, or perpetual dawn or sunset, as taste may dictate. And not only this, but if there should be any violent discrepancy of seasons in the little globe, it will only be like going down into Hampshire to move from the winter to the summer hemisphere, and thus realise all the advantages which the migratory birds possess in our sphere. One can imagine an Astræan of the upper classes having one house in the north temperate zone, and another in the south, and dividing his year of fifty months between them, so as to dispense with coal-fires and paletots continually. The poet will not therefore need to say to the cuckoo, Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee—we'd make with joyful wind our annual visit round the globe, companions of the spring; for at the proper season he will find railways advertising cheap trains to accomplish the same purpose. The convenience of all this must be very great, and for those having money and leisure, existence in Astræa will, we take it, be rather pleasant. Even in the power of saying—Taking a trip round the world the other day, I met with a strange adventure about the hundred and eightieth degree of longitude, &c., there will be a happy piquancy. What snobs they will be who have not been at least once round the world in Astræa.

Spin on, then, trig little ultra-zodiacal—last, but perhaps not quite least addition to the solar family. We of the Earth, Astræa, are glad to make your acquaintance, and see you amongst us. We cannot, in sober truth, flatter you with the idea that we consider you altogether on an equality with us, for, overlooking your diminutive

proportions, there are strong suspicions of your being only a bit of a planet, a shred of some respectable mass that blew to pieces one day. However, we are very glad to think that you and your sister fragments have all got round again, and found yourselves able to go on as before in the business of perihelion revolution. If we cannot preach in the kirk, you know we may sing mass in the quire; better a wee buss, say we in Scotland, than nae bield. And you, Astræans, we would recommend you, if you be at all in comfortable circumstances, not to be jealous or invidious of the people of the larger planets; for if we on earth be any fair specimen of them, we can assure you there is nothing in the solar system for you to be envious about. Things are but in a so-so state amongst earthly mankind—three-fourths of them mere barbarians; and even amongst the civilized nations, a vast proportion know life but as a scene of toil and misery! To let you into a little secret, man is a selfish being, who frustrates his happiness by his very eagerness for his own benefit. There has therefore never been such a thing as real happiness known upon Tellus, grand as it may appear to you, even without the aid of a telescope. We only hope that matters will, by and by, be more agreeable, and that our remote descendants will have less occasion for grumbling.—Tom Thumb of worlds, who can tell but you know all this, and, contented with your own small field of existence, look down with pity on us wretched earthlings! Well for you to be in such a frame of mind. But in that case, we wrap ourselves up in our pride, and, sternly hushing our misery in our bosoms, bid you good by, and think not of us. While we have strength to bear, who can have any right to visit us with compassion?

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A MISTAKE.—The *Revue Britannique*, in its last number, commits one of the richest blunders we have had the good fortune to laugh at in a long time. In a *Life of Nelson*, it describes the immortal hero's preparations for the battle of Copenhagen; and says that, after those preparations were completed, he went in his *gig* with some of his captains to reconnoitre the Danish fleet, adding an explanatory foot-note to the effect that the aforesaid *gig* was—"a sort of cabriolet!!"—*Lit. Gaz.*



From the New Monthly Magazine.

## FRAGMENTS OF LIFE.

BY F. A. B.

### I.

A BITTER cheat, and here at length it ends,  
And thou and I, who were to one another  
More closely knit than brother is to brother,  
Shall not be even as two common friends.  
Never again, within my breast, may grow  
The trust that has been basely lied away.  
Sadly and sorely must my spirit go  
Companionless through life's remaining way  
Still by thy side, yet answering no more  
Each thought of thine, as in those days of yore,  
Far lonelier than they who ne'er have known  
The fellowship of love, I dreamt I knew.  
Unpitied by all others, to whose view  
A seeming false over my state is thrown,  
Thus must I hence forth walk—beside thee—yet  
alone.

### II.

Weep'st thou to see the ruin and decay  
Which time doth wreak upon earth's mighty  
things,  
Temples of gods and palaces of kings?  
Weep'st thou to see them crumbling all away?  
Oh, I could show thee such a woful ruin,  
As doth surpass the worst of time's undoing.  
A goodly city, not laid waste by years,  
But overthrown with sighs and sapp'd with tears;  
There was a palace in which youth did dwell,  
To which kings' mansions were a lowly cell,  
There was a glorious temple in whose shrine  
Love had a worship ceaseless and divine,  
Hymns from that fane, like birds' spring songs,  
did rise,  
And incense sweet of willing sacrifice.  
Now all these lordly halls deserted be,  
Unknown to hope, and shunned by memory.

### III.

The fountains of my life, which flowed so free;  
The plenteous waves which, brimming, gushed  
along,  
Bright, deep, and swift, with a perpetual song,  
Doubtless have long since seemed dried up to thee.  
How should they not? From the shrunk narrow  
bed

Where once that glory flowed, have ebb'd away  
Light, life, and motion, and along its way  
The dull stream slowly creeps, a shallow thread;  
Yet at the hidden source, if hands unblest  
Disturb the wells whence that sad stream takes  
birth;  
The swollen waters once again gush forth—  
Dark bitter floods rolling in wild unrest.

### IV.

One after one, the shield, the sword, the spear,  
The panoply that I was wont to wear—  
My suit of proof, my wings that kept me free—  
These, full of trust, deliver'd I to thee.  
When, through all time, we swore that side by  
side  
We would together walk. I since have tried,  
In hours of sadness, when my former life  
Seem'd better than this paltry wasting strife,  
To wield my weapons bright, and wear again  
My shining armor and strong wings—in vain,  
My hands have lost their strength and skill—my  
breast  
Beneath my mail throbs with a faint unrest—  
My pinions trail upon the earth—my soul  
Fails 'neath the heavy curse of thy control.  
All that was living of my life has fled,  
My mortal part alone is not yet dead.  
But since my nobler gifts have all been thine,  
Trophies and sacrifices for thy shrine,  
Would not the breast that stripped itself for thee  
Of the fair means God gave it to be free;  
At least have mercy, and forbear to strike  
One without power to strive or fly alike,  
Nor trample on that heart which now must be  
Towards all defenceless—most of all towards  
thee.

### V.

I dream I see thy form, with frantic clasp  
My longing arms are round the phantom thrown:  
It melts, it withers in my empty grasp.  
I wake—I am alone, oh, Heaven, alone.

I dream I hear thy voice, I start, and rise,  
And listen, till my soul grows sick—in vain;  
The wind flies laughing through the starry skies,  
And, save my throbbing heart, all's still again.

Oh, wilt thou ne'er return? can no one day  
Bring back those blessed hours that fled so fast?  
Dost thou not hear me moan my life away?  
Hast thou forsaken me?—Thou hast!—thou hast!

## THE TWO MARYS AT THE TOMB OF CHRIST.

BY REV. CHAS. B. TAYLER.

What of the night? The angry heavens are calm,  
O'er banks of flowers the plaintive night-breeze  
sighing,

Wafts through the dewey glades their odorous  
balm,

The golden light, in cloudless glory dying,  
Blends with the purple shadows deepening round  
The garden and the tomb, by Calvary's awful  
mound.

What of the night? In the soft spreading gloom  
Pale women sit, their lonely vigil keeping,  
Silent and thoughtful by the hallowed tomb,  
Where the cold corpse of their loved Lord was  
sleeping.

The conflict and the agony are past,  
And in that quiet grave the sufferer rests at last.

What of the night? They answered not a word;  
Those faithful women, hopeless and heart-  
broken,  
With drooping heads, hands clasped, in sad ac-  
cord,  
Heedless they sat, and not a word was spoken,  
Till one her sweet, her sorrowing face did raise,  
And fixed upon the tomb her loving, steadfast  
gaze.

What of the night? she said; "Our night is come,  
How do we sit and weep in hopeless sorrow,  
The Lord of Life lies buried in the tomb,  
And joy can gild no more our cheerless morrow.  
What of the night? Ah! can it e'er be morn  
To hearts o'erwhelmed like ours, and utterly for-  
lorn?"

What of the world? Oh! women meekly strong,  
While others sleep, your wakeful vigils keep-  
ing,  
Fearless and faithful 'mid the faithless throng,  
A joyful morn succeeds your night of weeping!  
Satan and death this night, in deadly strife,  
Fell vanquished by the Lord of everlasting life!

From the Metropolitan.

### OLD FRIENDS!

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Old friends! old friends! the dear old friends  
That time has swept away!  
Ah! who can make the heart amend  
For the friends of life's young day?  
Oh! they were the fixed stars of love,  
That never left their sphere,  
The beacon lights that shone above,  
Our life's dark paths to cheer.  
Old Friends! Old Friends!

Old friends! old friends! can we forget  
Those days of golden prime,

When round our father's hearth we met,  
And our merry voices' chime  
Made the old hall ring to the roof with joy,  
As we sang the songs of yore,  
Or danced to the strains of the harper boy,  
On the bright old oaken floor?  
Old Friends! Old Friends!

Old friends! old friends! as time rolls on,  
We miss them more and more;  
Those halls are dark where once they shone,  
And closed the friendly door;  
While colder seems the stranger's eye,  
As we pass on earth's dull way,  
And think, with mem'ry's tender sigh,  
Of the friends of *life's young day*.  
Old Friends! Old Friends!

### SLEEP.

BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

Sweet death of each day's weary laden life!  
Balm of hurt minds—care's nurse—heart-sooth-  
ing sleep!  
Soft air the mourner's couch thy calm watch  
keep.  
No sigh—no murmur wake past thoughts of strife;  
Nor Hope's fond dream with troubled visions rife  
Breathe o'er the folded lids *thy* still dews steep;  
No memory's scenes again to live—to weep—  
The conscious bosom bare to fate's sharp knife.  
Oh, blest forgetfulness! thy votary's prayer  
In hour of fiercest pangs to thee ascends,  
Thee the wish'd haven of his heart's despair,  
His genius of the stormy deep that sends  
His shatter'd bark swift through life's seas of care  
To that far shore where his strange voyage  
ends.

### THREE MANSIONS.

From a Passage in "*Memoirs of the Rev. Legh  
Richmond.*"

BY MRS. G. G. RICHARDSON.

O homeless and unsheltered head—  
Desponding pilgrim, weep not so!  
Three mansions are before you spread—  
To one you must, to all may go.

Go lowly to the House of Prayer,  
With steadfast faith and contrite breast;  
The narrow house that all must share  
Will then afford a welcome rest.

Join but the three in constant thought—  
The House of God, the Grave, and Heaven,  
And all by sin and sorrow wrought  
Shall pass away and be forgiven.

Within these three what strangers meet!  
Earth's various pilgrims, rich and poor!  
Their wealth, their joy, alone complete  
To whom the glorious last's made sure.

From the Metropolitan.

### STANZAS TO THE ART OF PRINTING.

Hail, happy art! enlight'ner of mankind,  
And best preserver of the human mind;  
To thee we owe emancipation bright  
From dull-eyed ignorance to immortal light.

To thee fair science owes a second birth,  
Diffusive knowledge spreads its light on earth;  
And handed down from distant times we see  
Genius gain perpetuity from thee.

Exhaustless fountain! o'er whose genial spring  
Presiding Liberty expands her wing;  
The cup of life were tasteless if denied  
The draught nectareous by thine aid supplied.

Delightful solacer of human cares!  
Guide of our youth, and comfort in grey hairs,  
That lifts the soul from dross of earthly clod,  
And bids it soar in seach of nature's God.

Guardian of freedom! nurse of useful arts!  
Tenacious of the good thy sway imparts;  
Britannia's free-born sons, with nerves of steel,  
Will long defend what guards their country's weal.

And whilst a spark of liberty remains  
In British bosoms, the ignoble chains  
Thy foes would forge for thee shall powerless  
prove  
To bind thee, champion of the rights we love!

All praise be his who first to Albion's shore—  
Illustrious art!—the blest invention bore;  
'Though dust of ages rests upon his tomb,  
For him the deathless laurel still shall bloom.

From the Literary Gazette.

### ALONE.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

A thousand millions walk the earth,  
Whom time and death control:  
Alone! and lonely from our birth,  
Each one a separate soul!

Yet the great God who made all things,  
And "good" he saw they were,  
Gave not to man a seraph's wings,  
To quit this lower sphere!

(Though sheathed plumes the spirit hath,  
In life but half unfurl'd,  
To float him o'er its burning path,  
In thought's aerial world.)

Not wings to bear us far away,  
God gives his creatures here,  
But tendrils of the heart which may  
Infold each blessing near.

Affections—sympathies divine—  
High aspirations wake:

Each seeking with its like to twine,  
And joy to give and take.

These are his gifts, that strongest glow  
In genius' burning breast,  
Which can but half its radiance show,  
Soul-lit at his behest!

Alone!—through childhood's lagging hours,  
Which creep until our prime,—  
Heart-longing, like the folded flowers,  
To reach a gladder time.

Alone!—for even then begin  
The discipline and wrong,  
Which crush the nobler soul within,  
And make it of the throng:

Even in just proportion due  
As the young heart is warm  
To mould to loftier things and true,  
It takes the shape of harm.

Torn are the tendrils soft and strong,  
That may not cling aright:  
Yet how instinctively, for long,  
They struggled towards the light!

Alone! we never know how much,  
Till we that trial dare,  
When care, who heaps with stealthy touch,  
Bids us our burden bear,—

A fardel made of many things,  
Of sorrows unforeseen,  
And hopes whose knell keen memory rings  
To show—what might have been!

Life's errors wreck the little store  
Of time which moulds our fate:  
And seldom beacons shine before,  
But mock us when too late.

Alone—Alone!—each highest thought  
The one least understood;  
Till oh, in death—life's battle fought,  
We are alone with God!

From Tait's Magazine.

### THE HARMONY OF NATURE.

The timid Night had set her sentinels  
O'er the blue fields of heaven; a warm breeze  
blew

From the poetic south, the clime where dwells  
All the inspiration our cold world e'er knew:  
I gazed upon the heavens until I grew  
More spiritual, and every sense more keen;  
For I could hear the pink of falling dew,  
And see gay creatures dancing in its sheen.

Oh, such a dream might glorify a life!  
Methought I stood with Nature, soul to soul,  
And asked her if her bosom had its strife  
As well as ours. She gathered up her stole  
And answered mild, My attributes ye see,  
Love, Beauty, Music—Can they disagree?



## MISCELLANEOUS.

**ANECDOTES OF THE SWAN-RIVER NATIVES.**—Mr. F. Armstrong, interpreter to the natives of Western Australia, has communicated the following interesting anecdotes to the *Perth Inquirer*.

**Native Dexterity.**—A singular instance of the expertness and boldness in climbing of the natives was observed some time ago near the south bank of the Murray River. An opossum had made its way up a tree which was not accessible to the native who had discovered its retreat. He commenced by ascending the tree adjoining, some yards distant, when a long pole of apparently common furze-wood was handed to him, and which he by some means took up the tree, until he arrived at a part where he was within about twelve or fourteen feet of the other; he then managed to place the pole securely in a fork on the boughs of each tree, and then upon this fragile path walked or crept across, killed the opossum (which, likely, he devoured at a meal), and returned, leaving what he had done. The manner in which the natives find the identical track of the opossum is by examining the trees for the marks made by the animal's claws, but which alone does not generally warrant an ascent being made, for they may have been done weeks before. To get over this difficulty, the natives blow on the marks, and if a little sand or earth falls off, then they are certain that they are recent, for otherwise the sun would have dried the grains, and they would have fallen off, which, from the dew or rain of the night, had clung to the feet of the animal, and then on to the tree. These signs being attended to, the natives ascend the tree in the well-known manner, by cutting in and through the bark small steps about two feet apart, and four inches wide, by one or two deep. Some large, straight, thin-barked trees, which stand quite perpendicular, without any branches for a considerable distance up, are totally inaccessible to the natives, though these are extremely few in comparison with the other trees of the forest. Where it is the case, game seems plentiful, beaten tracks being numerous. Trees which lean a little

are the most easy to ascend; and one which appeared a favorite retreat for game was observed to be completely covered with paths or marks made by the natives year after year, upwards of one hundred and fifty cuts being visible on the trunk alone. They appear seldom if ever to cut in the same spot again.

**Native Tradition.**—The natives state that they have been told, from age to age, that when man first began to exist, there were two beings, male and female, named "Wal-lyne-yup" (the father), and "Do-ron-nop" (the mother); that they had a son, named Bin-dir-woor, who received a deadly wound, which they carefully endeavored to heal, but totally without success; whereupon it was declared by Wal-lyne-yup that all who came after him should also die in like manner as his son died. Could the wound but have been healed in this case, being the first, the natives think death would have had no power over them. The place where the scene occurred, and where Bin-dir-woor was buried, the natives imagine to have been on the southern plains, between Clarence and the Murray; and the instrument used is said to have been a spear, thrown by some unknown being, and directed by some supernatural power. The tradition goes on to state, that "Bin-dir-woor, the son, although deprived of life, and buried in his grave, did not remain there, but rose and went to the west, to the unknown land of spirits, across the sea. The parents followed after their son, but (as the natives suppose) were unable to prevail upon him to return, and they consequently have remained with him ever since." Mr. Armstrong says of this tradition, that "it is the nearest approach to truth, and the most reasonable he has yet heard among the natives;" and it is certainly highly curious, as showing their belief that man originally was not made subject to death, and as giving the first intimation we have heard of their ideas of the manner in which death was introduced into the world.

**TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.** Amidst the many wonderful inventions of modern days, wherein the faculties of man have overcome difficulties apparently insurmountable, and made the very elements themselves subservient to his power and use, there are none more wonderful than that now about to be carried out by the establishment of sub-marine telegraphs, by which an instantaneous communication will be effected between the coasts of England and France. The British government, by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, and the French government, by the Minister of the Interior, have granted permission to two gentlemen, the projectors of the sub-marine telegraph, to lay it down from coast to coast. The site selected is from Cape Grosnez, or from Cape Blancnez, on the French side, to the South Foreland on the English coast. The soundings between these headlands are gradual, varying from seven fathoms near the shore on either side, to a maximum of thirty-seven fathoms in mid-channel. The Lords of the Admiralty have also granted permission to the same gentlemen to lay down a sub-marine telegraph between Dublin and Holyhead, which is to be carried on from the latter place to Liverpool and London. The sub-marine telegraph across the English Channel will, however, be the one first laid down; the materials for this are already undergoing the process of insulation, and are in that state of forwardness which will enable the projectors to have them completed and placed in position, so that a telegraphic communication can be transmitted across the Channel about the first week in June. When this is completed, an electric telegraph will be established from the coast to Paris, and thence to Marseilles. This telegraph throughout France will be immediately under the direction of the French government, as, according to the law of 1837, all telegraphic communications through that country are under the absolute control and superintendence of the Minister of the Interior. Upon the completion of the submarine telegraph across the English Channel, it is stated that a similar one, on a most gigantic scale, will be attempted to be formed, under the immediate sanction and patronage of the French administration; this is no less than that of connecting the shores of Africa with those of Europe by the same instrumentality, thus opening a direct and lightning-like communication between Marseilles and Algeria. It has been doubted by several scientific men whether this is practicable, and, indeed, whether even the project between the coasts of France and England can be accomplished; but it has been proved by experiments, the most satisfactory in their results, that not only can it be effected, but effected without any considerable difficulty.

**A POEM BY ABD-EL-KADER!**—In a recent *razzia* in Algiers, the French seized the tents of the renowned hero Abd-el-Kader. Among other things, many of his papers fell into their hands; and in these papers there was found a manuscript poem written by Abd-el-Kader himself. Who would have believed that a semi-barbarian, engaged in deadly war, amused his leisure hours by poetical composition? Yet such appears to be the case. The poem in question is a lamentation

on being separated from his brothers; and as it is not long, I will translate it from the French translation. It will give some idea of Arab poetry in general, and of Abd-el-Kader's poetical powers in particular; but of course great allowance must be made for the effect it loses in a double translation. It runs as follows:

“PRAISE BE TO GOD.

“1. Black ball of my eye—soul of all my being—mild spring of my heart—strength animating my arm;

2. Your presence recreates my sight. By you, my heart, full of delight, despises riches, forgets paternal affection.

3. But destiny has pierced my eyes with his arrows; and since the hour when you departed from me, no sight has rejoiced my regards.

4. What thing after you can recreate my heart? By the Master of the Temple (Mahomet), neither pleasure nor fortune!

5. At the instant of your departure my soul fainted; and my tears fell on account of the overflowing of my heart.

6. My patience exhausted, exists not; but devouring grief will not go away; and I cannot conceive the limits of it but at the bounds of eternity.

7. The flesh of the delicious date has been eaten. The bony heart of the fruit rests naked, deprived of its envelope.

8. Since you left me, joy has flown far from me: my heart is insensible to the gifts I receive, as to those that I make.

9. When you disappeared, my life without you was for me only the course which a messenger makes.

10. Your absence has rendered my nights long—so far as to drive from my thoughts the hope of attaining the term of it.

11. How many times have I cried, when the sun dissipated darkness—O SAÏD! art thou, then, but a vain image that offers itself to my view?

12. And yet my soul, in these moments, comes to reanimate my body—O MOSTAFA! Is it a remedy for grief?

13. To be separated from HOCHEM is one of my bitterest agonies; but nothing can prevent the accomplishment of the decree of God among creatures.

14. After the torments of separation, chance, generous at last, will it bring about a union which will recal to life whom the loss of hope has conducted to death?

15. If this ardent desire be ever fulfilled, my body will recover its strength and its soul.

16. O my brethren! O you who are united to me by our same father; who are dear to me by affection, a bond solid and durable;

17. Be in this life as were those who have preceded us. They are no more! Endeavor, like them, to acquire, by your deeds, glory that cannot be contested.

18. If fortune comes to you, distribute its gifts. If she turns away, content yourselves with the affection which unites us.

19. May the fecund cloud of my salutations expand over you. May their perfume extend in unbounded space!

20. Be a bond to unite friends wherever they may be. A friend is to me as the brother the most dear!”

## SCRAPS FROM PUNCH.

**THE DUKE AND HIS LETTER-WRITERS.**—It is too bad. The Duke of Wellington, like Echo, is expected to answer every donkey that may choose to bray. A couple of letters (that have not yet gone the round of the press) have been handed to us. The first is to the Duke: the second the Duke's answer:—

'My Lord Duke,—Being proud that you are public property, I wish you to inform me whether, as an allottee of the Saffron Hill and Isle of Dogs Junction Railway, I ought to pay twelpence a share on fifty shares, with three-and-six-pence for the application? Your obedient servant, Adolphus Carns.'

'P. S. When you're writing will you also decide a little wager pending in the parlor of the Flower Pot? Did you say, "Up, Guards, and at 'em;" or, "Guards, up, at 'em."'

'Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington has received the letter of Mr. Carns. He is the Commander-in-Chief, and not an attorney; and has no connexion with railways except when he travels by them.

'As to the expression, "Up, Guards, and at 'em," and "Guards, up, and at 'em," the people of the Flower Pot may take whichever suits them. To the Duke either is immaterial.'

**THE MONKY MARKET.**—The Repeal Funds are still very low. They have fallen again this week. The depression is so great, that unless something desperate is done, and that quickly, a panic must inevitably ensue. Money never was known to be 'tighter' in Ireland. Defaulters increase every week. There was a call of £1 per share on Saturday, but very few paid up. The doings at Conciliation Hall still continue, but they are so small that they are not worth quoting. Mr. O'Connell arrives on Monday, when a great *coup de main* is expected. He is a large shareholder, and his transactions may revive the market, if they are on a very imposing scale. Every one, however, is looking forward with dread to the settling day, which cannot now be far distant.

**THE IRISH CURFEW BILL.**—As no person in Ireland is to be allowed to leave his house after a certain hour at night, Mr. Punch respectfully asks Lord Lincoln, how the evicted tenants are to manage, who have no houses to remain in? Are they to roost in the hedges? An answer will oblige.

**EASTER HOLIDAYS.**—Sir Robert Peel has gone down to Drayton Manor to enjoy himself. He has given directions that no newspaper that contains the slightest allusion to himself is to enter the house.

**FASHIONS FROM PARIS.**—Lord Brougham has gone over to Paris, for the purpose, we have been told, of opening in person the grand congress of fashion which takes place annually at Longchamps. We may consequently expect amongst the next importation of *modes* a *Chapeau à la Lord Harry*, and who knows that his lordship, already so celebrated in trowsers, may not bring us over the pattern of a new pair of pantaloons,

called, in compliment, after himself, *Une paire de Brougham et Vaux*?

**THE BEST ENGINES OF WAR.**—Several fire-engines have been constructed for the Colonies. One of them will be sent over to Oregon, for the purpose of putting Jonathan's pipe out.

**SEASONABLE RELIEF.**—The Public Baths and Warehouse establishment in Glasshouse Yard, Smithfield, have been giving pails of whitewash for nothing to the poor in the neighborhood. We understand that the applications from Railway Directors to be whitewashed have been exceedingly numerous.

**LORD PALMERSTON IN PARIS.**—Lord Palmerston has been handsomely fêted at Paris. On Saturday, his Lordship, accompanied by Lady Palmerston, dined with the Princess Lieven; meeting M. Guizot and other members of the French Cabinet. The evening was spent in the presence of Royalty at the Tuileries. On Easter Sunday, Lord and Lady Palmerston dined at the Royal table. On Tuesday, M. Guizot gave a sumptuous entertainment: the Cabinet Ministers, and a large portion of the Corps Diplomatique, were invited to meet the distinguished stranger. In the evening there was a reception which was attended by the whole of the haut ton of Paris. Count Duchatel, the Minister of the Interior, was to give a similar entertainment on Saturday. But this is not all. 'The pleasures,' says the *Times*, 'which Lord Palmerston is tasting in Paris are enhanced by the company of Lord Brougham. At the Institute of France, last Saturday, the noble and learned pair were hailed by a most appropriate address of Baron Charles Dupin on the 'External Forces of Great Britain'; and although Lord Brougham was (of course) obliged to set that sedate assembly right on a few points connected with the little undertakings of his accomplished companion at Aden, Naples, and the coast of Syria, the scientific courtesy of the Académie prevailed over its political prepossessions, and Lord Palmerston will doubtless be elected an honorary member of the French Institute at the very first vacancy.' Besides the ordinary announcements, the *Globe* and the *Morning Chronicle* record the Palmestonian movements with more exclusive particularity.

The Marquis of Lansdowne arrived in Paris on Tuesday; and, according to the *Times*, is also using his influence in favor of the noble Ex-Secretary.

**INAUGURATION OF A SYNAGOGUE.**—A NEW TALMUDIST.—A French journal, *L'Univers Israélite*, gives some account of an acquisition made by the Bibliothèque du Roi, interesting to the students of Talmudic literature. The Rabbini Isaac Lampronti, a physician and judge at Ferrara, who died in 1756, left a remarkable work entitled '*Patrad-Jizhak*,'—forming a general cyclopædia of all the matters treated of in the Talmud and its numerous commentaries. The Royal Library has just obtained possession of the entire manuscript of this great work; which singularly facilitates the study of the Hebrew canonical books, and merits its place beside the Hackasakah of Matmonides.—

At Berlin, the Reformist Jews have been inaugurating a magnificent synagogue for the exer-

cise of their worship, with its liturgic novelties; and the grand Rabbén Pirschberger, in his sermon on the occasion, urged the necessity of the Hebrew lending himself to the progress of the age, and assimilating his manners to those of the people among whom he lives. Though this change has been gradually going on under our own eyes, it is yet a more remarkable one than at first it seems. The attitude of the Israelite has so long been that of a stranger amid all the populations of the world—a child of the captivity even where most free—singing reluctantly the Lord's song in strange lands—homeless every where—mixing with all, but refusing to cast in his lot with any—that this new theory of assimilation and progression seems, itself, an entire obliteration of the distinctive character of the race.—*Athenæum*.

**AN UNPUBLISHED WORK OF LINNÆUS.**—A Frankfort journal mentions the discovery, in Sweden, of an unpublished work by Linnæus, which had long been given up for lost. This work,—the labor of the great naturalist's latter years,—is called the 'Nemesis Divina'; and in it he had recorded, for the instruction of his son, a variety of observations and facts, deduced chiefly from the private lives of men who were known to himself, demonstrating that the rewards and punishments of Divine Justice are distributed even in this world. The manuscript consists of 203 sheets; and, in its preface, the author expressly desires that it shall never be published. To this injunction, no doubt, it was owing that the manuscript was laid aside, and forgotten. Some time since, it was purchased by the University of Upsala, at the sale of the library belonging to a physician whose father had been employed to arrange the papers of Linnæus; and, the death of all those referred to in the work seeming to have removed the objections to its publication, M. Fries, a Swedish botanist, has been appointed to prepare a selection from its pages for the press.—*Athenæum*.

**PAINTING AND PAINTERS.**—It is calculated that in the present exhibition of the works of living artists at Paris, the paintings cover a space of 20,000 square metres, or 2 hectares; that the frames are 17½ kilometres in length; that the value of the whole collection of pictures is about 400,000*l.*; and that the canvas and the gilded frames only are estimated at 40,000*l.* of that sum.

It is asserted that Horace Vernet, the painter, will shortly be created a Peer of France. *Tant mieux*. The honor done in this country to literature and art, in the persons of their most distinguished representatives, is greatly to its credit, and will—because it must—sooner or later be imitated in Britain. Old England, in fact, ought to feel her cheeks tingle at her scurvy treatment of her writers and her artists having continued so long. Let the dear old soul be assured that they are among the best and the worthiest of her sons—that they have done as much to extend her glory as the greatest of her soldiers or the ablest of her statesmen—and that in honoring them she honors herself.

Madame de Witt of Hanover has finished the globe of the moon, on which she has been engaged for the last twenty-two years. It is a

truly marvellous work of art, setting forth with minute particularity all the discoveries made in or on the moon up to the present time. It is a millionth part of the size of the lunar planet, and, when lighted, represents that luminary as it would appear through a powerful telescope. The German papers state that the Royal Astronomical Society of London has purchased Madame de Witt's wonderful globe.

## BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

*Critical and Miscellaneous Essays, to which are added a few Poems.* By A. H. Everett.

These Essays are in the best style of periodical criticism; but they are smart and suggestive, rather than sparkling or profound. The subjects are judiciously chosen:—Madame de Sévigné, Gil Blas, Saint Pierre, Schiller, French Dramatic Literature, Voltaire, Canova, Sir James Mackintosh, Cicero, Chinese manners, &c.,—subjects which indicate an extensive range of reading, and are so treated as to prove a general accuracy of knowledge in the writer. There is an original 'Dialogue on Government between Franklin and Montesquieu,' which has considerable power. Among the poems is a curious old Sanscrit episode, ridiculing the Hindoo superstition on which Southey's 'Curse of Kehama,' is founded. That such a satire should be found imbedded in a commentary on the sacred books is, at least, remarkable. Mr. Everett's adaptation is entitled 'The Hermitage,' and is written in *ottava rima*. We think that its effect would have been better had the original *costume* of the story been preserved. Other translations from Theocritus, Virgil, and the German and Italian poets, are gracefully done, but challenge no special distinction.—*Athenæum*.

*A Commentary on the Apocalypse.* By Moses Stuart, Professor of Sacred Literature in the Theological Seminary of Andover, Mass. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 504. Wiley and Putnam, London, 1845.

This is a publication that will be memorable in the history of theological learning. Whatever may be the opinions of Professor Stuart's readers with regard to the scheme of interpretation which he has adopted, all must agree in praising the patient care, and the variety and compass of sacred erudition which he has brought to his subject. These volumes are published because the matter of them commends itself to the judgment of the author after the reading and reflection of twenty years.

The Apocalypse is divided by Mr. Stuart into four parts. First, a preliminary part embraces the seven churches; second, what is called the first vision and catastrophe, extending through the sixth and six following chapters; then follows the second vision and catastrophe, extending from the twelfth chapter to the nineteenth. The first of the visions is explained as relating to the fall of Judaism, as a persecuting power; the second as relating to the fall of pagan Rome, in that character; and the remaining portion of the



book—the binding of Satan, and the consequent prosperity of the church for a thousand years, the loosing again of that arch-enemy, and the war with Gog and Magog,—these parts are all explained as referring to more distant events, which are to precede the resurrection, the judgment, and the final blessedness of the redeemed. It is admitted that the first and second visions may be regarded as symbolical of the fall of Anti-christian powers, subsequent to the fall of pagan Rome; but it is maintained that the first Christians understood these visions as referring primarily to Jerusalem and to the power of the Cæsars, and that such was the meaning of the Divine Spirit. Papal Rome, accordingly, is not an object of special reference in the Apocalypse.

Mr. Stuart has published this exposition with the manifest expectation that in not a few quarters it will prove startling and unwelcome. And, certainly, this is not the view taken of the Apocalyptic visions by the majority of expositors in America or in England. During several generations the stream of interpretation has flowed in the channel marked out for it by Mede, Vitringa, and Newton—the Antichrist of the Apocalypse being eminently the papal system, and the purport of the book being to depict in perspective the history of the church, and the history of the world so far as bearing on the fate of the church. But Mr. Stuart's theory, though it is not this one, is by no means a novelty. The substance of it may be seen in an extended and elaborate article on the 'Revelation' in Kitto's *Cyclopedia*, from the pen of Dr. Davidson. But it was not left to Dr. Davidson, any more than to Mr. Stuart, to be a discoverer on this ground, the same views in substance having been broached long before by Grotius, Hammond, Le Clerc, and others, as may be seen in Mr. Stuart's own 'Historical Sketch of the Exegesis of the Apocalypse.'

We hope to take up the subject of prophecy generally ere long, and may then have occasion to recur to Professor Stuart's book; in the mean while we commend his volumes to the candid consideration of our readers.

*Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress, and the Life and Times of John Bunyan.* By Rev. George B. Cheever, D. D. 8vo. pp. 182. Fullarton and Co., London, 1845.

Coleridge, speaking, in his *Aids to Reflection*, of Bunyan's Hero, has wisely said, 'The fears, the hopes, the remembrances, the anticipations, the inward and outward experience, the belief and faith of a Christian, form of themselves a philosophy and a sum of knowledge, which a life spent in the grove of Academus or the painted Porch could not have attained or collected.' But most of the persons who have attempted to comment upon Bunyan for the edification of Christians, have made a very sorry business of it, the comment being too often as a cloud upon the text. Dr. Cheever possesses more of the qualifications necessary to this delicate office than any of his predecessors. He has knowledge, imagination, sensibility, piety, and sagacity; and has produced a book not unworthy of its subject. This is saying very much. These lectures have attracted much attention in the United States; we shall be happy to see them become no less popular in Great Britain.

## SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

### GREAT BRITAIN.

*Memoirs of the Jacobites*, by Mrs. Thompson. Vol. III.

*Life of the Rt. Hon. George Canning*, by Robert Bell, 8vo.

The miscellaneous works of Sir James Mackintosh. Edited by his son. 3 vols. 8vo.

*Life and Speeches of Daniel O'Connell*, M. P., edited by his son. Vol. I.

*The Eternal; or the attributes of Jehovah.* By Robert Philips. 12mo.

*Thoughts on Animalcules*, by G. A. Mantell. Small 4to.

*Lives of the Kings of England*, by Thomas Roscoe, Esq. Vol. I. comprising William the Conqueror.

*Confessions of a Pretty Woman*, by Miss Pardoe.

*America, its Realities and Resources*, by F. Wyse. 3 vols. 8vo.

The second volume of Lord Brougham's *lives of Men of Letters*, comprising Dr. Johnson, Adam Smith, Lavoisier, Gibbon, Sir J. Banks, and D'Alembert.

*Travels of Lady Esther Stanhope*. 3 vols.

*The Great Salvation*, by the Rev. Robt. Montgomery.

*Life and Times of Rt. Hon. Henry Grattan*. Vol. V.

*Bishop Heber and the Indian Missions*, by Rev. James Chambers.

*Marston, or the Soldier and Statesman*, by Rev. Dr. Croly. 3 vols.

*Industrial History of Free Nations*, by W. Tonens McCullough. 2 vols.

*Sketches of English Character*, by Mrs. Gore. 2 vols.

*Philosophy of Magic, Prodigies, and Apparent Miracles*, by A. T. Thompson, M. D. 2 vols.

*Memoirs of a Femme de Chambre*, by Countess Blessington. 3 vols.

*Life at the Water Cure, or a Month at Malvern*, by Richard J. Lane.

*Lives of Twelve Eminent Judges of the present century*, by W. C. Townsend. 2 vols.

### GERMANY.

Gerlach: *Über den religiösen Zustand der Anglicanischen Kirche, ihren verschiedenen Gliederungen ein Jahre, 1842.*

Geruberg, A.: *Die Kirche der Zukunft.*

Ronge, J.: *Neue und doch alte Feinde.*

Ulmann, Dr. C.: *Für die Zukunft der Evangelischen Kirche Deutschlands.*

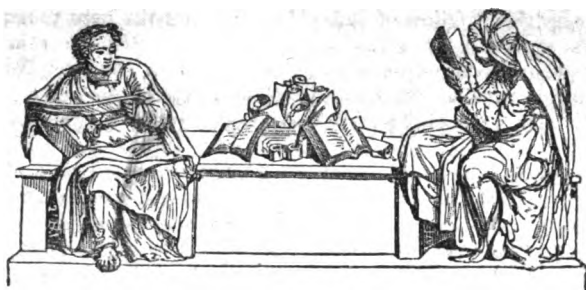




*Yours very truly*  
*Wm Hood*



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# THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JULY, 1846.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

WE rejoice that Hood's verses have been collected. The collection, the short preface to these volumes informs us, "is made in fulfilment of his own desire; it was among his last instructions to those who were dearest to him." The injunction only showed a just sense of the rights of his own remarkable and original genius. There is a phrase which seems to have been blown upon by Cockneysim, till one is nervous about using it, and yet, if Cockneyism would have let it alone, it is a pretty and expressive phrase enough; Hood's verses are "refreshing"—specially refreshing to us professional employers of poetical common-place—refreshing as rural breezes to one "long in populous city pent," who draws his easy and invigorated breath upon the slope of some heaven-kissing Wicklow hill after days and weeks of Sackville-street and Merriion-square in July.

We wish we had a half-sovereign (for our desires are moderate and reasonable) for every single individual who, opening these two neat little volumes, will give the first utterance to his thoughts in the three simple but weighty monosyllables—

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"Poor Tom Hood!" For Hood was a universal favorite—a pet of the public. Men would as little have thought of sternly taking Hood to task, as of rebuking the quick-glancing fancies of a bright-eyed thoughtful child. He was one of those whom most of us who had never beheld his face in the flesh, knew, by a sort of indirect intellectual intimacy better than common acquaintanceship. How often he came to us "as a pleasant thought, when such are wanted!" How often did the care-wrinkled forehead smooth under the passing influence of one of his incomparable fragments of humor, caught in the Poet's Corner of some country newspaper, where the smiling little violet modestly blossomed in the midst of thorny brakes—of pastorals (not of Theocritus, but) of Doctor Mac-Hale, of speeches of Mr. Joseph Hume, and dissertations on railroads, and infallible receipts for the bite of a mad dog! And there is something peculiarly pathetic about the death of a humorist—of a humorist true-hearted and blameless as Hood was. Shakspeare has embodied and immortalized the feelings of us all in the Yorick scene in Hamlet. Death—grim and ghastly Death—what business had the old scythesman, his crapes and his cross-bones—with

our Tom Hood? with this "fellow of infinite jest and most excellent fancy"—his "gibes, his gambols, and his flashes of merriment?" Could he not have been well content—we should not have had a word against it—to take to himself a score of political economists, and leave us our own Tom Hood? Were there not critics weekly, monthly, quarterly? Had he no nice pickings in the Corn Law League? No Irish repealers under whose loss the world would have been meekly resigned? Were there no profoundly learned Doctors of Laws and of Divinity—no discoverers of "a new system of the philosophy of the human mind"—no grave statisticians powerful in population and poor laws? or if he must have his "men of wit about town," was Brookes's, indeed, unpeopled of its Whigs, or the Tories of the Carlton *all* scattered and Peeled? Alas! that that brain—the exquisitely sensitive instrument of delicate thought—should now be formless dust! that tricky spirit now naked and unbodied—no arch and flexible lip to quiver with the coming jest, no eye to twinkle with the inward joy of drollest fancies!

But Hood was much more than a humorist, he was (and his parting request shows that, with all his unaffected modesty he knew it) a true and genuine poet. There have been spirits of loftier flight and more enduring wing, natives of the upper element, whose home was the empyrean; with these we dare not rank him; but the eagle is not solitary in the heavens; and if he alone, undazzled by the beam of mid-day, can dare to give the great Sun himself glance for glance, there are other winged creatures who are satisfied to receive his radiance upon their bright and glossy plumage—

"Whose dripping wings flash sun-light as they veer,"

whose nests are not in the pathless crags, but deep in the bowery woodlands, where, amid all that sea of waving trees beneath, the winged wanderer—the floating flower of the air—drops, with the unerring instinct of love, upon his own expectant home.

It is, indeed, observable that true humor is seldom, if ever, unaccompanied with a deep sense and faculty of the *pathetic*. This is one of its ordinary practical distinctions from wit. Wit is, in its essence, feelingless; the pure, intellectual concretion; the icy crystal that glitters and chills.

Humor is not the gem so much as the flower, the creature of the rain and the beam—of tears and smiles. Wit is clear and cold as the starry midnight. Humor tender and vague as the moon-lit eve. Wit is of the head; Humor of the heart; angels and devils may be witty—man alone has humor.

With such spirits as Hood and Charles Lamb this was eminently manifested. They were both men of profound feeling, men of a large soul for fellow-man, sighing amid all their smiles, and flowing deep, with all the surface-sparkle of their playfulness. That keen susceptibility of the ludicrous, and prompt inventiveness in all the ways of exciting it, were in them compatible with a very learned spirit of human dealings, and much of the pitying temper that knowledge works in worthy hearts. We do not very well know the precise idiosyncrasy of old Democritus; his hard materialist philosophy does not speak too well for it; but he might have been, for all his perennial grin, as tender-souled a being as ever was his weeping brother sage of Ephesus. Were we (to the unspeakable sorrow of universal literature) far gone in a deep ditch, and *both* by some metempsychosis contrived in this nineteenth century, to pass by that way, we should back Heracitus to be the first to desert us; he would have too much to do wiping his eyes at our distresses, poor fellow! to be able to turn his hands to any other use. The world, which in matters within its own coarse daily ken, is seldom wholly wrong, has always felt it; it distrusts ostentatious mourners; it suspects where tears are so promptly shed that the stream readily overflows only because the channel is shallow; while it is unfortunately but too willing to sympathize with joyous *bonhomie*, and to give to careless good fellowship all the honors of the heart. The humor, at the same time, of which we now speak is much more than this; so much more, indeed, that your humorist is frequently the least pliable of good fellows; often a proverbial "oddity"—a solitary self-reflective observer—unpopular with the mass whom he makes uncomfortable—dear and precious to the few.

Man alone laughs; for he alone perpetually contrasts his state with a higher ideal—the failure with the success, the accidental with the immutable, the false with the real, the *is* with the *ought to be*. The brute is too low, the angel too lofty, for that strange mingled emotion of proud sarcastic pleasure which is so appropriate to a *medi-*

al creature, who, midway between the demon and the demigod, is ever greater and ever less than himself.

It has often been said—and no man fit to read the book will ever gainsay it—that Don Quixote is a work of pathos. Insanity, indeed, can hardly ever raise feelings of the unmingled ludicrous; and still less such insanity as this! Consider it well. A noble-hearted old man, a genuine Spanish gentleman, though, it may be, in somewhat shattered circumstances; with a brain overcharged with visions of ideal perfection, eager, after his own fashion, to redress wrongs and restore the balance of the world, sincerer than many of the lights of chivalry he thought to imitate, ever more compassionate, chaste, high-principled, religious, gallant—it is the very miracle of the author's genius, not so much to have written the book that of all others has made mankind laugh, as with such a hero to have prevented us from weeping. Rabelais, indeed, has little pathos; it is owing to this very want, almost as much as to his ineffable grossness, that in spite of all that vigor of exulting fancy, rolling and wallowing in its own infinite ocean of mirth, ruling with a conqueror's caprices the whole empire of fun, Rabelais is scarcely, except by curious students, read. Swift—so often compared with Rabelais, and certainly rivalling his filth—does *not*, whatever Pope may say, sit "in Rabelais' easy chair;" Swift's seat is no easy chair; better name it "the seat of the scornful," the restless couch of a stern and merciless spirit, pouring itself out in those undying works, not in self-indulgent merriment, but in bitter and burning contempt. Hypocrisy of all kinds Swift had a fearful gift to penetrate and to disgrace; but his scorn is almost as dark and terrible as the hypocrisy itself; which will you have—the tears of the *crocodile* or the laughter of the *hyena*? Accordingly, Swift is more of the wit than the humorist; his manufacture is the work of intellect, as clear and keen as a mathematician's; his invention is the servant and instrument of his reason; every thing in his boldest conceptions has its object, and that, for the most part, distinct and decisive. In his very ribaldry, there is no "*superfluity* of naughtiness;" he discards as an incumbrance the loose vesture of imaginative phraseology and decoration—not because he could not, but would not, adopt it; the poet may come down to the arena in his singing-robe, but Swift strips for the fight. Other men of sa-

tirical fancy shoot oftentimes at random; to enjoy their abounding strength; Swift never throws away a shot,—he fits his arrow to the bow, eyes his shrinking victim, and cleaves the heart. There is a terrible seriousness in his jests. Yet, let no man think to lightly settle the question of the influence of Swift's writings. They tend to make us uncomfortable; but they tend to make us honest. It is not pleasant to gaze on the flayed Marsyas; but the beauty which is skin-deep may the less deceive us after such a sight.

Probably in Sterne—in my Uncle Toby—the perfection of genuine humor was nearly attained; and what a model is that of *pathetic* nature! How prodigious must have been the amount of the corruption that spoiled Sterne's heart! Of all the dread phenomena of human perversity, there is none more mournful than the utter separation of the moral imagination from the practical moral belief; or, what is perhaps the truer statement—the separation of the moral belief itself from all its designed control over the life of its possessor. How awful this dwelling of the one man in two worlds, without one point of contact between them; the world of *imagination*—of the closet and the desk—with its glorious population of ideal excellences, models of pure and persuasive virtue, beings of thought so real and indestructible, that, clothed in language, they shall live and govern mankind for countless ages—to dwell amid such a society, the gifted freeman of such a City of God, the inward conscience of the genius who creates and upholds them, itself audibly speaking in every such vision that he moulds; and the world of *practical life*, mean, ambitious, sensual, selfish—unvisited by one ray of the starry influences of its sister sphere, lower far and more despicable than that of the most illiterate cottager, whose views are bounded by the narrow circle of the fields he tills;—and to think that these currents should twine in subtlest links, each day, each hour, nay, each minute, yet never blend,—the lovely creations of fancy still rising in their bright profusion, unsoiled and immaculate, the low and worldly calculations of the same mind, now the schemer for advancement or gain, mingling through that crowd of glorious thoughts unabashed and unrebuked by the high presence in which they move! And then the fearful facility with which the habit is acquired; the rapidity with which the



divorce is accomplished between the winged imagination and the creeping life, and the arrangement decorously effected that each shall vigorously pursue its own business, in its own proper element, and neither disturb the other.

But to our task from this too sad digression!

We are not, then, to wonder that Hood's web of humorous fancies should be interwoven with its thread of pensive thought at times. The peculiar tone of many of his serious poems is, however, worthy of special note. Those who chiefly know him by his *Comic Annuals*, and those flashes of occasional mirth with which he was accustomed to illumine the public dullness, will, perhaps, be surprised to learn that his more deliberate genius was mainly conversant with the gloomy and terrible; it is there that Hood showed his real mastery. Yet, after all, reflective readers will not see any absolute novelty in this combination, though it be not often witnessed. Not to speak of instances that readily suggest themselves in poetical history, a curious analogy is furnished by a sister art; for the natural analogies of the different spheres of Art are innumerable; the same imaginative faculty speaks in them all, though it speak different *languages*. Consider, then, the Gothic Architecture. There we see, in a palmary instance, how kindred are the grand and the grotesque—how the curious extravagance of detail is quite compatible with awfulness of general effect, and even blends with it in heightening harmony. Those hideous gargoyles—those monsters that grin in everlasting stone, uncouth as if the old bloody idolatry had left its traces in the majestic faith that supplanted it, and the grim genius of Thor and Odin would not be wholly cast out from even the Christian temples of the Teuton; how does this deformity mingle with no unpleasing discord in the visible music of these great creations of mediæval art! how does the impassive, immutable ugliness of these forms—hard and horrible as Fate—help out the complete impression of stern, resistless power that speaks in the whole mighty edifice! There is, then, no essential disconnection between the quaint and the terrible—rather some deep internal sympathy, when the former is kept within its due limits as an accessory. We see them again in close combination, in the supernaturalisms of popular *romance* in the same regions where Gothic architecture

first rose and was matured; its Spirit of the Mine and the Mountain, its Walpurgis Night,—the very personification of the arch-Fiend himself in our northern fancies—has a sort of horrible drollery. But indeed, to pass from special instances to human nature itself, there is a border-land in all our experience which seems the chance possession, as our fancies alternate, of the ludicrous and the terrible. Nay, there is a laughter appropriate to wretchedness itself; “moody madness laughs wild amid severest woe.” That resolution of the system which belongs alike to extreme joy and extreme misery utters itself alike in both cases; the diapason of human feelings begins and ends on the same note.

With this prelude our readers may set themselves to “The Dream of Eugene Aram,” which stands the first poem in the collection. The murderous tutor records his own nightmare to one of his pupils:—

“’Twas in the prime of summer time,  
An evening calm and cool,  
And four-and-twenty happy boys  
Came bounding out of school:  
There were some that ran and some that leapt,  
Like troutlets in a pool.

“Away they sped with gamesome minds,  
And souls untouched by sin;  
To a level mead they came, and there  
They drave the wickets in:  
Pleasantly shone the setting sun  
Over the town of Lynn.

“Like sportive deer they cours’d about,  
And shouted as they ran—  
Turning to mirth all things of earth,  
As only boyhood can:  
But the Usher sat remote from all,  
A melancholy man!

“His hat was off, his vest apart,  
To catch heaven’s blessed breeze:  
For a burning thought was in his brow,  
And his bosom ill at ease:  
So he lean’d his head on his hands, and read  
The book between his knees!

“Leaf after leaf he turn’d it o’er,  
Nor ever glanc’d aside,  
For the peace of his soul he read that book  
In the golden eventide:  
Much study had made him very lean,  
And pale, and leaden-ey’d.

“At last he shut the ponderous tome,  
With a fast and fervent grasp  
He strain’d the dusky covers close,  
And fix’d the brazen hasp:  
‘Oh, God! could I so close my mind,  
And clasp it with a clasp!’

“Then leaping on his feet upright,  
Some moody turns he took—

Now up the mead, then down the mead,  
And past a shady nook—  
And lo! he saw a little boy  
That pored upon a book!

“My gentle lad, what is't you read,  
Romance or fairy fable?  
Or is it some historic page  
Of kings and crowns unstable?  
The young boy gave an upward glance,  
‘It is “The Death of Abel.”’

“The Usher took six hasty strides,  
As smit with sudden pain—  
Six hasty strides beyond the place,  
Then slowly back again;  
And down he sat beside the lad,  
And talk'd with him of Cain;

“And long since then, of bloody men,  
Whose deeds tradition saves;  
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,  
And hid in sudden graves;  
Of horrid stabs in groves forlorn,  
And murders done in caves:

“And how the sprites of injur'd men  
Shriek upward from the sod—  
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point  
To show the burial clod:  
And unknown facts of guilty acts  
Are seen in dreams from God!

“He told how murderers walk the earth  
Beneath the curse of Cain—  
With crimson clouds before their eyes,  
And flames about their brain;  
For blood has left upon their souls  
Its everlasting stain!

“‘And well,’ quoth he, ‘I know, for truth,  
Their pangs must be extreme—  
Woe, woe, unutterable woe—  
Who spill life's sacred stream!  
For why? Methought last night I wrought  
A murder in a dream!’

“‘One that had never done me wrong—  
A feeble man, and old;  
I led him to a lonely field—  
The moon shone clear and cold:  
Now here, said I, this man shall die,  
And I will have his gold!’

“‘Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,  
And one with a heavy stone—  
One hurried gash with a hasty knife—  
And then the deed was done:  
There was nothing lying at my foot  
But lifeless flesh and bone!’

“‘Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,  
That could not do me ill:  
And yet I fear'd him all the more,  
For lying there so still:  
There was a manhood in his look  
That murder could not kill!’

“‘And, lo! the universal air  
Seemed lit with ghastly flame!  
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes  
Were looking down in blank:

I took the dead man by his hand,  
And call'd upon his name!

“‘Oh, God! it made me quake to see  
Such sense within the slain!  
But when I touch'd the lifeless clay,  
The blood gushed out again!  
For every clot, a burning spot  
Was scorching in my brain!’

“‘My head was like an ardent coal,  
My heart was solid ice;  
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,  
Was at the Devil's price;  
A dozen times I groaned—the dead  
Had never groaned but twice!’

“‘And now, from forth the frowning sky,  
From the Heaven's topmost height,  
I heard a voice—the awful voice  
Of the blood-avenging sprite—  
“Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,  
And hide it from my sight!”

“‘I took the dreary body up,  
And cast it in a stream—  
A sluggish water, black as ink,  
The depth was so extreme:  
My gentle boy, remember this  
Is nothing but a dream!’

“‘Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,  
And vanish'd in the pool;  
Anon I cleans'd my bloody hands,  
And wash'd my forehead cool,  
And sat among the urchins young  
That evening in the school.

“‘Oh Heaven! to think of their white souls,  
And mine so black and grim!  
I could not share in childish prayer,  
Nor join in evening hymn:  
Like a Devil of the Pit I seem'd  
‘Mid holy Cherubim!’

“‘And peace went with them, one and all,  
And each calm pillow spread;  
But guilt was my grim Chamberlain  
That lighted me to bed,  
And drew my midnight curtains round,  
With fingers bloody red!

“‘All night I lay in agony,  
In anguish dark and deep;  
My fever'd eyes I dared not close,  
But stared aghast at Sleep:  
For Sin had rendered unto her  
The keys of Hell to keep!’

“‘All night I lay in agony,  
From weary chime to chime,  
With one besetting horrid hint,  
That rack'd me all the time;  
A mighty yearning, like the first  
Fierce impulse unto crime!’

“‘One stern, tyrannic thought, that made  
All other thoughts its slave;  
Stronger and stronger every pulse  
Did that temptation crave—  
Still urging me to go and see  
The Dead Man in his grave!’

"Heavily I rose up, as soon  
As light was in the sky,  
And sought the black accursed pool  
With a wild misgiving eye;  
And I saw the Dead in the river bed,  
For the faithless stream was dry!

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook  
The dew-drop from its wing;  
But I never mark'd its morning flight,  
I never heard it sing:  
For I was stooping once again  
Under the horrid thing!

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,  
I took him up and ran;  
There was no time to dig a grave  
Before the day began:  
In a lonesome wood with heaps of leaves,  
I hid the murder'd man!

"And all that day I read in school,  
But my thought was other where:  
As soon as the mid-day task was done,  
In secret I was there:  
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,  
And still the corse was bare!

"Then down I cast me on my face,  
And first began to weep,  
For I knew my secret then was one  
That earth refused to keep;  
Or land or sea, though he should be  
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

"So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,  
Till blood for blood atones!  
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,  
And trodden down with stones,  
And years have rotted off his flesh—  
The world shall see his bones!

"Oh, God! that horrid, horrid dream  
Besets me now awake!  
Again—again, with dizzy brain,  
The human life I take;  
And my red right hand grows raging hot,  
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay  
Will wave or mould allow;  
The horrid thing pursues my soul—  
It stands before me now—  
The fearful boy look'd up and saw  
Huge drops upon his brow.

"That very night, while gentle sleep  
The urchin's eyelids kiss'd,  
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,  
Through the cold and heavy mist;  
And Eugene Aram walked between,  
With gyves upon his wrist."

Those who have fittingly read this impressive ballad, will admit that a spark of the old Macbeth inspiration was not wholly wanting to its author.

The "Haunted House" is even more characteristic of Hood's talent for heightening the undefined sense of the mysteri-

ous by those small details which give reality to fancy, as well as of his command of a very original and expressive poetic dialect. The poem is too long to quote the entire. It has little or nothing of human incident, but embodies, with wonderful force, the vague impressions of awe that belong to old deserted mansions.

"With shatter'd panes the grassy court was  
starr'd;  
The time-worn coping none had tumbled after;  
And through the rugged roof the sky shone,  
barr'd  
With naked beam and rafter.

"O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear;  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted!

"The flow'r grew wild and rankly as the weed,  
Roses with thistles struggled for espial,  
And vagrant plants of parasitic breed  
Had overgrown the Dial.

"But gay or gloomy, steadfast or infirm,  
No heart was there to heed the hour's duration;  
All times and tides were lost in one long term  
Of stagnant desolation.

"Howbeit, the door I pushed—or so I dreamed—  
Which slowly, slowly gaped—the hinges creak-  
ing  
With such a rusty eloquence, it seemed  
That Time himself was speaking.

"But Time was dumb within that mansion old,  
Or left his tale to the heraldic banners,  
That hung from the corroded walls, and told  
Of former men and manners.

"Those tattered flags, that with the opened door,  
Seem'd the old wave of battle to remember,  
While fallen fragments danced upon the floor  
Like dead leaves in December.

"The startled bats flew out, bird after bird—  
The screech-owl overhead began to flutter,  
And seem'd to mock the cry that she had heard  
Some dying victim utter!

"A shriek that echoed from the joisted roof  
And up the stair, and further still and further,  
Till in some ringing chamber far aloof  
It ceased its tale of murder!"

And when the visitor ascends "the gloomy  
stairs and lonely:"—

"Those gloomy stairs, so dark, and damp, and  
cold,  
With odors as from bones and relics carnal,  
Deprived of rite, and consecrated mould,  
The chapel vault, or charnel.

"Those dreary stairs, where with the sounding  
stress  
Of ev'ry step so many echoes blended,

The mind, with dark misgivings, fear'd to guess  
How many feet ascended ;"

And reaches the upper apartments,

"Yet no portentous shape the sight amazed :  
Each object plain, and tangible, and valid ;  
But from their tarnish'd frames dark figures  
gazed,  
And faces spectre-pallid.

"Not merely with the mimic life that lies  
Within the compass of Art's simulation ;  
Their souls were looking thro' their painted  
eyes,  
With awful speculation.

"On every lip a speechless horror dwelt ;  
On every brow the burthen of affliction ;  
The old Ancestral Spirits knew and felt  
The House's malediction.

"Such earnest woe their features overcast,  
They might have stirr'd, or sigh'd, or wept, or  
spoken ;  
But, save the hollow moaning of the blast,  
The stillness was unbroken.

At last, in one of these dim, forsaken cham-  
bers—

"One lonely ray, that glanced upon a bed,  
As if with awful aim, direct and certain,  
To show the BLOODY HAND in burning red  
Embroider'd on the curtain.

"And yet no gory stain was on the quilt,  
The pillow in its place had slowly rotted ;  
The floor alone retain'd the trace of guilt,  
Those boards obscurely spotted.

"Obscurely spotted to the door, and thence  
With mazy doubles to the grated casement—  
Oh, what a tale they told of fear intense,  
Of horror and amazement !

"What human creature in the dead of night  
Had coursed like hunted hare that cruel dis-  
tance ?  
Had sought the door, the window in his flight,  
Striving for dear existence ?

"What shrieking Spirit in that bloody room  
Its mortal frame had violently quitted ?  
Across the sunbeam, with a sudden gloom,  
A ghostly shadow flitted."

These are but portions of a sketch which,  
in a few masterly pages, gives us more than  
the quintessence of all the terrors of Anne  
Radcliffe, and almost of Maturin himself.

But we must find room, at whatever cost,  
for the "Bridge of Sighs," which follows  
this dreary vision. We well remember our  
not dishonorable weakness when first it  
met our eyes years since ; and we will beau-  
tify our pages by enshrining in them this

gem of perfect purity—this crystallized  
tear :—

"One more unfortunate,  
Weary of breath,  
Rashly importunate,  
Gone to her death !

"Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care ;  
Fashion'd so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair !

"Look at her garments  
Clinging like cerements ;  
Whilst the wave constantly  
Drips from her clothing ;  
Take her up instantly,  
Loving, not loathing.

"Touch her not scornfully ;  
Think of her mournfully,  
Gently and humanly ;  
Not of the stains of her ;  
All that remains of her  
Now is pure womanly.

"Make no deep scrutiny  
Into her mutiny  
Rash and undutiful :  
Past all dishonor,  
Death has left on her  
Only the beautiful.

"Still, for all slips of hers,  
One of Eve's family,  
Wipe those poor lips of hers  
Oozing so clammyly.

"Loop up her tresses  
Escaped from the comb,  
Her fair auburn tresses :  
Whilst wonderment guesses  
Where was her home.

"Who was her father ?  
Who was her mother ?  
Had she a sister ?  
Had she a brother ?  
Or was there a dearer one  
Still, and a nearer one  
Yet, than all other ?

"Alas ! for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun !  
Oh ! it was pitiful,  
Near a whole city full,  
Home she had none.

"Sisterly, brotherly,  
Fatherly, motherly  
Feeling, had changed :  
Love, by harsh evidence,  
Thrown from its eminence ;  
Even God's providence  
Seeming estranged.

"Where the lamps quiver  
So far in the river,

With many a light  
From window and casement,  
From garret to basement,  
She stood with amazement,  
Houseless by night.

"The bleak wind of March  
Made her tremble and shiver;  
But not the dark arch,  
Or the black flowing river:  
Mad from life's history,  
Glad to death's mystery  
Swift to be hurl'd—  
Any where, any where  
Out of the world!

"In she plunged boldly,  
No matter how coldly  
The rough river ran—  
Over the brink of it,  
Picture it—think of it,  
Dissolute Man!  
Lave in it, drink of it,  
Then, if you can!

"Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care;  
Fashion'd so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair!

"Ere her limbs frigidly  
Stiffen too rigidly,  
Decently, kindly,  
Smooth and compose them;  
And her eyes, close them,  
Staring so blindly!

"Dreadfully staring  
Thro' muddy impurity,  
As when with the daring  
Last look of despairing  
Fix'd on futurity.

"Perishing gloomily,  
Spurr'd by contumely,  
Cold inhumanity,  
Burning insanity,  
Into her rest.—  
Cross her hands humbly,  
As if praying dumbly,  
Over her breast!

"Owning her weakness,  
Her evil behaviour,  
And leaving, with meekness,  
Her sins to her Saviour!"

To what we have now transcribed, and to the still more celebrated "Song of the Shirt," which succeeds it, belongs the solemn praise of tending to truly better mankind, of chastening and exalting the tone of public feeling in matters, homely indeed, but on that very account of every-day interest and importance. The pulpit can do much; the poet can at times do more; his audience is less limited; he can appeal to some feelings to which the pulpit can

scarcely address itself, without hazarding its necessary dignity; he gains access among those on whom religious appeals have unfortunately little influence; and his moral medicine is administered (if the physician be indeed a master of his healing art) in forms at once more pleasing and more condensed. You will not readily forget that "Bridge of Sighs," and its poor victim; "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;" and when next misery of that class appeals to your compassion, or vice in that department would proffer its temptations, the work of a higher power may be aided by the picture a true poet has just unveiled to your fancy.

Indeed it is a very happy thing for Hood's many friends to think that the impulse which created those exquisite things cannot have passed unnoticed or unrecorded by the Dispenser of everlasting recompense; and that they may in humble hope rejoice that one who thus, in his own department, helped to carry on the great divine work of human amelioration (and how many temptations had a genius so sensitive to all absurdity to turn traitor to the cause of mankind, and sour into the profitless disheartening scuffer!) is now in a world where such labors are not forgotten. The effect produced by the famous "Song of the Shirt" (as in his own quaint spirit of parody he styled and moulded that thrilling appeal on behalf of female poverty and wretchedness) few of us can forget. It shook the public heart to the core. We trust that stirring of the waters has not subsided; that the charity it aided to arouse and to fortify is still busy and unrelaxing in its generous efforts to alleviate surely the most miserable and inhuman bondage—the more miserable because overlooked, and therefore uncompassionated—that the dread of hunger and of nakedness ever forced its victims to endure.

"Work! work! work!  
While the cock is crowing aloof!  
And work—work—work,  
Till the stars shine through the roof!  
It's O! to be a slave  
Along with the barbarous Turk,  
Where woman has never a soul to save,  
If this is Christian work.

"Work—work—work,  
Till the brain begins to swim;  
Work—work—work,  
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!  
Seam, and gusset, and band,  
Band, and gusset, and seam,  
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,  
And sew them on in a dream.

"O! Men, with Sisters dear!  
O! Men, with Mothers and Wives!  
It is not linen you're wearing out,  
But human creatures' lives!  
Stitch—stitch—stitch,  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
Sewing at once, with a double thread,  
A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death?  
That phantom of grisly bone,  
I hardly fear his terrible shape,  
It seems so like my own—  
It seems so like my own,  
Because of the fasts I keep,  
Oh! God! that bread should be so dear,  
And flesh and blood so cheap!"

But we had best pause at once, or we should be won to insert the whole. Buy the book itself, fair daughter of fashion, or borrow it from some accommodating neighbor, in order patiently to transcribe those eleven stanzas in the clearest of Italian hands, and learn, as you ponder their melancholy meanings, to look tenderly on your woe-worn sister, and reflect, that even for your own gentler sex, life—the very spring-time of its years—has other scenes than the evening *salon* and the morning *fête*. Alas! these poor slaves of the toilet are the very Helots of haughty Fashion; the basis of its gorgeous structures are laid in these unseen, untold miseries; the bright consummate flower of the ball-room parterre has grown from this tear-bedewed root; not a fold in the *crêpe lisse* of that exquisite drape—*in the point lace* of those irresistible flounces—in the *tulle illusion* (most imaginative of textures!\*) of those graceful skirts—in the golden blonde of that inimitable berthe—but has been the creation of weary vigils and fevered pulses. A Hamlet, "considering it too curiously," might raise strange sermons on this topic.

The same lesson is pressed forcibly by our poet in another of these touching compositions, the "Lady's Dream." In the dread midnight the vision of all the unmarked sorrows of the working world

\* The poetry of Parisian millinery has never yet obtained its due praises as one of the great departments of æsthetical science. How bold, for example, is the figure, when silks are described as "*d'un véritable couleur de succès!*" The fancy of a new Parisian bonnet was objected to by a fair purchaser: "Madame," was the reply of indignant genius, "*parole d'honneur, il m'a coûté trois nuits d'insomnie pour l'imaginer!*" Still better was the solemn "not at home" of the porter of one of the greater artists—"Monsieur n'est pas visible, il compose!"

passes before the eyes of a child of pomp and luxury.

"And oh! those maidens young,  
Who wrought in that dreary room,  
With figures drooping and spectres thin,  
And cheeks without a bloom;  
And the voice that cried, "For the pomp of pride,  
We haste to an early tomb!"

"For the pomp and pleasure of pride,  
We toil like *Afric slaves*,  
And only to earn a home at last,  
Where yonder cypress waves;"  
And then they point-d—I never saw  
A ground so full of graves!"

"I dress'd as the nobles dress,  
In cloth of silver and gold,  
With silk, and satin, and costly furs,  
In many an ample fold;  
But I never remember'd the naked limbs  
That froze with winter's cold.

"The wounds I might have heal'd!  
The human sorrow and smart!  
And yet it was never in my soul  
To play so ill a part:  
But evil is wrought by want of thought,  
As well as want of heart!"

Listen to the champion of the poor again, when he paints the melancholy march of the tenants of the poor-house to their gloomy home, at the "setting of the work-house clock."

"Onward onward, with hasty feet,  
They swarm—and westward still—  
Masses born to drink and eat,  
But starving amidst Whitechapel's meat,  
And famishing down Cornhill!  
Through the Poultry—but still unfed—  
Christian charity, hang your head!  
Hungry, passing the Street of Bread;  
Thirsty, the Street of Milk—  
Ragged, beside the Ludgate Mart,  
So gorgeous, through mechanic art,  
With cotton, and wool, and silk!

"At last, before that door  
That bears so many a knock,  
Ere ever it opens to sick or poor,  
Like sheep they huddle and flock—  
And would that all the good and wise  
Could see the million of hollow eyes,  
With a gleam derived from hope and the skies,  
Upturned to the workhouse clock!

"Oh! that the parish powers,  
Who regulate labor's hours,  
The daily amount of human trial,  
Weariness, pain, and self-denial,  
Would turn from the artificial dial  
That striketh ten or eleven,  
And go, for once, by that older one  
That stands in the light of Nature's sun,  
And takes its time from Heaven!"

A moral not unlike the bearing of these, is contained in the strange extravaganza of "Miss Kilmansegg," which occupies nearly half of the first of these volumes. The fiction is scarcely a happy one; but the execution is, in some parts, admirable, and there is a sort of droll pathos in the fate of the unfortunate heiress, scurvily treated by her magnificent count, and slain at last by the symbol and instrument of her own wealth. The ode to Mr. Rae Wilson, full of witty retort, has the disadvantage of treading upon the most delicate and dangerous of all the fields of satire. Mr. Wilson had been pleased to comment somewhat severely upon an innocent expression of our Thomas the Rhymer, and the wit takes ample vengeance on the critic, and in him on—as he considers—all the exhibitors of ostentatious sanctity. "Man," declares Hood—

"may pious texts repeat,  
And yet religion have no inward sent;  
'Tis not so plain as the old Hill of Howth,  
A man has got his belly full of ment,  
Because he talks *with victuals in his mouth!*"

Again, on Sir Andrew Agnew's Sabbath Bill, and other compulsory religious enactments, the poet's opinion is—

"Spontaneously to God should tend the soul,  
Like the magnetic needle to the Pole;  
But what were that intrinsic virtue worth,  
Suppose some fellow with more zeal than knowledge,  
Fresh from St. Andrew's College,  
Should *nail* the conscious needle to the north?"

He declares that he abhors the partiality of schemes—

"That frown upon St. Giles' sins, but blink  
The peccadilloes of all Piccadilly;"

as if

"the rich by easy trips  
May go to heaven, whereas the poor and lowly  
Must *work their passage*, as they do in ships."

Neither is the angry bard needlessly complimentary to Mr. Wilson, in his character of Oriental Traveller:—

"You have been to Palestine—alas!  
Some minds improve by travel, others,  
rather  
Resemble copper wire, or brass,  
Which gets the narrower by going farther!"

The argument is capable of being dangerously and extravagantly misapplied: but

no one can well deny the *fact* embodied in the following lines, and the legitimacy of the application as long as it is urged to the enforcement of individual humility and universal charity:—

"Gifted with noble tendency to climb,  
Yet weak at the same time,  
Faith is a kind of parasitic plant,  
That grasps the nearest stem with tendrils;  
And as the climate and the soil may grant,  
So is the sort of tree to which it clings.  
Consider, then, before, like Hurlóthrumbo,  
You aim your club at any creed on earth,  
That, by the simple accident of birth,  
You might have been High Priest to Mumbo Jumbo."

We pass on, however, without much delay from this branch of our task of criticism. The light-armed troops of wit and humor, powerful as they are at times to scatter the pompous columns of sanctimonious pretence, are seldom a perfectly safe auxiliary to the cause of sincere religion. They are Swiss, "who fight for any God or man." Wit has no time and no solicitude to make distinctions; and those who most enjoy its sallies are usually just as little inclined to do so. Hence it is constantly made to do a work its authors never intended; and Tartuffe and Hudibras are formed into standing arsenals of artillery against sincere profession no less than false. While the very connexion of ludicrous associations with even corruptions and spurious imitations of religion cannot be easily severed from religion in its purity and truth; the very language of hypocrisy and sincerity must, from the nature of the case, be the same; and the ridicule that is blended with that phraseology in its false, will adhere to it in its upright use. Men are unconsciously betrayed to pass the shifting barrier that divides them. The warfare against hypocrisy becomes thus too often a discipline for the warfare against sincere belief; the laughter which derides superstition saps the bulwarks that defend against infidelity. Like the dragon fight of the knight in Schiller, the assailants are trained upon the false to attack the true. We are not sorry to see our man of pun and poesy safe out of this dangerous region.

For Hood's gift as a poet of pure fancy—a dreamer in the visionary world of flowers and fairies or in that ideal elder world of Greek mythological heroism near akin to it, the reader may be referred to

these ethereal imaginings, "The Two Swans," "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," "Lycus, the Centaur," "Hero and Leander"—for Hood, too, has versified that immemorial tale. This brings us to his love verses, which have much of the delicate beauty of the early English school. The lines—

"Lady, would'st thou heiress be  
To winter's cold and cruel part?" &c.

might be a veritable relic of George Withers. The following, too, have much feeling in their prettiness :—

" TO ———.

" Still glides the gentle streamlet on,  
With shifting current new and strange ;  
The water that was here is gone,  
But those green shadows never change.

" Serene or ruffled by the storm,  
On present waves, as on the past,  
The mirror'd grove retains its form,  
The self-same trees their semblance cast.

" The hue each fleeting globule wears,  
That drop bequeaths it to the next ;  
One picture still the surface bears,  
To illustrate the murmur'd text.

" So, love, however time may flow,  
Fresh hours pursuing those that flee,  
One constant image still shall show  
My tide of life is true to thee."

Thomas Hood was the son of a bookseller—of the Mr. Hood whose name was usually entwined in bibliopolic matrimony with Verner—the firm of "Verner and Hood." He began as a probationer in the world of commerce ; a clerk in a counting-house ; and doubtless even then at times " penn'd a stanza when he should engross." His doom, however, was not to resemble that of his friend Charles Lamb in the continued drudgery of the desk ; the young scribe's cheek began to pale, and his pulse to quicken ; and he was sent for change of air to Scotland—to Dundee, where some relatives of his father's resided. At a later period, on his return to London, he was apprenticed to an engraver, where he learned the cunning of those droll etchings with which he was afterwards accustomed to adorn his publications. This too mechanic art did not long detain him from his early and abiding bent ; and he became connected with the *London Magazine*, a periodical of high repute in those days through all the borders of Cockaigne. The public are familiar with his subsequent lit-

erary labors—his "Comic Annuals," his "Whimsicalities," his "Up the Rhine" (that volume of irresistible humor), his "Tylney Hall," a fiction of the standard three-volume dimensions, and written with much power. The present volumes are, however, the best guarantee of Hood's fame ; they, perhaps, alone convey an adequate impression of his great and original powers. They are a real gift to the lovers of genuine poetry ; and we shall be happy to pay our critical respects with equal courtesy to that other volume promised in the preface to the present collection, "composed of the more thoughtful pieces in his poems of wit and humor."

Hood's latter years were years of slow and wasting illness, borne with great cheerfulness, and presenting, as far as his friends could observe, many unobtrusive traces of those deeper feelings which even the most mirthful of his joyous effusions discover, and which, indeed, make much of the charm of all that this kind-hearted and accomplished man gave to the world.

B.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

#### THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DR. ZSCHOKKE.

A FEW snatches which have been published in this journal from time to time, together with an abridgment of the diary of a poor Wiltshire vicar, issued in our "Miscellany of Useful and entertaining Tracts," have rendered the name of Zschokke not unfamiliar to our readers. No one who has fallen in with any of his writings, but must desire to know something of the man ; and, fortunately, the spirited proprietors of the Foreign Library place means at our disposal to present an outline of the life of one of the most interesting characters of the present age.\*

A variety of circumstances renders this, with scarcely any exception, one of the best autobiographies ever published. The author kept a diary regularly from twelve years of age, noting down events at the time they occurred to him with all the vigorous earnestness of youth. The work

\* Autobiography of Heinrich Zschokke, forming the 33d part of the Foreign Library. London : Chapman and Hall. Reprinted in Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading.



was not, however, prepared for the press until he had reached the advanced age of seventy. Thus the exuberance of immature enthusiasm is toned down by the sober experience of age. From a neglected orphan, Zschokke had meanwhile been a teacher, lecturer, dramatist, poet, historian, traveller, diplomatist, stadtholder, newspaper editor, popular instructor, and, added to all these characters, always a reformer and philosopher.

Heinrich Zschokke was born in the year 1770 at Magdeburg, in Lower Saxony. His father—a clothmaker and *oberältester*, or deacon of his guild—was his only guardian, for his mother died seven weeks after his birth. "I, his youngest child," says the writer, "became, like most Benjamins, the darling of my father's heart;" whilst the young favorite looked up to his father as "the chief and king of his childish world." The rule he was subjected to was extremely indulgent, and the young adventurer soon made himself an adept in all manner of gymnastic exercises and boyish games, before he acquired any useful accomplishments. At the age of nine, however, his play-days were interrupted by the death of his father, and he was entrusted to the care of an elder brother. This new protector tried to turn the young harum-scarum into a gentleman. Tailor and hairdresser were set to work upon him; but the fine clothes and his brother's regulations deprived him of his ragged street companions and their rough pastimes; and being much confined at home, he took a great dislike to the well polished floors and gilded panels of his fine brother's fine house. When sent to school, the wayward pupil neglected accidence and grammar for the more fascinating study of the Arabian Nights and the Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. The latter took such a firm hold on his imagination, that he resolutely determined to shipwreck himself some day on a beautiful desert island, but to prepare himself better beforehand than did the unfortunate Robinson Crusoe.

Such was young Zschokke's waywardness, that his friends considered him a wrong-headed fellow, who would never come to any good; as an untaught, idle, untidy little vagabond, given to laughing and crying at improper times and places: now credulous even to silliness, now mistrustful to his own detriment; sometimes obstinate, sometimes foolishly docile. Beneath all these failings, however, there ran

a copious stream of pressed affection. He was coldly and carelessly treated, thrust about from one member of his family to another as a useless incumbrance, and forced into a kind of antagonism with them, or thrown back upon his own impulses. "I was obliged to accustom myself to my solitary condition, and to seek my best enjoyment in the delusions of imagination. Thus forsaken by all, I first began clearly to understand that I was an orphan, supported indeed by the interest of my paternal inheritance, but the most useless and superfluous being upon earth. This estranged mankind from me, and me from mankind: I was alone in the world. The consciousness of my separation from others only increased and embittered my intense longing for sympathy and affection. Without jealousy, yet not without a certain secret bitterness of feeling, have I often stood by when one of my companions enjoyed the praises and smiles of a father, or the embraces and kisses of a mother. Me no one pressed to his bosom; my tears were dried by no loving hand; and every reproach, which to other children is sweetened by the consciousness of their parents' affection, fell upon me with unmingled bitterness. Now first the death of my father became to me a quite infinite loss. I eagerly endeavored to recall to my memory his slightest actions, his most insignificant words and looks. I longed to die, and be with him once more. Often I left my bed at night, and lay weeping on my knees, imploring my father to appear to me at least once again. Then I waited with breathless awe, and gazed around to see his spirit; and when no spirit came, I returned sobbing inconsolably to my bed, while I murmured reproachfully, 'Thou, too, best darling father, dost not care about me any longer!'"

No one can peruse the account given of the sorrows of orphanhood without being affected by it; and at the same time acknowledging it to be a faithful record of the sorrows of an abused and parentless child.

Amidst all his eccentricities, he possessed an unusual aptitude for learning, as the way in which he acquired the rudiments of Latin will show. At a school to which he was sent, the only pupil who studied that language was the pedagogue's favorite. "Whenever there was any thing to be seen in the streets—rope dancers, soldiers, puppet-shows, dancing bears or monkeys—this

favorite alone was invariably allowed to leave the school-room, on asking permission in Latin. I, who had not yet got beyond the catechism, could not resist this powerful attraction, and resolved to become master of the magic spell. Its little possessor in vain represented to me the length and difficulty of the way, through an endless wilderness of declensions, adjectives, pronouns, and conjugations. Undaunted, I traversed the hard and thorny path from *Mensa* to *Audio*, and, at the first opportunity, not without fear and trembling, I stammered out my conjuring formula. The school-master, amazed at my sudden learning, examined me incredulously in various ways; at length, satisfied of my acquisition, he praised my perseverance, prophesying that something might be made of me, and formally declared me his second *Lateiner*, with all rights and privileges thereunto appertaining."

Like the greater number of youths of his temperament, Zschokke was passionately fond of reading, and of acquiring knowledge; but as he chose to arrive at it by more erratic paths than are beaten out for the schools, he went to live with an old rector, who was, moreover, a hack-author. This prolific writer gave him, besides plenty of employment in transcribing and translating, unrestrained access to his large and varied library. Into the sweets of this treasure Zschokke dipped during several years, till, at the age of seventeen, he panted to "see the world." But where to go? He conned over a map to fix his choice; and after a little consideration, determined to choose Schwerin, in Mecklenburg, for no other reason than because a former school-fellow had settled there as a court actor. He suddenly conceived a passion for the stage, packed up his little property, and without more ado set off. It was on a cold, foggy, but snowless morning, the 22d of January, 1788, that the young adventurer gaily approached the frontiers of the old Obotritenland, and with a light free heart, like a bird escaped from its cage, followed the impulses of youthful activity, and wandered freely over hill and dale. His native city, with its heavy girdle of walls and moats, and its towering spires and gables, grew smaller and smaller, and vanished in the gray mist far behind him. Unknown landscapes, unknown villages, trees, and cottages, all silvered over with morning rime, rose one after another out of the misty air before him. He sang, he

danced, he shouted with joy; he longed to embrace every peasant that he met. Voices of sweet prophecy made the air ring wildly around him. He was not superstitious; but there are times when wiser men than he have dreamt of intercourse with future events and unseen powers.

"The pleasantest of my omens," says he, "occurred on the second day of my Hegira. As night drew on, I stopped at an inn in the village of Grabow. As I entered the parlor, darkened by the evening twilight, I was suddenly wrapt in an unexpected embrace, and pressed to a warm female heart; while, amid showers of kisses and tears, I heard these words—'Oh, my child, my dear child!' Although I knew, of course, that this greeting was not for me, yet the motherly embrace seemed to me the herald of better days, the beautiful welcome to a newer, warmer world. Let my reader put himself in my place, and imagine the feelings of a poor young orphan, who had never been folded to one loving heart since his father's death, and to whom, for ten long melancholy years, caresses and tender words had been utterly unknown! A sweet trembling passed over me, as I felt myself folded in that warm embrace. The illusion vanished when lighted candles were brought into the room: The modest hostess started from me in some consternation; then, looking at me with smiling embarrassment, she told me that my age and height exactly corresponded to those of her son, whom she expected home that night from a distant school. As her son did not arrive that night, she tended and served me with a loving cordiality, as if to make amends to herself for the disappointment of her son's absence. The dainties which she had prepared for him with her own hands she now bestowed upon me, and my healthy boyish appetite did ample justice to their merits. Nor did her kindness end here. She packed up a supply of dainty provisions for me the next day, procured me a place in a diligence to Schwerin, wrapt me up carefully against frost and rain, and dismissed me with tender admonitions and motherly farewells. She refused to impoverish my scanty purse by taking any payment for my night's lodging, but she did not refuse a grateful kiss, which at parting I pressed upon her cheek. Yet all this kindness was bestowed not on me, but on the image of her absent son. Such is a mother's heart!"

His friend at Schwerin received him

coldly, and laughed at his projects; but a third person who was present at the interview followed him out of the house as he left it disappointed and hopeless, and did him the kindness to introduce him to a printer, partly as tutor, and partly as literary assistant. With this person he was extremely happy; but the restless spirit of change, after a time, overcame him.

Zschokke left all his happiness at Schwerin, to carry out his still existing dramatic predilections; for, becoming acquainted with the manager of a theatre—a decayed nobleman—he joined his corps, which was bound for Prenzlau, on the Uckermark. Here his duties were sufficiently varied. He “curtailed the trains of heroic tragedies; altered old-fashioned comedies to suit modern taste; mutilated and patched all sorts of pieces to suit the wants of the company; wrote, on my own account, a few *raw-head and bloody-bone* pieces; rhymed prologues and epilogues, and corresponded with the most worshipful magistrates and grandes of various small towns, exhorting them to ennoble the taste of their respective small publics, by liberal encouragement of our legitimate drama.” When tired of the vagrant life and miscellaneous employments of a dramatic author, Zschokke determined to enter a university, for which he had never ceased to qualify himself. That which he chose was at Frankfort-on-the-Oder. He wrote home for some of his patrimonial funds, much to the surprise of his guardians at Magdeburg, who had heard nothing of him for ten years, and it was supposed that he had perished somehow or other during his vagabondizing. The requisite cash was, however, remitted. The biographer’s description of his matriculation is highly characteristic. “As the ‘Rector Magnus’ of the high-school at Frankfort, the venerable Professor Hausen, was about to inscribe my name in the list of academical citizens, he asked, ‘What do you wish to study?’ I could not tell, and replied, ‘Allow me to keep for a while my freedom of choice among the nine muses.’ He looked at me in amazement, and said, ‘You must belong to one of the faculties, and can take only one of the nine sisters for your lawful spouse. That does not hinder you from flirting a little with each as you go by. I stood irresolute for a few moments; for I only desired to gather together at this public market place of the sciences a miscellaneous treasure of learning, for use or

ornament, and still more to rid myself, once for all, of my religious doubts. I at length threw the handkerchief to theology, and thought with satisfaction of the approval this choice would meet with from my pious relatives at Magdeburg.”

Here Zschokke made up for lost time, and, abstracting himself from the companionship and vagaries of the *Burschen*, employed his whole time in reading. He had scarcely studied a year, when he was called on to make a funeral oration over a deceased class-fellow. ‘This he did with so much effect that he suddenly became the pet of the professors, and the friend and confidant of all the Frankfort sons of the muses.

Soon after, he wrote a melodrama called *Abellino*, “which soon flew on the wings of the press into almost all the theatres of Germany. It procured for the beardless author, among other honors, a formal invitation from a company of merchants near Stettin, to witness, as their guest, the triumphant representation of the piece. My modesty could hardly have resisted so tempting a harvest of laurels, had not a most untimely deficit in my finances—deficits are apt to be untimely—compelled me to shun the trifling but unavoidable expenses of the journey.” This was no affectation of modest self-denial. Zschokke expresses, a few pages further on, but little respect for the taste of a public which could so highly applaud his “schoolboy melodrama. And although,” he adds, “the love of fame had always appeared to me scarcely less contemptible than the love of money, literary celebrity had never appeared so thoroughly despicable in my eyes as now, when I learnt *who* could obtain it, and for *what*.” Surely this is a rare instance of an author criticising himself and his muse so severely. But he wished, and determined, to rest his fame upon higher things.

After a visit home—where he was received with enthusiasm by the very relations who had previously driven him away by their unsympathizing coldness towards him—he was, on his return to Frankfort, dubbed doctor, and became a tutor and extra-academical lecturer. His classes were always full, and his fame was much increased during the three and a half years he was thus employed, when he aspired to become a “professor extraordinary;” but his political principles stood in his way, and the government refused him the office. Disgusted with this, his old travelling desires re-

turned, and one morning in May, 1795, he mounted the stage on his way to Switzerland.

At Zurich, Zschokke made the acquaintance of the patriot Paul Usteri, Henry Pestalozzi the celebrated and pure-minded educational reformer, and Nægeli, the inventor of the system of national singing which has been so successfully followed by Wilhelm and Mainzer. Paris was his next destination, and he entered France while the effects of the terrible revolution were still visible. "Is this *la belle France*?" I involuntarily exclaimed. Oelsner [his companion] smiled, and replied, "*La belle France* means Paris; that is, the mansion, of which the whole country, from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, is but the courtyard, with the barns and outhouses;" and this is true of France to this day.

Paris had few charms for the practical philosopher, and he soon left it to see Rome, proceeding on his journey by way of Switzerland, a country with which he was already in some degree acquainted.

He arrived in the latter part of the year 1796. While at Berne, he was unexpectedly attacked by fever, which confined him three months, and left him in a feeble state of bodily health. On his recovery, he made a pedestrian journey to Chur, a pretty town, the capital of the Grisons. Before setting out, he sent on his baggage from Berne, but on getting to Chur, found he had arrived before it, and was consequently obliged to wait its appearance. This trifling event proved to be the turning-point of his history. To pass away the time, he called on the only two men of eminence belonging to Chur whose names he knew. These were the poet Salis-Seewis and Director Nesemann, conductor of an educational institution, which had once attained great celebrity, but appeared to be now verging towards its decline. It was situated at the castle of Riechenau, and contained now only fifteen scholars. Nesemann was the head master, but the owner of the whole was the head of the republic of the Grisons, the President Baptista von Tschärner. This was not the first time that Reichenau had received and given shelter to a wandering gentleman and scholar. It was here that, towards the end of October, 1793, a certain young Monsieur Chabas of Languedoc arrived, weary and penniless, with all his worldly goods upon his back, and presently threw himself for refuge on Tschärner and Nesemann, by

imploping their protection—a boon instantly conceded. This humble stranger, who resided for some time as a teacher in the establishment, is now, as we all know, Louis Philippe, king of the French.

Zschokke was, after a few days, asked to take the sole management and direction of the declining school; and he accepted it. "Thus were my wanderings, by a very agreeable and unexpected occurrence, brought to a sudden termination. The delay of a lazy courier had changed the course of my life. Farewell now, Florence and Rome, palette and brush! A school-master's vocation was now to be my sphere of action, and no fairer or wider had I ever desired; mine was a home in the rock fortress of the Alps, a more delightful one than I had ever dreamt of in the gardens of the Tuileries. The spacious castle, with its adjacent buildings, only two miles from Chur, was flanked by an extensive garden, against whose rocky terraces foamed the impetuous waters of the Rhine. On the opposite shores, bordered by green meadows and clumps of larches, the landscape opened into a beautiful wilderness, beyond which the mighty Alps rose range after range, peak into peak melting away in the blue distance, round the snow-capped summit of St. Gothard." The establishment revived and flourished. "Yet," says Zschokke, lamenting the deficiency of a *merely* classical education, "with secret shame I soon discovered my ignorance of much which it most behoved me to know; of matters which all children inquire after, and concerning which, when a boy, I had myself vainly endeavored to obtain information. I understood neither the stones under my feet, nor the stars over my head, nor the commonest flower that blossomed in forest or meadow. In this I was probably in the same predicament with most of our pedagoguish hirelings, who, in spite of all their Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and Sanscrit, are unable even to name the objects that lie around them in daily life. They study every thing except the realities which lie at their feet. In these branches of learning, I and my adopted children became, therefore, fellow-pupils; and the innumerable universe was our schoolroom. It was now that I first discovered how much more a teacher may learn of children, than children can of a teacher." The English reader will remember Wordsworth's lines—

"Dear little boy, my heart  
For other lore would seldom yearn,

Could I but teach a hundredth part  
Of what from thee I learn."

Zschokke set about conquering his deficiencies by studying natural history where it ought to be studied—in the fields and forests. On one occasion, his ardent pursuit of this sort of knowledge saved his life.

The French army having overrun Switzerland, revolutionary troubles followed, and Zschokke, taking part with the patriots, was obliged to dismiss his school, and keep himself closely confined to his castle. One day he had the imprudence to visit a friend, Professor Bartels, who lived opposite the city of Chur, at the foot of Mount Calanda. "I spent a delightful afternoon with him, in company with the beautiful Baroness Salis-Hadelstein, and some young friends of hers. We sang, played, conversed, and told stories, until the evening began to close in. They then all accompanied me back as far as a hill, commanding a glorious prospect of the valley and the river, where we sat down and ate some fruit together before parting. The last glimmer of day had departed when I reached Reichenau; for, on my return, I had wandered far out of my way, into various sequestered byways and forest nooks, in search of the summer offspring of the woodland Flora. In the courtyard of my own house, I found the whole population of Reichenau assembled together. They rushed towards me with shouts of joy, and, surrounding me, besieged me with a hundred questions as to 'how I had escaped the murderers?' A messenger from Haldenstein had brought to Reichenau the most alarming intelligence. A letter from Bartels was now handed to me, which contained a few hasty and tremulous lines, as follows:—'If this messenger finds you safe and uninjured, send word directly, for God's sake. We are all in the greatest anxiety on your account. When, after leaving you, we were walking down the hill, a party of armed peasants met us, and asked with threatening gestures after you. It is said that you are outlawed, and a price is set upon your head. In vain we adjured the rascals to give it up for to-day, and go back. They went off, on the way you had gone, cursing and swearing at you. The ladies screamed and implored, and the baroness nearly fainted. If you are still alive, fly the country, and save yourself.' My little favorites of the forest had, by drawing me far out of my direct way, saved me from my

pursuers." It was now quite time that Dr. Zschokke should speedily retire from his adopted country, which he lost no time in doing. He flew across the Rhine, and was informed that a price was set on his head; a portrait of which, together with his name, was affixed to the public gallows of Chur. His offences seem to have been, publishing a liberal history of the Grisons, and penning a patriotic address, previous to a small and unsuccessful revolutionary outbreak.

Dr. Zschokke now threw himself wholly and ardently into the political strifes of the time. His talents always aided the cause he espoused; and on the union of the Grisons with the Swiss republic, he was taken into official favor, and appointed proconsul of the Unterwalden districts. Amidst the struggles and vicissitudes which befell Switzerland, Zschokke's prudence, benevolence, and energy, were of the utmost service; and other important offices were intrusted to him in succession. At the age of thirty-one he was appointed governor of Basle.

The political part of his career we purposely pass over, as being uninteresting to our readers. All, however, find some interest in tracing the history of a great man's courtship. It began thus:—"One day, whilst I was riding through the streets of Basle with my chasseurs, (citizens' sons from the best families in the town,) I noticed a group of ladies at a window, who were pressing forward, curious perhaps to see the new young governor. He, on his part, was no less curious to see them; and looking up, while returning their salutation, beheld a lovely youthful face, worthy to belong to those winged forms which hover round the Madonnas of Raffaele. Willingly, had etiquette permitted it, would I have made a halt under the window—a proceeding which doubtless would have been just as agreeable to my warlike escort as to myself. As we rode on, the fair one was mentioned among us; it was said she must be a stranger in Basle, and the pleasure of the moment, like many others, was forgotten."

Not long after this trifling event the governor resigned and retired into private life; and it happened that, at Aarau, he went to a concert, and there, as his eye ran over the parterre of assembled beauties, his attention was arrested by one half-opened rose—a flower of Eden. "Who is she?" he inquired of a neighbor. "The daugh-

ter of the pastor of Kirchberg," was the answer; and a faint recollection came across his mind of a clergyman who had once visited him in Basle, and that the damsel was the same whose smiles had gone straight to his heart when they beamed from the window at Basle. Of course it immediately occurred to him as a most urgent duty to return her father's visit as soon as possible. The doctor did so, and repeated his calls; but merely as a good neighbor, once or twice a week, and resolved when there, to keep a strict watch on his behaviour. He adhered to his resolution, and did not betray himself by word or look, more especially when he perceived, even before the innocent creature herself, that Anna's inclinations corresponded with his own.

After a few more struggles, he determined that Anna, or no one, should be the companion of his life. The doctor was saved the trouble of asking the important question, by the intervention of no less an agency than that of—a thunderbolt! "One evening, after a hot summer's day, I was sitting at a table in my bedroom with a book before me, when suddenly the light of the candle was extinguished, and in its place appeared a ball of fire, which darted down from the iron of the window-shutter, and remained visible for some seconds. It soon became evident that the lightning, attracted by the high metallic ornaments of the roof, had struck the building, rending not only the wainscot, but even the thick wall of the castle, and shattering the two windows, so that the floor and furniture were covered by splinters of glass. As for me, although the fiery visitant had left its marks on my neck and on my side, I neither felt any shock nor heard any very loud report, and, in fact, was so little disturbed, that I had leisure to observe with curiosity and admiration the splendor of the fire-ball. Cautiously feeling my way through the darkness that succeeded, I left the chamber; but I believe my composure was rather to be ascribed to the rapidity of the phenomenon, than to any particular presence of mind. Fortunately, the house was not set on fire, but several persons were struck down in the hall. In the course of two hours, however, before the arrival of the surgeon whom I sent for from Aarau, I succeeded in restoring them by the use of the means customary in such cases. It was neither the first nor the last time in my life that the lightning did me the honor of a visit. This occurrence threw the family at the parson-

age into far greater consternation than it had occasioned me, and in her agitation, Anna betrayed the secret that her life hung upon mine." In a short while Anna became Mrs. Dr. Zschokke. "From this time forward," says the autobiographer, the "stream of my life, which, near its source, had to force its way, foaming and struggling, over a rocky bed, flowed on in a calm and tranquil course. There are no more striking adventures or wonderful vicissitudes, and I may therefore comprise the history of a long series of years in a very brief space. I was no longer a young man; and with the deep experience of a life through which I had attained to manhood, I had gained also a nobler and more extensive sphere of action." He revived a publication, which he had started at the suggestion of Pestalozzi, soon after his exile from Chur, and which he quaintly called "The honest, truth-telling, and well-experienced Swiss Messenger, who relates, in his own plain-spoken way, all that goes on in our dear native country, and what the wise folks and the fools are doing all over the world." This weekly messenger, once more set on foot, had a vast circulation, being read wherever German was spoken, and even in Italy, France, and America. It was revived in 1804, and went on prospering for thirty years. He also organized a "Social Instruction Society" at Aarau, where he still resided, and assisted in forming other such institutions in various parts of Switzerland and Germany. Several sums of money which he had given up for lost since the revolution, including arrears of his income as stadtholder of Basle, were fortunately paid to him; and in 1814 he built a beautiful villa on the left bank of the Aar, on a sunny elevation at the foot of Mount Jura, and opposite to the town. In this residence, which he called Blumenhalde, Zschokke has resided ever since in happy retirement, surrounded by an estimable family.

We must not conclude our notice of this most interesting of autobiographies without affording an account of a remarkable faculty Zschokke possesses, and which he calls his "inward sight." "I am," he remarked, "almost afraid to speak of this, not because I am afraid to be thought superstitious, but that I may thereby strengthen such feelings in others. And yet it may be an addition to our stock of soul-experiences, and therefore I will confess! It has happened to me sometimes on my first meeting

with strangers, as I listened silently to their discourse, that their former life, with many trifling circumstances therewith connected, or frequently some particular scene in that life, has passed quite involuntarily, and as it were dream-like, yet perfectly distinct, before me. During this time I usually feel so entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the stranger life, that at last I no longer see clearly the face of the unknown, wherein I undesignedly read, nor distinctly hear the voices of the speakers, which before served in some measure as a commentary to the text of their features. For a long time I held such visions as delusions of the fancy, and the more so as they showed me even the dress and motions of the actors, rooms, furniture, and other accessories. By way of jest, I once, in a familiar family circle at Kirchberg, related the secret history of a sempstress who had just left the room and the house. I had never seen her before in my life; people were astonished, and laughed, but were not to be persuaded that I did not previously know the relations of which I spoke; for what I had uttered was the *literal* truth: I on my part was not less astonished that my dream-pictures were confirmed by the reality. I became more attentive to the subject, and, when propriety admitted it, I would relate to those whose life thus passed before me the subject of my vision, that I might thereby obtain confirmation or refutation of it. It was invariably ratified, not without consternation on their part.\* I myself had less confidence than any one in this mental jugglery. So often as I revealed my visionary gifts to any new person, I regularly expected to hear the answer—'It was not so.' I felt a secret shudder when my auditors replied that it was true, or when their astonishment betrayed my accuracy before they spoke. Instead of many, I will mention one example, which preëminently astounded me. One fair day, in the city of Waldshut, I entered an inn, (the Vine,) in company with two young student-foresters; we were tired with rambling through the woods. We supped with a numerous society at the *table-d'hôte*, where the guests were making very merry

\* "What demon inspires you? Must I again believe in possession?" exclaimed the *spirituel* Johann von Riga, when, in the first hour of our acquaintance, I related his past life to him, with the avowed object of learning whether or no I deceived myself. We speculated long on the enigma, but even his penetration could not solve it."

with the peculiarities and eccentricities of the Swiss, with Mesmer's magnetism, Lavater's physiognomy, &c., &c. One of my companions, whose national pride was wounded by their mockery, begged me to make some reply, particularly to a handsome young man who sat opposite us, and who had allowed himself extraordinary license. This man's former life was at that moment presented to my mind. I turned to him, and asked whether he would answer me candidly, if I related to him some of the most secret passages of his life, I knowing as little of him personally as he did of me? That would be going little further, I thought, than Lavater did with his physiognomy. He promised, if I were correct in my information, to admit it frankly. I then related what my vision had shown me, and the whole company were made acquainted with the private history of the young merchant: his school years, his youthful errors, and lastly, with a fault committed in reference to the strong-box of his principal. I described to him the uninhabited room with whitened walls, where, to the right of the brown door, on a table, stood a black money box, &c., &c. A dead silence prevailed during the whole narration, which I alone occasionally interrupted, by inquiring whether I spoke the truth. The startled young man confirmed every particular, and even, what I had scarcely expected, the last mentioned. Touched with his candor, I shook hands with him over the table, and said no more. He asked my name, which I gave him, and we remained together talking till past midnight. He is probably still living!"

Any explanation of this phenomenon, by means of the known laws of the human mind, would, in the present confined state of our knowledge, assuredly fail. We therefore simply give the extraordinary fact as we find it, in the words of the narrator, leaving the puzzle to be speculated on by our readers. Zschokke adds, that he had met with others who possessed a similar power.

In gentle alternation of light and shade, years rolled over the head of the good philosopher. He wrote copiously, and his works have enjoyed a degree of popularity few authors can boast of. He was moreover, intrusted with many civil offices by the Swiss government, only one of which he consented to be paid for, and that yielded scarcely £50 per annum.

Heinrich Zschokke still lives amidst the

beautiful lawns and groves of Blumenhalde, the living representative of a sound, benevolent, practical philosophy. No one can read his autobiography without being a wiser, perhaps a better man. The lessons of wisdom which he inculcates win their way to the mind, because they are not formally or dictatorially conveyed, but are put forth with a playful kindness, and a graceful ease, which are more impressive than the haughty solemnity of less sympathizing moralists.

From the Eclectic Review.

THE YOUNG PRETENDER AND THE  
REBELLION OF FORTY-FIVE.

*Memoirs of Prince Charles Stuart, (Count of Albany,) commonly called the Young Pretender; with Notices of the Rebellion in 1745.* By Charles Louis Klose, Esq. 2 Vols. London: Colburn.

ABOUT one hundred years have passed away since our great-grandfathers and grandmothers, in the midst of their steady, quiet, prosperous, though somewhat common-place avocations; in the midst of their formal tea-drinkings, and sober club-meetings; in the midst, alas! even of their boasts of 'liberty and property,' of 'Protestant ascendancy,' of 'our glorious constitution,' and the undoubted right of Britannia to rule the waves—were startled by the incredible intelligence, that the young Pretender, had not only landed in Scotland, and been received by the Highland clans with enthusiasm, but had actually crossed the border, and was marching, with no one could tell how many thousand wild Highlanders, direct upon London! It is indeed curious, and to those who at the distance of a century view the progress of the rebellion of 1745, even amusing, to observe how, after determinately refusing to believe that there was the slightest truth in the existing rumors, the good people of England, when convinced, though bitterly against their wills, of the contrary, starting up in a paroxysm of terror so great as almost to prevent their helping themselves, passed within the short space of two or three days, from the one extreme of confirmed skepticism, to the opposite one of indiscriminate belief.

When a short time since we passed some

pleasant mornings turning over several volumes of the leading papers of the long-remembered 'year forty-five,' we were forcibly struck with this. At the very period of the young Pretender's landing—even a fortnight later, when the Duke of Newcastle was sending the most urgent letters into Scotland, and his brother Henry Pelham—the actual prime minister, remarked in a confidential note to Lord Hardwick, 'I never was in so much apprehension as at present,' the leading papers still keep on prosing about 'the balance of power in Europe'—that darling topic of our great-grandfathers—about 'reasons why Marshall Saxe should not have won the battle of Fontenoy,' with eulogies on the Queen of Hungary, and occasional grumbings about Hanover. Even when the fact that the heir of the Stuarts had actually landed could no longer be unknown, the whole newspaper press with perverse unanimity agree in viewing the account as apocryphal, and as being doubtless one of those convenient falsehoods, which the Jacobites were accustomed from time to time to put forth. The truth really was, that, thanks to Walpole—who of all men was most indebted to the Pretender, for the good service his dreaded name had done, as 'a word of fear,' both to a stubborn king, and a timid parliament,—the cry of 'wolf' had been raised so often, that, just as in the fable, when he was actually at the door, no one believed it. It was this perverse popular disbelief which added so largely to the anxieties and responsibilities of the ministry, and doubtless, greatly encouraged the hopes of the young adventurer as to a re-action throughout England in his favor.

At length—'a change comes o'er the spirit' of those daily papers; and they all suddenly find that the country is likely to fall a prey to 'a horrid popish, devilish, Jacobitical plot,' as one of them expresses it, for the second city of the empire is actually in possession of the young Pretender, and 'James VIII. of Scotland, and III. of England, has been proclaimed king at the Cross of Edinburgh! And now, most curious and amusing is the change of tone and feeling. The 'Daily Advertiser,' the 'General Evening Post,' the 'Westminster Journal,' leave, with one accord, the balance of power, the Queen of Hungary, even Hanover, to shift for themselves, and forthwith flaming letters, brimful of loyalty, from some half dozen Juniuses and Scævolas appeared, intermixed with wretched doggrel set-



ting forth the pleasure of dying for 'Great George our King,' and our 'glorious constitution;' and exhibiting historical parallels about as veracious as many of those of the British Reformation Society. Among the minor papers this newly awakened enthusiasm displays itself most laughably, sometimes by stirring addresses to all 'beef-eating Britons,' sometimes by pathetic exhortations to 'Protestant boys,' or 'jolly tars,' while the 'London Penny Post,' forthwith places in bold type at the foot of the first page, 'No wooden shoes,' 'No arbitrary power.'

Happily for our forefathers, indeed, even for us, this violent re-action saved our country from a third infliction of the house of Stuart; for these extravagant fears did good service by their very violence, in thoroughly arousing the public mind, which in those quiet and prosperous days had slumbered so soundly as actually to require being most vigorously awakened. But the shock of this awakening was long felt, and some of our readers can doubtless remember the solemn earnestness with which old men would relate their reminiscences of 'the forty-five.'

The work before us, which, as we learn from the preface, is translated from the German, appears to have been published a few years since: though neither the place where it was published, nor the time, are told us. It is on the whole a well written and tolerably correct work; but it aims rather at being a biography of the last prince of the Stuart race, than an historical memoir of that stirring episode, which forms the only portion, worthy of record, of a life lengthened out to almost fourscore years. In the career of Charles Edward, except as connected with his wild and romantic expedition to England, our readers can feel little interest; we shall, therefore, confine our attention chiefly to this event, correcting or supplying in the course of our narrative the occasional mistakes or deficiencies of the author, by notices drawn from more authentic sources.

To any one who looks over the history of our country from the time of the Revolution to the period we are now entering on, the utter want of principle in successive ministries must excite the utmost disgust. When we read,—not in histories written to subserve the purposes of a party, but in letters, never intended to meet any eye but that for which they were written,—the shameless bargainings for places and pen-

sions; the undisguised contempt of high principle, even of truth; the constant coquetting, nay, sometimes actual collusion with the family to whose expulsion these very men owed their places of trust and responsibility, we can with difficulty believe that scarcely two—in the earlier instances, but *one* generation, separated these degenerate Englishmen from the noble spirits of the Commonwealth; and we feel half angry at the eulogies pronounced on such a state of things, by a Watts, a Doddridge, and even by a Bradbury. It is, therefore, most important when viewing this period, not only to bear in mind the outrageous tyranny of the two later Stuarts, from which, with all its imperfections, the Revolution of eighty-eight delivered our fathers, but also the *general* character of the succeeding governments. While the *men*, Whig and Tory, with scarcely a single exception, may be most justly denounced, many of their *measures*—in their *home* policy, especially—are deserving of much praise. Commerce, which under the Stuarts had always languished, received a fresh impulse from the period of the Revolution; and under the protection of our triumphant navy, our merchant vessels swept from Hudson's Bay to the Spanish Main, and visited the farthest East, laying the foundation of that mightier empire than the sons of Timour could ever establish. Trade too, was protected, for there were few vexatious imposts—the excise laws not having been passed until 1742, and manufactures were greatly encouraged; so that with the exception of the crisis denominated the 'South Sea Bubble,'—in itself a proof of prosperity, since it is only where money is abundant, that such wild speculations have any chance of success—England may be considered to have been gradually rising to wealth and importance, hitherto unattained. Indeed some political economists incline to view the earlier half of the last century as the most *steadily* prosperous period of our history.

As a natural consequence, the mercantile interest rose in importance, and even in documents of Queen Anne's days, we can perceive the growing attention paid by each ministry to 'the merchants and bankers,'—the attention to the latter class, probably, however, growing out of the circumstance of the national debt.

Meanwhile, many of the ancient nobility, and the country gentlemen generally, found themselves comparatively neglected; and

as a matter of course directed their anxious thoughts 'over the water.' Now although the ministers might occasionally cast a glance thither themselves, this was not to be allowed to others, and the very men therefore who were engaged in secret correspondence with St. Germain, exhibited the most patriotic activity in arresting some junior branch of an old Catholic family, or in sending some Jacobite gentleman to the Tower. We, who have the advantage of comparing their private thoughts with their public conduct, are naturally indignant at such treason,—not against reigning families, or governments, as such,—but against truth and principle; yet to our forefathers, who could only judge of these men by their overt acts, we may easily imagine that they appeared true patriots. They protested their interest in the prosperity of the country, and England certainly was prosperous; they reiterated their professions of attachment to religious liberty, and those who had been years ago imprisoned for nonconformity, looked complacently on their commodious meeting-houses, and admiring a King who received their addresses with his own hand, and gave them that hand to kiss, naturally believed all that was told them.

Nor are we inclined to believe that *all* the protestations either of king or minister were hollow. The house of Brunswick from its accession stood pledged in the eyes of Europe to the two grand principles of civil and religious liberty—the right of a people to choose its own rulers, and the right of every subject to choose his own religion. With many 'short comings' on these all-important subjects, they were still in the main adhered to, during the reigns of the first two Georges; and that it was indispensable thus to adhere, seems to us emphatically proved by the whole career of that minister of thirty years' standing,—Walpole, who though he scrupled at few things, never dared to attack these.

Although it would be asserting too much to say that the first two Georges were *popular*, still, we are inclined to believe that they were more so than either Charles or James. The merchants, traders, and manufacturers, together with their numerous dependents, were wholly in their favor. The old Whig nobility and their tenantry were also; while that large class of gentry, or small land-holders who had no violent political predilections, would quietly fall in with the system of 'things as they are, as

a matter of course.' The strong hold of Jacobitism in England, was, therefore, among those few noblemen, who though they had not risked the forfeiture of their estates, still professed sympathy with the exiled family; among the Roman Catholic families and their tenantry in the north, and north-western parts of England, and among that certainly too numerous class of country gentlemen, whose pleasant occupation under the Stuarts had been to hunt hares and nonconformists, but who being now strictly confined to the smaller game, were loud in their abuse of 'Hanover rats.'

Such, we think, was the state of parties in England about the period we have now to consider. In Scotland, however, the case was widely different. Ever since the Restoration, the majority of the Scottish nobility had adhered to the Stuarts, not only from political predilection, but from national feeling. They were 'their ain kings,' and with the spirit of clansmen they followed their banner. The inhabitants of the whole of the Highlands were at this period considered by the Lowlanders as a different race; but these were all bound to the house of Stuart, not only from the principle of clanship, but by the stronger bond of a similar religious faith. Among the inhabitants of Scotland, the house of Brunswick could count, therefore, upon few beside the Lowland gentry and the traders in the towns. These might have done much as a counterbalance; but the Act of Union, which deprived Scotland of her ancient parliament, and which after violent opposition was passed in 1707, greatly alienated the minds of this class from England. By them, no less than by the decided Jacobites, it was viewed as a degradation; and the very protection which it afforded appeared only as part of a deeply-laid scheme to deprive them of their liberty.

The first attempt to re-establish the Stuart dynasty, grew out of the general discontent expressed at the Union, and it failed rather from bad management than from want of encouragement, so far as Scotland was involved. Thirty years passed ere a second attempt was made, and then the grandson of James II., the eldest son of the Pretender, was the leader.

Charles Edward, the Young Pretender, as he was generally called, was born at Rome on the last day of the year 1720, amid the thunders of artillery of the castle of St. Angelo, and the gratulations of the Pope and Cardinals; the former presenting

the father and mother, each, with 10,000 scudi. The infant, immediately after his birth, was exhibited to a crowd of Italian prelates and nobles, among whom mingled a few Scotch and English, upon a state-bed, under a splendid canopy, while in the pope's own chapel, and in his presence, a solemn *Te Deum* was chanted. All this was, we think, sufficiently un-English; nor was the education of the young prince conducted in a less foreign manner. His first instructors—if by such a name they could be called—were the Earl and the Countess of Inverness, the openly avowed mistress of his father, and a Miss Sheldon. Subsequently he was taken under the care of his injured mother, a princess descended from John Sobieski, and by her committed to the superintendence of the Chevalier Ramsay, and afterwards of one Thomas Sheridan. The writer of the work before us complains of Lord Mahon's remark that Charles Edward was 'deficient in the most common elements of knowledge,' but he altogether fails to disprove it. In 1735, Charles lost his mother, and the father now led a more retired life than ever,—spending his mornings in prayers at the tomb of a wife, whose days had been shortened by his infidelity, and then partaking dinner 'with ten persons attached to his court,' whom he left early in the evening. This mode of life must have been sufficiently monotonous and wearisome to a spirited boy; but in his fourteenth year he was sent, under the protection of the Duke of Berwick, in order that he might be initiated into the art of war, at the siege of Gaëta. Before his departure, Charles had an interview with Pope Clement xii., by whom he was always recognized as heir-apparent of the British throne, and as such honored with an arm-chair; and from the hands of the ruler of papal Christendom, the young aspirant, on whom the eyes of so many episcopalians were fixed in longing affection, received the payment of his military outfit.

That a 'true prince,' even at the age of thirteen and three-quarters, should exhibit marvellous wisdom and marvellous intrepidity, was a matter of course: but that his cousin Don Carlos, of Spain, should have presented him with a valuable jewel, and saluted him by the title of 'Prince of Wales,' shows, we think, that the boy, even at that early age, possessed an energy of character which the enemies of England rejoiced to behold.

In September young Charles returned to Rome, waited on the pope, and on this occasion received from him a 'special bull, declaring him qualified to enjoy all spiritual benefices, and conferring on him the general expectancy of the same.' The wording of this is very obscure, probably arising from a double translation; still it shows plainly enough by how many links the Pope sought to bind the aspirant to the British throne to him. A second time young Charles 'smelt gunpowder,' during the campaign of the allied army in Lombardy. The time, however, approached, when it was resolved that he should make a tour through the principal cities of Italy. This took place in 1737; when he adopted the title of Count of Albany, and set out with a suite of about ten persons.

'With this view he left Rome on the 29th of April, and passed through Loretto, Bologna, Parma, Genoa, Milan, and Venice. At the last named city he made some stay, and returned by Padua, Bologna, and Florence, to Rome, where he arrived again on the 9th of July. During this tour the young prince had been the object of much respectful attention. In Bologna, the Cardinal Legate and a deputation of four senators, came to wait upon him; in Genoa, the same compliment was paid him by the Spanish envoy and the heads of the noble houses; and at Milan he was visited by the aged General von Traun, then governor of Lombardy. In Venice, he was not only invited to the senate, but the seat was assigned to him that had usually been reserved for crowned heads when they visited the city. At Venice also he had an opportunity of conferring, for about an hour, in the Church of St. George, with the young Elector of Bavaria, who afterwards wore the imperial crown of Germany, under the title of Charles vii. In Florence a variety of balls and entertainments were given in honor of the Count of Albany's visit; and at the court he would likewise have been an object of the most marked attention, had it not been for the jealous interference of the English minister. This interference was perfectly in accordance with the steps to which the prince's Italian tour gave rise in London. The British government, without the least reserve, required of Guastalli, the Genoese resident secretary at London, that he should intimate to the authorities of the republic, that its interests would be better consulted by showing respect to the reigning dynasty in England than to the family of the Stuarts; and the reception which Charles had met with in Venice was taken so much amies, that Businiello, the Venetian resident in London, was directed, without ceremony, to leave England within three days.'—vol. i. pp. 112—114.

The conduct of the British administration on this occasion was, however, strictly in accordance with international law.

Our author, on this part of his subject, indulges in much sentimental twaddle, such as the eager glances of his hero 'toward the open sea,' and his anxiety to 'distinguish the British flag.' Now these are no proofs of his love for England. Indeed, for her, her institutions, and her people, how *could* he have any? The resident at Rome from his earliest years, the favorite *protégé* of the Pope, the son of a foreign mother, of a foreign-born father—surrounded, too, by friends who viewed the restoration of his family as a conquest, what sympathy could he possibly have with England?

We have thus minutely traced the early career of Charles, because, for want of contemplating their hero before he appears on the stage of public life, many historians have altogether mistaken his character, and consequently his motives. It has been forgetfulness of this, that has exhibited Cromwell as the *personal* enemy of the king; whereas a reference to his early history will prove, that of all the agents in the great civil war, he stands freest from such a charge. It has been forgetfulness, or neglect of this, that has, in the case before us, induced many writers to believe that the young Pretender actually felt a love for Britain; whereas, from the circumstances of his early years, he must have felt quite as much love for Sweden or Denmark. That he was anxious to become king of Great Britain is evident, and the reasons are evident also; but as to true English feeling, the young Pretender, and the 'wee German lairdie,' might just shake hands about it.

Up to 1741 Europe had enjoyed tolerable repose. At this period the war of the queen of Hungary, as it was in England popularly called, began. In 1743, England took the part, and it certainly was the side of justice, of Maria Theresa; and France of the king of Prussia. To take advantage of this war, to advance the claims of the Stuarts, seemed to the Scottish Jacobites most desirable; and they accordingly formed an association for the purpose. Almost simultaneously an association of English Jacobites was formed; and both the Scotch and English urged upon the old Pretender the necessity of securing the aid of France. Cardinal Fleury, in answer to James's application, promised 13,000 men to be landed in the Scottish Highlands, and 10,000,

under Marshal Saxe, to be landed near London. We think this alone sufficient to throw discredit on the Jacobite statement, that the country was ready to hail the return of the Stuarts. Preparations went on, young Charles was invited to France, and the old Pretender put forth two proclamations appointing his son regent, and calling on the people of the United Kingdom to take up arms. These proclamations are not given; but they should have been, since to us their animus is certainly that of a man who considers himself robbed of his property, and determined to recover it by all means.

Early in 1744 Charles set out for Paris. Fifteen ships of the line and five frigates soon after made their appearance in the Channel; and a message from the king to the parliament, and addresses from both houses full of loyalty, showed that the nation was aware of the enterprise. By a singular intervention—may we not call it—of Providence, this fleet was dispersed by a violent storm, in which several transports with troops were lost, many vessels dismasted, and the project was abandoned. War was now declared against France; the alarm at the intended invasion subsided; and, occupied in the queen of Hungary's war, as it was called, all expectation of a renewal of the attempt seems to have passed away.

Not until the next spring did the young adventurer make his second attempt; and then, wearied at the delays of the French government, he actually embarked without their aid. For the necessary expenses he pawned his jewels, which seem to have been very valuable; two of his adherents raised him 180,000 livres; and Anthony Walsh, a Jacobite settled at Nantes, and one Rutledge, supplied the two vessels, together with arms and powder, in which he was to sail for Scotland. Again delays took place, but at length, about the middle of July, they left Belle-Isle. On the fourth day of the voyage the two vessels fell in with the Lion, a fifty-eight gun ship, commanded by the gallant Captain Brett, well known to the readers of Anson's Voyage. The larger vessel engaged the Lion, but was compelled to put into Brest; while the Dentelle, on board which Charles was, escaped. The following day, however, the little vessel was chased by an English man-of-war; but at length it safely anchored in the small island of Erisca, one of the Hebrides, on the 2nd of August.

'On the following morning, Charles sent a messenger to Macdonald of Clanranald, the proprietor of that and the neighbouring islands, and whom he knew to be devoted to his cause. Clanranald happened to be absent on the mainland; the prince, therefore, despatched a second messenger to Clanranald's uncle, Macdonald of Boisdale, who chanced at the time to be in the vicinity, and whom he invited to repair immediately on board of the *Dentelle*. Boisdale appeared, but only to express his firm conviction that the enterprise must necessarily end in disaster; without the least reserve, he called it one verging on insanity; assured the prince that, as he had arrived in Scotland without French aid, he must neither reckon on Clanranald, nor on Alexander Macdonald, nor the Laird of MacLeod, two chiefs on whose devotion to his cause Charles had placed the firmest reliance. The old man urged the immediate return of the whole expedition, as the only course that remained open. It was in vain that Charles employed all his powers of persuasion to represent his affairs in a more favorable light to the ancient partisan of his family; Boisdale remained inflexible, and went back to his isle in a boat.'—*ib.* p. 182.

The little vessel, bearing what the Jacobites fondly called 'Cæsar and his fortunes,' next anchored on the coast of Inverness, and a messenger was sent to Clanranald to invite him on board, but he declined taking any part in the coming contest.

'During their conversation, Charles and the chiefs had been walking up and down the deck. A Highlander stood near them, armed at all points, according to the custom of the country. He was a younger brother of Kinloch Moidart, and had come into the vessel without the slightest knowledge as to who was on board. The conversation, however, to which he had been a witness, had made him aware of the truth, and had evidently thrown him into the greatest agitation. When he gathered from the discourse that the stranger was the Prince of Wales, and when he heard his chief and his brother refuse to take arms for their rightful sovereign, as they believed him, his color went and came, his eyes sparkled, he shifted his place, and instinctively grasped the hilt of his sword. Charles observed the excitement of the young mountaineer, and suddenly turned upon him with the words, "Will you, at least, assist me?" "I will, I will!" cried Ranald; "though no other man in the Highlands should draw a sword for you, I am ready to die for you." Charles eagerly thanked the warm-hearted youth, saying that he only wished all the Highlanders were like him. The implied reproach was scarcely needed. The enthusiasm of Ranald immediately communicated itself to the chiefs. The voice of prudence was no longer listened to. They at once de-

clared themselves ready to make every sacrifice, and to use every exertion to arm their countrymen once more for the house of Stuart, if the prince was not to be shaken in his resolution to hazard every thing on a desperate throw.'—*ib.* pp. 184—186.

Charles now landed. He was conducted to Borodale, and was entertained with his followers by Angus Macdonald. While here the highland chieftains flocked to him; and when he went on to Kinloch Moidart, he was met by Murray of Broughton, the chief agent of the Lowland Jacobites. The time had now arrived for a more open manifestation, and accordingly, on the 19th of August, Charles unfurled his father's banner in the vale of Glenfinnan.

Meanwhile, it may be well asked what was doing in England, and the answer must be, just nothing at all. The case was, that although Henry Pelham and his brother, the Duke of Newcastle, were leaders of the ministry, they were far from possessing even the usual power, much less that power which was necessary for men with such responsibilities, and at such a crisis. It was only in the spring that they had been able to surmount the opposition of Lord Granville, and his party; but although in the House of Commons they were triumphant, it was well known that the king viewed them with absolute hatred. Although, too, on the whole, they had a majority among their colleagues, still there were some that hampered them greatly. One of these was Lord Chesterfield, who it was believed would willingly give in his adhesion to 'James III. of England,' for a due 'consideration;' and the Marquess of Tweedale was another, a warm friend of Lord Granville, and of course a bitter opponent of the Pelhams, and he held the important office of secretary of state for Scotland.

From the Pelham correspondence we learn that Mr. Trevor, minister at the Hague, sent notice to the Duke of Newcastle, even at the time of the young Pretender having set sail; and in consequence, the proclamation, offering £30,000 for him if he should land, appeared. But the proclamation excited no attention, and a fortnight passed away, in which nothing was done save an urgent message to the king, who was in Hanover, entreating his return. This message the king seems to have viewed as some official trick—Walpole had sufficiently accustomed him to such—and he therefore did not hurry himself to comply. In the mean time, the Duke of Argyll was

in daily correspondence with the ministers, praying for a greater military force to be sent to Scotland. This was ridiculed by the Marquess of Tweeddale; and about this time Mr. Pelham writes, I am not so apprehensive of the zeal and strength of our enemies, as of the inability or languidness of our friends.' The first news of the young Pretender's landing does not seem, indeed, to have awakened fear in any part of the country. Meanwhile, the Highland clans were flocking to the adventurer, and his army was daily increasing; and at length King George, on the 31st, returned from Hanover. He received the Pelhams very coldly, expressed his disbelief of the extent of the rebellion, and it was with the greatest difficulty they could obtain his consent to the return of four regiments from Flanders.

On the 3rd of September part of the Highland army entered Perth, and proclaimed the old Pretender king at the cross, and his son regent; and the news of this seems at length to have convinced the king that the Pelhams had not been alarmed without cause. From Perth, the young Pretender's progress toward Edinburgh was unopposed. He proceeded, crossing the plain of Bannockburn, to Falkirk, and thence to Linlithgow. To Edinburgh his march was now directed, and the magistrates who only ten days before had sent up a most loyal and dutiful address to the king, saw the city gates opened, and the troops of the Pretender quietly admitted. 'It passed as quietly,' says Home, 'as when one guard relieves another.'

At day-break, the Camerons marched up to the cross, and there they remained until mid-day.

'At noon another striking spectacle was presented to the inhabitants of Edinburgh. At the old cross, already so renowned in Scottish annals, the heralds and pursuivants, in their ancient and gorgeous official costume, came forward to proclaim King James VIII., and to read the royal declarations and commissions of regency, which were received by the populace with the loudest acclamations. The wild music of the Pibrochs mingled with the shouts of the crowd; a thousand fair hands waved with white handkerchiefs in honor of the day, from the neighboring windows and balconies; and Mrs. Murray of Broughton, a lady of distinguished beauty, sat on horseback near the cross, with a drawn sword in one hand, and with the other distributing white cockades, the symbol of attachment to the house of Stuart.

'The excited multitude, however, had not yet beheld the hero of the day. It was not till noon that Charles set forth to take possession of Holyrood House, the palace of his ancestors. To arrive there, it was necessary to make a considerable round, in order to avoid the guns of the castle. He entered the King's park by a breach which had been made in the wall, and proceeded towards the palace by the Duke's Walk, so termed because it had been the favorite resort of his grandfather, James II., when he resided in Scotland, as Duke of York, some years before his accession to the throne. Thus far Charles had proceeded on foot, but the gathering and impatient crowd pressed around with such eagerness, to kiss his hand or touch his garments, that he was forced to mount on horseback, when he continued his way with the Duke of Perth on one side, and Lord Elcho, who had joined him the preceding night, on the other. His noble mien and his graceful horsemanship, says Mahon, could not fail to strike even the most indifferent spectators; and they were scarcely less pleased at his national dress—a tartan coat, a blue bonnet with a white cockade, and a star of the order of St. Andrew. With fonder partiality, the Jacobites compared his features to those of his ancestor, Robert Bruce, or sought some other resemblance among the pictures of his ancestors that still decorate the gallery of Holyrood. The joy of the adherents of his house knew no bounds. The air resounded with their acclamations; and as he rode onward, 'his boots were dimmed with their kisses and tears.' The palace of his ancestors was found by Charles nearly in the same condition in which his grandfather had left it, with the exception of the Catholic chapel, which had been destroyed by the populace in 1688. The long deserted chambers were that evening enlivened by a ball; and as on the eve of another great battle,

'The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;  
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake  
again,  
And all went merry as a marriage bell."

'The fatigues of the preceding days, and the anxiety that could not but be felt with respect to the coming battle, were alike unable to depress the buoyant spirits of Charles, or to impair his natural vivacity and power of pleasing. The enthusiasm of the ladies was unbounded, and many a fair waverer was perhaps confirmed in her devotion to the house of Stuart, by the graceful dancing of so handsome a representative of Scotland's rightful kings.'—*ib.* pp. 262—265.

On turning to the newspapers of the period, it is curious to see how rapidly the

fears of all classes in England now increase. Advertisements from the different London parishes appear, offering bounties of five pounds a head for each able-bodied man who will enlist; the train bands are summoned to attend, that the oath pledging them to a war *à l'outrance* against popery and Jacobitism may be duly administered; the address of the Corporation of London denounces in good set terms, 'this unnatural rebellion, and the Archbishop of York urges the gentry throughout his diocese to form an association, not only to withstand the pope, and the pretender, but 'to uphold our rights and liberties against the encroachments of arbitrary power'—rare words these, from an archbishop! And influential words were they, for £90,000 were soon subscribed by the gentry, in support of the government.

A more important aid was offered by the London merchants, who consented to take bank notes instead of specie; and when on the 26th of September the agreement was prepared for signature, no less than *eleven hundred and forty\** signed, in the short space of *three hours*. All these names are given in the Gazette, and on looking over them, we were struck with the number of 'old familiar names' that appear. Full half, we should say, on the most moderate computation, are still well known names in the city. It has been traditionally asserted, that this was arranged by the leading dissenters, and from the anxiety with which they naturally viewed the invasion of a Stuart, we think it probably was the case.

But their anxieties were to be farther awakened, and their indignation raised to the highest point, when the rumor that a battle had been fought, and that English soldiers had actually fled, was confirmed by the extraordinary Gazette of September 28th, and the name of Colonel Gardiner appeared in the list of the slain at Prestonpans. Colonel Gardiner, long recognized as one of the most gallant veterans in the English army, was claimed as the peculiar property of the dissenters, and the death of the disciple of Dr. Calamy, and the warm friend of Doddridge, was viewed as a martyrdom. Many were the funeral sermons preached on the occasion in the meeting houses of London, and earnest were the exhortations of the ministers to

their flocks to act worthy of their forefathers. 'The cry through all London now seems to have been 'to arms.' Troops of horse were raised, volunteer companies formed, the trained bands were regularly drilled, and while exhortations to loyalty in papers, and speeches and pamphlets abounded, due care was taken to denounce the principles of the Stuarts; and once more, even in the government papers, the names of Pym, Hampden, nay of Cromwell himself, were pronounced with warm eulogy.

Among those who particularly distinguished themselves at this crisis, were the Spitalfields silk manufacturers, who, grateful for the protection afforded them, not only entered into a liberal subscription, but 'considering the great and many blessings we enjoy under his most sacred and illustrious majesty,' agreed to raise, and arm at their own cost, a body of soldiers, from among their own workmen. The French extraction of these worthy men may be recognized in the reverential terms in which they approach the throne. In their address there is no mention of liberty, or of rights secured by the English constitution. For the religious freedom they enjoyed, they appear most grateful; but of civil freedom, the only basis of the other, they seem to have no idea. They raised, however, nearly *three thousand* men, who, if ignorant of *civil* liberty, would assuredly have stood fast against the encroachments of that religion, which had murdered their pastors, burnt their dwellings, and cast them forth as homeless exiles. On the 2nd of October the bishop of London, and the clergy of his diocese, went up with an address to the king at Kensington palace. In this address, although there is much rigmarole about popery and church and state, they declare 'that there is no safety for the religion and liberties of this country, but in the protestant succession.' It was certainly almost worth the fears of a rebellion, to find the established clergy taking the name of liberty on their lips.

In far better style is the address of the three denominations of protestant dissenters, which was presented by the Rev. Joseph Stennett at the same palace the following day. Our limits will not permit us to copy the whole of this well written address, in which neither the contemptible phrase 'sacred majesty,' nor the degrading word 'toleration,' find a place; but we must give the concluding paragraph:—'As the religious

\* The whole number of signatures was more than fifteen hundred.

and civil liberties, the happiness and honor of the nation, have been always your unwearied care, we cannot but detest and abhor the present unnatural and rebellious attempt, nor shall we ever cease to offer our fervent prayers for the preservation of your majesty's invaluable life, the tranquillity of your reign, and the conveyance of our liberties under the protection of your royal house to the end of time.'

The king's answer is short;\* it might, we thought, have been more courteous; but on turning to his answer to the address of the university of Cambridge a few days before, we found that with the exception of 'constitution in church and state,' it is almost the same. We learn from the papers of the day, that the deputation was most courteously received, and introduced into the king's presence by the Duke of Newcastle. The numerous accounts which now filled the papers of the disastrous defeat at Preston-pans, still farther increased the feeling against the young Pretender. Was England to be invaded by troops of barbarians, who rushed to battle with savage yells, and armed with scythes and pitchforks? Was the crown of the Plantagenets to be placed on the brow of him who had marched at their head in Highland brogues, dressed in tartan, and wielding a Highland broadsword? We cannot indeed wonder that the circumstances of this first battle should strike men's minds forcibly, for Colonel Gardiner received his death wound from a scythe; and this dwelt upon the minds of the troops even at the battle of Culloden, and many a Highlander was there sacrificed to the memory of that gallant leader.

The exultation of Charles and his followers was excessive. Messengers were despatched to France and to Rome with the tidings, and preceded by a hundred pipers, playing that peculiarly Cavalier air, 'The king shall enjoy his own again,' he made his triumphal re-entry into Edinburgh. While here, he exercised every regal function. He gave patents of nobility, issued proclamations, and among others, one denouncing 'the pretended parliament of the Elector of Hanover,' and warning the English not to attend it. He also issued another, arguing with the people upon their

hostility to the Stuarts, and promising 'full enjoyment of their laws and liberties!' This, in time of need, had too often been done by his great-uncle and grandfather, for any one to believe it.

The stay of Charles at Edinburgh continued until the 31st of October. This was partly owing to the defection of many of the Highlanders, who, loaded with plunder after the battle of Preston, returned to the Highlands to secure it; but we think it was much more owing to the unwillingness of his Scottish adherents to advance into England, until the Jacobites there had committed themselves with the government, by some overt act. Meantime the popular feeling against the Pretender deepened in England; while not improbably, the partiality he expressed for the Highlanders, and his willingness to play the king at Holyrood, rather than advance, damped the ardor of his English adherents.

On the 9th of October, the city trained bands were ordered to mount guard at the Royal Exchange, St. Dunstan's in the West, St. Sepulchre's, and Devonshire Square; and the Tower Hamlets were ordered out for the same duty, along the eastern boundary. Money from various associations, and from the city companies, was poured into the Treasury, and even the Quakers, precluded by their religious tenets from directly aiding warfare, raised a subscription to supply the troops with 'flannel waistcoats for the winter.' That the writer of the work before us should believe that, had Charles boldly pressed on, London might have fallen into his hands, may be excused; but that Lord Mahon, accurate and well informed as he is generally, should think so, is to us astonishing, and could, we think, only arise from his not having sufficiently examined those ephemeral documents, which, far beyond every other, give 'the very form and pressure' of the passing day. Let the reader take up the newspapers of this period, and read not merely the letters and addresses, but the short bits of information, and the advertisements, and he must be convinced that the general popular feeling, even had the Pretender penetrated so far, must have been an effectual barrier.

At length, at the head of Scottish troops, furnished with money from France,—at this period a hostile country—supported and surrounded by a staff of Highland, Irish, and French officers, the most conspicuous among the latter being the Marquis d'

\* 'I thank you for your loyal address, and have a firm dependence on your steady attachment to my person and government. You may be assured of the continuance of my protection.'



Eguilles, who had been sent expressly from Louis xv. with a letter of congratulation, Charles, on the 31st of October, at six in the evening, quitted Holyrood, to achieve the conquest of England :—

‘He slept the first night at Pinkie House, as on the night after the battle of Preston, and on the following morning the two columns parted. The whole army consisted of scarcely 6,000 men, including 500 cavalry, well clothed and equipped, and furnished with provisions for four days; but many superstitious notions that prevailed among his troops made the common men as much averse as their leaders to the English campaign, and many of the Highlanders quitted their ranks during the march. According to some, the deserters amounted to no fewer than a thousand men. and one morning it cost Charles a parley of nearly an hour and a half to prevail on his troops to move forward. The weather too was so unfavorable that any troops but Highlanders would have been completely discouraged by it. After a halt of two days at Kelso, orders were sent to Wooler to prepare quarters for his troops, by which the intended effect was produced of alarming Wade, and drawing off his attention from Carlisle. This having been done, Charles suddenly marched westward and down Liddisdale, entering Cumberland at the head of his troops on the evening of the 18th of November. As the clans crossed the border, they drew their swords, and raised a loud shout of exultation; but in hastily unsheathing his claymore, Lochiel accidentally cut his hand, which was immediately looked upon as an unlucky omen, and spread consternation throughout the whole column. On the following day, however, the two divisions effected their intended junction, and marched forward immediately upon Carlisle.’—*ib.* pp. 322, 323.

Carlisle, which was only guarded by a garrison of invalid soldiers, capitulated; but it was here that differences first broke out between the rival parties in the young Pretender’s little army. Hopes of the landing of French troops, alone prevented a portion of his followers from returning to Scotland, and it was not until the 20th that they set out for Penrith, through Shap, Kendal, and Lancaster, to Preston, where they arrived on the 26th. It was here that he first received a welcome; the people hitherto having either fled away, or gazed with stupid surprise on a prince, who, in his Highland costume, and with his target slung across his shoulder, usually marched at the head of one or other of the clans.’ Surely the perverse obstinacy of the Stuarts must have been strong in their descendant, to induce him, even when on English ground,

to persist in wearing a dress, and adopting habits, which proved he could have no sympathy with his English subjects.

At Wigan and Manchester, he is said to have been received with acclamations; but, as very few joined his standard, we may well doubt whether these acclamations were called forth by aught but personal fear. At Manchester, however, two hundred men were persuaded to enlist, under the command of the unfortunate Colonel Francis Townley. These received for their uniform, blue coats, with a tartan sash, and the white cockade. What had English soldiers to do with tartan? This was given evidently in compliment to the Highland clans; but it must have emphatically proved to the English who were willing to join the Stuart banner, that they were to be considered but as subordinates in the great enterprise.

Lancashire, Cheshire, and North Wales, were the strong holds of the English Catholics, and consequently of the Jacobites. As the invading army, therefore, moved onward, it was welcomed with somewhat approaching to enthusiasm. They forded the Mersey near Stockport, and,—

‘On arriving at the other side of the river Charles witnessed a scene characteristic of the enthusiasm and devotion of the adherents of his house, which is thus described by Lord Mahon, on the authority of the late Lord Keith:—“On the opposite bank of the Mersey, Charles found a few of the Cheshire gentry drawn up ready to welcome him, and amongst them Mrs. Skyring, a lady in extreme old age. As a child, she had been lifted up in her mother’s arms, to view the happy landing at Dover of Charles the Second. Her father, an old cavalier, had afterwards to undergo not merely neglect, but oppression, from that thankless monarch; still, however, he and his wife continued devoted to the royal cause, and their daughter grew up as devoted as they. After the expulsion of the Stuarts, all her thoughts, her hopes, her prayers, were directed to another restoration. Ever afterwards, she had with rigid punctuality laid aside one-half of her yearly income, to remit to the exiled family abroad, concealing only what, she said, was of no importance to them—the name of the giver. She had now parted with her jewels, her plate, and every little article of value she possessed, the price of which, in a purse, she laid at the feet of Prince Charles, while, straining her dim eye, to gaze on his features, and pressing his hand to her shrivelled lips, she exclaimed with affectionate rapture, in the words of Simeon, ‘Lord! now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!’ It is added that she did not survive the shock,

when a few days afterwards, she was told of the retreat.'—*ib.* pp. 331—333.

Happily for the honor as well as the safety of England, such instances of enthusiasm in a worthless cause, were rare.

The government, meanwhile, directed a large force of horse and foot, under Sir John Ligonier, to march direct into Lancashire, which was followed by the Duke of Cumberland, who put himself at their head. The weather had now set in most severely; the flannel waistcoats, therefore, the gift of the kind Quakers, and which were sent after the army to Coventry, were most acceptable. Fearing lest these forces might fail to intercept the rebel army, the government proceeded to direct a camp to be formed on Finchley Common, consisting of the guards, part of Ligonier's regiment of horse, Sir Robert Rich's dragoons, and the 'associated regiment,' made up of barristers, under the command of Chief Justice Willes—another proof, and a rather singular one, of the general feeling against the Pretender—and a park of artillery, under the direction of the oldest and most experienced officers. In the midst of all their anxieties, the capture in the Downs of the *Soleil* privateer, with the Earl of Derwentwater, his son, and several French officers, gave them cause for rejoicing. Derwentwater's son, on his arrival in London, was mistaken by the mob for the younger brother of the Pretender, and was with difficulty rescued from being torn in pieces.

Nearly every day now produces an extraordinary Gazette; and interesting is it to follow in them the progress of these exciting events. On the intelligence being received that the rebel army are advancing into Derbyshire, the panic became great, and when the news actually arrived that the young Pretender had entered Derby, all business was at a stand, the shops were closed, and the orders issued to the train bands and to the regular troops that guarded the metropolis, proved that the citizens viewed themselves almost as the inhabitants of a besieged city.\* On Friday the

news reached London, and the day was henceforward called 'Black Friday.'

Great was the panic among the inhabitants of those towns which lay nearest the rebel army. All valuables and money were buried, the few clothes that could be most easily conveyed away were packed in bundles; and horses and carts stood ready, even through the night, to convey the affrighted inhabitants to some more distant asylum. In Leicester, as we have heard from those among the recollections of whose boyhood 'the rebellion' occupied the foremost place, the confusion was extreme. Not only were valuables, even to the silver spoons, buried, but the pewter also; and but for the wooden trenchers and horn spoons, the good people would have been reduced to eat their dinners in a most primitive manner.

As far as we can judge, the followers of the young Pretender seem to have behaved themselves better than might have been expected from half-clothed savages, who until this, their first campaign, had never seen a watch, or a looking-glass. Still, surrounded by so many luxuries, and certainly under a discipline much less strict than that of the English troops, that they made free with most articles which on their march they took a fancy to, is tolerably certain. Indeed, it is to the position occupied by the Highland clans, that we are inclined to believe the reluctant aid of the English Jacobites must after all be attributed. In London the eye of the government was indeed upon them; but in the north of England, where town after town opened its gates to the young adventurer, what was to prevent them from joining his banner, even as their grandfathers had joined that of Charles I.? What could it be? save that while in the latter case they saw a king, bred, although not born in England, surrounded by English gentlemen, and supported by English yeomanry; in the present case they saw, not only a foreign prince—for this they were prepared—but one, un-English in his manners, tastes, and very dress; and he, encompassed, not by bold English yeomen, but by foreigners who looked upon England as a field for plunder, and were alike ignorant of her language and her history.

Two days Charles remained at Derby, exulting in the success that had hitherto attended him; and on the first night, 'turning his whole conversation to the triumphal entry into his father's capital, and deliberating whether he should appear in an En-

\* The story told by Horace Walpole that a severe run on the Bank was the consequence, and that to gain time, payments were made in sixpences, we disbelieve. That the London Jacobites some days before, attempted to create a run on the Bank, is certain, and Sir John Hinde Cotton is alluded to in the papers, as being the most active.

*glisk or a Highland dress.'* (!) But even at that moment his adherents were determining on an immediate retreat to Scotland.

'Lord George Murray put himself forward as spokesman for the rest. He began by observing that the English Jacobites had displayed none of the zeal that had been expected from them; that the looked-for landing of a French corps had not taken place, that longer to act upon the hope of either of those events would be inconsistent with their own safety, as Marshall Wade was already marching through Yorkshire, to occupy their rear, while the Duke of Cumberland was before them at Lichfield; that, in case of a farther advance, they would have to encounter a third army, assembled at Finchley: that the prince had only five thousand fighting men to oppose to these three corps, whose joint force could scarcely fall short of thirty thousand; that the army at Finchley, formed of the guards and new levies, was said to consist of twenty thousand men, and that, however exaggerated such an estimate might be, yet, even supposing the prince could break through it and enter London, his own force was too small to enable him to assume a commanding position there, or to afford protection to his own friends. He next endeavored to show how much more might even yet be hoped for from a retreat to Scotland, than from a rash and hopeless march to London. "Already," continued Lord George, pointing to the despatches which the prince had received that morning, "we learn that Lord John Drummond has landed at Montrose, with the regiment of Royal Scots and some piquets of the Irish brigade, so that the whole force under Lord Strathallan, ready to join us from Perth, is not less three or four thousand men."

'It was in vain that Charles, after having listened impatiently to these arguments, still sought to encourage his followers with the hope that his English friends would all declare themselves as soon as he arrived in London, and that a landing of French troops would still take place on the coast of Kent or Essex. He held out the prospect of mutiny and desertion among the troops at Finchley, and reminded his friends that bold measures had often made up for the numerical inferiority of an army. He bade them remember in how marked a manner Providence had so far blessed his enterprise, and, repelling all considerations of personal security, he cried, "Rather than go back, I would wish to be twenty feet under ground!" The other members of the council assented to the arguments of Murray, either in words, or by a not less expressive silence. Charles summoned all his powers of eloquence to make his friends view the case in this light; and, when he saw his arguments of no avail, he had recourse to entreaties, conjuring first one and then another not to desert his prince at his utmost need. He is even

said to have shed tears of vexation on finding himself unable to overcome the repugnance of his followers to a farther advance; and at last, after a stormy discussion of several hours, the council broke up without coming to any determination.

'During the afternoon, Charles endeavored vainly to induce individual chiefs to come over to his views, and in the evening a second council was held, when not one voice was raised in support of the prince's views, and even his proposal to march into Wales, that the numerous Jacobites of the principality might have an opportunity to declare themselves, was unanimously disapproved of. O'Sullivan and Secretary Murray pointed out to him that the army would never fight well, if all the chiefs acted with unwillingness; and, finding that he could not prevail upon one of his officers to yield to his wishes, he at length reluctantly consented to a retreat, adding, that in future, as he was accountable for his actions only to God and his father, he would call no more councils of war.'—*ib.* pp. 337—341.

Deeply mortified, the young adventurer had now to retrace his steps. He quitted Derby on the 6th of December for Ashbourn, and thence proceeded through Manchester to Carlisle. The Highlanders were violent in their expressions of anger and disappointment; and even Tory writers are forced to confess, that on their retreat they not merely spoiled, but attempted to set fire to some villages. Justice demands that this should be borne in mind, when the conduct of the victorious army at Culloden is considered. At Penrith the little army had a narrow escape from the Duke of Cumberland's dragoons, who overtook the rear. In the conflict, however, the dragoons were defeated, and Charles arrived at Carlisle on the 17th. Quitting Carlisle on the following day, he crossed the Esk with some difficulty, and re-entered Scotland, closely followed by the Duke of Cumberland's forces. As soon as the troops found themselves on Scottish ground, they rent the air with their cheers—cheers that smote like a knell on the ear of the young adventurer.

The news of the retreat of the rebel army seems scarcely to have been believed in London. It is first mentioned in the Gazette, as a rumor; and the extraordinary Gazette, published the next day, hardly takes the tone of certainty. Meanwhile, whether to reassure their friends, or to intimidate the government, the Jacobites appear to have been very active. Copies of the Pretender's proclamation were dropped about in various parts of London; and ru-

mors of a French fleet having appeared off the coast, and of a plan to set fire to London, agitated the public mind. Even when the young Pretender had actually retreated to Manchester, we find orders, 'that alarm posts should be appointed, and proper signals for the several guards'—the signal of danger being, 'seven cannon are to be fired every half minute at the Tower, and to be answered by the same signal from St. James's park.\*' At length, the certainty of the retreat was made known; and on the fast-day, appointed for the 18th of December, thanksgivings were mingled with the service.

The progress of the young Pretender in Scotland was disastrous. Unable to return to Edinburgh he proceeded to Glasgow, a city which having found the benefits of the union, was indisposed to hail the representative of the Stuarts. The inhabitants were, therefore, amerced £10,000, chiefly in clothing for the troops, who then marched onward to Stirling, where the siege of the castle under the direction of French engineers, was commenced. In order to raise the siege General Hawley was despatched from Edinburgh (which was now wholly in the hands of the government), to give battle. This was fought on the 17th of January, and Charles, who had partly recovered from his disappointment, rode through the ranks, with the Marquis d'Eguilles, addressing words of encouragement to the troops, among whom were some French regiments. In this battle the English were defeated, chiefly in consequence of the fatiguing march which they had undergone, and the hopes of the Jacobites were in England, almost revived again, when news was brought of the victory of Falkirk. This triumph was however disastrous in its results. The Highlanders, who had been stimulated by hopes of plunder, after having loaded themselves with the spoil, set off in crowds to their native mountains; while an unfortunate occurrence, which forcibly exhibits their semi-barbarous character, still farther reduced the numbers of the rebel army.

\* A clansman of Clanranald's was examining a musket, part of his booty, at an open window, when the piece went off, and killed a son of Glengarry, who was passing through the street. The prince, conscious of the unfa-

vorable effect likely to be produced by this unfortunate accident, neglected nothing that might serve to soften the anger of the offended clan. The body of the slain man was placed in the same vault in which reposed the body of John Graham, who died in battle under Wallace, and Charles himself attended the funeral as chief mourner. The tribe of Glengarry were not, however, appeased, but, in the spirit of feudal vengeance, demanded life for life. Clanranald reluctantly yielded up his follower, who was taken out and shot, his own father joining in the fire, that the youth's sufferings might be the sooner terminated. Even this wild act of vengeance did not satisfy the Glengarry men, the greater part of whom abandoned the prince's standard and returned to their mountains.—*ib.* pp. 382, 383.

Soon afterwards, the siege of Stirling Castle was raised, and greatly against the wishes of Charles, the remains of his army retreated northward. Irritated at the defeat of Hawley, the Duke of Cumberland, offered to take chief command of the army in Scotland, and on his appointment he set out at one in the morning, and never stopped day or night until he arrived at Edinburgh.

Respecting this young prince, great difference of opinion has, as our readers are aware, prevailed. We have too far exceeded our limits, now, to enter on the question. The same want of space compels us to pass over the progress of the young Pretender, until his hopes were finally crushed on the 16th of April, at the battle of Culloden. His subsequent escapes, and vicissitudes, until he at length embarked for France, are well known. As a romantic portion of history, they possess much interest, but for the purposes for which history ought to be written, the period to which we have directed the attention of our readers, is the most important.

In tracing the course of English history, it is very interesting to observe, how, from time to time, circumstances have arisen, which have compelled our countrymen to take their stand on the great principles of liberty. Sometimes a political revolution has been the result; sometimes the effects can only be traced in the firmer stand and bolder tone that has been taken; and the actual, tangible issue has, perhaps, not appeared until the next generation, or even the next century. Such, unquestionably, was the case with the rebellion of 1745. Men had almost settled on their lees, and finding rest pleasant, began to lose sight of those great principles for which their fore-

\* London Gazette, Dec. 14th. This Gazette contains eight pages closely filled with proclamations and military intelligence.

fathers had battled and died. The approach of a descendant of the Stuarts, compelled them to call to mind what Stuart principles were, and although in their denunciation of those principles, they were far from taking the lofty ground which might justly have been taken, still a 'movement, which set quiet citizens talking of the patriotism of Hampden, and the public spirit of Cromwell, and which made even deans and prebendaries, 'abjure and abhor'—in their addresses to the throne at least—arbitrary power, was not without its use. The arousing of an indolent age by the stirring watchword 'civil and religious liberty,' produced an important effect upon the youth of that period, and gave an impulse to many noble spirits. The speeches of Chatham, the letters of Junius, and many a less known, but influential work, were the result—even those importunate yearnings for political reform,—which, though deriving fresh impulse from the French Revolution, had originated long before,—may all be traced to 'the forty-five.

Alas! for our non-conforming forefathers! they knew not their day! Influential as they were found to be in town and country—courted as they were by king's ministers and church dignitaries, what prevented them from demanding, and from obtaining too,—perfect religious freedom? What, but that strange fatuity, which, with the failures at the Restoration, at the Revolution, and at the accession of the house of Brunswick, before their eyes—made them fall into the self-same snare, and with suicidal liberality, postpone insisting on their claims until that 'more convenient season,' which 'Church and State' determined should never arrive. What a picture of almost childish trustfulness, does the history of our people present; and yet, untaught by the four times repeated lesson, some, even now, in this age of fierce and eager conflict—of violent and persisting demands, would have us sit quiet, and again await the 'more convenient season.' But let us prove that we have not read our history in vain. Let us be wiser!

From Tait's Magazine.

## IMPRESSIONS OF FRANCE.

*Impressions and Observations of a Young Person, during a Residence in Paris.*  
Third edition. Paris: Galignani.

THIS small volume consists of detached sentences or short paragraphs, extracted from the diary of a girl of sixteen; who, though of English parentage, passed her earliest years in Paris and different parts of France; and was, till past childhood, a stranger to her own country. With England, when she did see it, she was charmed. Her impressions and observations indicate, however, that she is not insensible to those points, especially in the economy or philosophy of daily life, in which the French excel the English. A few of the paragraphs will give a clear idea of the work, about which there is nothing juvenile save the years and fresh-mindedness of the writer.

**PEWS.**—Until I visited England, I had never seen church-pews. Their exclusiveness, and the variety of colors with which they are lined, has a strange effect after foreign churches, where every person, in whatever station of life, enters and takes a chair indiscriminately; the rich and the poor, the high and the low, are all considered equal before our Heavenly Father.

**FETES.**—The French are so fond of *fêtes*, that they have one for the dead, *fête des morts*; and even one for the Deity, *fête Dieu*.

**DRESS.**—At theatres and other public places in France, except at the Italian Opera, which is usually resorted to, previously to balls and other *réunions*, young ladies are seldom seen *décolletées*; the exposure of the neck and shoulders is not considered good taste; when the dress is low, the neck is usually covered by a scarf or collar. Children, too, are generally more warmly clad here than in England; the French attributing the cause and prevalence of consumptive complaints to the want of sufficient clothing in childhood.

French ladies, although plainly dressed, have so much good taste, that their apparel is always elegant and sits well. English *Marchandes de modes* and *Couturières* are apt to overload with ornament, or, as the French so well express it, *chargent*; they will not understand that a really well made dress rather loses than gains by their favorite "trimmings," and with them there is no end to the feathers, flowers, and ribbons.

The French, on the contrary, seek to combine the greatest elegance with the greatest

possible simplicity; every thing must be rich and good, but never overloaded.

**VILLAGES.**—"Oft in those pleasant villages of France" reads very prettily in poetry, but I have never had the good fortune to see one. There are no pretty cottages overrun with wild flowers, no village green with its pond, its ducks, and chubby little children, so prettily described by Miss Mitford; no bowling-green road running through it; the whole has an air of *malaise*.

**A HINT.**—Many parasols and purses are forgotten in public carriages; this has probably given rise to a very good practice adopted in Paris for their restoration. The coachman, on your entering, gives a card with the number of his carriage, thus enabling you to reclaim any forgotten articles at the office where the coach is known.

**THE WINDOWS** of English houses have one advantage over those in France; they can be opened without disturbing any thing placed before them, and without risk of tearing the curtains. The quantity of air required, can be admitted into the room, whilst at least half of the French window must be opened for this purpose. The French window has, however, an appearance of greater freedom in summer, which is the reason probably for its being adopted in English country houses, and at watering places.

**ARTISTS** form a very numerous and distinct class in Paris; they wear a peculiar dress *en Raphael*, and affect a sort of contempt for the more useful, but, as they consider, less refined pursuits of commerce.

**DESIGN.**—The French excel in handsome patterns; however coarse the material, the *dessin* is sure to be bold and striking. There appears no profession in England answering to the *dessinateur* who traces patterns; a French lady in London, wishing to embroider a handkerchief, asked me to take her to a *dessinateur*, but, upon inquiry, I was unable to find one.

The want of fountains in London appears strange; the French are very fond of them; Paris abounds in them; and the *Place de la Concorde* owes its chief beauty to them. They give the capital an air of coolness and gaiety, particularly in summer. The French excel in out-door ornaments.

**Fogs.**—A Parisian fog is vapory, and looks like the ghost of a London one; it does not give the same melancholy appearance to the town.

**Dew.**—One of the delights of the country in England is the refreshing dew. English persons are generally quite afraid of walking at night on account of the dampness: to me it is

delightful. The climate of France is so dry, that dew is nearly unknown. The evenings of summer are not relieved by any damp, and are often more oppressive than during the day.

To the effect of dew may possibly be attributed the *fratcheur*, as the French call it, of the English complexion, that beautiful union of red and white, so much more pleasing than the dead white admired in the Parisian cheek. A French lady, Madame de G——, née Princesse de B——, has been heard to say, that whenever there was a *brouillard*, she either walked in the open air, or put her head out of the window, in the hope of catching some English *fratcheur*.

A stranger in London is struck with the number of provision shops. In Paris, those for dress and ornaments are most numerous; the public markets may partly account for this; for the sight is not here so frequently offended by raw meat hung out for sale at the butchers' shops. In the *boutiques de charcuterie* it is reflected by handsome mirrors; the shops are generally ornamented with flowers, and at one season of the year, the *charcuterie* is dressed out like twelfth-cakes.

**SHOPKEEPERS.**—The English shopkeepers appear in an unfavorable light after the French; their civility amounts to servility; they thank you so much for nothing, and offer so many things which you do not want, that to enter a shop in London becomes disagreeable.

**NURSEMAIDS.**—It has often surprised me never to have seen noticed by an older observer, or an abler pen, the vast difference between French and English nursery-maids, and *bonnes d'enfants*. In England, it is not uncommon to see young children left to the care of girls from fifteen to seventeen, the most thoughtless age in life; to whom, to trust one's property would be considered almost madness; whilst the most precious of all treasures, young children, are freely confided to them: indeed it would seem that girls disqualified by youth and inexperience for any other service, are best suited for this. A woman who would not dare to offer you her daughter as a cook, house, or laundry-maid, will freely do so for a place in the nursery. In France, there is no sight more agreeable than the respectable, matronly-looking *bonnes d'enfants*, who are seen in the costumes of their province, attending their young charges either in the Tuileries garden, at Paris, or in the shade of the *promenade publique* which generally surrounds every French country town.

In quitting France I should miss three things: shoes, stays, and chocolate bonbons.

**INNS.**—French inns, although less clean and comfortable, appear to me to have this superiority over those in England; in France, the

rooms are generally *en suite*, so that one is more at home; in England, with a sitting-room on one floor, bed-rooms are frequently given on another; and besides the annoyance of being continually on the staircase or in the corridor, mistakes might arise, unless the exact number and position of the rooms are recollected. I have seldom met with the same good bed at an English inn which is always found in the most indifferent hotel in France.

**DEVOTION.**—Many a servant or peasant, in going to market, many an artisan in going to his daily work, enters a church, and remains there in some corner unobserved; this must arise from piety of the heart; nobody perhaps thinks better of them for doing it, nor would think worse of them if they did not. The cold stone replaces the cushioned *prie-Dieu* among the poor, nor appears too hard to those who enter the church to pray unobserved.

..... The ceremony of the *Première Communion*, or confirmation, is very pretty in France, particularly among girls. They are dressed in white with long veils, which give them a very pleasing and modest appearance. Eleven is the usual age for confirmation; but if a little girl is diligent, and well conducted, and is capable of passing the general examination before that age, she is confirmed, and held up as an example to her young friends and school-fellows. She wears on the day of the ceremony a wreath of white roses as a distinctive emblem of her diligence, purity, and innocence.

Enough of this clever little book, which we introduce both as a companion to ladies going to France, and also for the indirect lessons which it conveys on the great art of "*How to Observe*."

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From the Edinburgh Review.

#### LORD BACON AND SIR THOMAS MORE.

[In the principal article of the last Edinburgh Review, which is an eloquent and lively analysis of Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Lord Chancellors of England*, there occur the two following graphic sketches of two of the most eminent men in the history of English law or literature—Sir Thomas More, and Lord Bacon. We should reprint the entire article, but having published one already on the general subject; and what is here selected is the most that possesses particular value. The facts in Bacon's history are not generally known, and will be read with a painful in-

terest—not, we trust, without at the same time a grateful recollection of the invaluable service he has rendered to the learning of all time. Ed.]

UNDER Lord Campbell's first division, among all the figures who have passed before us, there is only one upon whose character, as a character, we have a wish to dwell. The exception, of course, is Sir Thomas More. With regard to the others, and indeed with regard to almost all who are to follow them, the skill of their biographer cannot keep down the feeling, that their lives are either commonplace, instructive, or entertaining, as the case may be; but that, as to their true selves, we either do not get sufficiently intimate with them to know them, or that, in fact, there was nothing very original about them—nothing really characteristic. Over one, over Francis Bacon, we sit down and mourn! For the rest, they may raise sometimes our respect, sometimes our curiosity; nothing higher or beyond.

One of the marvels in More was his infinite variety. He could write epigrams in a hair shirt at the Carthusian convent; and pass from translating Lucian to lecturing on Augustin in the Church of St. Lawrence. Devout almost to superstition, he was lighthearted almost to buffoonery. One hour we see him encouraging Erasmus in his love of Greek and the new learning, or charming with his ready wit the supper-tables of the court, or turning a debate in Parliament. The next, at home, surrounded by friends and familiar servants, by wife and children, and children's children, dwelling among them in an atmosphere of love and music, prayers and irony—throwing the rein, as it were, on the neck of his most careless fancies, and condescending to follow out the humors of his monkey and his fool. His fortune was almost as various. From his utter indifference to show and money, he must have been a strange successor to Wolsey. He had thought as little about fame as Shakespeare; yet, in the next generation, it was an honor to an Englishman throughout Europe to be the countryman of More.

Nature had made him all things to all men; in the only way that the experiment can ever prosper—by giving him a part of what was best out of every disposition. And so he was an universal favorite. His simplicity and frankness set a window in his bosom. Men saw in, and at once re-

conciled in his favor contradictions, such as would have been the ruin of less open natures; but for which, in his case, they only loved and trusted him the more. Austerity, purity, and festive levity—the self-denial of the monk, the facility of the courtier, the tenderness of the good man of the house—were virtues which he was clothed with as with a garment, the many-colored vesture that he daily wore: to put off which would have been to put aside himself. In him the lion and the lamb lay down together. Righteousness and peace met upon his threshold, and kissed each other.

It has been conjectured that an angel, coming among us, could take interest in nothing. More was wiser than this abstracted angel of the philosophers. He was not only human both in head and heart, but eminently practical. He grew kindly towards every thing he touched, almost entwining himself around it. He made all kinds of interest equally welcome and familiar. The height from which he had looked on life, only served as a proper distance that he so might judge more truly of its realities; and blend into a softer harmony the chafings of the surge below.

More did not wait; and throw the different periods of his life into contrast with each other, as ardent natures are apt to do. No sudden conversion, like that of Becket from ostentatious vanities into Trappism; nor those by which the greatest saints are made out of the greatest sinners. He brought the opposite elements at once into presence: controlling and combining them with a light hand, but a decided will. He had learned what life is made of, without the necessity of going out with Lear into the storm to learn it. The extremes of circumstance and condition, which seem to stand as far asunder as the heavens are from the earth, were in his eyes but the accidents of things; and, except they could approve themselves to be means of happiness or of duty, were hardly worth the trouble of a choice. The earnestness of this exception saved him, not only from the neutrality of the Epicurean angel we were just mentioning, but from a temptation, to which, by his own disposition, he was more exposed—the temptation of standing with Democritus\* in the market-place,

the laughing spectator of a masquerade. This exception might bring all things to a level, or tend to do so; but it was only by including all, and from that natural equality which is in all things except the mind. 'The mind is its own place, and of itself can make'—whatsoever life is capable of being made.

There is a kind of wit as sparkling as the diamond, and as hard: humorists by profession often finish by making merely a mock of life. Not so More. He had a jest, it is true, wherewith to turn the sharpness of the headsman's axe, or to parry his wife's impatient tongue. (By the by, we must do Mrs. Alice Middleton the justice to allow, that, to a managing or aspiring wife, he must have been a most provoking husband.) But the serious part of his nature was a security that he would be sure to be in earnest, when to be in earnest could be of any use. He was no idle wit about town. He had worked hard and long at the world's work; at the toughest part of it, in which men put out their strength. His father, in the first instance, had made him a lawyer—as the King afterwards forced him to court, and made a statesman of him—in both cases against his will. Erasmus testifies to his friendship having been the friendship of all friendships—the salient overflowing of his abounding heart. These would probably have proved securities enough against being carried down the stream with the jesting Pilates. But there was a security behind, greater still. His confidence in the dignity, after death, with which Religion has invested man.

More was in his lifetime reputed witty, in the ancient sense of wise. His wisdom, however, was at fault on some great occasions, public and private. His two marriages were equally unworthy of him. By the most rational account of them, they belong to the leaden age of the profession,—when lawyers, it is said, employed their clerks to choose their wives. But there are happy natures which cannot be made unhappy; and, as More's Socratic tranquillity stood the test of Alice Middleton, we can believe in all that is reported of his happiness with Jane Colt. We recommend our friends, however, rather to trust to his verses—*qualis uxor deligenda*—than to his example. He paid dearer for his other folly,—that of allowing himself to be made Chancellor while the King's divorce was yet unsettled. It imposed on him the

\* Soles hujus generis jocis impendio delectari, et omnino, in communi mortalium vitâ, Democritum quendam agere.—ERASMUS's *Letter to More*, with his *Moria Encomium*.



painful necessity of being chairman to the committee, where the frivolous charges against Wolsey were prepared. All the worse because Wolsey, having feared him always more than loved him, had yet told the King that he was the only proper person to succeed him. We do not believe that More spoke both the speech at his installation, where he is made to compare himself, coming after Wolsey, to 'the lighting of a candle when the sun is down;' and also the speech, a few days afterwards, at the opening of Parliament, where he calls Wolsey 'the great wether, lately fallen, who had juggled with the king, so craftily, scabbedly, and untruly!' Lord Campbell, we are afraid, is right in thinking that the first of these speeches is the one which he did not speak. To be sure, one of his epigrams is addressed to Wolsey, the contradiction of which is quite as great. It was sent together with a copy of Erasmus's New Testament; and Wolsey is described in it, not only as the generous patron of men of letters, but as a perfect Christian and perfect judge! We had rather, that More should not have had to plead the privilege of a poet. But what was more purely and personally rash in him, was the dilemma, the inextricable dilemma, in which he now involved himself respecting the divorce. Four years before, he had evaded the question put to him by the King; and had referred him to divines. During the interval he had observed a prudent silence; so much so, that both parties are said to have reckoned upon his support. Within a few months of his appointment, he gave way a little. We find him submitting to subscribe a letter to Pope Clement in the name of the nation, complaining of his partiality, and threatening to apply the remedy without his interference. Nearly two years afterwards, (a few weeks only before his resignation,) he went down to the House of Commons with the box of foreign opinions, which declared the marriage void. Upon the authority of these opinions, he desired all 'of the Common House to report in their counties, that the King had not attempted this matter of will or pleasure; but only for the discharge of his conscience, and the security of the succession of his realm.' After this faint-heartedness, no wonder he welcomed his fortitude on the question of the supremacy with the joyful exclamation, (which the weaker Cranmer might afterwards have echoed after worse misgivings,) 'I thank

God, the field is won!' More's zeal against the Reformation was now rising. We hope that he may not have been considering it a solemn duty to accept an office, where, according to his own account of their position to his son Roper, 'we sit high upon the mountains, treading heretics under our feet like ants.' Erasmus had foreseen the danger; and had grieved, therefore, at his friend's promotion. Under these feelings he congratulated him on his resignation, and trusted that he had now escaped.

More's personal religion had been marked by so much enthusiasm and singularity from his youth upwards, that we would have rather trusted his judgment, and even his temper, on any other subject. He carried the cross himself in the religious processions of the parish; and while he was Chancellor, the Duke of Norfolk, coming to dine with him at Chelsea, found him at church with a surplice on his back, singing among the choristers! When the Reformation, 'with the ungracious heresy against the blessed sacrament of the altar,' &c., appealed from the priesthood to the people, and with confidence and insults presumed to desecrate the most reverent feelings and habits of his life, the outrage on the very sanctuary of his nature was more than he could bear. His animosity to the Reformers has been half excused on the supposition that it was principally political, and was grounded upon apprehensions for the public peace. This was true of the timid Erasmus; who had no turn for enthusiasm or martyrdom. Not so More. Quite the contrary. The degree in which his animosity can be fairly called political, is only an aggravation of the bigotry which made it so; for it made him first believe, that no one could connect himself with these new sects of error, (especially after reading his answers to their books,) without having beforehand determined to be bad! (*Sed isti generi hominum quibus malos esse libido est, nullâ ratione satisfeceris.*) This to be said of the good men, then alive, of whom this world was not worthy! In the epitaph which he drew up for himself, immediately after resigning, he acknowledges by the gentle word *molestus*, that he had made himself *disagreeable* 'to thieves, murderers, and heretics.' Writing to Erasmus, he repeats this avowal, justifies it, and glories in it. *Quod in epitaphio profiteor, hereticis me molestum fuisse, ambitiosè feci.* For, he

adds, he so hated that race of men, that he was desirous of being thoroughly hated by them in return; his experience of them satisfying him every day more and more, how much there was to fear from them for the world. The nature of these fears, as elsewhere stated to his son, came very much to this,—the probability, that the day might come when he would gladly wish to be at league and composition with them; for those of the old religion to let the heretics have their churches, so that the heretics would be contented to let those of the old religion have also theirs.

Of course, we accept at once More's own account of the extent of the severities by which he labored the suppression of heretics. If a man of his sweetness and moderation can have thought nothing of these severities he owns to, the more the pity. It is clear to us from his own language, that he did not shrink from the responsibility of putting heretics into bonds; and that he would not have sought shelter under the pretext, that to imprison them was a legal obligation, from which he could not escape. The letter, in which Erasmus first notices the report of More's removal from the Chancellorship, mentions that his successor was said to have immediately set at liberty the prisoners whom More had put in confinement for differences of faith, (*protinus liberos dimiserit quos Morus ob contentiosa dogmata conjecerat in vincula.*) More openly rejoiced at the deaths of Zwingle and Ecolampada. The very best of the Reformers, it is true, were either the doers or the advocates of much worse things. Peter Martyr adjured all magistrates to take up the persecuting sword as one of their most solemn duties. Bullinger applauded Calvin for murdering Servetus by the hands of the Senate of Geneva, both before and after that savage deed. Nor was the voice of the gentle Melancthon wanting to this chorus-cry for blood. *Affirmo etiam vestros magistratus justè fecisse, quòd hominem blasphemum, re ordine judicatà, interfecerunt.* Nearly a hundred years afterwards, Ellesmere, indifferent enough himself, gave his official sanction to the burning of two Arians, Legate and Wightman, in honor of the polemics of King James. Later still: the Commonwealth Parliament had to thank Whitelock for saving it from the infamy of having put to death Naylor, the Quaker. These men knew not what they did. They had never thought of toleration but as a sin. It was

More's distinction that he had seen a light which was hid from others, and had held it up as a beacon to the world. How came the light in him—the light of reason and of mercy—to go out?

More had only a short time—two years and a half—in which to terrify heretics, as Chancellor. Comparing the principles of toleration on which he professed to govern his Utopia, with those on which he afterwards governed England, it is difficult to believe, that, in his character of philosopher, he had really changed at fifty, the opinions which he had deliberately formed and published at thirty-six. It is equally difficult to believe, that any thing had occurred in the conduct of the reformers at home, or even abroad, between 1516 and 1529, (the dates in question,) by which More could justify, in his character of statesman, a different method of proceeding with regard to religious differences at the two periods. The passage in the *Utopia* is too just and too remarkable, not to be set out at length on this occasion. A sentence or two from Erasmus's account of More's *Utopia*, written two years after its publication, will be sufficient to establish that it was intended, at the time, by its author, for a more practical purpose than a philosophical romance. 'More published his *Utopia* with this object, (says Erasmus,) to show how commonwealths might be better managed. But he had England principally in his eye, which he knows thoroughly.'—(*Letter to Hutten.*) Let us see, therefore, what was the counsel which More tendered to his countrymen in 1516. We wonder whether, in 1530, he ever thought of it; and in what way (we have no doubt an honest one) he reconciled to himself this, the most painful of all the contradictions of his many-sided life. The following passage contains the substance of More's legislative creed, in nearly his very words:—'The founder of the commonwealth of Utopia enacted, that every man might be of what religion he pleased, and that whosoever should use any other force but that of persuasion against the opinions of others, was condemned to banishment or slavery. This law was made, not only for preserving the public peace, but because he thought the interest of religion itself required it. He seemed to doubt whether those different forms of religion might not all come from God, who might inspire men differently, he being possibly pleased with a variety in it; and so he

thought it was a very indecent and foolish thing for any man to frighten and threaten other men to believe any thing, because it seemed true to him. There were, accordingly, many different forms of religion among them, which, however, agreed so entirely in the main point, (worshipping the Divine essence,) that while every sect performed the rites which were peculiar to it in their private houses, there was nothing to be seen or heard in their temples in which the several persuasions might not agree. They offer up there, both priests and people, very solemn prayers, in which they acknowledge God to be the author and governor of the world. And, in particular, they bless Him for his goodness in ordering it so, that they are born under a government which is the happiest in the world, and are of a religion that they hope is the truest of all others. But if they are mistaken, and if there is either a better government or a religion more acceptable to God, they implore his goodness to let them know it, vowing that they resolve to follow Him whithersoever He leads them. But if their government is the best, and their religion the truest, then they pray that He may fortify them in it, and bring all the world both to the same rules of life, and to the same opinions concerning Himself, unless, according to the unsearchableness of his mind, He is pleased with a variety of religions.\*

We wish that our readers, before they pass on from the character of More, might be persuaded to turn to a most beautiful application of it: we mean the wise and affecting words with which Sir James Mackintosh has concluded his life of More—one of the most charming pieces of biography in any language. We have only one thing further to request of them. When they come to Lord Campbell's life of Stephen Gardiner, we would have them remember, that for the present purpose he may be considered as contemporary with More. If, on the one hand, there is more (much more) to be set against Gardiner out of Fox's *Martyrs* than against More; yet, on the other hand, Gardiner had a deep injury to resent—the injury of his own cruel imprisonment—while More had none. More, also, had once known better. Gardiner was probably no wiser than his age. There is one other distinction.

\* Bishop Burnet's *Translation of More's Utopia*.

We know at present of no such interpositions by More on behalf of heretics, as are commemorated of Gardiner both by Harrington and Ascham. It is good for the austere man's acts of mercy to be followed by their reward. The Protestant schoolmaster of Jane Grey and of Elizabeth was protected by the Popish Chancellor of Mary; and the grateful testimony of Ascham in memory of his protector, who in days of danger had guarded 'the Muses' Bower,' is recorded in a spirit which Milton would not have disdained.

Lord Campbell's second volume carries us from the Reformation to the civil wars; from our first effectual movement towards Religious Liberty—in which we had much encouragement from abroad—towards the first free development of the English Constitution, where we had every thing to do at home. In the first of these movements the nation had no assistance from its Ecclesiastical Chancellors. Its Civilian Chancellors were not of much more service to it in the second. There is not the name of a Chancellor among the signatures to *Magna Charta*. The cause of this continued to the end.

The period now in hand embraces only a hundred years, and some twenty Chancellors. Yet what a pregnant and momentous period! It brings us in immediate contact with causes and effects; and with grave historic names, with all of which we are, more or less, familiar. There are Gardiner, Bromley, and Hatton; Ellesmere, Williams, and Coventry. A fourth of the space is occupied by one family—father and son. The prudent Nicholas Bacon, Keeper to Queen Elizabeth, (a Queen wise and heroic, notwithstanding all her transgressions and failings,) sat in the judgment-seat of Chancery upwards of twenty years. Four short years were all too long for his imprudent, unheroic, yet immortal son! We have room to speak only of that son; and only of his faults. Since, for his genius, and for the glory of it, the world is not large enough to contain them.

'A fairer person lost not heaven: he seem'd  
For dignity composed and high exploits . . .  
His tongue dropt manna.'

Clarendon and Bacon have both left us a comparison between a contemplative and active life. Men born *rebus agendis*, full of outward movement, have seldom time to raise these questions unless in intervals of compulsory retirement. But to men

born for contemplation, the comparison is constantly recurring. To nobody oftener than to Bacon; and nobody was more conscious that he had chosen wrong. It was an evil day for him when, on his being taken as a marvellous child to Queen Elizabeth, she called him, in compliment to his father, (one of those compliments by which she paid all services, and yet won all men to her service,) her young Lord Keeper. We never think of these ill-omened words but as of a spell uttered over him by a perverse fairy, who, in uttering them, had read backwards the natural history of his life—had poured in at his dreamy ear the fumes of a poor ambition—and beckoned him on, by the delusive seals floating in the perspective, into the way he certainly should *not* have gone. He was painfully aware that it would have been well for himself, and for mankind, if he had never exchanged the Court of Trinity for that of Greenwich. He was dedicated by nature a High Priest of knowledge, human and divine; and he turned himself into a Crown Lawyer! She designed him for the rival of Aristotle, not Coke—not to be directing the torture of wretched suspected traitors, but to interrogate herself on the kindly rack of wise Experiments. The noble task even of historian or legislator for England was below his calling. He was to be the reviser and reformer of her own great laws, made dark and of small effect through men's traditions. And for what was it that he broke his vows, and laid aside, or grievously interrupted 'his vast contemplative ends,' during the drudgeries of Term and Parliament? He left it for a life truly much more alien and debasing than the most humbling legends concerning his immortal contemporary—that contemporary, whom perhaps he never saw, except it might be (as the legends go) holding gentlemen's horses at the playhouse door, or acting the Ghost in his own Hamlet. Yet how really kin to him was Shakespeare? Much more so than Robert Cecil, the cousin-german, whom he sought in vain to wheedle, by affecting that he had ever thought there was some sympathy of nature between them, though accidents had not suffered it to appear! How much farther even than generous and surly Ben, would Shakespeare have seen into the only greatness Bacon could never want—that of the philosophy and the poetry of their common genius! He was, as he said, a man of books; and in all that concerned

states or greatness few cases might be new to him. But it is evident that Elizabeth was right, when he grew to manhood, in regarding him as incapable of turning his speculations to profitable actions. Her successor also found out, and told him, that 'he was not made for small matters.' Yet small matters make up ninety-nine parts out of a hundred of public life as well as private. What the world may have lost by so misplacing Bacon, the world will never know. We only know it got little in return. While, alas for himself!—in all he did to be made Chancellor, and in what he did when made so—the loss to himself was *total*—the loss of happiness and of honor!

Our knowledge of Bacon—of all that is most fatal to his character, up to the time of his Chancellorship,—is derived from his own Letters. But for them, the gossip of his contemporaries would have been unheard of or disbelieved. On asking the name of the cruel adversary who discovered and betrayed them, what is our astonishment at finding, that, as through life he had been a friend to nobody but himself, so on this occasion it was he himself who had been his greatest enemy! Among his very latest letters is one to his successor, by this time Ex-Keeper Williams, (he had been just turned out by Buckingham,) addressed to him for the purpose of depositing them with him for posterity; since many of them, as touching on late affairs of state, might not be fit to be published yet. Here we see him in a succession of begging letters, (such letters as can seldom push their way to any other secretary but that of a mendicinity society,) begging for place or for promotion, as men starving beg for bread. We put our hand over the page at last, as much from being sick of its monotony, as from a sense of shame. The importunity is the more degrading, since he could not possibly suppose that he had been passed by unintentionally. It is here that we see him false to the generous Essex, the only friend he ever had; and base to Buckingham, 'the matchless friend,' who knew him and despised him; as pedantic and as cowardly as the sovereign whom he corrupted by his adulation; and even as arrogant and insolent to Coke, in cold blood and bitter spirit, as was ever Coke himself to Raleigh and the other unhappy men whom that most savage of Attorneys insulted, hacked, and mangled, before he turned them over to the halber or the axe.

The debasement of the marriage institution by the sale of infant wards, was one of the most corrupting consequences of the feudal system. But the evil habits it introduced, can be no excuse for the marriage brocage correspondence of a grown-up man;—not even of Francis North, much less of Francis Bacon. He seems to have got on as ill with his wife almost as Coke; and has immortalized their quarrels in his Will. Coke was too stout-hearted, we should think, to have transferred his hatred of Lady Hatton into this solemn instrument. But the government, upon his death, carried off his Will with his other papers; and it was no more heard of.

On reading Bacon's Letters, we feel that, for the first time, we are learning from them his true nature. It is now, too, we first can understand how it was, that the Cecils would never take to heart the interests of a relation of whom they would be naturally so proud. What alone, for instance, after all that had passed betwixt them, could Lord Salisbury have thought of the looseness and absurdity of his 'protesting before God, that if he knew in what course of life to do him best service, he would take it, and make his thoughts, which now flew to many pieces, to be reduced to that centre.' Literary vanity (like other vanities) must be paid for. But the vanity of following the example of Cicero and Pliny, was dearly purchased by the scandal of the revelations which are laid open in these Letters. It cannot have been insensibility to shame: it looks more like an unconsciousness of any thing deserving blame. All people are proverbially unfair judges in their own cause. With most, however, this is an unfairness of degree. Yet instances arise, from time to time, in which extreme selfishness appears to have absolutely destroyed, wherever the parties themselves are interested, the optic nerve on which our moral perceptions depend for light. Such people may be the best advisers in the world for other persons; yet, nevertheless, they may exemplify to perfection the prudent maxim of the courts, that he who is his own counsellor has a fool for his client. Montesquien's striking character of Cicero—*Un beau génie, mais une âme souvent commune*—applies still more strikingly to Bacon. For we are afraid, if Bacon's genius was of a higher order than Cicero's, his spirit was proportionally lower; and that he was much

more constant in consulting his spirit, not his genius, in every thing that concerned himself.

The evil habits which led to Bacon's fall, and his conduct on his impeachment, are in keeping with his former life; only that, to our own mind, they are far from being as dishonorable—bribery and all—as the greater part of it. He said, and we have no doubt truly, that he had never been reputed avaricious. The jackdaw taste for hoarding was not among his weaknesses. But he was expensive beyond his means; and it is the empty bag which finds it hard to stand upright. Where the fund was to come from for defraying these expenses, was not thought of at all, or not in time. The pressure came—a pressure to be met only by stern, inviolable principles; by that kind of instinct in practical virtue which Bacon never had. The vague way in which he generalized over his affairs, is singularly illustrated by the provisions of his will. He is founding Lectureships in the Universities; when, if he had looked back upon his most recent Letters, he would have learned that his honest debts were ill provided for. His difficulties, and finally his disgrace, were probably very much contributed to by his careless government of his dependents. It was quite in character that he should let them have things their own way, and leave them to themselves. When his grateful servant, Meautys, put up that most interesting of all monuments, '*Franciscus Bacon sic sedebat*,' it was not only from reverence;—we doubt not but that the recollection of many kindnesses brought tears, at the time, into his eyes. But other men, whose lives will bear as little examining as Bacon's, have been soft and indulgent masters. Persons, not strict themselves, cannot easily be strict with others; and the false indulgence which corrupts and ruins, is neither a virtue nor a kindness. There is, indeed, a strange anecdote told of Bacon; and (stranger still) we have seen it cited as a favorable instance of his charity. According to the story, when he was informed that his servants were robbing him, taking money from his closet, all he said was, 'Ay, poor men, that is their portion.' A pretty school this, truly, for the servants of a Judge, presiding in a court of arbitrary equity, with no precedents and few rules! What chance, in that case, of protection for a suitor against harpy hands? We know from Norburie, that annuities and

pensions were made out of *the favors* of the Court, such as fixing days of hearing, &c. The credit of the story may probably be reducible to the inference which bystanders would draw, of the uselessness of remonstrance with a master so careless or corrupt, that the liberties which he allowed his servants to be taking with other people, were only those which they were taking with himself.

The narrative of Bacon's behaviour on his impeachment lies in small compass. At the first news of the accusation he is full of confidence—'desiring no privilege of greatness.' He is 'as innocent as any born upon St. Innocent's Day.' Before the week is over, however, he 'flies unto the King's Majesty with the wings of a dove, which once within these seven days he thought would have carried him a higher flight.' Though still, 'on entering into himself, he cannot find the materials of such a tempest as is come upon him.' A month passes. He has by this time understood the particulars of the charge, not formally from the House, but enough to inform his conscience and his memory. Upon which he suddenly falls back upon 'the justification of Job:' confesses his sin—'without fig-leaves!' and moveth their Lordships to condemn and censure him; only begging of them 'charitably to wind about the particulars of the charge, here and there, as God shall put it into their minds—and so submits himself wholly to their piety and grace.' The utmost of his desire is, now, that his penitent submission might be his sentence, and the loss of the Seals his punishment. At the same time, like a good citizen, he professes to find gladness in the reflection, that 'the greatness of a magistrate hereafter will be no sanctuary for guiltiness; which, in few words, is the beginning of a golden world.' It is melancholy to see him in this extremity, when 'prostrating himself before the mercy-seat' of James, take credit with his master for not moving him to interpose his absolute power of pardon between the sentence of the House; and reserve for the royal ear the pitiful palliation of a courtier—that he 'was still a virgin for matters which concerned his crown or person.' He is even playful with his disgrace: 'Because he that hath taken bribes is apt to give bribes, I will go further, and present your Majesty with a bribe. For, if your Majesty give me peace and leisure, and God give me life, I will present your Majesty with a

good History of England, and a better Digest of your laws.' Strange levity at such a moment, on such a subject!—a levity as impossible for Sir Thomas More, as More's own jesting on the scaffold was unintelligible to Lord Herbert;—more inconsistent and perplexing than even the boisterous pleasantries of Cromwell to the placid taste and judgment of David Hume. Bacon calls upon the King with his accustomed eloquence, and with all the freedom of truth and virtue, to go on with the good work. How little did he foresee that, within twenty years, the civil reformation, of which he considered himself to be; as it were, the first martyr, would have destroyed his favorite Star-Chamber as well! 'Your Majesty's Star-Chamber, next to your court of Parliament, is your highest chair. You never came upon that mount but your garments did shine before you went off. It is the supreme court of judicature ordinary; it is an open council. Nothing, I could think, would be more reasonable than that your Majesty would be pleased to come thither in person, and make there an open declaration that you purpose to pursue the reformation which the Parliament hath begun.' What innocent person could advise more coolly? To the day of his death, Bacon seems to have been unable to see his own offence as he must have seen it in any other person. How differently had he seen it, from the heights of his lofty speculation upon human life, and the 'Colors of good and evil,' when, in his noble 'Essay upon Judicature,' he had proclaimed to Judges, that, 'above all things, integrity was their proper virtue; that the place of justice was a hallowed place; that not only the bench, but the footpace and purprise thereof ought to be preserved from scandal; for justice cannot yield her fruit with sweetness among the brambles of catching clerks.'

In accordance with his blindness to his real position, there are found among these later Letters, much sorrow for himself on thinking over 'from what height fallen;' much vain fawing also upon Buckingham, who had not forgiven his interference about his brother's marriage, and was now only scheming to extort from him, in his calamity, the surrender of York House. 'God above,' he supplicates to him, 'is my witness, that I have ever loved and honored your lordship, as much, I think, as any son of Adam can love or honor any thing that is a subject; so yet I protest, that at this

time, low as I am, I had rather sojourn the rest of my life in a college of Cambridge, than recover a good fortune by any other means than yourself.' His frequent tentatives upon the coxcomb heart of James were long as fruitless. 'I have been ever your man, and counted myself but an usufructory of myself, the property yours.' Mean time the King and Favorite were only thinking of getting him down to Gorbambury out of sight;—plainly telling him, that 'any longer liberty for him to abide in London was a great and general distaste, as he could not but easily conceive, to the whole state.' It was only after the return of the Prince and Buckingham from Spain, that Bacon at last succeeded with the King to pass his pardon. 'I have been somebody by your Majesty's singular and undeserved favor, even the prime-officer of your kingdom; your Majesty's arm hath been often laid over mine in council, when you presided at the table, so near I was. I have borne your Majesty's image in metal, much more in heart. I was never, in nineteen years' service, chidden by your Majesty, but, contrariwise, often overjoyed when your Majesty would sometimes say, I was a good husband for you, though none for myself; sometimes, that I had a way to deal in business, *suavibus modis*, which was the way which was most according to your own heart; and other most gracious speeches of affection and trust, which I feed on to this day.' These most humiliating entreaties prevailed at last. Yet to the last we see no contrition—no feeling of moral degradation. His imagination is satisfied by making out a difference of shades,—'a difference not between black and white, but between black and grey,'—between his own offence and that of Sir John Bennet; and he writes under the strange impression, that the ignominy of his condition was not in the offence which he had committed, but in the punishment awarded to it. 'I prostrate myself at your Majesty's feet, I, your ancient servant, now sixty-four years old in age, and three years five months old in misery. I desire not from your Majesty means, nor place, nor employment; but only, after so long a time of expiation, a complete and total remission of the sentence of the Upper House, to the end that blot of ignominy may be removed from me, and from my memory with posterity; that I die not a condemned man, but may be to your Majesty, as I am to God, *nova creatura*.'

On this, a pardon of his entire sentence was made out; and he was summoned to Parliament, on the accession of King Charles, the succeeding year.

Our reverence for the genius of Bacon is so great; we have that sense of what we owe him for the delight and profit mankind have reaped from his immortal writings; we feel so deeply what it is we lose in hope and glory, and how all that is most magnificent in the prospects of human nature is clouded over by that melancholy antithesis which holds forth Bacon as at once 'the wisest and the meanest of mankind,' that nothing can be thought of in the way of monument or reward which ought not to be gratefully bestowed, not only by fellow-countrymen, but by fellow-men, for a nobler restoration of attainted blood than ever fell to the office of any herald, upon the man who should indeed remove 'the blot of ignominy' from that still most resplendent name. But, unfortunately, the facts, and the one rational construction of them, admit of neither gloss nor question. By attempting to disturb the verdict of his contemporaries, we could not hope to make the least impression upon any one acquainted with the subject; whilst we should disqualify our judgment, prove ourselves disloyal to the truth of History, and rub out the line between right and wrong which it is the very province of History and of virtue to preserve. We know there is a silly notion; that Bacon made his submission to oblige and cover James. Nothing is less true. His disgrace, as well as that of Middlesex soon afterwards, were serious embarrassments to the government, and were personally grave annoyances to the King.

To rush to the conclusion, that, because Bacon was corrupt, all lawyers were rogues, was a vulgar generalization, natural enough to James; but it would not be less absurd to suppose that Bacon was sacrificed from any Court intrigue, or from any love for Bishop Williams, or from any abstract wish for a Churchman as Lord Keeper. Many witnesses might be called. We will call only one; but that one shall be Hale. He was the friend and executor of Selden. Selden was compiling his Treatise on the Judicature of the Lords during the time that Bacon's impeachment was going forward. He glanced at the impeachment in its proper place, and passed on. Hale in a similar work, nearly fifty years afterwards, had occasion to explain the circumstances under which the House of

Lords had first obtained jurisdiction over Appeals from the Court of Chancery. In doing this, he was compelled to refer to the case of Bacon. And he refers to it in language which must dispose, we fear for ever, of Bacon's last subterfuge, that he had sold justice, not injustice. 'The Lord Verulam, being Chancellor, made many decrees upon most gross bribery and corruption, for which he was deeply censured in the Parliament of 18 *Jac.* And this gave such a discredit and brand to the decrees thus obtained, that they were easily allowed; and made way in the Parliament of 3 *Car.*, for the like attempt against decrees made by other Chancellors.\*' Hale objected strongly to this innovation, on reasons both of policy and law; but nobody will suspect him, on that account, of misrepresenting the Chancellor, through whose corruption the appellate jurisdiction had happened to get in.

Perhaps no two men ever stood so long and so near together, who were in greater contrast than Bacon and Coke—the one the master of universal philosophy and reason—the other the oracle of the English common law. It is difficult to conceive two men more unlike in their intellectual and moral natures—in what was good or bad in them. What one had, the other wanted—what one wanted, the other had. Bacon was misled by his easy nature and ordinary moderation—by the consciousness of genius, as well as by the flattery, whether of silent wonder or tumultuous applause, which, amidst all his mortifications, must have often followed him. He was not aware that he had offended any one; he concluded, therefore, that he had no enemies. It never occurred to him that he had loved nobody at all; that he had never obliged a human being by opening out his heart to him, or by any testimony of true affection! And that, therefore, though he might have dependents, or, in our homeliest Saxon-English, might have hangers-on, he could scarcely hope to make a friend: certainly could not keep one. He thought himself a general favorite—was ostentatious in discourse on the popularity he presumed upon—and he was only roused out of the pleasant dream by the sudden storm under which he reeled for a moment, and then fell. The situation of Coke was precisely opposite. His forbidding manners were made still more repulsive through his wear-

some and crabbed learning. The haughtiness of his temper, and the frequent scandal of its public exhibition, surrounded him with a palpable atmosphere of unquestionable hatred; of which he himself must have been abundantly aware, and which the odor of patriotism that he died in, scarcely could dispel. In the case of Bacon, the public would be long unwilling to believe any thing against him. In the case of Coke, they were as long unwilling to believe any thing in his favor. But time sets these things right. Posterity, looking from a distance, is more truly just. The faults of Coke were brave and open—were redeemable, and were redeemed. Those of Bacon lay deeper, were more secret, and held the whole man more thoroughly in dominion. The generation, of which he was the glory and the shame, felt at last that it had been humbled by him more than it had been raised. He was left to die without one sign of mourning or of honor, save a few magnanimous words\* from old Ben Jonson. His last Will and Testament was administered to by creditors—the men whom he had singled out from among his countrymen to be his executors, all declining. While, alas, and worst of all! the gauntlet which he threw down in that most melancholy of all bequests—leaving his 'name to men's charitable speeches, to foreign countries, and future ages'—there it is, still lying on the ground unnoticed!—no one daring to take it up, to vindicate him—no one wishing to take it up, to dwell on his disgrace.

\* The noblest passage in all Ben Jonson's writings is his protest in defence of Bacon. What would we not give, that we could see in it proof of any thing but that every faculty belonging to its writer was overwhelmed, subdued, and dazzled by a genius, which some have conjectured that most of his countrymen were slow in apprehending? 'My conceit towards his person was never increased toward him by his place or honors; but I have, and do reverence him, for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever by his work one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity, I ever prayed that God would give him strength, for greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest.'

\* Hale's *Jurisdiction*, c. xxxiii.



From Tait's Magazine.

# BELL'S LIFE OF CANNING.

"*The Life of the Right Hon. George Canning.*" By Robert Bell, author of "*The History of Russia*," "*Lives of English Poets*," &c. &c. Post octavo, pp. 368. Chapman & Hall.

THE deep and almost universal regret felt for the premature loss of Canning, though it may in part be ascribed to the liberal views of policy which distinguished the last years of his public life, was, we think, not a little honorable to the naturally generous sentiments of the British people, who had something both to forgive and forget in the past history of the most brilliant of modern political adventurers. This appellation is applied with no purpose of disparagement, but solely as the only term which may properly describe the early position and lucky star of a friendless young man, who, among ten thousand blanks, drew the great prize; and who rose into eminence as much from a combination of fortunate accidents, as by the native force of his character and vigor of his intellect. How Canning made the first great step remains a mystery, which Mr. Bell has not satisfactorily cleared up. The solution may probably be simple: Mr. Pitt, in a pressing emergency, was sorely in want of aides-de-camp in the House of Commons, and of subordinates and useful auxiliaries in the government; and here, ready at his beck, was a young man of brilliant talents, and of great future promise,—not the worse for being cramped from the enemy's ranks; and who, called into public life by himself, and unfettered by either party or family connexions, might be moulded to his purposes, and relied upon in every exigency, as a loyal, and perhaps an unscrupulous adherent. The career of Canning went far to justify the sagacity of Mr. Pitt in his choice of an instrument; though, if the statements of Lady Hester Stanhope are to be received without question, it must be believed that the declining chief became, at last, somewhat jealous of the man whom he had elevated. However all this may be, it is not a little singular that, in this writing and publishing age, no personal memoir of a statesman so remarkable in his fortunes, so distinguished by accomplishments, and latterly so popular with the nation, should have ap-

peared for a quarter of a century after his decease. Many must have been ready and willing for the task; but a great want existed, which, we fear, is not yet supplied,—namely, the want of materials.

The family and friends of Mr. Canning may either think that the time has not yet come for laying his personal history beneficially before the world; or reasons may exist, though they can hardly be good reasons, which make them dislike to recur to his early connexions and adventures. This much is certain,—that though Mr. Bell has turned accessible materials to the best possible account, and spared no pains in research, he has produced little that is at once new and valuable in the biography of Canning. Wishing posterity much good of the treasures in store for it in the private papers and familiar correspondence of Canning, which will come to light one day, we must meanwhile make the best of what we have here obtained.

Mr. Bell possesses one quality which, if not essential, yet, where it is unaffected, ever lends a grace to the biographer—servent admiration of his hero. To him, Canning is a great statesman, as well as a consummate orator, and a highly accomplished and virtuous man. The mantle of his love is even lapped over the failings of those of Canning's near relatives, to whom the world will be much more niggard of its charity. Not content with tracing his descent to the Cannings of Garvagh, a family of Irish gentry, and also finding for him an English descent from the Cannings of Foxcote, his immediate ancestor, his father, the eldest son and heir of Garvagh, who appears to have been not a little of a scapegrace, is made out to have been an ill-used and unfortunate young gentleman of liberal sentiments, persecuted by a tyrannical father for presuming to differ with him in politics. The facts are, that from some low or indiscreet amor, or other misconduct left in obscurity, the son and heir was cast off, and, with an annuity of £150, came to London, where he studied law, as many gay young Irishmen then studied law, wrote fugitive verses and articles for the miscellanies of the day, of a character which procured him the friendship of Wilkes, and, according to Mr. Bell, a victory over Smollet. The case made out for this gentleman is but lame. After hanging loose on London society for eleven years, he got rid of his debts, by consenting to cut off the entail of the estate, and was

soon again as deeply in debt as ever. To mend his condition, he at this time married a young Irish lady, a Miss Costello, very pretty, and as poor as himself. Mr. Canning now became a wine-merchant, and tried different plans to maintain his family, but failed in them all, and died upon the first anniversary of the birth-day of his distinguished son. This was the 11th of April, 1771. His allowance of £150 a-year was immediately stopped, as Mr. Canning's marriage had been a fresh offence to his family. How his young widow and her child were supported after his decease, is unknown. After an interval of some years, Mrs. Canning appeared on the London stage, under the auspices of Garrick, and with the advantage of high patronage; but wanting talent and experience, she failed, and sank into an inferior provincial actress. Nor was this her worst misfortune. In this wandering and exposed condition, the friendless young woman formed a connexion with a drunken and thoroughly profligate actor, named Reddish, who was in the habit of producing different young actresses under the equivocal character of "Mrs. Reddish." Mr. Bell regards the legal claim of Mrs. Canning, to the name of Reddish, as good; and she, at all events, paid the full penalty of connecting herself with this infamous and worthless person, who, after lingering out several years in the Lunatic Asylum of York, died there.

"Mrs. Reddish" was still playing in different provincial theatres. When at Plymouth she captivated a Mr. Hunn, a stage-struck silk-mercator, who failed in business shortly after his marriage; and attempting the stage, failed there too. He, however, obtained some other employment, and died leaving his wife with two daughters and a son. Whatever may have been the imprudences of Mrs. Reddish, or Mrs. Hunn, she must have possessed some good, and many engaging qualities; for under the most trying circumstances, she retained the respect and warm affection of her gifted son. As a child, and a very young boy, he had shared her evil fortunes, when at their lowest ebb; and though early estranged from her care, nothing ever lessened Canning's devoted and heartfelt attachment to his unfortunate mother. Let us look for an instant at the childhood of the future leading boy of Eton, and Prime Minister of England.

The childhood of George Canning was

passed under the inauspicious guardianship of Mr. Reddish, whose disorderly habits excluded the possibility of moral or intellectual training. The profligacy of his life communicated its reckless tone to his household, and even the material wants of his family were frequently neglected to feed his excesses elsewhere. Yet amidst these unpropitious circumstances, the talents of the child attracted notice; and Moody, the actor, who had constant opportunities of seeing him, became strongly interested in his behalf. Moody was a blunt, honest man, of rough bearing, but of the kindest disposition; and foreseeing that the boy's ruin would be the inevitable consequence of the associations by which he was surrounded, he resolved to bring the matter at once under the notice of his uncle, Mr. Stratford Canning. The step was a bold one;—for there had been no previous intercourse between the families, although the boy was then seven or eight years old. But it succeeded. Moody drew an indignant picture of the boy's situation; declared that he was on the high-road to the "gallows" (that was the word;) dwelt upon the extraordinary promise he displayed; and warmly predicted, that if proper means were taken for bringing him forward in the world, he would one day become a great man. Mr. Stratford Canning was at first extremely unwilling to interfere; and it was not until the negotiation was taken up by other branches of the family, owing to honest Moody's perseverance, that he ultimately consented to take charge of his nephew, upon condition that the intercourse with his mother's connexions should be strictly abridged.

Having undertaken this responsibility, Mr. Stratford Canning discharged it faithfully.

There are varying accounts of whence the funds came, which supported young Canning at school and the university. His first school was that of Hyde Abbey, near Winchester, on the master of which he afterwards bestowed a prebendal stall in Winchester Cathedral; and by the advice, it is said, of Mr. Fox, he was sent to Eton.

At the house of his uncle, a zealous Whig, George Canning was early introduced to Burke, Fox, Sheridan, and the other leading Whigs, among whom he became a favorite. He was speedily distinguished at Eton, where he had for contemporaries the Marquis of Wellesley, and the late Earl Grey. They, with others, were also his associates in a kind of debating society, or mimic parliament, where unfledged orators and politicians tried their powers, and impeded their wings for higher flights, and where, it is said, "he soon won distinction by the vigor and clearness of his speeches, anticipating, upon the themes of the hour,

the larger views of the future statesman." Already the staid, serious, and studious lad, appeared to be forecasting his future career. In the diary of Wilberforce, it is said, "Canning never played at games with the other boys; quite a man; fond of acting; decent and moral." His conduct to his mother all this while, is yet better evidence of his ripe and noble character, and sound heart.

He made it a sacred rule to write to her every week, no matter what might be the pressure of private anxiety or public business. His letters were the charm and solace of her life; she cherished them with proud and tender solicitude, and always carried them about her person to show them exultingly to her friends. In his boyhood, his correspondence treated upon every subject of interest on which his mind was engaged—his studies, his associates, his prospects, his dream of future distinction, nourished in the hope that its realization might enable him, at last, to place his mother in a position of independence. And when he finally reached the height of that dream, he continued to manifest the same earnest and faithful feelings. No engagements of any kind were ever suffered to interrupt his regular weekly letter.

When Mrs. Hunn was performing at Plymouth, he would sometimes leave his studies at Lincoln's Inn, to comfort her with his presence; and whenever he came it was a *Saturnalia*! Shortly before her final settlement at Bath, in 1807, she resided at Winchester, where she had some cousins in an inferior walk of life; and when her son—at that time the centre of popular admiration wherever he moved—used to visit her there, it was his delight to walk out in company with these humble friends, and with them to receive his "salutations and greetings in the market-place." One recognizes a great man in such behaviour.

It had always been an object of paramount anxiety with him to take his mother off the stage; and the first use he made of the first opportunity that presented itself, was to carry that object into effect.

On retiring with Mr. Pitt, in 1801, from the office of under-secretary of state, Canning was entitled to a pension of £500 a-year, which he requested to have settled on his mother. There have surely been worse acts of public men than this, for which Canning was reviled by party-writers, through half his remaining life.

While Canning was at Eton, and still under seventeen, *The Microcosm*, a small weekly paper, of which a great deal has been said, was projected by him and a few of the more accomplished Etonians, and

obtained a degree of celebrity which would, we apprehend, be looked for in vain in these days of penny literature,—when every manufacturing town annually produces more good verse and prose, than all the great schools and universities put together. Every subsequent imitation of *The Microcosm*, has failed, though some of them do not fall much short of the original. It was a lucky hit, and Canning, its principal supporter, also gained the largest share of its laurels. He was at this time, and while at Oxford, an ardent Whig, and was confirmed in this political bias, not only by his uncle, but by intercourse with the great Whig leaders.

Canning's university vacations were usually spent at some of their seats, where the sprightly talents of the young and well-conducted Oxonian, and his facility in verse-making, a mighty accomplishment in those days, ensured his social success. This profitable kind of relaxation did not lessen his diligence in study. His persevering industry at all times equalled his sparkling brilliancy. He had early learned the important lesson of relying upon himself, and of exactly measuring and estimating his own position. Canning left Oxford with a high reputation, sustained both by solid acquirements and literary achievements; and went to study at Lincoln's Inn. This step affords Mr. Bell an opportunity of describing the political and social state of the two great parties of the day; that of Fox, and the Prince of Wales, with the Whig Clubs and Devonshire House in the back-ground; and that of Mr. Pitt, with George III., the Court, and the Tory aristocracy, at his back. This was, perhaps, the most brilliant era of party in this country; the period when wit, beauty, rank, and talent, lent their blended fascinations to secure recruits into the rival camps. Thus Mr. Bell ascribes the accession of the late Earl Grey to the liberal party, not to his own earnest convictions, nor to the love of freedom, but to the influence of the Duchess of Devonshire, who won "this jewel of price" from Pitt and Toryism, to which he was then inclined, to Fox and Liberalism. The real influence of such fair auxiliaries as the Duchess of Devonshire, or of Canning's early patroness, the beautiful Mrs. Crewe, and the syren Mrs. Sheridan, it is not easy to calculate; and it is probably over-rated by Mr. Bell, who takes a wider and more correct view of the excited state of popular feeling, at the

momentous crisis of the French Revolution, and just when Canning was launched upon public life. Among those, either inspired by the example of the Republicans of France, or who, through the press or the debating societies, at this period canvassed public affairs and public men, was one—

A student of pale and thoughtful aspect, who brought to the nightly contests unusual fluency and grace of elocution. He, too, along with the rest, had been inspired by the heroic spectacle, had pondered upon its causes, and exulted over its prospects. His head was full of constitutions; for his studies lay amongst the elementary writers, rather than the special pleaders and form-mongers of the law. And after a morning of close reading and severe reflection, he would wend his way in the evening to one of these debating-rooms, and taking up his place unobserved, watch the vicissitudes of the discussion, noting well its effect upon the miscellaneous listeners; then, seizing upon a moment when the argument failed from lack of resources, or ran into sophistry or exaggeration, he would present himself to the meeting. A figure slight, but of elegant proportions; a face poetical in repose, but fluctuating in its expression with every fugitive emotion; a voice low, clear, and rich in modulation; and an air of perfect breeding, prepares his hearers for one who possesses superior powers, and is not unconscious of them. He opens calmly—strips his topic of all extraneous matter—distributes it under separate heads—disposes of objections with a playful humor—rebukes the dangerous excesses of preceding speakers—carries his auditors through a complete syllogism—establishes the proposition with which he set out—and sits down amidst the acclamations of the little senate. Night after night witnesses similar feats; at length his name gets out; he is talked of, and speculated upon; and people begin to ask questions about the stripling who has so suddenly appeared amongst them, as if he had fallen from the sky.

But he does not confine his range to the debating societies, which he uses as schools of practice, and as places in which the nature of popular assemblies may be profitably observed. He is frequently to be found in the soirées of the Whig notabilities, where the aristocracy of his style is more at home than amongst the crowds of the forum. Here his cultivated intellect and fastidious taste are appreciated by qualified judges; and these refined circles cry up his accomplishments as eagerly as the others have applauded his patriotism. Popularity besets him on both sides. The societies look to him as a man formed expressly for the people; and the first Lord Lansdowne (stranger still!) predicts to Mr. Bentham that this stripling will one day be prime minister of England! He is plainly on

the high road to greatness of some kind; but how it is to end, whether he is to be a martyr or a minister, is yet a leap in the dark. The crisis approaches that is to determine the doubt.

What follows is, we apprehend, somewhat apocryphal, but we give it as we find it.

While he is revolving these auguries in his mind, and filling his solitary chamber with phantoms of civic crowns and strawberry-leaves, flitting around his head in tantalizing confusion, a note is hurriedly put into his hand, with marks of secrecy and haste. It is from one of whom he has but a slight personal knowledge, but whose notoriety, if we may not venture to call it fame, is familiar to him. The purport of the note is an intimation that the writer desires a confidential interview on matters of importance, and will breakfast with him on the following morning. The abruptness of the self-invitation, the seriousness of the affair it seems to indicate, and the known character of the correspondent, excite the surprise of the law-student, and he awaits his visitor with more curiosity than he chooses to betray.

A small fresh-colored man, with intelligent eyes, an obstinate expression of face, and pressing ardor of manner, makes his appearance the next morning at breakfast. The host is collected, as a man should be who holds himself prepared for a revelation. The guest, unreserved and impatient of delay, hastens to unfold his mission. Amongst the speculators who are thrown up to the surface, in great political emergencies, there are generally some who are misled by the grandeur of their conceptions; and who, in the purity and integrity of their own hearts, cannot see the evil or the danger that lies before them. This was a man of that order. He enters into an animated description of the state of the country, traces the inquietude of the people to its source in the corruption and tyranny of the government, declares that they are resolved to endure oppression no longer, that they are already organized for action, that the auspicious time has arrived to put out their strength, and ends by the astounding announcement, that they have selected *him*—this youth who has made such a stir amongst them—as the fittest person to be placed at the head of the movement. Miracle upon miracle! The astonishment of the youth who receives this communication may well suspend his judgment; he requires an interval to collect himself, and decide; and then, dismissing his strange visitor, shuts himself up to think. In that interval he takes a step which commits him for life. It is but a step from Lincoln's Inn to Downing Street. His faith in the people is shaken. He sees in this theory of regeneration nothing but folly and bloodshed. His reason revolts from all participa-

tion in it. And the next chamber to which we follow him, is the closet of the Minister, to whom he makes his new confession of faith, and gives in his final adherence.

Reader, the violent little man was William Godwin, the author of the "Political Justice," and the convert was George Canning.

There are many other theories of the remarkable conversion of Mr. Canning, though Mr. Bell adopts this as the most probable among them. The simple truth seems to be, that Pitt needed Mr. Canning, and that Mr. Canning was ready. Sir Richard Worsley kindly accepted the Chiltern Hundreds; and, in 1793, the young and hopeful aspirant took his seat for Newport in the Isle of Wight, and, even in his first session, did his chief good service. Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Jenkinson, and Mr. Huskisson, appeared in Parliament about the same time; and the foundations of those future friendships, rivalries, and animosities were then laid which lasted through life. However Mr. Bell may otherwise fail, he always succeeds in exalting his hero, by comparison with Lord Castlereagh.

The subsequent career of Canning is to be found in his Political History, and in the history of the country and of Parliament, with the exception of such episodes as the appearance of "The Anti-Jacobin," at a time when the division of labor not being so well understood as in these days of Peel, party-writing, whether scurrilous or argumentative, was undertaken by ministers or official persons, and not as now more safely and wisely left to reviewers and journalists. All the "irresistible" wit found in "The Anti-Jacobin," is roundly claimed by Mr. Bell for Canning:—in the eyes of posterity it will seem but a little all. Mr. Canning is also exonerated from the grossness, brutality, and actual falsehood contained in this unique publication, which acquittance it is not quite easy to understand, while he is stated to have not only planned but superintended the work, and to have afterwards expressed regret, not for its malignity and coarseness, but only for "the imperfection of his pieces" in its pages. Let us take the case on the advocate's own showing; and even with that we cannot agree in the verdict.

The poem of "New Morality" is on all hands ascribed to Mr. Canning; and his exclusive title to it appears to admit of little doubt. This satire, as the name implies, is

aimed at the false philosophy of the day, but, hitting beyond its proposed mark, as the theme rises, it strikes at the Duke of Bedford, Southey, Coleridge, Godwin, and several other minor celebrities. The passages, which are clear of scornful personalities, are written with that unmistakable polish which at once declares the authorship; and even where he flings his arrowy contempt upon Thelwall, Williams, and the small fry of democratic agitators, we fancy we can still trace him in the refinement of the points. But it was not in weighty or savage satire that Mr. Canning's strength lay—the tomahawk of right belonged to the author of the "Baviad" and "Mæviad."

When "The Anti-Jacobin" was started, the available talent of the Reform party, in and out of Parliament, greatly preponderated over that of its opponents. An engine was wanted that should make up, by the destructiveness of its explosions, for the lack of more numerous resources. That engine was planned by Mr. Canning, who saw the necessity for it clearly. But it required a rougher hand than his to work it—one, too, not likely to wince from mud or bruises. The author of the "Baviad" and "Mæviad," was exactly the man—hard, coarse, inexorable, unscrupulous. He brought with him into this paper a thoroughly brutal spirit; the personalities were not merely gross and wanton, but wild, ribald, slaughtering: it was the dissection of the shambles. Such things had their effect, of course, at the time, and they were written for their effect; but they exhibit such low depravity and baseness—violating so flagrantly all truth, honor, and decency, for mere temporary party objects, that we cannot look upon them now without a shudder. Fox was assailed in this journal as if he were a highwayman. His peaceful retirement at St. Anne's Hill was invaded with vulgar jibes, and unintelligible buffoonery; Coleridge, Lamb, and others were attacked with extravagant personal hostility; and there was not an individual distinguished by respectability of character in the ranks of the Reformers, who was not mercilessly tarred and feathered the moment he ventured into public. Such was literally the "Weekly Anti-Jacobin."

Such was *The Anti-Jacobin*, and Mr. Bell gives all up to deserved contempt and oblivion, save "its ethereal spirit" in the poetical burlesques and *jeux-d'esprit*, of its planner; and foretells that "The Knife-grinder" will last "as long as the language lasts," because "it ridicules at once the politics and the Sapphics of Southey." This is somewhat strong. What would be said, in our times, of such a travesty of Hood's "Song of the Shirt"—a poem very similar in spirit to that of Southey—although a Canning had written it?

We learn little more of the personal or private history of Mr. Canning; and it would be superfluous to trace his public career. He had not yet, nor for many a day to come, relapsed into liberalism, which was in some measure thrust upon him; but he continued the steady and able supporter of the Pitt government and Pitt policy, held some lucrative appointments, even when his chief was, for a time, laid aside; and, in 1799, married one of the wealthy co-heiresses of the too-famous General Scott.

It is usual for men in public life,—statesmen engaged in serious business,—to give up flirting with the muses, and all efforts at humor save a passing squib which may tell on the House. Not so the clever Etonian, the prize-gainer of Oxford, the contributor to Mrs. Crewe's album, and to the pages of the juvenile "Microcosm" and pungent "Anti-Jacobin." We are told that

Mr. Canning's humor was incessantly exploding in *bon-mots* and repartees. He could talk epigrams. He was so prolific a producer of "good things," that if he had not been pre-eminently distinguished as an orator and statesman, he might have descended to us with a more dazzling social reputation than Buckingham or Waller. The lines on Mr. Whitbread's speech, thrown off like flashes of light, show how rapidly and successfully he could cast his jest into any shape he pleased.

Some rather poor verses are quoted as specimens of Canning's talent for this sort of clever trifling. He was, too, it appears, one of some five score gentlemen who severally have claims to originating *The Quarterly Review*; and "was one of its most distinguished," though certainly not one of its most voluminous contributors. When Foreign Secretary, he would, we are told, sit up till two and three in the morning, polishing the style of his despatches to Chateaubriand, from his sense of the literary eminence of the French minister! Whenever real business has to be transacted, Heaven defend a country from either a long-winded or classical and fastidious Foreign minister; or send him to the Wellington school, to learn how to write short and pithy despatches. Upon one occasion, when his patience was quite worn out by the pettiness or paltry cunning of Dutch diplomacy on a question regarding a relaxation of the tariff, Canning had recourse to a favorite weapon. The anecdote

is characteristic. The negotiation had been dragged on from month to month, by M. Falck, and seemed no nearer a close. Canning's patience was fairly worn out, and while

Sir Charles Bagot, our ambassador at the Hague, was one day attending at court, a despatch in cipher was hastily put into his hand. It was very short, and evidently very urgent; but unfortunately, Sir Charles, not expecting such a communication, had not the key of the cipher with him. An interval of intense anxiety followed, until he obtained the key; when to his infinite astonishment he deciphered the following despatch from the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs:—

In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch is giving too little and asking too much; With equal advantage the French are content: So we'll clap on Dutch bottoms a twenty per cent.

Twenty per cent,

Twenty per cent,

Nous frapperons Falck with twenty per cent.

GEORGE CANNING.

The minister kept his word. While this singular despatch was on its way to the Hague, an order in council was issued to put into effect the intention it announced.

Mr. Bell, who holds liberal opinions himself, makes as good a vindication as the case admits, of the creed which guided Canning for thirty years; or, rather, of his unaccountable tenacity to its vulnerable points.

In 1827, Mr. Canning made use of the following declaration:—

"There are two questions to which I wish to reply. I have been asked, what I intend to do with the question of Parliamentary Reform when it is brought forward. What do I intend to do with it? Why, oppose it, as I have invariably done during the whole of my parliamentary career. What do I intend to do with the Test Act? Oppose it."

These were the incomprehensible points of Mr. Canning's political creed. It seems that he took them up from the beginning as articles of faith, and could never consent to submit them to the test of reason.

He held that reform meant revolution. So did Mr. Pitt—when it suited his purposes. . .

It is surprising that the barefaced corruption of the old system did not strike Canning as something inconsistent with the spirit and obligations of the Constitution.

He must have seen it; but it might not suit him to confess as much. Upon these weak points of Canning's public character, his biographer makes many excellent observations.

The manly part which Canning acted on the trial of Queen Caroline, and throughout the whole of that unhappy connexion, which raised him in the esteem of generous minds of all parties, is duly commemorated by Mr. Bell. Neither the King, nor yet his subservient tools, could ever forgive the contumacious minister; but Lord Castlereagh was no more, and Canning's services could no longer be dispensed with. There was no other man, of the Tory party, fit to fill office, in whom the nation placed so much confidence. He therefore became minister for foreign affairs, and got rid, for the time, of the odium and embarrassment produced by such domestic questions as Parliamentary Reform and the Test Act. His foreign policy commanded universal approbation. His recognition of the Spanish-American republics shook the Holy Alliance to its crazy foundation, and gave a finishing blow to despotic principles in Europe. We must here indulge in a quotation to which we are moved by various considerations, besides exhibiting Canning in the greatest moment of his public life.

In violation of an existing treaty, and urged onward by apostolical fury, Spain had made a perfidious attempt to overthrow the new constitution of Portugal. She dreaded the close neighborhood of free institutions; and, sustained by the sinister influence of France, she resolved to make a powerful effort to annihilate them. Intelligence of the imminent peril of our ancient ally reached ministers on the night of the 8th of December, 1826; on the 11th (Sunday intervening) a message from the King was communicated to Parliament; and on the 12th, a discussion ensued, which as long as a trace of English eloquence shall remain amongst the records of the world, will never be forgotten.

Mr. Canning was now at the height of his power, wielding an influence more extended and complete than any Foreign minister in this country had ever enjoyed before. The subject to which he addressed himself in this instance, was one that invoked the grandest attributes of his genius, and derived a peculiar felicity from being developed by a British minister; and, above all, by that minister who had liberated the new world, and crushed the tyrannies of the old. It was not surprising, then, that, bringing to it all the vigor and enthusiasm of his intellect, and that vital beauty of style which was the pervading charm of his great orations, he should have transcended on this occasion all his past efforts, and delivered a speech which not merely carried away the admiration of his hearers, but literally inflamed them into frenzy. The fabulous spells of Orpheus, who made the woods dance reels and

sarabands, never achieved so wonderful a piece of sorcery as this speech of Mr. Canning's achieved, over the passions, the judgment, the prejudices, and the stolid unbelief of the House of Commons.

After giving a luminous detail of the long-existing connexion between Portugal and England, and the obligations by which we were bound to assist our old ally, Mr. Canning proceeded to state the case. It would be impossible to describe the effect produced by the following little sentence:—

"The precise information, on which alone we could act, arrived only on Friday last. On Saturday the decision of the government was taken—on Sunday we obtained the sanction of his Majesty—on Monday we came down to Parliament—and at this very hour, while I have now the honor of addressing this House—**BRITISH TROOPS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO PORTUGAL.**"

The House fairly vibrated with emotion at this unexpected statement. It was the concentration in a single instant of the national enthusiasm of a whole age. At every sentence he was interrupted with huzzas! Then, when he spoke of the Portuguese constitution:—

"With respect to the character of that constitution, I do not think it right, at present, to offer any opinion; privately I have my own opinion. But, as an English minister, all I have to say is, may God prosper the attempt made by Portugal to obtain constitutional liberty, and may that nation be as fit to receive and cherish it, as, on other occasions, she is capable of discharging her duties amongst the nations of Europe." . . .

Mr. Canning had now reached the pinnacle of his fame. His ambition had accomplished nearly its highest aims—his genius had overwhelmed all opposition. How little did England anticipate, at this proud moment, that she was so soon to lose her accomplished and patriotic statesman!

The brief remainder of Canning's life was full of event and interest. His foreign policy had exalted him with all that was enlightened and liberal in Britain or in Europe; and the struggle which followed the retirement of Lord Liverpool, the invidious attempt made to baffle and crush him, engaged the warmest sympathies of the whole nation in his behalf. The meanness, ignorance, and duplicity which at this time marked the conduct of many of the Tory party, and in particular, "The King's Friends," is as disgraceful as any thing to be found in the history of Faction. But the *parvenu*, the man who had dared to hold independent opinions about questions upon which "the Duke" and "the Chancellor" entertained adverse prejudices,

happily triumphed, through his own inherent strength, backed as it was by public opinion all but universal; for the party opposed to Canning's appointment to the place of First Minister was not numerically greater nor much more weighty, when fairly placed in the scale, than that of those noble individuals now termed "Protectionists." It must have been a proud moment for Canning when, in spite of the formidable combination of peers and boroughmongers, in contempt of their protests and remonstrances, Mr. C. Wynn rose in the House of Commons and moved for a new writ of the borough for which Canning sat, he "having accepted the office of First Commissioner of the Treasury." This was on the 12th of April, 1827; and on the 8th of August he expired, at the age of fifty-seven; his death accelerated, if not in a great measure caused, by the most unremitting and ungenerous party-hostility ever witnessed in England, acting upon a proud and singularly sensitive mind. Deserted in the most ignominious way by the leaders of what had been his own party, he sought and found able auxiliaries among the Whigs; and wanted but a longer term of life to have consolidated a strong and an improved government; though we do not pretend to say that, comparing Mr. Canning with the men who have succeeded him, the cause of rational freedom has by his death lost any thing.

In Cabinet cycles the same state of things often curiously comes round again. But though without the same hearty support from the opposition which Canning received, Sir Robert Peel is in every way too powerful to be so easily assailed or shaken as the earlier victim.

Of Canning's last struggle it is said:—

The tone of the opposition throughout the irregular and intemperate discussions which took place at different times on the ministerial changes, plainly betrayed the *animus* which lay at the bottom. Mr. Canning was literally baited in both Houses. The attacks which were made upon him are unparalleled in our parliamentary history for personality; their coarseness, malignity, and venom are all of a personal character. It was not against a system of policy they were directed—nor against special opinions or doctrines; but against Mr. Canning himself. His eminence, his popularity, his talents, made him the prey of envy and detraction; and this was the ground of hostility upon which he was hunted to the death, when official difficulties were thickening round him, and his health was giving un-

der mental anxiety and physical sufferings. They chose their moment well, and used it remorselessly.

To all the assaults in the Commons, Mr. Canning made instant response. In the Lords, his new Whig allies rendered full and ample justice to his character. There was only one speech left unanswered—that of Lord Grey.

This was a speech which does little honour to the memory of a Whig noted in his day, but yet a man who often betrayed narrow views and strong prejudices.

In the beginning of July, Parliament was prorogued. The fearful excitement was over; and the Premier, already undermined in health, sank into collapse. On the 20th of July, having accidentally taken cold and suffered from rheumatism, he removed to the Duke of Devonshire's villa for change of air. On the 30th he waited for the last time on the King at Windsor, who could not fail to perceive his condition; and after suffering the most severe pain, he died on the 8th of the following month, in the same chamber where Fox had breathed his last breath. He was buried at the foot of Mr. Pitt's tomb in Westminster Abbey; and whatever may be the permanent estimate which posterity will form of his public character and services, no English minister was ever more profoundly and generally lamented. His death was universally felt as a national calamity, and mourned over as a private sorrow.

We are certainly much indebted to Mr. Bell for his able and compendious *Life of Canning*, with which the world must be contented till, in the fulness of time, "*The Canning Papers*" shall emerge into the broad light of *The Row*. His letters of forty years to his mother, who predeceased him only by a few months, and which were returned to the writer on her death, would of themselves form a most interesting collection.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

#### PAST AND PRESENT CONDITION OF BRITISH POETRY.

'T is sixty years since a thin quarto volume appeared in London with the plain and unpretending title of *An Ode to Superstition, and some other Poems*, and exactly the same number of years since a thin oo-



tavo appeared at Kilmarnock, entitled, *Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*. The thin quarto was the production of Samuel Rogers, a young gentleman of education, the son of a London banker; the thin octavo the production of Robert Burns, a Scottish ploughboy, without education, and almost without a penny in the world.

'Tis fifty years since Burns was buried in the kirkyard of St. Michael's :

"O early ripe, to thy abundant store,  
What could advancing age have added more!"

While the poet of the *Ode to Superstition* is still among us, full of years and full of health, and as much in love with poetry as ever. "It is, I confess," says Cowley, "but seldom seen that the poet dies before the man; for when once we fall in love with that bewitching art, we do not use to court it as a mistress, but marry it as a wife, and take it for better or worse, as an inseparable companion of our whole life." It was so with Waller when he was eighty-two, and is so with Mr. Rogers now that he is eighty-one. Long may it be so:—

"If envious buckles view wi' sorrow  
Thy lengthened days on this blest morrow,  
May Desolation's long-teethed harrow,  
Nine miles an hour,  
Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,  
In brunstone stoure."

Waller "was the delight of the House of Commons, and, even at eighty, he said the liveliest things of any among them." How true of Rogers, at eighty, at his own, or at any other table!

The poet of *An Ode to Superstition* has outlived a whole generation of poets, poetasters, and poetitos; has seen the rise and decline of schools, Lake, Cockney, and Satanic—the changeful caprices of taste—the injurious effects of a coterie of friends—the impartial verdicts of Time and a third generation—another Temple of Fame—a new class of occupants in many of the niches of the old—restorations, depositions, and removals, and what few are allowed to see, his own position in the Temple pretty well determined, not so high as to be wondered at, nor so low that he can escape from envy and even emulation. Nor is this all: he has lived to see poetry at its last gasp among us; the godlike race of the last generation expiring or extinct, and no new-comers in their stead; just as if Nature chose to lie fallow for a time, and

verse was to usurp the place of poetry, desire for skill, and the ambition and imprudence of daring for the flight and the raptures of the true-born poet.

If such is the case, that Poetry is pretty well extinct among us—which no one, I believe, has the hardihood to gainsay—a retrospective review of what our great men accomplished in the long and important reign of King George III. (the era that has just gone by) will not be deemed devoid of interest at this time. The subject is a very varied one, is as yet without an historian, nor has hitherto received that attention in critical detail so pre-eminently due to a period productive of so many poems of real and lasting merit,—poems as varied, I may add, as any era in our literature can exhibit, the celebrated Elizabethan period, perhaps, but barely excepted.

A new race of poets came in with King George III., for the poets of the preceding reigns who lived to witness the accession of the king either survived that event but a very few years, or were unwilling to risk their reputations in any new contest for distinction. Young was far advanced in years, and content—and wisely so—with the fame of his *Satires* and his *Night Thoughts*; Gray had written his *Elegy* and his *Odes*, and was annotating Linnæus within the walls of a college; Shenstone found full occupation for the remainder of his life in laying out the Leasowes to suit the genius of the place; Johnson was put above necessity and the booksellers by a pension from the crown; Akenside and Armstrong were pursuing their profession of physicians; Lyttleton was busy putting points and periods to his History; Smollett, in seeking a precarious livelihood from proce; and Mallet employed in defending the administration of Lord Bute, and earning the wages of a pension from the minister. Three alone adhered in any way to verse: Mason was employed in contemplating his *English Garden*; Glover, in brooding over his posthumous *Athenaid*; and Home, in writing new tragedies to eclipse, if possible, the early lustre of his *Douglas*.

There was room for a new race of poets. Nor was it long before a new set of candidates for distinction came forward to supply the places of the old. The voice of the Muse was first awakened in Edinburgh and Aberdeen. I can find no earlier publication of the year 1760 than a thin octavo of seventy pages, printed at Edinburgh, entitled, *Fragments of Ancient Poetry, collect-*

ed in the *Highlands of Scotland*, and translated from the *Gaelic or Erse language*, the first edition of a work which has had its influence in the literature of our country, the far-famed *Ossian*, the favorite poem of the great Napoleon. "Have you seen," says Gray, "the *Erse Fragments* since they were printed? I am more puzzled than ever about their antiquity, though I still incline (against every body's opinion) to believe them old." Many, like Gray, were alive to their beauties: inquiry was made upon inquiry, and dissertation led to dissertation. It was long, however, before the points in dispute were settled, and the authorship brought home to the pen of the translator. The *Fragments* have had a beneficial and a lasting effect upon English literature. The grandeur of *Ossian* emboldened the wing of the youthful Byron, and the noble daring of the allusions and illustrations countenanced the author of *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* in what was new and hazardous, when Hayley held, and Darwin was about to assume, a high but temporary position in our poetry.

The Aberdeen volume of poems and translations (8vo. 1761) was the first publication of Beattie, the author of *The Minstrel*. So lightly, we are told, did Beattie think of this collection that he used to destroy all the copies he could procure, and would only suffer four of the pieces—and those much altered—to stand in the same volume with the *Minstrel*. Beattie acquired a very slender reputation by this first heir of his invention; nor would it appear to have been known much beyond the walls of the Marischal College, before the *Minstrel* drew attention to its pages, and excited curiosity to see what the successful poet on this occasion had written unsuccessfully before. In the same year in which Beattie appeared, a new candidate came forward to startle, astonish, and annoy. The reputation of a poet of higher powers than Beattie seemed likely to exhibit would have sunk before the fame of the new aspirant. I allude to Churchill, whose first publication, *The Rosciad*, appeared in the March of 1761, and without the author's name. This was a lucky, and, what is more, a clever hit. The town, a little republic in itself, went mad about the poem; and when the author's name was prefixed to a second edition, the poet was welcomed by the public, as no new poet had ever been before. Nor was his second publication—his *Apology*—inferior to his

first. His name was heard in every circle of fashion, and in every coffee-house in town. Nor did he suffer his reputation to flag, but kept the public in one continual state of excitement for the remainder of his life. He attacked the whole race of actors in his *Rosciad*; the Critical Reviewers (the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviewers of the day), in his *Apology*; the whole Scottish nation, in his *Prophecy of Famine*; Dr. Johnson, in *The Ghost*; and Hogarth, in *A Familiar Epistle*. Every person of distinction expected that it was to be his turn next; and there was no saying where his satire would not have reached, for he was busy with a caustic dedication to Warburton when, on the 4th of November, 1764, he died at Boulogne, at the too early age of three-and-thirty. Dr. Young survived him nearly a year. What the predecessor of Pope in Satire thought of the new satirist, no one has told us.

While "the noisy Churchill" engrossed to himself the whole attention of the public, a poem appeared in May 1762, likely to outlive the caustic effusions of the satirist, because, with equal talent, it is based on less fleeting materials. This was *The Shipwreck, a Poem, in Three Cantos, by a Sailor*; better known as Falconer's *Shipwreck*, and deservedly remembered for its "simple tale," its beautiful transcripts of reality, and as adding a congenial and peculiarly British subject to the great body of our island poetry. The popularity of Churchill kept it on the shelves of the booksellers for a time, but it soon rose into a reputation, and nothing can now occur to keep it down.

When Goldsmith published his first poem (*The Traveller*) in the December of 1764, Churchill had been dead a month, and there was room for a new poet to supply his place. Nor were critics wanting who were able and willing to help it forward. "Such is the poem," says Dr. Johnson, who reviewed it in the *Critical Review*, "on which we now congratulate the public, as on a production to which, since the death of Pope, it will not be easy to find any thing equal." This was high praise, not considered undeserved at the time, nor thought so now. Such, indeed, was the reputation of the *Traveller*, that it was likely to have led to a further succession of poets in the school of Pope, but for the timely interposition of a collection of poems which called our attention off from the study of a single school, and directed

the young and rising poets to a wider range for study and imitation.

This collection of poems was Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, one of the most tasteful collections of poems in any language, and one of the best and most widely known: "The publication of which," says Southey, "must form an epoch in the history of our poetry whenever it is written." The first edition appeared in 1765, a year remarkable in more ways than one. Dr. Young, the sole survivor of the poets of the last generation, died at the great age of eighty-four, on the 5th of April; and Mr. Rogers, the still surviving patriarch of the past generation of poets, was born on the 30th of July of the same year.

The effect of the *Reliques* was more immediate than some have been willing to imagine. *The Hermit* of Goldsmith, a publication of the following year, originated in the *Reliques*; and the *Minstrel* of Beattie, a publication of the year 1771, in the preliminary dissertation prefixed to the volumes. If Percy had rendered no other service to literature than the suggestion of the *Minstrel*, his name would deserve respect. "The *Minstrel*," says Southey, "was an incidental effect of Percy's volumes. Their immediate consequence was to produce a swarm of 'legendary tales,' bearing, in their style, about as much resemblance to the genuine ballad as the heroes of a French tragedy to the historical personages whose names they bear, or a set of stage-dances to the lads and lasses of a village-green, in the old times of the may-pole." This was the more immediate effect; the lasting result of the *Reliques* was their directing the rude groupings of genius in a Scott, a Southey, a Coleridge, and a Wordsworth.

Beattie reappeared in 1766 with a volume of poems, better by far than what he had done before, but still insufficient to achieve the reputation which the *Minstrel* subsequently acquired for the author of the volume. A second candidate was Cunningham, a player, still remembered for his *Kate of Aberdeen*, a short but charming piece of simple-hearted poetry. Poor Cunningham made no great way with his verse; he had dedicated his volume, with all the ambition of an actor, to no less a personage than Garrick; but the head of the patentee players received the stroller's poetry with indifference, and did not on this occasion repay—which he commonly did—

his encomiums "in kind." But the poet of the year 1766 was Anstey, with his *New Bath Guide*.

"There is a new thing published," says Walpole, "that will make you split your cheeks with laughing. It is called the *New Bath Guide*. It stole into the world, and, for a fortnight, no soul looked into it, concluding its name was its true name. No such thing. It is a set of letters in verse, describing the life at Bath, and incidentally every thing else; but so much wit, so much humor, fun, and poetry, never met together before. I can say it by heart, and, if I had time, would write it you down; for it is not yet reprinted, and not one to be had."

Gray commended it to Wharton, and Smollett wrote his *Humphrey Clinker* (the last and best of his works) on Anstey's principle in his *Guide*.

A publication of the year 1767, called the *Beauties of English Poesy, selected by Oliver Goldsmith*, deserves to be remarked. The selection seems to have been made as a sort of antidote to Percy's *Reliques*. "My bookseller having informed me," he says, "that there was no collection of English poetry among us of any estimation, . . . I therefore offer this," he adds, "to the best of my judgment, as the best collection that has yet appeared. I claim no merit in the choice, as it was obvious, for in all languages the best productions are most easily found." It will hardly be believed by any one who hears it for the first time, that a poet of Goldsmith's taste in poetry could have made a selection from our poets without including a single poet (Milton excepted) from the noble race of poets who preceded the Restoration. Yet such, however, is the case; and I can only account for the principle on which the selection would appear to have been made, that it was meant as an antidote to Percy's publications, or that Goldsmith (and this is not unlikely) was perfectly unacquainted with the poets of a period previous to Dryden and Pope.

Michael Bruce, a young and promising poet, died in the year 1767, at the too early age of twenty-one. Some of his poems, and they were posthumously published, without the last touches of the author—possess unusual beauties. His *Lochleven* is called by Coleridge, "a poem of great merit;" and the same great critic directs attention to what he calls "the following exquisite passage, expressing the effects of a fine day on the human heart:—"

"Fat on the plain and mountain's sunny side,  
Large droves of oxen, and the fleecy flocks,  
Feed undisturb'd; and fill the echoing air  
With music grateful to the master's ear.  
The traveller stops, and gazes round and round  
O'er all the scenes that animate his heart  
With mirth and music. Ev'n the mendicant,  
Bowbent with age, that on the old grey stone,  
Sole sitting, suns him in the public way,  
Feels his heart leap, and to himself he sings."

Another poet whose song ceased before he had time to do still better things, was poor Falconer, who perished at sea, in the *Aurora frigate*, in the year 1769. He had sung his own catastrophe in his *Shipwreck* only a few years before.

The poem of the year 1770 was *The Deserted Village*—in some respects a superior poem to *The Traveller*. It was immediately a favorite, and in less than four months had run through five editions. Gray thought Goldsmith a genuine poet. "I was with him," says Nicholls, "at Malvern when he received the *Deserted Village*, which he desired me to read to him; he listened with fixed attention, and soon exclaimed, 'This man is a poet!'"

If *The Deserted Village* was, as it certainly is, an accession to our poetry, the death of Akenside and the far too premature removal of Chatterton were real losses in the very same year in which Goldsmith's great poem appeared. Akenside had, no doubt, sang his song, but Chatterton was only in his eighteenth year. What a production for a boy was the ballad of "Sir Charles Bawdin!" There is nothing nobler of the kind in the whole compass of our poetry. "Tasso alone," says Campbell, "can be compared to him as a juvenile prodigy. No English poet ever equalled him at the same age."

*The Deserted Village* of the year 1770 was followed in 1771 by the first book of *The Minstrel*, a poem which has given more delight to minds of a certain class, and that class a high one, than any other poem in the English language. Since Beattie composed the poem on which his fame relies, and securely too for an hereafter, many poems of a far loftier and even a more original character have been added to the now almost overgrown body of our poetry, yet Beattie is still the poet for the young; and still in Edwin—that happy personification of the poetic temperament—young and enthusiastic readers delight and recognize a picture of themselves. Gray lived to commend and to correct it—with the taste of a true poet and the gener-

osity of an unselfish one. "This of all others," he says, "is my favorite stanza: it is true poetry, it is inspiration." The stanza is well known,—

"O, how canst thou renounce,"

and shares with a stanza in the *Castle of Indolence* the applause of nations.

Mason, in 1771, put forth a new edition of his *Poems*, and in a separate publication the same year the first book of his *English Garden*. To the *Poems* he has made a few additions, but nothing so beautiful as his epitaph on his wife, inscribed upon her grave in Bristol Cathedral. The lines are well known, but not so the circumstance only recently published, that the last four lines were written by Gray:—

"Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die,  
( 'Twas e'en to thee) yet the dread path once  
trod,  
Heav'n lifts its everlasting portals high,  
And bids 'the pure in heart behold their  
God.' "

We learn from the same unquestionable quarter (the *Reminiscences* of the Rev. Norton Nicholls), that Gray thought very little of what he had seen of the *English Garden*. "He mentioned the poem of the *Garden* with disapprobation, and said it should not be published if he could prevent it." There are lines and passages, however, of true poetry throughout the poem, which form in themselves an agreeable accession to our stock of favorite passages. How exquisite, for instance, is this:—

"Many a glade is found  
The haunt of wood-gods only; where, if art  
E'er dared to tread, 'twas with unsaddled foot,  
Printless, as if the place were holy ground."

The poem, however, made but a very slender impression on the public mind, nor is it now much read, save by the student of our poetry, to whom it affords a lesson of importance.

The only remembered publication in poetry of the year 1773 was *The Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers*,—a caustic attack, replete with wit, humor, and invective, on the architect's Chinese eccentricities in the gardens at Kew. It was long before Mason was suspected of the satire. Tom Warton was the first to attribute it to his pen; he said it was Walpole's *buchramed* up by Mason. But Walpole, from a letter to Mason only recently published, would appear to have had nothing to do

with it. "I have read it," writes Walpole, "so very often, that I have got it by heart, and now I am master of all its beauties. I confess I like it infinitely better than I did, though I liked it infinitely before. But what signifies what I think? All the world thinks the same. No soul has, I have heard, guessed within a hundred miles. I caught at Anstey's, and have, I believe, contributed to spread the notion. It has since been called Temple Luttrell's, and, to my infinite honor, mine. But now that you have tapped this mine of talent and it runs so richly and easily, for Heaven's and for England's sake, do not let it rest."

*The Heroic Epistle* was followed, in 1774, by the *Judah Restored*, of Roberts, "a work," says Campbell, "of no common merit." Southey calls the author a poet of the same respectable class as the author of *Leonidas* and *Athenaid*, and adds in a note, "Dr. Roberts's *Judah Restored* was one of the first books that I ever possessed. It was given me by a lady whom I must ever gratefully and affectionately remember as the kindest friend of my boyhood. I read it often then, and can still recur to it with satisfaction; and perhaps I owe something to the plain dignity of its style, which is suited to the subject, and every where bears the stamp of good sense and careful erudition. To acknowledge obligations of this kind is both a pleasure and duty."\* I have Southey's copy of the *Judah* before me at this moment; on the fly-leaf is inscribed, in the neat handwriting of the poet, "Robert Southey—given me by Mrs. Doulignon, 1784." The poet of *Kehama* was born the year in which the *Judah* appeared, and was only ten years old when a copy of the poem was given to him, by the lady he remembers so affectionately as "the kindest friend of his boyhood." This one book may have had the same effect upon Southey that Spenser's works had upon the mind of Cowley; "I had read him all over," he says, "before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet as immediately as a child is made an eunuch."

On the 4th of April, 1774, died Oliver Goldsmith, leaving unfortunately unfinished one of the best of his lighter pieces—his well-known and inimitable *Retaliation*. It was published a fortnight after his death, and became immediately a favorite. A second posthumous publication of the same poet was *The Haunch of Venison*, a clever

epistle to Lord Clare, full of characteristic beauties peculiar to its author. Both pieces owe something to Anstey and his *Guide*—the suggestion certainly.

In 1776 Mickle put forth his translation of the *Lusiad*—free, flowery, and periphrastical, full of spirit, and not devoid of beauties, but untrue to the majestic simplicity of the great Portuguese.

While Goldsmith was confining his selection from our poets to a period too narrow to embrace many of the nobler productions of the British Muse, Gray was annotating Lydgate, and the younger Warton collecting materials for his *History of English Poetry*. Our literature lies under other obligations to the younger Warton,—great as that obligation is for his noble but unfinished *History*. He was the first to explain and direct attention to many of the less obvious beauties of *The Faerie Queen*, and in conjunction with Edwards, the first to revive the sonnet among us, a favorite form of verse with our Elizabethan poets, with Shakspeare and with Milton, but entirely abandoned by the poets who came after them. The first volume of Warton's *History* was published in 1774; his *Poems* containing his sonnets in 1777. The effect produced by their publication was more immediate than has hitherto been thought. We owe the sonnets of Bampfylde (4to. 1778) to the example of the younger Warton. Nor is the pupil unworthy of the master, or unwilling to own his obligation. Some of the *Sixteen Sonnets* of Bampfylde (for such is the title of his thin unpretending quarto) are "beautiful exceedingly," and in one (the tenth) Warton is addressed in a way which he could well appreciate.

The good effect of Percy's *Reliques*, Warton's volume of *History*, and Warton's *Poems*, received a temporary check in the year 1779, by the publication of the first part of Johnson's well-known *Lives of the Poets*, containing his celebrated criticism on the *Lycidas* of Milton, and his noble parallel between Dryden and Pope. The concluding portion of the *Lives*, containing his famous abuse of Gray, appeared two years later (1781), and, like the former portion of the work, was read with deserved avidity. The effect was catching. The school of Dryden and Pope revived. Hayley wrote his *Triumphs of Temper* in the verse recommended by Johnson; Crabbe composed his *Library* and his *Village* in the same versification; Cowper his *Table Talk*, and even Mason (though the last per-

\* Southey's *Cowper*, Vol. iii. p. 32.

son in the world to admit it) his translation of Du Fresnoy, in Johnson's *only* measure.

But the fear of Dr. Johnson did not reach beyond the grave, and when Cowper put forth his *Task* in the spring of 1785, the great critic was no more. Not that Cowper was likely to be deterred from blank verse by the criticisms of Johnson, for the *Task* was commenced in Johnson's lifetime, and in the same structure of versification. That Johnson could have hurt the sale for a time by a savage remark at the table of Reynolds, no one acquainted with the literature of the period will for a moment doubt. That he could have kept the poem from what it now possesses and deserves,—a universal admiration, it would be equally absurd to suppose for a single moment.

When Cowper put forth his *Task* there was no poet of any great ability or distinguished name in the field. Hayley ambled over the course, to use an expression of Southey, without a competitor. But Hayley had done his best, poor as that was, though his day was hardly by. It was Cowper who forced us from the fetters which Johnson had forged for future poets, and Hayley had done his best to rivet and retain. Nor was Cowper without some assistance at this time. Evans's old ballads did something to extend a taste for the early but unknown masters of our poetry. Some of Mickle's imitations, in the same collection, were read by younger minds with an influence of which we enjoy the fruits to this day. Charlotte Smith put forth a volume of her sonnets, replete with touching sentiment, eminently characteristic of the softer graces of the female mind, and the late Sir Egerton Brydges, a volume of poems, containing one noble sonnet ("Echo and Silence") which, though neglected at the time, will live as long as any poem of its length in the English language.

The *Task* was followed by a volume of poems from a provincial press full of the very finest poetry, and one that has stood its test, and will stand for ever. The author of the *Task* was of noble extraction, and counted kin with lord-chancellors and earls. His fellow-author was a poor Scottish peasant, nameless and unknown when his poems were put forth, but known, and deservedly known, wherever the language of his country has been heard. This poet was Robert Burns. Cowper and Burns were far too nobly constituted to think discouragingly of one another. "Is not the

*Task*," says Burns, "a glorious poem?" The religion of the *Task*, bating a few scraps of "Calvinistic divinity, is the religion of God and Nature; the religion that exalts and ennobles man." "I have read Burns's poems," says Cowper, "and have read them twice; and though they be written in a language that is new to me, and many of them on subjects much inferior to the author's ability, I think them on the whole a very extraordinary production. He is, I believe, the only poet these kingdoms have produced in the lower rank of life save Shakspeare (I should rather say save Prior), who need not be indebted for any part of his praise to a charitable consideration of his origin, and the disadvantages under which he has labored. It will be pity if he should not hereafter divest himself of barbarism, and content himself with writing pure English, in which he appears perfectly qualified to excel. He who can command admiration dishonors himself if he aims no higher than to raise a laugh." This, let it be remembered, was written at the time when the poet's reputation was as yet unconfirmed. But the praise is ample, and such as Burns would have loved to have heard from Cowper's lips. "Poor Burns!" he writes in another letter, "loses much of his deserved praise in this country through our ignorance of his language. I despair of meeting with any Englishman who will take the pains that I have taken to understand him. His candle is bright, but shut up in a dark lantern. I lent him to a very sensible neighbor of mine: but his uncouth dialect spoiled all; and before he had half read him through, he was quite *ramfleezed*." The word to which Cowper alludes occurs in the "Epistle to Lapraik;" if the meaning was somewhat difficult at the time, few will need to be told it now. The study of Burns is very general in England, and in Ireland he is almost as much understood and appreciated as in his own country.

Mr. Rogers appeared as a poet in the same year with Burns. But his *Ode to Superstition* was little read at the time, and his fame rests now on a wide and a secure foundation. Another poet of the same year was Henry Headley, a young and promising writer, imbued with a fine and cultivated taste, of which his two volumes of selections from our early poets, published in the following year, is still an enduring testimony. If Goldsmith had lived to have seen these selections published, culled by

a boy of barely twenty-one, he surely would have blushed to have looked upon his own.

There were other candidates for distinction at this time, imbued with the same tastes, and fostered in the same quarter, the cloisters of Trinity College, Oxford, and the wards of Winchester School. The first was Thomas Russell, prematurely snatched away (1788) in his twenty-sixth year, leaving a few sonnets and poems behind him, which his friends judged worthy of knowing hereafter. That he had intended his poems for publication was somewhat uncertain; that he was gifted with no ordinary genius, the magnificent sonnet supposed to be written at Lemnos has put beyond the pale of cavil or suspicion. The second candidate for distinction was William Lisle Bowles, whose fourteen sonnets appeared in 1789, while he was yet an under-graduate at Oxford. The younger Warton lived long enough to foretell the future distinction of the boy his brother had brought up; Coleridge, to thank him in a sonnet for poetic obligations:—

"My heart has thanked thee, Bowles, for those  
- soft strains,  
Whose sadness soothes me like the murmuring  
Of wild bees in the sunny showers of spring:"

and Southey, to express in prose his gratitude for similar obligations. The Vicar of Bremhill (now in his eighty-fourth year) has reason to be proud of such testimonies in his favor. It would be idle assertion to call them undeserved; his sonnets are very beautiful, full of soothing sadness, and a pleasing love and reverence for nature, animate and inanimate.

When Bowles was seeing his sonnets through the press, his old antagonist, Lord Byron, was a child in his mother's or his nurse's arms. While they were yet hardly a year before the public, the younger Warton was buried in the chapel of his college at Oxford amid the tears of many who knew the frank, confiding disposition of his nature.

"For though not sweeter his own Homer sang,  
Yet was his life the more endearing song."

Other poems of consequence followed at intervals, not very remote. In 1791 Cowper put forth his translation of the *Iliad* into English blank verse, and Darwin his *Botanic Garden*, a poem in two parts, written in the measure of Pope, but polished till little remained save glitter and fine words.

The only poem of repute of the year 1792

that has reached our time, or seems likely to revive, and acquire an hereafter, is *The Pleasures of Memory*. This is a poem which Goldsmith would have read with pleasure, for it is much in his manner. "There is no such thing," says Byron, "as a vulgar line in the book." The versification is very finished, but not in Darwin's manner to too great a nicety, while there are passages here and there which take silent possession of the heart, a sure sign of unusual excellence.

Wordsworth's first poem, *An Evening Walk, an epistle in verse, addressed to a young Lady from the Lakes of the North of England*, appeared the year after *The Pleasures of Memory*, and was followed the same year by a volume of *Descriptive Sketches in verse, taken during a Pedestrian Tour in the Italian Grisons, Swiss and Savoyard Alps*. Every line in *The Evening Walk* bears the mark of a keen observer for himself; there is not a borrowed image in the poem, though the pervading character throughout reminds one too closely perhaps of *The Nocturnal Reverie of the Countess of Winchelsea*, a wonderful poem, to which Wordsworth was the first to direct attention. Here is a picture from Wordsworth's first volume, something between a Hobbima and a Hondekoeter:—

"Sweet are the sounds that mingle from afar,  
Heard by calm lakes, as peeps the folding star,  
Where the duck dabbles mid the rustling sedge,  
And feeding pike starts from the water's edge,  
Or the swan stirs the reeds, his neck and bill  
Wetting, that drip upon the waters still:  
And heron, as resounds the trodden shore,  
Shoots upward, darting his long neck before."

One feels that our poetry is enriched by a passage of this description,—that the poet who could write in this way was likely to make what Addison calls *additions to Nature*, and this Mr. Wordsworth has done in a pre-eminent degree.

Southey, in 1795, made his first public appearance as a poet in a thin duodecimo volume, printed at Bath, on the poor pale blue paper of the period. This was a kind of *Lara* and *Jacqueline* affair. One-half of the volume was by Southey, the other half by Lovell, the poems of the former being distinguished by the signature of "Bion," of the latter by that of "Moschus." The poems are not very many in number, nor are they very good, yet the little volume is not without its interest in the history of a great mind, feeling its way to a proud position in our letters.

The joint publication of Southey and Lovell, in 1795, was followed the next year by a similar kind of publication, between Coleridge and his school-fellow Lamb. The name of Coleridge appears alone upon the title-page, which is thus inscribed, *Poems on Various Subjects, by S. T. Coleridge, late of Jesus College, Cambridge*. Lamb's contributions are distinguished by his initials, and the volume is remarkable in more ways than one. Coleridge calls his sonnets *Effusions*,—Effusion I; Effusion 2. This appellation he removed in a second edition, and called them, what in reality they were, and what, when they were written, he intended they should be, "Sonnets, attempted in the manner of Mr. Bowles." Here is his sonnet of gratitude to the vicar of Bremhill, a mistaken attack on Rogers, subsequently withdrawn, and the following bold panegyric upon Wordsworth: "The expression *green radiance* is borrowed," he writes, "from Mr. Wordsworth, a poet, whose versification is occasionally harsh and his diction too frequently obscure, but whom I deem unrivalled among the writers of the present day in manly sentiment, novel imagery, and vivid coloring."

" 'Tis certainly mysterious that the name  
Of prophet and of poet is the same."

- One sees the prophetic eye of taste in the printed judgment of Coleridge on this occasion.

Burns is said to have foretold the future fame of Sir Walter Scott: "This boy will be heard of yet." But the great poet of Scotland was cold in his grave before Scott became a candidate for literary distinction. He died the very year of Scott's first publication. *The Chase, and William and Helen; two Ballads from the German of Gotfried Augustus Bürger*. Edinburgh, 1796. Men who love to trace the hereditary descent of genius foresee a mysterious something in this seeming transmigration. Be this as it may, there is little of Burns in Scott's early publication, little of his own after-excellence, and, in short, very little to admire.

A third publication of the year 1796 was the *Joan of Arc* of Southey, the production of a boy of two-and-twenty, and the first of a series of epics remarkable for the even level of their flight, and the wide difference of opinion they are known to have occasioned. The new epic, however, had its own little phalanx of admirers; and

when a volume of smaller poems from the same pen was published a short time after, the poet of *Joan of Arc* had a second accession of admirers. His noble *Inscriptions* acquired him not a few; and all who were blind to the nobler portions of his epic could comprehend the beauties of a story in verse like "Mary the Maid of the Inn."

Our poetry was infested at this time with the unpoetic invectives of Wolcott, and the puerile inanities of the Della Cruscan school. Verse and poetry were too commonly confounded, ease and smoothness were mistaken for higher powers, and the rough impudence of Wolcott for the keen, caustic irony of the Muse of Satire. It was time to put an end to such pretensions and to sing-song prettinesses with nothing in the world to recommend them. The opportunity was great, nor was there a poet wanting, or, better still, one unwilling to rid our literature of the weeds and vermin that infested it. The poet who came forward was William Gifford, and the poem he produced, his *Baviad and Maviad*,—a clever, well-constructed satire, more in Churchill's annihilating manner than the keen, razor-edged satire of Pope or Young. The triumph was complete, and the *Baviad and Maviad* is still read, though the works it satirizes have been forgotten long ago.

When Wordsworth, in the following year (1798), produced his two duodecimo volumes of *Lyrical Ballads*, few read, liked, or understood them;

"And some him frantic deem'd, and  
Some him deem'd a wit."

Every shaft of ridicule was turned against him, and with such success that his "audience" was, indeed, but "few." The principle on which his poems are composed was as yet unrecognized; and if the wits, who should have known much better, were blind to the several excellencies of his verse, he had little to look for from the bulk of readers. It was long, very long, therefore, before he had any ascertained and admitted position in the catalogue of English poets. Every description of circumstance seemed to go against him. Rogers put forth his *Epistle to a Friend* in the autumn of the same year, and Campbell his *Pleasures of Hope* in the following spring.

The effect was all but instantaneous. Two such noble examples of the school



and poetry of Pope revived a predilection for a form of poetry in which so many great efforts had been achieved; and the *Lyrical Ballads* of Wordsworth were overlooked in the fresh triumph of a former favorite, and the first production of a new and successful writer.

A third publication of the year 1798 was an octavo volume, since very much enlarged, and entitled, *Plays on the Passions*. This was Joanna Baillie's first publication, and is likely to see an hereafter, not so much from the exaggerated praises of Scott and Southey, for these can effect but little where the substance itself is poor, but from the intrinsic excellence of the work itself, and the fact that it is by far the noblest offspring of the female mind this country has to exhibit, and worth five hundred such *Sacred Dramas* as Hannah More inflicted on the public for a long succession of years, now happily at an end.

The last century closed with Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope*, and the new one opened with Bloomfield's *Farmer's Boy*, and Moore's first work, his translation of *Anacreon*. Cowper and the elder Warton were removed in 1800 by death from witnessing the full effects of the example they had set us, for the agreeable *Essay on Pope* had its influence certainly in hastening the changes completed by the *Task*. Beattie was suffering from paralysis and age, and Lewis, with his *Monk* and his *Tales of Wonder*, engrossed the attention of a London public. The living Parnassus was as yet without its full complement of tenants, but candidates came forward before long to fill the vacant places. Hogg published, in 1801, a little volume of *Scottish Pastoral Poems, Songs, &c., written in the Dialect of the South*; Leigh Hunt, the same year, a collection of poems entitled, *Juvenilia*; Bloomfield, in 1802, his *Rural Tales, Ballads, and Songs*; Sir Walter Scott, his *Glenfinlas* and *Eve of St. John*, more like polished tales than happy imitations of the early ballad, but truly wonderful when viewed in connexion with his after writings; Leyden, in 1803, his *Scottish Descriptive Poems*; Kirk White, his *Clifton Grove*; Campbell his *Lochiel* and *Hohenlinden*; and Southey, a second epic, his *Thalaba*, in an irregular measure of his own inventing.

On the 18th of April, 1802, died Dr. Darwin, and on the following 14th of August, L. E. L. was born. In 1803 died Hoole, whose veneer-like translation of

Tasso was preferred by Johnson to the glowing and substantial beauties of Fairfax. In the same year Lord Strangford put forward his translation from Camoens, and thus was Darwin perpetuated in the gems, and flowers, and odors of L. E. L., and Hoole in the polished refinements of the noble viscount.

The critic was a wise one who, when he reviewed the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, in the year 1803, foresaw a score of metrical romances in the materials of three octavo volumes. No better "preparatory school" for a part of Scott's particular genius could have well been found than the course of study which he had formed for himself in bringing the materials of the *Minstrelsy* together. His mind was thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of the past, as much as it would in all possibility have been had he lived in the times he describes so truly. His powers of observation were keen and scrutinizing; his love of books and nature an increasing kind of appetite; and he was only in want of a metre to suit the stories he had floating before him, when a friend recited to him from memory some of the striking passages of Coleridge's *Christabel*, then unpublished, and then as now, unfortunately a fragment. The rhythmical run of the verse was catching; and a story over which he had long brooded was commenced immediately, in the wild metre of the poem thus opportunely brought beneath his notice.

The metre found, the work went on at about the rate, he tells us, of a canto per week; and was finally published in January 1805, in a quarto volume, price twenty-five shillings! Few will require to be told that Scott's first poem was *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, that the success of the work exceeded the fondest day-dreams of its author, and at once decided that literature should form the main business of his life. "The favor which it at once attained," says Lockhart, "had not been equalled in the case of any one poem of considerable length during at least two generations: it certainly had not been approached in the case of any narrative poem since the days of Dryden." The work, brought out on the usual terms of division of profits between the author and publishers, was not long after purchased by them for 500*l.* to which Messrs. Longman and Co. afterwards added 100*l.* in their own unsolicited kindness, in consequence of the uncommon success of the work.

The year introduced by *The Lay*, closed with *Madoc* and *The Sabbath*. *Madoc*, a new epic by Southey; *The Sabbath*, a didactic poem by James Grahame—the *sepulchral Grahame* of the satire of Lord Byron. *Madoc* found few admirers at the time, nor has it many now, or the number it deserves to have; and *The Sabbath* of Grahame, though full of fine thoughts, and well sustained throughout, made but little way with poets, or with the public:

“Why, authors, all this scribble wand scribbling  
sore?”

To lose the present, gain the future age,  
Praised to be when you can hear no more,  
And much enrich'd with Fame when useless  
worldly store.”

But *Madoc* and *The Sabbath* are sure of being included in the bulk of our British poetry, whenever that large body is re-edited by a poet of true judgment and discretion, and not by another Alexander Chalmers.

“The corruption of a poet is the generation of a critic.” This, however, like many other popular sayings, admits of some exceptions; for the writers who originated the *Edinburgh Review*, Jeffrey, Brougham, Mackintosh, Sidney Smith, Hallam, and Horner, belonged either to the Law or the Church, and put forward no pretensions of their own to a grain of ground upon Parnassus. They sat in judgment, however, on the production of the new race of poets with a stern and forbidding countenance. “Hard words and hanging,” was the doom of all new candidates for the laurel; so that Hogg’s translation of their motto, “*Judex damnatur absolvitur illis*,” —“I’ll be d——d if you escape,” was true, at least, to the spirit in which the journal was conducted. Young men of the present generation can form from the known character of the *Review* for the last eight-and-twenty years but a very slender idea of its influence for the first fifteen years of its existence. Nor is this loss of influence to be attributed to any falling off in the quality and value of its articles, for the *Edinburgh Review*, that can show a paper by Macaulay, or an article like the “Churchill,” from the pen of Mr. Forster, may rank in real worth and importance with the best number of the *Review* in the most palmy days of its existence. We are to attribute a decay of influence to another cause, to an abuse of its own power, the

reversal of many of its own decrees in its own pages; and the simple circumstance, that merit will buoy up at last for malice and wit, though they may cause an incalculable deal of mischief for a time—it can be but for a time. Dryden’s contempt for Shirley has not prevented what was due to him, the publication of a collected edition of his work; and all the wit that was shot against Wither has failed in keeping him from the place he deserves to hold in the catalogue of British poets.

When the *Edinburgh Review* was in the full first swing of its power and patronage, James Montgomery published his *Wanderer in Switzerland*; Cary, the first part of his well-sustained translation of Dante; Hogg, his *Mountain Bard*; Crabbe, after a silence of twenty years, *The Parish Register*; Tannahill, a volume of songs; Moore, his *Little’s Poems*; Scott, his *Marmion*; and Byron, his *Hours of Idleness*. Crabbe alone was a favorite with the *Review*; Montgomery met with a severe handling; the review of *Little* occasioned a hostile meeting at Chalk Farm; the critique on *Marmion*, the *Quarterly Review*; and the bitter and uncalled-for notice of the *Hours of Idleness*, the swingeing satire, rough and vigorous, of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. “The poetry of this young lord,” says the *Review*, “belongs to the class which neither gods nor men are said to permit; and our counsel is,” it adds, “that he do forthwith abandon poetry, and turn his talents which are considerable, and his opportunities which are great, to better account.”

The *Edinburgh Review* may be forgiven all its injurious and unjust decrees in criticism, for the entertaining addition it made to our literature in the satire of Lord Byron. Not that the satire itself is a very noble specimen of Byron’s Muse, or of the school of poetry of which it forms a part; but it is a fine fearless piece of writing, with a strain of noble invective at times amidst its more prosaic passages and its mere calling of names. The *Review*, moreover, had this good effect, it roused a Muse of fire before its time, but not before its strength was at its height, and in all probability, added to the bulk and value of the poems he has left us; for there is little reason to suppose that Byron’s life would, under any circumstances, have extended much, if at all, beyond the six-and-thirty years to which it ran.

Birds cease to sing when kites are in the

sky, but real poets, though depressed by criticisms for a time, revive with wonted vigor, and try a new flight in the poetic heaven. Byron understood this thoroughly when he sang,—

"Yet there will still be bards: though fame is smoke,  
Its fumes are frankincense to human thought;  
And the unquiet feelings which first woke  
Song in the world, will seek what then they sought."

Campbell, the pet of the Reviewers, put forward his *Gertrude of Wyoming* in 1809; Crabbe, another favorite, his *Borough*, in 1810; Scott, *The Lady of the Lake*; and Southey, his noblest poem by far, his *Curse of Kehama*, in the same year. Our accessions were considerable, so were our losses. Anstey was removed from among us in 1805, forty years after the publication of *The New Bath Guide*; Charlotte Smith and Kirk White in 1806; Home in 1808, sixty years after the tragedy of *Douglas*, and an ode addressed to him by Collins, had secured his fame; Miss Seward, whose feeble lucubrations I have omitted to detail, was removed in 1809; Tannahill, in 1810; Graham and Leyden, in 1811; and in the same year the venerable Bishop Percy, whose *Reliques of English Poetry* had wrought the changes of which he lived to see so many noble and permanent effects.

*Tales in Verse*, *The world before the Flood*, *The Isle of Palms*, and some of the lighter poems of the year 1812, suffered an eclipse in the great quarto publication of that year, the two first Cantos of *Childe Harold*. Murray gave 600*l.* for the copy-right; the sale was instantaneous, and "I awoke one morning," as the author records, "and found myself famous." The success of the poem was complete, and people applied to the new poet what Waller had said of Denham, "that he broke out like the Irish Rebellion, threescore thousand strong, when nobody was aware or at the least expected it."

The memorable quarto of the month of March (*Childe Harold*) was followed in October by one of the wittiest little volumes in the English language. *The Rejected Addresses* of the Messrs. Smith. *The Pipe of Tobacco*, by Isaac Hawkins Browne, clever as it is, must sink before the little brochure of the successful brothers. Philips, in his *Splendid Shilling*, is

not more happy in his mock imitations of Milton's manner, than the Messrs. Smith of Lord Byron's in the stanzas called "Cui Bono?" The Crabbe, the Scott, the Southey, the Wordsworth, are all good,—indeed, there is not a bad parody in the volume; the Crabbe, in a word, is better than Crabbe,—

"Something had happened wrong about a bill,  
Which was not drawn with true mercantile skill;  
So to amend it I was told to go,  
And seek the firm of Clutterbuck and Co."

Surely, "Emanuel Jennings," compared with the above, rises, as the Messrs. Smith remark, to sublimity itself.

The last publication of the year 1812 was the *Rokeby* of Scott,—less successful than any of his former efforts, and with less of the blaze of true genius about it. Copies were scarce at first,—

"Pray have you got *Rokeby*? for I have got mine,  
The mail-coach edition, prodigiously fine;"

and when copies were got, disappointment almost as speedily ensued. Fine passages throughout the poem unquestionably there are. But the versification was the same with his other poems, and what Curl called "the knack" was caught by a herd of tasteless imitators.

"I well remember," writes Lockhart, "being in those days a young student at Oxford, how the booksellers' shops there were beleaguered for the earliest copies, and how he that had been so fortunate as to secure one was followed to his chamber by a tribe of friends, all as eager to hear it read as ever horse-jockeys were to see the conclusion of a match at Newmarket; and, indeed, not a few of those enthusiastic academics had bets depending on the issue of the struggle, which they considered the elder favorite as making to keep his own ground against the fiery rivalry of *Childe Harold*."

Byron had novelty on his side, and Scott had to encounter the satiety of the public ear. Other circumstances, moreover, were against him. Moore had given a humorous fling at the poem in his *Two-penny Post-Bag*; and the Messrs. Smith, in "A Tale of Drury Lane," in *The Rejected Addresses*, a ludicrous turn to the manner and matter of his former poems. He felt what Byron calls his "reign" was over, and turning from poetry to prose, left the field of verse to a formidable rival, and employed his pen in the composition of a lighter style of literature,—one in which he achieved a second

reputation, and one in which he is still without a rival.

The public at large have never cared much about poems written in Spenser's Stanzas, and Byron was wise when he postponed the completion of his poem in that measure to a later period. Scott had awakened a taste for incident and story. Of mere description the public had had enough already; and of legendary tales in verse more than enough. People were tired, moreover, of border raids and Highland scenery; they longed for novelty and for another clime, and they got their wish. There was no suspense: the poet kept pace with the public; and *The Giaour* and *The Bride of Abydos* were still in the infancy of their fame, when *The Corsair*, *Lara*, and *The Siege of Corinth*, appeared to await the judgment of the public. The poet was not unmindful of the fate of others. He knew, moreover, the capricious turns of the public taste, and how necessary it was, to maintain his ground, that he should frequently renew his title to the rank assigned him. Afraid that people were beginning to get tired of Turkish tales, he added a third canto to *Childe Harold*; and when the fourth and last canto of that noble poem was published, he produced a novelty at the same time, a Venetian story (*Beppo*) in Whistlecraft verse—itself a novelty. Churchill's four years were not better sustained than Byron's twelve. From tales in tripping verse he turned to dramas; and when *Manfred* and *Cain*, and *Sardanapalus* and *Werner*, had done their work, *Don Juan* was taken up as a new string to his bow. This, his last, and in some respects his ablest, work, was left unfinished at his death. What new style he would have attempted, or what success was likely to attend a fifth new manner, I need not stay to conjecture. His career was brilliant but short, and though he excelled in every style he attempted, there is every reason to suppose that he had done his best.

While Byron blazed the comet of a season, Shelley and Keats appeared and passed away, leaving some noble memorials of their genius behind them: *The Adonais*, *The Hyperion*, *The Cloud*, the *Sonnet on Chapman's Homer*. But Shelley is too obscure, and Keats too mythological,—not the obscurity of thoughts too great for words, or a mythological taste derived from a repletion of learning, but the obscurity of haste and the mythological abundance of one who was not a scholar. Other poems of repute

and consequence appeared in the same short season. Not a year went by without producing more than one volume of a quality we never see now.

In 1813, Hogg appeared with *The Queen's Wake*, containing "Bonny Kilmeny;" Allan Cunningham, with a volume of songs, some of surpassing beauty; Moore, with his *Two-penny Post-Bag*; Coleridge with a tragedy (*Remorse*); and Scott, in disguise, with *The Bridal of Triermain*. In 1814, Wordsworth enriched our poetry with his much-decried *Excursion*; Moore, with his *Irish Melodies*; Southey, with his *Roderick*; and Rogers, with his *Jacqueline*. Scott, in the following year, gave us *The Lord of the Isles* and *The Field of Waterloo*; and Leigh Hunt, "a real good and very original poem," his *Rimini*. Wilson, already known by his *Isle of Palms*, gained another wreath, in 1816, by his *City of the Plague*. Lallah Rookh, and *The Sybilline Leaves* of Coleridge, containing "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," will make the year 1817 a memorable year in the annals of poetry whenever they are written. Keats' *Endymion* was a publication of the year 1818; Shelley's *Cenci*, Crabbe's *Tales of the Hall*, Rogers' *Human Life*, and Wordsworth's *Peter Bell* and *The Waggoner*, belong to 1819; Keats' *Lamia*, *Isabella*, *The Eve of St. Agnus*, and other poems, to 1820; Shelley's *Queen Mab* and *Adonais*; Southey's *Vision of Judgment*, and Byron's parody of the poem, to the year 1821; Rogers' *Italy* and Scott's *Halidon Hill*, to 1822; *The Loves of the Angels* of Moore, to 1823; Campbell's *Theodoric* to 1824, and Southey's *Tale of Paraguay*, to 1825. Song after this began to cease among us; Byron, and Shelley, and Keats, were dead; Scott and Southey silent; Coleridge dreaming away existence,—

"Fond to begin, but still to finish loathe;"

Campbell past his prime; Rogers and Moore unwilling, rather than unable; Wilson busy with the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*; Wordsworth confined

"Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground;"

Hogg cultivating sheep on Yarrow, and Allan Cunningham superintending the marble progeny of Chantry. Song, truly, had gone out among us. No one seems to write from the inborn force of his own genius, from Nature, and his own full thoughts—

"Now each court hobby-horse will wince in  
rhyme;  
Both learn'd and unlearn'd, all write plays.  
It was not so of old; men took up trades  
That knew the crafts they had been bred in  
right;  
An honest bilboe-smith would make good blades,  
The cobbler kept him to his awl: but now  
He'll be a poet, scarce can guide a plough."  
BEN JONSON.

But the present condition of our poetry  
will afford material for another paper.

From the Edinburgh Review.

### WILKES' EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

*Narrative of the United States' Exploring Expedition, during the years 1838-1842.*  
By Charles Wilkes, U. S. N. Five volumes 8vo. London: 1845.

THE work before us contains a history of the only expedition hitherto undertaken by the Government of the United States for the purposes of maritime discovery. Its principal objects, as stated in the official instructions received by its Commander, were, to explore the Southern and Pacific Oceans; to ascertain, with as much accuracy as possible, the situation of that part of the great Antarctic Continent which was supposed to extend to the southward of Australia; and to resolve various questions respecting the navigation of the Polynesian seas,—important to all vessels engaged in commerce beyond Cape Horn, and especially to those employed in the Southern whale-fishery. Upon these important services the Squadron was employed nearly four years; three of which were passed in the unknown and perilous seas which separate Southern Asia from Western America; and it completed the entire Circuit of the Globe before its return to the United States.

We cannot promise much amusement to our readers from the brief account of the 'Exploring Expedition,' which we are about to lay before them. There is little romantic adventure, and still less picturesque description, to be found among the technical and scientific details which chiefly fill Captain Wilkes' pages. But his work contains some geographical and nautical information, and some sketches of manners and

customs, calculated to recommend it, notwithstanding its rather cumbrous and unattractive style, to those who take an interest in these branches of knowledge.

It was scarcely to be expected that a Government, the western frontier of whose territory borders upon the largest and richest wilderness in the world, should have much attention to bestow upon unknown rocks and islands at the Antipodes; and it was still less probable that a people, whose interest is each succeeding year becoming more completely diverted from maritime affairs, by the vast field of adventure which lies at its very door, should display any general anxiety for information about the coral reefs and sand-banks of the Pacific Archipelagos. Accordingly we find, that the present expedition had been so long and abortively planned, and so repeatedly deferred, as to be regarded, by all who had concerned themselves in its objects, with disgust and disappointment. It was in March 1838 that it was placed under the command of Captain Wilkes; and we presume that we are justified in ascribing its after rapid and successful organization principally to his zeal and ability. The vessels placed under his orders were the Vincennes and Peacock sloops of war, the Porpoise brig, and the Seagull and Flying-fish tenders. It is a somewhat remarkable, though not, we believe, an unprecedented circumstance, that Captain Hudson, the officer in command of the Peacock, was superior in rank to his temporary chief, and that, with a readiness equally creditable to his own liberality and to the high professional and scientific reputation of Captain Wilkes, he consented to waive his seniority for the purposes of the expedition.

On the 18th of August, 1838, the squadron got under weigh from New-York, and proceeded on their voyage. Their first destination was Madeira, and they afterwards recrossed the Atlantic, visited Rio Janeiro and Buenos Ayres, doubled Cape Horn, and touched at Valparaiso and Callao. We shall not follow Captain Wilkes through his prolix description of these well-known scenes; nor through his long, and in our opinion, irrelevant digressions, respecting the political history of Brazil and Peru. Nor do we consider any of the events which occurred to the squadron, during the eleven months occupied in this part of the voyage, as worthy of particular notice; except the disastrous loss of the

Seagull,—supposed to have foundered in a gale off Terra del Fuego.

On the 13th of July, 1839, the Vincennes, Peacock, Porpoise, and Flying-fish, sailed from Callao; and on the 10th of September, after touching at some of the small islands composing the Paumotu group, they arrived at Tahiti.

The dreams of Rousseau and Condorcet, which represent man as weakened and depraved by the artificial training of civilization, have been by no means so universally forgotten, at least in France, as some of our readers may imagine. Sentimentalists are still to be found, who delight in contrasting the moral and physical excellence of some imaginary barbarian, with the frivolous mind and enervated body of the modern European. Some Parisian Novelists of the day have eagerly embraced an opinion so well suited to their liveliness of fancy, to their love of glittering novelty, and to that incredible ignorance of foreign nations, by which they have so frequently merited the derisive astonishment of their contemporaries. One of the most popular of their number—noted alike for the inexhaustible fertility of his invention, his meretricious style, his vehement prejudices, and the grotesque extravagance of his imagination—has lately been pleased to adopt, as one of his favorite characters, a youthful Hindoo Rajah, the patriotic victim of English ambition; and has displayed much fantastic eloquence in contrasting the untutored dignity and simple virtues of the royal exile, with the inanity and corruption of his polished hosts. It might, perhaps, be unreasonable to expect from a Parisian *homme de lettres* any knowledge of a fact familiar to all other educated Europeans, that the native Princes of Hindostan are a race far more artificial in their habits, and far more enslaved by formal etiquette, than ever were the most obsequious courtiers of Louis XIV. It might be unreasonable to complain of the reckless ignorance which has painted the effeminate debauchees of the East as Patriarchal Chiefs, presiding over a race of brave and simple Foresters; and substituting the noble pursuits of war and the chase, for the Asiatic recreations of chewing *bang*, and gloating on dancing-girls. But if, passing over the ludicrous absurdity of M. Sue's inventions, we look simply at the theory which he intends them to illustrate, we know no part of the world in which we could find so strong a proof of its fallacy as the Polynesian Isles. There,

if any where, nature has been left to herself; and there, if any where, she could dispense with interference. A delicious climate—a soil so rich as scarcely to require cultivation—a race of men superior in natural intelligence, and in physical comeliness, to most uncivilized nations—every thing, in short, combines to render easy the enjoyment of a golden age, if human nature is indeed capable of such a condition. But no sober-minded man can examine any trustworthy account of the state of society in these Islands, without becoming convinced that these favored regions present scenes, in comparison with which the most loathsome cellar in St. Giles's, or the most miserable hovel in Connaught, is a temple of virtue and happiness. It has been said, and we believe most truly, that no man, whatever his experience of vice and misery may have been, can form any idea of the brutal depravity of which human nature is capable, until he has witnessed the habitual life of lawless savages.

We leave out of the question all the restraints imposed by religion and morality—or by those vague notions of religion and morality which the most ignorant can scarcely fail to pick up in a Christian country—when we declare our belief, that the mere power of self-command, which every member of a civilized community is compelled by the most vulgar motive—the fear of punishment by the law—habitually, in some degree, to exert, is alone sufficient to raise him far above the highest limit of barbarian virtue. The most violent and vindictive European feels himself under the perpetual control of a superior authority, and is well aware that he can only give full indulgence to his passions at the imminent peril of his life. This may be insufficient to make him a good man—perhaps insufficient to deter him from the occasional commission of crimes—but at least it preserves us from the wretchedness of living in a society of beings possessing at once the resolution, the physical strength, and the deadly weapons of full-grown men, and the blind and reckless selfishness of mischievous children. To say that the savage will take life upon the most trifling provocation, is to say but little. He will do so in cold blood to save himself from a moment's inconvenience. If his child disturbs him by its cries, he dashes out its brains—if he becomes tired of supporting a sick or aged parent, he murders him or

leaves him to starve. In saying this, we are using no exaggerated or figurative language. We are stating the ordinary customs of the Polynesian Islanders. Captain Wilkes has recorded it as a well-known fact, that few of these savages, except their Chiefs, ever live to an advanced age; because those who reach the decline of life are almost invariably put to death by their children or relations, in order to rid themselves of the burden of their maintenance.

With these vices—the ordinary characteristics of utter barbarism—the tribes of the Pacific appear to unite much of that cold and merciless apathy, which is, in general, the worst effect of a corrupt and effeminate semi-civilization. Of natural affection, beyond the mere animal instincts which they share with the beasts of the brute creation, they appear to be nearly destitute; and of that spirit of nationality which produces such powerful and ennobling effects among many savage races, they have not the slightest tincture. In the numerous cases of parricide and fratricide mentioned by Captain Wilkes, as having occurred among the Polynesian Chiefs, we are struck—not so much by the atrocity of the crimes themselves, the most of which may unhappily find parallels in every age and nation—as at the callous indifference with which the kinsmen of the parties seem to have regarded the catastrophe. We find more than one instance of a family of Island Princes, whose previous history might rival that of the house of Atreus or Pelops, living together in apparent insensibility to their mutual injuries; and we can scarcely avoid the conclusion, that the worst vices of more generous dispositions are virtues far beyond the reach of these insensible and ruthless barbarians. There would, we are convinced, be great injustice in attributing this absence of natural feeling to any thing but intrinsic levity and feebleness of character. Neither barbarism nor civilization, powerful agents as they are, can develop propensities which do not naturally exist. We find, for instance, in our own countrymen, the germs of the most formidable vices indulged in by their Scandinavian ancestors—pride, intemperance, violence of temper, and delight in war; and we see that, when the restraints of social life are removed, these characteristics display themselves as strongly in an English soldier, as in a Norwegian *berserker*. On the other hand, these very Scandinavians, ferocious as they were, were

still not incapable of the virtues which have adorned the most enlightened of their descendants. The ties of kindred, of country, of brotherhood in arms, were observed by them with a fidelity never surpassed. We do not, we trust, undervalue the powers of religion, and we profess the highest admiration for the honest zeal of the many good men who are exerting themselves, and in some instances with eminent success, to extend its influence; but we cannot disguise our conviction, that the Polynesians, however improvable in many respects, are, and are too likely long to continue, a very imperfect variety of the human race.

We are glad to find that the account given by Captain Wilkes of the present condition of Tahiti, while confirming in some degree our unfavorable opinion of the intellectual capacities of the natives, is still a strong testimony to the effect produced by religious instruction, in removing the more revolting peculiarities of their character. He speaks of them as a peaceable, honest, and trustworthy, though far from a striking or interesting race; and ascribes their improvement to the imperfect civilization already introduced among them—a change which some sentimentalists have designated as the irreparable corruption and degradation of a harmless and innocent people. Still, Captain Wilkes, while admitting the striking improvement of the Tahitian character, appears to have been by no means struck by those amiable and graceful peculiarities in their manners and appearance, with which some English voyagers have endowed them. He speaks very lightly of the beauty of their females, and can see nothing in their national songs and dances to redeem the licentiousness which has compelled the Missionaries strictly to prohibit such amusements. And in particular, he is greatly, and we must acknowledge very naturally, scandalized by the eagerness with which the most powerful Tahitian Chiefs contended for the profit of washing linen, and supplying stores for the American ships!—a practice which certainly exhibits a striking contrast to the scrupulous dignity which the North American Indian is known to maintain in his intercourse with Europeans.

Upon the 29th of September the *Vincennes* sailed from Tahiti; and upon the 7th of October made Rose Island, the most easterly of the Samoan or Navigator group. Until the 8th of November, Captain Wilkes and the officers of the squadron were en-

gaged in making accurate surveys of this Archipelago; which consists of eight small islands, the principal bearing the names of Savaii, Upolu, and Tutuila. He appears to have found the natives superior to those of Tahiti, both in physical form, and in natural energy of character. They are considerably under the influence of their Missionaries; and, above all, their females are remarkable for modesty, parental affection, and fidelity to their husbands—virtues almost unknown throughout the rest of Polynesia.

Departing from Savaii, the American Squadron reached Port Jackson on the 29th of November. Three chapters are occupied by the remarks of Captain Wilkes upon the Australian colony; and by his account of several visits made to the interior by himself and his officers. We pass over a part of his narrative about matters comparatively familiar to most English readers; but we cannot omit to express our gratification at the cordial tone in which he acknowledges the hospitable attention paid him by the colonial authorities, and at the friendly feelings which prevailed between the colonists in general, and the officers and men of his squadron.

On the 26th of December, the Vincennes, accompanied by the Peacock, Porpoise, and Flying-fish, sailed from Port Jackson on her Antarctic cruise—a service for which, as Captain Wilkes more than hints, they had been very indifferently provided. This want of the special equipments necessary to the safety of the undertaking was in a great measure common to the whole Squadron; but the Peacock in particular was in other respects so defective as to be wholly unfit for any but a short and easy voyage; and it was not without the most serious misgivings that Captain Wilkes yielded to the zealous anxiety of Captain Hudson to accompany the Squadron, instead of remaining at Sydney to refit. The proceedings of the expedition during the two succeeding months, form perhaps the most interesting portion of the narrative. Among all the perilous and exciting adventures of a seaman's life, there are none to be compared, either in formidable aspect, or in actual danger, with those experienced among the floating ice of the Polar regions. Neither the iron-bound coasts and devouring whirlpools of the temperate, nor the thunder-storms and tornados of the torrid zone, can equal the terrific situation of the mariner, who finds himself driving helplessly

ly before a gale among a shoal of drifting Icebergs. In no situation, if we may believe the hardy voyagers who have returned from these fearful enterprises, is danger so acutely felt by the bravest; because in none is the utter inability of human skill to exert the slightest influence over the event, so overpoweringly manifest. And yet, even the desperate chances of such a struggle, must be a comparatively harmless prospect to the seaman who has beheld his vessel imbedded in a field of ice; while the short summer is rapidly passing away, and every day is diminishing his hope of escape from the horrors of a Polar winter.

Few voyagers have experienced more of these formidable encounters within a short period than Captain Wilkes. On New Year's day, 1840, the Flying-fish parted company from the Squadron. The insufficient size and accommodation of the Tender had excited the surprise of her visitors at Sydney; many of whom, with more concern for the safety of their American friends, than consideration for their feelings, had not hesitated to predict the fate of Sir Hugh Willoughby, for her crew. These disadvantages were now severely felt; and her commander was at length compelled, by the failing health of his men, to abandon the intention of rejoining his consorts. The Flying-fish altered her course to the northward, on the 2d of February, and reached New Zealand on the 9th of March. On the 10th of January, the Vincennes, Peacock, and Porpoise fell in with the first iceberg, being then in the 62d degree of south latitude; and in a few days they were constantly surrounded with floating pieces of ice. On the 16th, land was clearly discovered from all the vessels, in the shape of a large round-headed mountain, altogether different in shape and color from the intervening Icebergs. They were now off the coast of the great southern continent, at a point nearly to the south-south-east of Van Diemen's Land. On the 20th, the Peacock and Porpoise were directed to part company from the Vincennes, and to explore to the eastward; and on the 24th, the former vessel met with an accident, which rendered her immediate return to Sydney a measure of absolute necessity. After penetrating the tract of floating ice, which forms a bulwark to every coast in these latitudes, and enduring several dangerous collisions, by which her rudder was entirely disabled; the ship was at length driven stern foremost against a large Ice



berg, with a violence which threatened instant destruction. Fortunately she rebounded from the shock without sticking fast; but scarcely had she moved her own length, when a vast mass of ice and snow, which the blow had loosened, fell close to her stern with a crash; which, had it taken place one second sooner, would have crushed her to atoms. A more tremendous instance of the risks attending this perilous species of navigation, was probably never witnessed by any voyager who survived to relate it; and such were the injuries inflicted upon the vessel, that it became a doubtful question, not whether she could continue her cruise, but whether she could hope to reach a port in safety. She immediately stood to the northward, upon getting clear of the floating ice; and on the 21st of February, being favored by the weather, arrived in a very shattered state at Sydney. The Porpoise reached New Zealand on the 20th of March, having continued exploring the coast until the 14th of February.

We now return to the Vincennes. She entered the icy barrier a few days after her separation from her consorts, and commenced exploring the coast to the westward. On the 29th of January she encountered one of the most formidable dangers to which the Polar voyager is liable—a gale of wind among floating icebergs. For several hours she continued to drive rapidly through a heavy sea, surrounded on all sides by these fearful companions—now dimly seen through the mist and sleet,—now heard crashing and plunging in the darkness; but always close to the vessel, and threatening to overwhelm her at every moment. When the night closed in, without any diminution of the tempest, or dispersion of the ice, the situation of the Vincennes became so perilous as to be nearly desperate. All hands were on deck, and Captain Wilkes acknowledged, that he repeatedly gave up every hope of escaping destruction. They were often warned of their narrow escape from striking on an Iceberg, by the sudden calm which the invisible monster produced, as the ship passed under his lee; and they more than once, when apparently driving directly upon a field of ice, escaped through openings so narrow as to have been unperceived in the darkness. At length, early in the morning of the 30th, the vessel entered a small open tract of sea, where she lay in comparative safety, until the bad weather was over;—having certainly, to judge from the calm and unadorned narrative of Captain Wilkes,

passed a night of as frightful danger, as we can remember in the annals of naval adventure. For nearly two months longer, the Vincennes continued her toilsome progress along the coast of the Antarctic Continent,—constantly surrounded by ice, and liable at every moment to a renewal of the awful scene from which she had been so wonderfully extricated. The weather was, however, upon the whole, favorable; but her crew suffered severely from cold and fatigue, and it was not without remonstrance from his medical officers that Captain Wilkes completed his cruise. The ship was constantly in sight of the land, but in no instance do any of her people appear to have succeeded in reaching it. Several views of its appearance are, however, inserted in Captain Wilkes' work, and more wild and desolate scenes can scarcely be imagined. It presents a long undulating range of snowy mountains, stretching inland to the horizon—mountains which, in all probability, no living creature has ever trodden since the climate of our globe assumed its present temperature. At length, on the 21st of February, after having explored the coast from east to west, through nearly sixty degrees of longitude, the Vincennes put her head to the northward. Her passage was favorable, and, on the 11th of March, she arrived safe at Sydney, with all her crew restored to health.

On the 19th, Captain Wilkes took his final departure from Australia; and, on the 30th, anchored in the Bay of Islands, at New Zealand, where he found the Porpoise and Flying-fish. The New Zealanders, though always remarkable for their warlike and sanguinary habits, have generally borne a character higher, in some respects, than the other Polynesian tribes. Most voyagers have given them credit for their prowess as resolute and fearless warriors; and for some share of the manly dignity and honorable pride which usually accompany personal bravery. But Captain Wilkes, while acknowledging the common opinion of their merits to be somewhat higher than his own, seems inclined to place them among the most degraded and uninteresting of the savages whom he has visited. He considers them as inferior in intelligence, and inhospitable in disposition; and seems particularly struck by their unprepossessing appearance, and by another defect uncommon among the amphibious islanders of that tepid ocean—their extreme personal slovenliness.

On the 6th of April the Squadron sailed from New Zealand, and, on the 24th, they reached Tonga, the largest of the Friendly Islands, where they were joined by the Peacock, from Sydney, on the 1st of May. The Tongese appear to have struck Captain Wilkes as superior to any of the other natives of the Pacific Islanders, and as greatly resembling the Samoans, though superior in many respects even to these. But his intercourse with the natives, cautious and well-disposed as he invariably found them, was rendered difficult, by the existence of a desperate civil war between the Christian and Heathen inhabitants of the island—a calamity which, we are sorry to find, Captain Wilkes attributes to the hasty and intolerant zeal of the former party. The American Commander exerted himself to the utmost of his power to reconcile the two factions; but his mediation appears to have been attended with very little success; as a bloody battle was fought immediately after his departure, in which the converted natives were entirely defeated, and most of their principal Chiefs slain. The squadron sailed from Tonga on the 4th of May, and the next day made the Feejee Islands.

The Feejee or Viti Archipelago lies to the north-east of Tonga; and consists of two large islands, named Vitilevu and Vanualevu, besides a great number of smaller ones. Their climate is delightful, and they abound in the most picturesque and beautiful scenery; but the inhabitants of this favored spot are, without exception, the most savage and treacherous race in the Pacific. In personal appearance they are rather a fine race, of a deep-black complexion, with closely curled hair,—displaying none of the negro deformities of face and figure; but they effectually disfigure themselves by dressing their hair in a thick wiry wig, clipped into the most grotesque shapes; somewhat resembling in texture and appearance the fantastic masses of foliage, into which the gardeners of the last century took so much pains to torture certain trees and shrubs. They appear to possess more spirit and energy than most of their neighbors; but this does not prevent them from displaying all the indolent selfishness, the insensibility to shame, the irreclaimable and apparently instinctive mendacity, which characterize the worst Polynesian races. They are a most dangerous and sanguinary, as well as an unamiable nation,—perpetually engaged in civil war, which they carry on with the most vindictive ferocity; and

dreaded for their inhospitable treachery by every mariner acquainted with the navigation of the Pacific. With respect to their habits of life, they are Cannibals of the most inveterate kind; licentious in their manners beyond even the neighboring tribes; reckless of each others' lives to an almost inconceivable degree; and, in short, as Captain Wilkes indignantly calls them, 'wretches in the strongest sense of the term.' Such is the forbidding picture which the American Commander draws of this savage race, and we shall presently see that his worst opinion was confirmed by unhappy experience.

On the 8th of May the Vincennes and Peacock arrived off Ovalau, a small island upon the eastern coast of Vitilevu, which lies nearly in the centre of the group, and anchored in the harbor of a town named Levuka. On the 11th, they were joined by the Flying-fish; and on the 12th, these vessels were visited by Tanoa, King of the neighboring district of Ambau, and the most powerful Chief in the Feejee Islands. On the 15th, the Peacock sailed from Levuka for Rewa, an anchorage upon the eastern coast of Vitilevu; to which place she was originally dispatched, merely for the ordinary purposes of the expedition. But shortly after her departure, Captain Wilkes received information that a most atrocious and treacherous massacre had taken place in 1834, at Kantavu, an Island to the southward of Vitilevu; in which a mate and some seamen, belonging to an American merchantman, had been murdered by the natives; and that the assailants had been commanded, on that occasion, by a chief named Vendovi, brother to the King of Rewa, and now residing in that neighborhood. Captain Wilkes thought it absolutely necessary for the protection of his defenceless countrymen, to convince these ferocious Islanders that every such outrage was sure, sooner or later, to meet with just retribution. It is easy to imagine how strongly a tribe of savages must be tempted to robbery and violence by the spectacle of a large ship, freighted with what are to them the most inestimable treasures, and defended by only twenty or thirty men—the majority of whom, unrestrained by the imperfect discipline of a merchant vessel, are generally wandering unarmed on shore. It is only by the dread of retaliation,—severe in proportion to the delay and uncertainty of its infliction, that the savage can be induced to let such a prize escape him. And we therefore think

that Captain Wilkes carried his forbearance quite as far as was justifiable, in merely ordering Captain Hudson to seize and secure the person of Vendovi; and in declining to enter into general hostilities with the guilty district, unless the other Chiefs should, by endeavoring to protect their ringleader, openly declare themselves his accomplices. The Peacock, on her arrival at Rewa, was received with great hospitality by the King and two of his brothers, whose barbarous names and titles we spare our readers; but the guilty Vendovi did not make his appearance, though it subsequently appeared that the American officers had, on one occasion, been in his company on shore. It happened, however, that the day after the receipt of Captain Wilkes' special orders, had been fixed, for a formal visit to his ship, by all the native dignitaries. They were of course permitted to come on board as usual, but Vendovi was still absent. Captain Hudson now thought himself justified to take advantage of the situation of the Chiefs, to compel them to do justice with regard to his complaints; and he therefore communicated to them his orders, and informed them that it would be his duty to consider them as enemies, and consequently as prisoners, unless the actual perpetrator was surrendered. Those who are accustomed to place that confidence in the good faith and forbearance of their neighbors, which the habits of civilized life justify, can form little idea of the consternation with which a party of Pacific Islanders, accustomed to see blood shed upon the most trifling provocation, received this announcement. The Chiefs expected nothing short of an immediate massacre; and it was with much difficulty that Captain Hudson persuaded them that no injury, or even disrespect, was intended to their persons, unless they chose to assume the character of enemies to his nation. At this explanation their relief was great, and they eagerly joined in admitting the justice of his demand. Vendovi, indeed, had long been dreaded and disliked, even by his ferocious countrymen, for his turbulent and sanguinary disposition. Some years before the massacre at Kantavu, he had murdered one of his own brothers in cold blood, for a bribe; and he was now upon very doubtful terms with the survivors. It was accordingly agreed that one of the three Chiefs detained on board, should go on shore and bring him off as a prisoner; which, contrary to all reasonable expectation, was ef-

fected without the slightest resistance, or even expostulation, on the part of the culprit. On the surrender of Vendovi, his countrymen were of course set at liberty, and he was confined on board; the particulars of his guilt being fully established by his own confession. He was transferred to the Vincennes, when the two vessels next joined company, and continued a prisoner during the remainder of the voyage, but fell sick and died about the time of the arrival of the squadron in the United States.

The Vincennes lay at Levuka for several weeks; during the whole of which time Captain Wilkes continued upon the most amicable terms with the neighboring Chiefs, some of whom had been expected to resent the capture of their ally Vendovi. In the meantime, the Tender was busily employed in surveying the intricate straits and reefs lying between Ovolavu and Vitilevu; as well as the islands forming the southern division of the Feejee group. She afterwards, commanded by Captain Wilkes in person, visited for the first time the large island of Vanualevu, which lies to the north-east of Vitilevu; on whose coast she was joined by the Porpoise, which had parted company from her consorts the morning of their arrival at Levuka, and had since been occupied in exploring the range of small islands forming the eastern boundary of the Feejee group.

On the 28th of June, the Vincennes put to sea from Levuka, and, on the 2d of July, anchored in a bay named Savu-Savu, on the southern coast of Vanualevu; and, on the 5th, she removed to Sandalwood Bay, at the western extremity of the same Island, where she found the Peacock just arrived. The latter ship had left Rewa on the 23d of May, and had since been employed in surveying the western coasts of Vitilevu and Vanualevu. On the 16th, the Tender, accompanied by several of the boats belonging to the Vincennes and Peacock, and commanded by Captain Wilkes himself, left Sandalwood Bay on an exploring excursion; and the next day they fell in with the Porpoise, which had been engaged among the small Islands to the north-east, ever since she last parted company from the Tender. The detachment then proceeded to survey the Asaua islands,—a string of rocks forming the north-western boundary of the Feejee Archipelago. But just as this duty was completed, and as preparations were making for their return to the ships, Captain Wilkes received intelligence, that at Ma-

lolo, the southernmost island of the Asaua group, situate on the western coast of Vitilevu, a treacherous attack had been made by the natives upon one of his boats; and that the assailants had been repulsed with difficulty and loss, leaving two officers—the lieutenant in command of the party, and a young midshipman—dead on the spot.

There is, perhaps, no more perplexing point of international law, than the question—in what manner, and to what extent, a civilized voyager is entitled to inflict retaliation upon a tribe of barbarians for such outrages as this. He has none of the ordinary means of obtaining redress. There is no municipal law to fix the punishment incurred by the offenders; no magistrate whose business it is to see justice done; no government to be made responsible, if other means fail. It would be absurd to rely upon the reluctant protection of some savage Chief,—himself, perhaps, the instigator of the crime complained of; whose first measure would, undoubtedly, be the concealment of the real perpetrators—probably the boldest and most valuable warriors of his tribe—and the murder of a few useless or obnoxious slaves as a substitute. It would be equally absurd to employ a party of seamen, to explore the woods and fastnesses of an unknown island, constantly exposed to be cut off by treachery, in the hope of their being able to recognize, among thousands of tattooed and painted savages, a few individuals never seen but once before, and then in the confusion of a deadly scuffle. And yet, few Commanding-officers would have the firmness to use the only effectual means of punishment; and to inflict the horrors of war upon a community of suppliant and defenceless savages; all of whom possibly might be wholly innocent of the offence committed.

Fortunately for the ends of justice, no such difficulty arose in the present case. The inhabitants of Malolo—long renowned and dreaded among their neighbors, for their warlike and piratical propensities—had an overweening opinion of their own powers, and were entirely ignorant of the formidable weapons of civilized warfare. It was soon found that their Chiefs, so far from entertaining any wish to exculpate themselves, or to offer redress, were busily employed in preparing to receive the American detachment with open defiance. This conduct clearly left Captain Wilkes no alternative; and the Brig, Tender, and boats,

after burying their murdered companions, with all the honors of war, upon a small desert island between Malolo and Vitilevu, proceeded to inflict signal punishment upon the guilty tribe.

The Island of Malolo contained two towns or villages; one named Sualib, on the southern coast, and the other named Arro, on the northern. The Brig was anchored off the south-eastern end of the Island, and near the former place. Four of the boats, commanded by Captain Wilkes, and accompanied by the Tender, then proceeded to Arro; while the remainder, under Captain Ringold, of the Porpoise, landed at Sualib. The former division took possession of the town, and entirely destroyed it, without the slightest opposition; the warriors having all intrenched themselves in a certain citadel or stockade at Sualib, which was considered as the perfection of Feejee military architecture; and had the reputation of being absolutely impregnable. In this strong hold, the natives defended themselves for some time with considerable spirit; but at length, the huts being set on fire by rockets, and the garrison having sustained considerable loss by musketry, the assailants entered the place and found it deserted. Some of the natives, who attempted to escape in their canoes, were overtaken and captured by one of the boats; and the rest took refuge among the rocks and woods, in the interior of the Island, where their women and children had previously been concealed. Their total loss was believed to have amounted to fifty-seven men killed; that of the Americans being one man mortally, and a few others slightly wounded.

On the day after the engagement, the natives sent on board the Porpoise, to request peace and make offers of reconciliation. But Captain Wilkes was too much acquainted with Feejee customs and feelings, and too well aware of the excessive importance attached by all warlike savages to the particular tokens of success or defeat, which may constitute their point of honor, to receive their submission in so unceremonious a manner. It is well known that the American Indian considers it no triumph to exterminate a hostile tribe, unless he can carry off the scalps of his victims; and by a fantastic refinement of the same kind, the Feejee Islander never considers himself defeated, until he has been compelled to do homage to his enemy, in a certain recognized form. Upon this public acknowledg-

ment of defeat, Captain Wilkes very wisely and properly thought it necessary to insist, and it was accordingly performed upon the beach near Sualib, by all the surviving Chiefs and Warriors of the Island.

With what motives, or upon what arguments, the conduct of Captain Wilkes, throughout this lamentable affair, has been, as he himself informs us, accused as 'cruel, merciless, and tyrannical,' we are unable to conjecture. Assuming—assuredly, in dealing with facts so notorious, we safely may—that his public account of the matter is correct, we are inclined to think, that further hesitation in commencing hostilities, would have been nothing short of unpardonable weakness, in any man recognizing the lawfulness of self-defence; and that, hostilities being actually begun, any irresolution in continuing them, until the complete submission of the enemy, would have given the attempt the character of useless and therefore unjustifiable revenge, instead of necessary chastisement. We are to remember that the question is not whether a civilized Commander can afford to overlook with contemptuous compassion, an insult to his national flag; or can bring himself, as a Christian, to pardon the cruel murder of his friends. The question is, whether some fifty or sixty hostile savages shall be put to death, in just and open warfare; or whether the crew of every vessel which approaches their shores shall be exposed to massacre, until some maritime nation is roused to the determination of making a terrible example, and the infatuated islanders are exterminated to a man. Could a Feejee Chief be brought to comprehend the power of the countries to whose commerce in the Pacific the incorrigible piracies of his countrymen had for so many years been a constant grievance, he would readily acknowledge, that such conduct as that of Captain Wilkes was the truest humanity; not merely to those who may be exposed to future acts of violence, but to those who might be tempted to commit them.

After leaving Malolo, the boats returned directly to Sandalwood Bay; and shortly after, the Vincennes and Peacock got under weigh, and anchored off Mali—a small island on the northern coast of Vannaleon—in readiness to sail on the 9th of August: they were joined at this station by the Porpoise and the Seagull, which had been dispatched from Malolo to revisit Kantavu, Levuka, and Ambau. And on the 11th, the surveys and other duties of the squadron

being complete, they put to sea from Mali; and to the great delight of all on board, except the exiled Vendovi, lost sight of the inhospitable shores of the Feejee Archipelago for the last time.

On the 24th September, the Vincennes, having parted company from her consorts on the passage, reached the Sandwich Islands, and anchored in the roads of Honolulu, the capital of the Island of Oahu. The Tender was already at anchor; the Peacock arrived on the 30th; and the Porpoise, which had been left behind to make some additional surveys in the Feejee group, on the 7th of October. The King of the Sandwich Islands, Kamehameha III., arrived at Honolulu on the 29th of September, for the express purpose of welcoming the American officers. He is a young man, and his appearance and manners made a very favorable impression on Captain Wilkes. His portrait, with its closely shaven face, short mustache, and well-fitted uniform, contrasts strangely with those of his kinsmen, the grim Chiefs of Ambau and Rewa; though we are far from certain that, in point of picturesque dignity, the advantage is on the side of the more civilized Polynesian. The Sandwich Islanders—or *Kanakas*, as they call themselves—are, like the Tahitians, reclaimed and softened by semi-civilization. Notwithstanding the stain left upon their character, by the treacherous murder of the illustrious voyager who first discovered their country, they are in general a harmless and well-disposed race; and appear to be more trustworthy, and to have more regard for truth and honesty, than the tribes of the southern Pacific. But they are dull, indolent, and timid; and it is clear from several incidents related by Captain Wilkes, as having occurred during the subsequent ascent of Mauna Loa, that they retain all the want of sympathy for each other, and all the thoughtless selfishness which forms so remarkable a feature in the inert and feeble character of the Polynesian mind.

On the 3d of December, the Vincennes sailed from Honolulu, and stood to the south-east; on the 5th she made the Island of Hawaii, the largest of the Sandwich Isles; and on the 9th she anchored in Hilo Bay. The principal object of her visit to Hawaii, was to survey a large volcanic mountain named Mauna Loa, whose summit is nearly 14,000 feet above the level of the sea. The party employed in this duty was commanded by Captain Wilkes himself, and consisted of several officers and scien-

tific gentlemen, ten seamen, and about two hundred natives, who acted as guides and porters. They left the ship on the 14th, and encamped for the night beside a vast volcanic lake or crater, at a place named Kilauea, at the south-eastern base of Mauna Loa. The 17th was passed in surveying the crater of Kilauea; which is an oval pool or lake of fire, about 1500 feet by 1000 in diameter, lying in the centre of a rocky and precipitous valley nearly ten miles in circumference. Captain Wilkes, who himself descended to its edge, gives a most appalling description of the narrow escape experienced some days afterwards by one of his party, who was surprised by a sudden rising of the lava, while collecting specimens within the surrounding descent. On the 18th the ascent of Mauna Loa was commenced; and on the evening of the 19th the exploring party encamped at the height of 6000 feet above the level of the sea. Here they were joined by fifty officers and men from the Vincennes, whose assistance it had been found necessary to procure, on account of the indolence, insubordination, and continual disputes of the Kanakas; so that the party now consisted of nearly three hundred men. The 20th, being Sunday, was passed in repose; but on the 21st the ascent was resumed, and they reached a large cave, which was subsequently very useful as a depot for stores; and a shelter for those who became disabled by the mountain sickness,—from this circumstance called the Recruiting Station. A lieutenant and a party of men were left at this place; and on the 22d the party reached another encampment, afterwards known as the Flag Station, where a party was also left. At length, on the 24th, they reached their last and highest station, a point called by the sailors Pendulum Peak; and situated on the eastern side of the crater, at the summit of the mountain. All hands were employed in constructing a camp upon this exposed point; which was at length imperfectly effected by building walls with the loose fragments of lava, so as to shelter the tents from the piercing and stormy winds continually blowing. In this dreary situation, several days were passed; and on the 12th of January, 1841, Captain Wilkes ascended the highest summit of the mountain—a point almost exactly opposite to Pendulum Peak. From this elevation he measured the height of the neighboring mountain of Mauna Kea, which he found to be 193 feet above him; thus settling, in

favor of the latter, the question of supremacy throughout the Pacific Ocean. During their long stay upon the summit of Mauna Loa, the whole of the adventurous party were more or less affected by very distressing symptoms of indisposition; but no serious illness occurred, nor did any dangerous accident take place, except in the case of a single seaman; who was accidentally left behind, exhausted, during the ascent of a small detached party from the Recruiting to the Flag Station, and was not discovered until nearly frozen to death. On the 13th the party broke up from the encampment at Pendulum Peak; and on the 14th, they completed their descent, and reached the crater of Kilauea.

Several weeks were passed in various surveys and experiments at Kilauea and elsewhere in the island; and on the 5th of March the Vincennes sailed from Hilo Bay. On the 6th she anchored in Lahaina roads, off the island of Maui, which lies to the north-west of Hawaii, in a line between that Island and Oahu. On the 17th she left her anchorage, and on the 18th returned to Honolulu. On the 23d she was joined by the Porpoise, which had sailed on the 16th of November; and had since been employed in making a more accurate survey of the Paumotu group of islands. The Peacock and the Flying-fish had left Honolulu on the 2d of December, and were still absent. On the 5th of April the Vincennes and Porpoise sailed from Honolulu for the North American coast. On the 28th they arrived off the Columbia river; but the weather was so unfavorable, and the surf upon the bar so dangerous, that they were compelled to defer entering it. They accordingly proceeded to the northward, and on the 1st of May entered the straits of San Juan de Fuca, and anchored in Port Discovery. On the succeeding days they continued to advance into Admiralty Inlet, and on the 11th reached its extremity, and moored off Fort Nisqually,—a stronghold erected to protect the property of the Hudson Bay Company.

From this day until the 17th of June, their time was passed in various scientific experiments at Nisqually; and in expeditions to explore the neighboring prairies and rivers,—particularly the Columbia and its tributaries. The Vincennes and Porpoise then removed from Nisqually to New Dungeness, an anchorage within the straits of San Juan de Fuca, for the purpose of surveying the winding creeks and inlets of

the bay; and while lying at this place, Captain Wilkes received the disastrous news that the Peacock, whose non-arrival had for some time caused him great anxiety, had been wrecked at the mouth of the Columbia.

On the 3d of August the Vincennes and Porpoise put to sea from New Dungeness, and on the 6th arrived off the mouth of the Columbia. Here they were joined by the Flying-fish, on board which vessel was Captain Hudson, from whom Captain Wilkes now received the report of the late misfortune.

It appeared that after departing from Oahu, eight months previously, the Peacock and Flying-fish had continued for several weeks cruising to the southward, in search of various small islands and coral reefs which had been reported to exist; but most of which they were unsuccessful in discovering. On the 28th of January, 1841, they discovered an island, previously unknown, lying to the north of the Samoan group, which Captain Hudson named Bowditch Island; and on the 6th of February the Peacock arrived off the island of Upolu, and anchored in the harbor of Apia on its northern coast. On the 6th of March they left the Samoan group, and stood to the north-west, and on the 14th they made the most southerly island of the Ellice group. They continued their course in the same direction for nearly two months, during which time they touched at most of the small islands comprising the Ellice and Kingsmill groups. They found great diversity of character among the natives; but the generality appear to have displayed the worst characteristics of the Polynesian race; and on one occasion their treacherous ferocity was the occasion of very serious mischief. This was at Taputeouea, or Drummond's Island; one of the largest of the Kingsmill group, and supposed to contain about ten thousand inhabitants. The natives, who appeared a remarkably warlike and ferocious race, had been repeatedly guilty of insulting behaviour to their visitors; and had more than once shown a very suspicious wish to decoy them into situations unfavorable to defence. At length one of the Peacock's seamen, who had gone on shore to visit a town named Utiwa, failed to reappear on board. Every inquiry was made without effect, until no doubt remained of his assassination by the natives. Captain Hudson then resolved to punish the outrage; and on the 9th of March sent on shore his boats, with orders

to destroy Utiwa. They were opposed in landing by a flotilla of canoes, which they dispersed with a loss of twelve men killed; after which they burned the town, and returned on board without having been able to find any traces of their unfortunate shipmate. We have already shown the necessity of prompt and effectual retaliation in all cases of this sort; and we may add, that in the present case it was the more indispensable; because the natives, in their entire ignorance of civilized war, might very easily have been induced to entertain a most dangerous opinion of their own superiority. On the 8th of May, being then nearly in the latitude of the Sandwich Islands, Captain Hudson resolved to proceed at once to his rendezvous in the Columbia. The Peacock, therefore, altered her course to the eastward; and on the 17th of July, after stopping for a few days at the Sandwich Islands, arrived off the mouth of that river. The bar at this place is well known to be extremely dangerous of passage; nor was there any pilot to be procured at the time of the Peacock's arrival; but Captain Hudson being considerably behind the time fixed for his presence, and having with him certain written instructions upon which he considered himself justified in relying, resolved to make the attempt. On the 18th, accordingly, the Peacock stood for the shore; but, though every possible precaution was taken as she approached it, she struck in a very short time upon a shoal, and remained immovably grounded. It was soon found that her situation was hopeless; on the 19th, her crew reached the land without loss, though not without considerable difficulty and danger; and on the morning of the 20th, it was found that the ship had gone to pieces in the night. We must not omit to add, that Captain Wilkes expresses himself perfectly convinced of the propriety of Captain Hudson's determination to attempt the passage of the bar; and speaks in the highest terms of his conduct during the shipwreck.

The loss of the Peacock made it necessary to alter, in some degree, the general plan of the expedition. The Vincennes, under Captain Ringold, was immediately dispatched to San Francisco; while Captain Wilkes, with the Porpoise and Tender, passed the bar, and anchored off the town of Astoria. His first care was to provide a vessel for the accommodation of the Peacock's crew, as well as to assist in the future operations of the squadron; and this

he fortunately found means to effect. An American merchant brig, then lying in the river, was purchased on behalf of the government, named the 'Oregon,' and placed under the command of Captain Hudson. While the necessary alterations in the equipment of their new consort were going on, the Porpoise and Flying-fish proceeded to explore the navigable part of the Columbia. They left Astoria on the 18th of August, and ascended the river as far as Fort Vancouver; where they were very hospitably received by the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company. They remained at this place from the 28th of August to the 14th of September; during which time parties were constantly employed in surveying the surrounding country; and on the latter day they set out on their return to Astoria, where they anchored on the 1st of October.

On the 5th of October, the weather being favorable, the Porpoise and Oregon passed the bar; and on the 10th they were joined by Captain Wilkes with the Tender. The three vessels then stood to the southward; and arrived in San Francisco Bay on the 19th, where they found the Vincennes at anchor. Captain Ringold, who had arrived in the bay on the 14th of August, had already made considerable progress in exploring the Sacramento river; and in a few days every thing was in readiness for the final departure of the squadron from the north-west coast. On the 22d of October, the Vincennes, Porpoise, Oregon, and Flying-fish left the harbor, and on the 17th they arrived at Honolulu. On the 27th of November the squadron again put to sea, and took their last leave of the Sandwich Islands. The Vincennes and Flying-fish then parted company from their consorts; and standing to the westward, entered the Sea of China, and anchored in the roads of Manilla on the 13th of January, 1842. On the 21st they left Manilla; the Vincennes, parting company from the Tender, crossed the Sooloo Sea to the southward, and on the 3d of February anchored off the town of Soung, which is the capital of Sooloo, a small island lying to the north-east of Borneo.

The late Captain Basil Hall has, with his usual vivacity, described the forcible impression which the different habits of different nations make upon the seaman; who, instead of passing from one to the other by the gradual progress of a land traveller, has nothing but the difference of climate to prepare his imagination for the change from the bustle of an English

port to the blooming solitude of a Tropical Island, or to the silent desolation of a Polar coast. There could scarcely be a stronger contrast between two inhabited regions, than between the scenes at present visited by the Vincennes, and the savage cannibals of the Fejee Isles, or the sordid fishermen of the north-east coast. Manilla is a true Spanish colony; and the colonists have introduced among the natives all the picturesque and voluptuous indolence of their national manners. It is difficult to imagine ourselves in the Pacific Ocean when we read of the *Prado* with its groups of smoking or gambling loungers; of the *Tertulia* with its guitars, dances, and lemonade; or of the courteous officials, with their sonorous names and formal politeness. The natives of Sooloo, on the other hand, are in all respects Asiatics; and, with their slender forms and effeminate features, bear far greater resemblance to the Hindoo than to the Malay or Polynesian race. It is curious to recognize, in the deportment of the petty despot of this obscure island, the same puerile eagerness to display dignity and compel servility, which has so often excited the surprise of European Embassies at the splendid courts of Delhi or Ispahan. In other respects, these islanders seem to bear a very indifferent character; being, according to the description of Captain Wilkes, perfidious and cowardly in disposition, and, like most of the natives of the East Indian Archipelagos, inveterate pirates.

On the 12th of February the Vincennes left Sooloo, passed to the westward of Borneo, and anchored on the 19th in the road of Singapore; where she found the Porpoise, Oregon, and Flying-fish. The place is a perfect Emporium of Eastern commerce; but its prevailing character appears to be Chinese; and the temples, joss-houses, and junks of the natives, are adorned with all the ingenious deformities which characterize the labors of that singular people. At this place the Flying-fish was reported unseaworthy, and was consequently, to the great regret of the whole Squadron, disposed of by public sale. Captain Wilkes expresses the natural regret of a seaman, in parting with a faithful companion of a long and dangerous expedition; but the recollection of the melancholy fate which, three years before, had befallen the *Seagull*, a vessel of the same class and size, deterred him from making the attempt to carry her to the United States.



We may now pass briefly over the uneventful conclusion of these voyages. On the 26th of February the Vincennes, Porpoise, and Oregon sailed from Singapore; and on the 10th of June, after touching at the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena, the former vessel arrived in safety at New York.

Such is the outline—in itself, no doubt, sufficiently dry and uninteresting—of one of the longest and most laborious cruises ever undertaken. To the unimaginative reader, our barren list of dates and localities will be little more than a detached table of contents; only worth setting down for the practical purpose of saving him some trouble in exploring a voluminous work. But to those who, themselves engaged in the tranquil occupations of civilized life, can appreciate the courage required to endure a lasting separation from its enjoyments, we rather think that our sketch will appear a record of some interest. There is surely something striking, even in the common-place simplicity with which such voyagers as Captain Wilkes generally relate their adventures;—apparently unconscious that, in passing years among dangerous seas and Cannibal Islanders, they have been employed in any manner different from the ordinary routine of their profession. The patient zeal necessary for such an enterprise is very different from the hardihood which we have seen prompting some spirited young men to serve a campaign with Don Carlos, or to pass a hunting season with the Paunee Indians. It differs from the mere love of excitement and adventure, as the courage of a martyr differs from the courage of a soldier; and it is not too much to say, that many a naval Commander has obtained the honors of a hero, by a display of firmness and talents far inferior to that which can only gain for Captain Wilkes the sober reputation of a judicious and scientific voyager.

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THE DUKE AND HIS AUTOGRAPH.—Field Marshal Duke of Wellington—although he beat Napoleon—is a simple, ingenuous soul, continually duped by a gang of ladies and gentlemen and others who—with a morbid taste for ink and paper—pursue men of mark for their autographs.

As the Duke is known to answer every letter—no matter its import—addressed to him,

all kinds of epistles are sent him, for the sole purpose of drawing His Grace of his autograph. We have seen many of the Duke's answers, and give a few.

'Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington informs Michael Wiggins that the coat he wore on the field of Waterloo was not the original model of the present D'Orsay paletot. The Comte D'Orsay is much too honorable a man to steal any thing from the Duke of Wellington, or—as the Duke firmly believes—from any body else.'

'The Duke of Wellington desires Peter Snout to take note that he is Commander-in-Chief of the army, and not a hatter. Therefore it is not the Duke's business to see that the wig of the statue of George the Fourth, Trafalgar Square, should be covered.'

'Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington has received John Jones's letter. The late Duke's debts may be paid, and they may not. The Duke of Wellington informs John Jones that he shall not pay them.'

And in this shameful manner is the courtesy of the noble Duke every day played upon. The Irish papers give the last instance of these intrusions upon his Grace's time, with, of course, the answer it provoked.

Somebody called the Duke's attention to the new cotton shirts adopted by the Army, and to the potato-sickness. The Duke went at once into the shirts, but would not touch the potatoes:—

'Upon the other parts of Mr. —'s letter, that is, the state of distress existing in the neighborhood of —, consequent on *what is called* the potato disease, the Duke of Wellington begs leave to suggest to Mr. — that he is the Commander-in-Chief of the army.'

And therefore, as Mr. — ought to have known, is not called upon to cry 'eyes right' to the potatoes. But Mr. — already knew as much. All he wanted was the Duke's autograph, and he got it.—*Punch*.

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From the Literary Gazette.

#### LIFE AMONG THE ALGERINES.

*Algeria and Tunis in 1845. By Captain J. C. Kennedy, 18th Regiment. 2 vols. 12mo. H. Colburn.*

A LIGHT, slight, and pleasant excursion, through portions of Africa occupied by or under the influence of the French, in which the writer was accompanied by Lord Fielding, and also joined by Count de Goltz, a Prussian officer of engineers, with whom the English travellers met at Algiers. It is written in a frank soldierly style, speaks very handsomely of the French offi-

cers, from whom, throughout, every friendly and hospitable attention was received; and, if it does not convey to the public much that is new, is nevertheless acceptable as a recent glance at a country of general interest to readers of every class.

Soon after landing at Algiers, an improvised explosion of a magazine gave our military tourist a military salute. Enjoying an evening stroll in the Place de Gouvernement, we are told :

"Three sides are nearly enclosed with handsome well-built houses in the French style, and the fourth, facing the sea, juts out in an obtuse angle, of which a portion of the northern face is occupied by a mosque of no architectural beauty, and the other, overlooking a battery of heavy guns, affords a splendid view of the port, the shipping, and the bay of Algiers. In the Place are the principal hotels, the fashionable cafés, and the best shops. As the night closed in, the cafés blazed with light, and the square was thronged with officers, soldiers, sailors, Jews, Moors, Arabs, the wealthy merchant and the poor colonist, the freed negro, the awkward conscript of the last 'tirage,' and the handsome dragoon in the soldierlike uniform of the 'Chasseurs d'Afrique,' mingled together in a scene of picturesque confusion, each following his own method in search of pleasure after the toils of the past day. This scene of gayety was, however, soon to change. At ten o'clock we left the *Calé de la Perle*, and lingering near the entrance with the sound of the music still ringing in our ears, were startled by a bright flash in the direction of the harbor, a sheet of flame rose into the air, instantaneously followed by a loud explosion, and then several smaller ones in rapid succession: the ground shook as with an earthquake, and broken glass from the windows facing the sea, fell in showers around us. For a few seconds a dead silence reigned; the crowd seemed paralyzed—not a word was spoken—each looked round upon his neighbors as if seeking information from those as ignorant as himself. Then with one impulse, as if the spell that had held the crowd motionless had been suddenly broken, a rush was made towards the harbor. Every body spoke at once; a hundred wonderful and contradictory rumors passed from mouth to mouth with extraordinary rapidity. 'Abd-el-Kader and the Arabs are attacking the city,' cried one. 'It is an earthquake.' 'No, no, it is the English, it is 'la perfide Albion,' exclaimed another, 'who, according to her usual custom, has, without declaring war, seized upon the harbor and the fleet.' 'Nonsense,' answered another, 'I tell you the great magazine on the Mole has exploded, and the lighthouse, the arsenal, the admiralty, the admiral and all his staff, are blown up.' This last report, although greatly exaggerated, unfortunately proved to be too true; upwards of a

hundred fellow-beings had in a few seconds been hurried unwarned into the presence of their God. Lord Fielding having been separated in the confusion from Count de Goltz and myself, was one of the first who reached the scene, and met the survivors of this sad event; officers, soldiers, and sailors, mixed with ladies, some dressed for an evening party, and others risen from their beds with infants in their arms, as they had rushed from the neighboring houses in the first impulse of terror: the moans of the wounded, alas! but few in number, were mingled with the screams of the frightened children; wives were seeking their husbands, parents their children, and friends each other; no one knew who had perished, or who had escaped, and in some cases this dreadful uncertainty lasted until morning; members of the same family having in the darkness and confusion taken refuge in different houses. Next morning on visiting the scene, we found that a large building, situated between the admiralty and the lighthouse was a heap of ruins; blocks of stone, huge beams, and masses of masonry confusedly thrown together, the portions of the walls that were still standing cracked in various places; the houses occupied by the flag-captain and the captain of the port much damaged, the sides nearest the explosion blown down; the lantern of the 'phare' broken, and the admiralty slightly damaged. During this and many succeeding days the troops were busily employed searching for the bodies, many of which were not discovered for some time; one poor wretch was found alive amid the ruins on the fourth day; and in one long room, used as an artillery barrack, and containing rows of beds on either side, nearly fifty bodies were found lying in death, as they had laid them down to sleep; and in the centre, the crushed and disfigured remains of a party engaged at play, the stakes before them, and the cards still firmly grasped in their stiffened hands. The fate of Madame \* \* \*, the wife of the port-captain, was most melancholy. Whilst in the midst of her friends, who, to the number of thirty, were that evening collected at her house, she heard her child crying in the adjoining room, she hastened to soothe it, and, on crossing the passage from one door to the other, the explosion took place: she was killed instantaneously; her child in one room, and her husband and friends in the other, escaping unhurt. The daughter of Madame P \* \* \*, a little girl between four and five years of age, was asleep in a room, part of the roof of which was blown down; she was taken out of bed and carried from the port to the Grand Place still asleep, neither the noise of the explosion, the falling ruins, nor the removal, having awoken her. The total loss by this melancholy accident proved to be one hundred and one killed and thirteen wounded. The cause of the explosion will probably for ever remain unknown."

The origin of the French invasion is

stated in connexion with an account of the Kasbah, or the Dey's private apartments (now a barrack), within which is a small room where was "given the famous 'coup de chasse-mouche,' an event pregnant with consequences of such vital importance to the Dey and the regency. On the 27th of April, 1827, the eve of the feast of the Beyram, the diplomatic corps were, according to custom, presented to pay their respects to the Dey. During the interview an angry discussion took place between the Dey and the French consul, which ended by the Dey in a passionate moment striking the consul in the face with his fan. To this blow the subsequent events that have taken place are to be referred; it cost the Dey his throne, drove him an exile to die in a foreign land, caused the ruin of the Turkish dominion, which had endured for upwards of three hundred years, and in replacing it by an European and Christian government, must, sooner or later, work a most beneficial change in the condition of the northern coast of Africa, however dim and distant such a prospect may appear at present. This room is now used as a poultry-yard; and, singularly enough, as we entered, a cock strutting on the deserted divan proclaimed his victory over some feebler rival by a triumphant crow, an appropriate emblem of the real state of affairs."

The proud *Cock* of Gaul no doubt felt himself at home in the ex-harem; and his strutting and crowing on the deserted divan, just as if it were a dunghill, would make a picture for Landseer, conveying a potent animal-moral, and prophetic of the farther fall of *Turkey*; the motto,—

'O Dey and Night, but this is wondrous strange!'

Leaving the *Cock* in possession, the visitors set out for the interior, penetrated several mountain passes, stopped at Medeah, and thence took a trip to the Little Desert to see the natives at home, and have some sport in the way of hunting and shooting. Before quoting a few of the incidents, we may as well copy the view of the country traversed between the 34th and 37th degrees of latitude, i. e. between the Mediterranean and the Great Zahara.

"The regions to the southward of Algiers, lying between the 34th and 37th degrees of latitude, possess six climates perfectly distinct from each other. The plain of the Meteedjah, which is low, warm, and damp. The chain of the Atlas, twenty-five leagues in width,

rising 11,000 feet above the level of the sea, and whose climate, extending as far as Boghar, resembles that of the south of France. The Little Desert—an elevated district, but scantily watered. The mountainous country of the Djebel Ammour, and the Djebel Sahary, from four to five thousand feet in height, and twenty-five leagues in width. Further south comes the northern part of the basin of the Mzi—a series of abrupt elevations with an arid soil and a burning sky. And lastly, at Laghouat is the Great Desert, where you find neither mountains nor water. From the sea-coast to within four leagues south of Boghar, grain is cultivated, without irrigation. After that, water must be artificially supplied, except in some elevated or damp situations. It is probable that the system of irrigation introduced by the Arabs into Spain is derived from the conquerors having employed there the same methods of cultivation that they had been forced by necessity to follow in tilling the sandy soil of Africa.

"In the Meteedjah grow the aloe, palm, cactus, and orange, which do not flourish in the Atlas, the trees of which are those of the south of France—such as evergreen-oaks, elms, cork-trees, pines, cypresses, &c. The trees of the Desert are the lentisci, the karouba, the juniper—which attains the height of thirty feet, and, in damp places, the tamarisk. In the chains of the Djebel Ammour and Djebel Sahary the trees are confined to the lentisci, cypresses, pines, and in the higher parts of the mountains, the ilex. In the gardens about the Ksars the fruit-trees of Europe and Africa are seen flourishing side by side. In the Meteedjah the palms are unproductive, and are not to be met with again until to the south of the Djebel Ammour, where they yield most abundantly, in a country where wheat and barley are scarce and dear, and the date is the principal article of food. Here nature puts on a peculiar aspect; the vegetable productions of the soil, the minerals, the birds, the reptiles, and the insects, all follow one type—the type of Central Africa. In the Great and Little Deserts the higher parts consist of little else than rock; while in many of the less elevated portions, a thick bed of vegetable earth of an excellent quality, is found. In the months of May and June, the Little Desert is covered with herbs, affording an abundant pasturage, superior to what is then found on the Djebel Ammour. In the Great Desert there is no grass, except in certain moist places. At the end of June the grass dries up, and the flocks then eat it as hay. In November fall the first rains, and verdure again returns. Throughout the desert truffles are found in immense quantities, whitish in color, and without any great flavor: they are, nevertheless, a *recherché* and wholesome addition to the table, and are even an object of commerce, when preserved by drying. The lion and the panther, which are tolerably common in the wooded mountains of the Atlas,

are not to be found in either the Great or Little Desert. On leaving Taguine, the ostrich begins to appear, as well as a large species of antelope, called by the Arabs 'louache.' In the Great Desert the horned viper, a serpent of a very dangerous species, is numerous; and there are also lizards, nearly three feet long, with a flat, denticulated tail. The largest serpents are rarely more than seven feet and a half in length. When the sea-breeze, having passed over the Meteedjah, reaches the Atlas, its temperature becomes reduced, and it deposits its humidity in the form of clouds, rain, or snow; then, carried on over the Little Desert, the clouds are dispersed by the increased heat of the soil, only to be again re-formed on the ranges of the Djebel Ammour, and finally disappear as they pass over the burning plains of the Sahara. Thus, often in the Little Desert the weather will be beautiful, while the Atlas and Djebel Ammour, to the north and south, are both enveloped in clouds; and when General Marey's expedition crossed the ridge of the Djebel Ammour in the midst of a violent storm, the sky was serene and clear, and the weather lovely in the deserts on either side of the mountains. As by these mountains a large portion of the moisture carried by the winds is intercepted, comparatively but a small share reaches the elevated plains beyond (except during the winter, when the rain falls in torrents), but being almost entirely dependent for water on what comes from the heavens, and that source being closed for the greater part of the year, the soil is burnt up, vegetation cannot exist, and these plains become a desert. In the Atlas and the Djebel Ammour snow falls every winter, and lies on the ground for several weeks. It has been seen on the Djebel Sahary in the month of May. But little snow falls in the Meteedjah or the deserts, and when it does, it melts almost immediately."

The history of the Razzia of General Marey in 1844 is reprinted from a pamphlet privately circulated by that distinguished officer; and will, we dare say, especially interest military readers; but all that we need say of the General is, that he did every thing in his power to render the expedition of our countrymen agreeable to them. That he got them to see as many of the lions as he could may be granted, when we mention that among the rest he exhibited to them a lame one of his own.

"During the evening (says Captain Kennedy) we learnt much that was interesting concerning the Arabs from the General, who is more intimately acquainted with the Arab character, and with their manners and customs, than perhaps any other officer in the French service. For several years commandant of the Spahis (the Arab cavalry in the pay of the French), he lived among them, adopt-

ing their dress, and both writing and speaking Arabic fluently; he is thus able to communicate with the tribes under his government without the medium of an interpreter. On our asking some questions about a lion that we had heard belonged to him, he said he would introduce us at once, and turning to his servant, desired him to bring up Sultan. In a few minutes the door opened and the lion entered the room, the man only leading him by a tuft of his mane. He was a magnificent animal, two years old, and full grown, all but his mane; which although only a foot long, made nevertheless a respectable appearance; he did not seem to care about our being strangers, but walking about the room like a large dog, permitted us to take liberties with him, such as patting him, shaking a paw, and making him exhibit his teeth and claws. He showed, however, a marked predilection in favor of his old acquaintances, and lying down before them, turned on his back to be scratched. After a scratch or two he began to yawn, and was fairly settling himself for a nap, when a cigar was puffed in his face—a proceeding he evidently did not approve of—rising in a hurry, curling up his lips, and wrinkling his nose, he exposed to view a splendid set of teeth, a sure sign that he was not pleased. A hearty sneeze seemed to restore him to good temper; and bearing no malice, he returned a friendly pat bestowed upon him by Captain Martenot, who had been the aggressor, by rubbing his head caressingly against his knees."

In the Little Desert where the sporting was pursued, Captain Kennedy proceeds to describe the battue.

"Day was breaking when we were aroused next morning by the arrival of a party of the Arabs who were to assist at the hunt. The morning was bitterly cold, the thermometer standing at 43 degrees; and a dense mist covering the face of the mountains, rendered objects at twenty yards invisible. The sun was just rising red and angry through the fog, when we set forth for the spot that had been fixed upon by the Arabs for our first beat, where we arrived after half an hour's walk. In the mean time the aspect of the morning was changed; the sun, having dispersed the mist, shone gloriously, giving promise of a fine day. Fifty Arabs were collected when we came up, a number that afterwards swelled to nearly two hundred, many of them mounted, who, having heard what was going on, joined us from the neighboring tribes; a multitude of dogs was also gathered together, for where the brushwood is so thick, it is difficult to force the boars to break cover, without actually coming upon them: and therefore any little barking cur that has a tolerable nose is useful. The Rigbas are held the best sportsmen in this part of the Atlas, and are passionately fond of hunting; a single man will some-

times follow a boar for two or three days by the track, and kill him at last with a single dog, seldom firing unless within a few yards; when killed, the only use they make of the meat is to feed their dogs; and, if near a French station, they occasionally take it there for sale. Some of the dogs are handsome, powerful animals, resembling those bred in England between a greyhound and a foxhound, are courageous, and will singly attack a boar. These dogs are rare, and valued accordingly; a fine one being seldom parted with by an Arab, unless tempted by a high price. The place of rendezvous was the summit of a wooded ridge, sloping gradually down to a ravine below, the ground narrowing with the declivity, and enclosed on both hands by the steep sides of the surrounding mountains. The twenty voltigeurs, placed at intervals among the Arabs, were formed in an extended line along the ridge, two of the guns, and all the dogs remained with them; the rest of the guns, descending quietly, were posted on the bank of a small stream that ran through the valley, at the points where it was considered probable that the boars would attempt to pass. When we were all placed, the signal was given from below, and the line advanced, making as much noise as possible in beating the cover, the infantry firing blank cartridge, the Arabs shouting, and the dogs barking. Nothing, however, was found; and the two next ravines were also drawn blank. In the fourth beat we were more fortunate; recent traces of the presence of the game were discovered. The boar could not be far off, and laying on the dogs, a dozen voices roared out 'Haloof, haloof' (pig, pig); a general rush was made in the direction of those who had viewed the game, the noise redoubled, and the scene became most exciting. The ravine, steep, rocky, and clothed with thick brushwood, seemed to be alive with men, the burnished barrels of the voltigeurs glancing in the sunlight as they pushed forward from bush to bush, keeping up an irregular fire, each shot marked by a curl of white smoke rising from the copse, and the report repeated again and again, echoing among the hills. The Arabs, with their long guns, and the loose folds of their burnouses waving in the air, as they rushed at full speed over the roughest ground, mingled their wild cries with the yelling and barking of the dogs; on the ridges overlooking the ravine, the horsemen watching the motions of those below, to enable them to cut off the boars if they should take to the hill, were galloping about at a fearful pace over the rocks and stones, now lost sight of in some deep gully, then seen clambering from rock to rock, their animals more like goats than horses, and having regained the crest, every movement of the steeds and their excited riders was visible to us below, each figure standing out in bold relief against the deep blue of a cloudless sky. Notwithstanding the exertions of the mounted party, the game crossed the hill into the neigh-

boring ravine, but not until a two-year old had been shot by an Arab, and a fine old boar severely hit. He managed to get away; and we afterwards heard, on our return to Medeah, that he had been tracked, and sent to General Marey a day or two after by the Arabs. The chase having taken a contrary direction to our camp, we had a long walk before us under a broiling sun; the breeze had died away, and the stunted trees and bushes afforded no shade at noon. At one o'clock we reached the tent, where the thermometer in the shade stood at 92 degrees, after eight hours' hard work, well repaid for our labor by the magnificence of the scenery, and the excitement of a sport so novel in all its features."

#### AN ARAB WEDDING.

An Arab wedding, in a high family, offered at least one incident of a novel nature, and curiously characteristic of the people:

"As soon as we had taken our stand in the front row, the music, which had ceased for a few minutes, struck up, and the lady in the midst commenced her performances; inclining her head languishingly from side to side, she beat time with her feet, raising each foot alternately from the ground with a jerking action, as if she had been standing on a hot floor, at the same time twisting about her body, with a slow movement of the hands and arms. Several others succeeded her, and danced in the same style, with an equal want of grace. A powerful inducement to exert themselves was not wanting, for one of them more than once received some tolerably severe blows, both from a stick and the flat of the sword; what the reason was I do not know, but suppose that either she was lazy or danced badly. While the dancing was going on the spectators were not idle; armed with guns, pistols, and blunderbusses, with enormous bell mouths, an irregular fire was kept up. Advancing a step or two into the circle, so as to show off before the whole party, an Arab would present his weapon at a friend opposite, throwing himself into a graceful attitude, then suddenly dropping the muzzle at the instant of pulling the trigger, the charge struck the ground close to the feet of the person aimed at. After each report the women set up a long continued shrill cry of *lu-lu, lu-lu*, and the musicians redoubled their efforts. The advance of one man is usually the signal for others to come forward at the same time, all anxious to surpass their friends and neighbors in dexterity and grace. Ten or a dozen men being crowded into a small space, sometimes not more than six paces wide, brandishing their arms, and, excited by the mimic combat, firing often at random, it is not to be wondered at if accidents happen occasionally to the actors or bystanders. Among the most remarkable, a fine athletic youth had particularly attracted my at-

tention by the ease and gracefulness of his movements. Each time he came forward after loading, I had marked his excitement increasing, and now carried away by it, he seemed to forget the peaceful nature of the meeting, for, levelling his gun deliberately at the Arab standing next one of the French officers and myself, he fired with the muzzle within a couple of feet of his body; the man fell, rolled over and over, and lay as if dead. On examination of the wound, there was no fear to be entertained for his life, as he was hit near the hip, and a double fold of his bernous, which was burnt through, had deadened the force of the powder. It was nevertheless an ugly looking wound, as pieces of the woollen bernous and some grains of the coarse powder had been driven into the burnt flesh. The rest of the party did not care much about it, and the wounded man's wife, instead of looking after her husband, rushed up to the man who had shot him, and, assisted by some female friends, opened upon him a torrent of abuse with such evident fluency of tongue and command of language, that after endeavoring in vain to get in a word or two, he fairly turned tail and walked off. I asked in the evening how the wounded man was, and they answered that it would not signify, he would be well in a week or so. Ten minutes afterwards he came himself limping to our tent, evidently much more distressed at the serious injury his bernous had received, than at his own hurt, and exhibiting the big holes burnt in his garment with a most woebegone expression of countenance. The same rejoicings continued all the afternoon; and even when our numbers were increased by the return of the shooting party, no objections were made to our going to and fro as often as we pleased. It is the custom always to make a present to the musicians, which I understood was handed over to the bridegroom; so perhaps the five-franc piece given by each of us may have had some effect. The actual ceremonies of an Arab marriage are very simple. The young man having made his choice, the two fathers meet and settle what sum is to be paid for the bride; this important point arranged, a contract is drawn up and signed, the money paid, the bridegroom goes for his wife and brings her home. A divorce is a still easier matter; the husband gives his reason for desiring it (frequently a very trifling one), and the woman returns to her father, who, however, is entitled to keep the sum he originally received at the time of the marriage. Owing to their habits of life, the Arab women enjoy a greater degree of comparative liberty than falls to the lot of females of other Mahometan nations. Constantly employed in the severest domestic labor in the field, as well as at home, concealment of the person, as practised by the Moors and inhabitants of cities, is impossible in the douar, neither do they attempt it."

feat, and leads to an interesting speculation:

"While drinking our coffee, we observed a boy who, leaning with folded arms on a stick, watched every motion that we made. The boy's countenance was disgusting with its impulsive, and the vacant yet cunning expression of his features, more those of a brute than the hellish human being, as well as the form of the fright-shapen head, stamped him as an idiot. He was now birth. A tattered bernous hung loosely over his shoulders, and cold and wet as the evening was, he stood staring in at the entrance of the tent, while the other Arabs, whom curiosity had at first attracted, gathered round the boy at a few yards distant. Knowing that the Arabs regard as saints, madmen, and those whose intellects are affected, I paid no more attention to him, and left the tent for a few minutes. When I returned, the boy was still there, fixed in the same attitude; and I was told that he had just made a display of his sanctity, by holding in his naked hand a live scorpion, and then eating it, without suffering in the least from its poisonous sting. As he was standing close to the tent, there could be no doubt but that he performed the disgusting feat of devouring the reptile, but I was rather incredulous as to the fact of the sting not having been removed. We were discussing this point when, guessing that he was the object of our conversation, he went away, and returned almost immediately with another scorpion in his hand. Taking a piece of stick, I examined most closely in his uncovered hand, and perfectly satisfied myself that it had not been deprived of its sting, or injured in any way. The scorpion was of a tolerable size—upwards of two inches long—quite lively, and able to inflict a very painful wound, the effects of which would be apparent almost instantly, and last for a considerable time. Standing over the boy, I watched him narrowly, to see that he did not pinch off the tail of the reptile, or play any trick; but, half raising his hand to his head, he put his mouth to his open palm, and I saw distinctly the scorpion writhing between his teeth as he took it up, and heard the crunching of its shelly covering, as he deliberately chewed and then swallowed it. Neither his hands nor his mouth suffered in the slightest degree, and after a short interval he produced and ate another in the same way, which I also examined. The boy, since the early period when the infirmity of his mind became apparent, had been brought up a member of the religious sect of the Alsaoua, who, and the privilege, by the special gift of God to the founder, of being proof against the venom of reptiles, and the effects of fire. The present chief of the sect resides near Medea, and his disciples are to be found scattered over the whole of Northern Africa; they are held in a certain degree of reverence, but do not possess much influence. Captain Martenot gave us these details, and referred me for fur-

times follow the track of a grand festival of the Aïsaoua, when an officer who was an eye-witness describes. He courted a small Moorish house in the court of the Empereur, Algiers, about sixty years ago. The Moors were assembled. Froude and one red and yellow, and the other England and green—were suspended from the heads of the court, over the heads of the sect. These were the standards of a fine Marabout, Mohammed-ben-Aïssa. In the middle, a long wax taper, placed in an old chandelier, alone afforded light to the assembly, and cast its uncertain, glimmering rays into the gloomy corners of the building. The upper gallery was filled with women, veiled with their white veils, leaving visible only their black eyes and their eyebrows, lined with henna. Bou-Chama, by whose invitation I attended the festival, remained by my side, and explained the origin of the religious sect to which he belonged, in nearly the following terms:—‘Four or five hundred years ago a celebrated Marabout lived in the province of Oran. His name was Mohammed-ben-Aïssa, and having succeeded in gathering together a certain number of disciples, he wandered with them over the face of the land, sometimes in the Tell, and at other times plunging into the wilds of the Sahara. One day during his wanderings he lost his way in the desert. The provisions were exhausted, and his faithful followers, sinking from weakness, were on the point of perishing with hunger, when Ben-Aïssa, stretching his hands towards heaven, implored the mercy of the God of Mohammed. ‘Lord,’ cried he, ‘thou alone art able to save us. Take pity upon us, and cause whatsoever we may touch, to change for us into wholesome food.’ At these words, seized with sudden inspiration, his disciples gathered stones, serpents, scorpions, &c., satisfied their hunger, and suffered no harm. ‘We,’ continued Bou-Chama, ‘followers of this illustrious Marabout, have inherited the same privilege; and it is in commemoration of this miracle, and to perpetuate it, that we have now assembled together. By our prayers we obtain the cure of the sick, and draw down the mercies of heaven upon our newly-born children.’ After these words, Bou-Chama left me and joined his brethren; the rites were commencing. The prescribed ablutions having been performed, the Aïsaoua, standing in meditative postures, recited eight times the Mussulman profession of faith—‘I bear witness that there is none other god than God, and that Mohammed is his prophet.’ In their then prayer there was something grave and solemn, and which was most impressive. The Mokaddam, chief of the sect, then chanted a prayer for all Mussulmen, and called down upon them the benedictions of the prophet. At the end of each prayer the Mokaddam stopped, and the Aïsaoua, lifting up their voices in turn, asked health for one, or the blessing of maternity for

another; and the chorus then taking it up, addressed a prayer to God, in accordance with the favor demanded. Incense was every now and then thrown on a brazier of live coals, and the chorus repeated in a loud voice, ‘*Es-salah! Es-salah!*’ They then all seated themselves in a circle, leaving a vacant space in the centre of the court. The Mokaddam and his chief assistants took their places opposite to me, and at their side a dozen Aïsaoua arranged themselves, each armed with an enormous tambourine, which they beat in cadence, while the chorus vociferated a song in honor of Ben-Aïssa. There was in these songs an undefinable spirit of frantic rage, which produced in me a certain impression of terror. I saw some of these fanatics roll enormous serpents in the hollow of their tambourines, while livid adders reared their hideous heads from the hoods of their bernous, and, dropping to the floor, glided over the marble as cold as themselves. In spite of the horror which I felt at this sight, curiosity got the better of my disgust, and I remained. I must confess, however, that my heart beat violently; the dim obscurity, the infernal music, the women, shrouded in their white veils, appearing like phantoms risen from the grave, all prepared my imagination for the horrid spectacle of a festival of the Aïsaoua. At the sound of this barbarous music, one of the party rushed into the circle with a frightful cry and extended arms, as if possessed by the evil one. He made the round several times, roaring hoarsely and savagely, then, as if compelled by a supernatural power, he began to dance to the sound of the tambourines and drums. He was then clothed in a white bernous, and his ‘shasheah’ (red woollen cap) being taken off, the long hair left on the top of an Arab’s head fell over his shoulders. He then commenced his ‘zeekr.’ The zeekr is a species of religious dance, which consists in jerking the head from right to left, so that it touches the shoulders alternately. The whole body of the Aïsaoua was in motion, his eyes soon became red and blood-shot, and the veins of his neck blue and distended; nevertheless, he continued his terrific dance. On a sudden two others rose up, and with savage yells, joined the first. The three, excited by each other, redoubled their stampings and the motion of their heads, working themselves up into a state of frenzy impossible to describe. Now calling for red-hot iron, small shovels, the broad part the size of the hand, with long iron handles, were given to them. Seizing each one, these enthusiasts, placing one knee on the ground, applied their hands, and even tongues, to the red-hot metal. One of them, more madly excited than his companions, placed the brightest portion of the instrument between his teeth, and held it in that position for upwards of thirty seconds. Let not the reader think that I exaggerate; I witnessed all that I relate; and, in order to impress the scene stronger upon my memory, the performer of this last act placed himself

directly opposite to me with a lighted taper in his hand. It is impossible for me to give a reason for what I saw, but I cannot disbelieve it; I smelt the stench of the burnt flesh, and when I afterwards touched their hands and feet, I found only a fresh and uninjured skin. The sight of one old man, nearly sixty-five years of age, gave me great pain; he grasped the red-hot iron, and placing it on his leg, allowed it to remain there until a whitish smoke arose, which filled the whole house with its poisonous odor. These dances lasted in this manner for the space of an hour. Notwithstanding the noise produced by the songs and the tambourines, the painful rattle in the throats of these mad fanatics could be distinguished amidst the din; at last, exhausted by fatigue, they fell backwards, one after the other, and lay senseless and motionless on the ground; the songs ceased, and nothing broke the solemn silence but the sound of their heavy breathings. A man, whose task it was to attend the half-dead wretches, now advanced, and placing his foot successively on the pit of their stomachs, pressed their sides strongly, kneaded their limbs, and caused them to revive. The dance recommenced; four fresh Aisaoua rushed into the circle, and were soon in the same state of frenzy as their predecessors, striking their heads with red-hot shovels, and stamping upon them with their naked feet. Then, in their delirium, imagining that they were transformed into camels and lions, they uttered the cries of the animals they represented, and feigned a combat between them; their mouths foamed and their eyes sparkled with rage. The Mokaddam now presented to them a leaf of cactus, of which the thorns, an inch in length, and sharp as a needle, made me tremble. At this sight the combat ceased; the Aisaoua threw themselves upon the cactus, they tore and ground it between their teeth, making the air resound with a hoarse noise resembling the horrid cries of an enraged camel. At this moment the women, placed in the upper gallery, raised their dismal cry of *lu-lu, lu-lu, lu-lu*.

"This frightful scene was only the prelude to all the horrors I was about to witness. Towards eleven o'clock the songs ceased, and coffee and couscous were brought in, of which I found it impossible to partake. The repast over, they recited a prayer before recommencing their dance; and on the musicians beginning to strike their enormous tambourines, seven or eight of the disciples rose, howling dreadfully, and, dressed in white, like their predecessors, began to perform the zeekr. My acquaintance, Bou-Chama, was of this party; and taking a bundle of small wax tapers, he placed first his hand, and then his arm, face, and neck, in the flames. His features, when thus lit up, as they appeared from one moment to another through the varying flames, had quite a demoniacal appearance. In the meantime a negro had amused himself by placing live coals in his mouth, which, as he breathed,

burnt brightly, and sent forth a thousand sparks. Without having been there, it is impossible to realize the terrific sight I had before my eyes. Opposite me, within two paces, was the negro, whose glowing mouth displayed itself in a black and hideous face; his head, with its single lock of crisp woolly hair, vibrating rapidly from side to side; and around me the hellish music, the convulsive stampings, and the frightful cries of the dancers. The negro was now in a state of the most furious excitement. Swallowing the still burning contents of his mouth, he seized a large scorpion, full of life and venom; placing it on his arm, he irritated the reptile in every possible manner, pinching it, putting it near the taper, and burning one of its claws. The enraged animal darted his sting into the offered hand; the negro smiled, and, raising the scorpion to his mouth, I heard it crack between his teeth; and, as he swallowed it, I turned my head aside in horror. The reader, perhaps, supposes that the scorpion was deprived of his sting; but I had ocular demonstration to the contrary; nay, more, I might have brought one from the Boudjareeah myself, and given it with my own hand, as many have done who have been admitted to these 'Hadrah.'

"A yatagan was now brought, the point wrapped in a handkerchief, and two men held it horizontally about three feet from the ground. On seeing this, a man rose from his seat and commenced his zeekr; then, uncovering his breast, he sprang with all his weight on the naked blade: it seemed as if his body would have been cut in two by such a blow. He remained, however, with his bare breast on the sharp edge of the sabre, balancing himself with his feet, in a horizontal position, and tranquilly continuing his zeekr. Meanwhile the four other Aisaoua continued their furious dance, beating their heads with the iron shovels brought to a red heat. To these, three others soon joined themselves, grasping in each hand a living adder, with which they struck their bodies. As they danced, the serpents wound themselves about their limbs, hissing horribly. Then seizing them, some placed them in their mouths, so as only to permit the head of the reptile to escape: one even forced the adder to bite his tongue, and, leaving it thus suspended, continued his dance. Others squeezed them between their teeth, to increase their rage; and the irritated reptiles, in their desperate struggles to escape, twined around their necks, and, hissing, reared themselves above the heads of their tormentors. Excited by the spectacle before their eyes, and by the increasing noise of the music, the Aisaoua rose in a body, and rushed to take a part in the dance. Then commenced a scene which words cannot describe. Twenty Aisaoua, clothed in white bernous, with dishevelled hair and haggard eyes, mad with excitement and fanaticism, bathed in sweat, and grasping serpents in their hands, stamping, dancing, and convulsively shaking their heads, each starting



vein swollen and distended with blood. The women, like phantoms, assisting in this scene, lit only by a pale and solitary taper, uttered in a piercing tone their shrill cries of *lu-lu, lu-lu, lu-lu*. This, mixed with strange songs, hoarse sounds, and the hollow rattle in the throat of each Alsaoua, as he fell exhausted and senseless, formed altogether a scene so totally repulsive to human nature, that it seemed, in truth, a feast of hell. Such dreadful exertions could not, however, last long: by degrees the number of dancers diminished, as one after another they sank under the fatigue, and their panting bodies strewed the marble pavement of the court. The feast of the Alsaoua was over."

With this long specimen we finish our notice. The return of the travellers to Algiers, their visit to Bona and Tunis, the historical account of the Kabiles or Berbers, and other matters treated of, not furnishing us with aught which we could consider to be of sufficient novelty or importance to occupy our pages. From what we have done, we think it will be seen that the publication is exactly what we have pictured; viz. the frank exposition of a light, slight, and pleasant excursion, over a country from which the latest intelligence must, from the nature of the case, be generally acceptable.

**PRINCE OF WALES' FEATHERS.**—In the Society of Antiquaries, the Secretary resumed the reading of the 'Inquiry into the Origin of the device of the Triple Plume of Feathers, and the Mottoes used by the Black Prince,' by Sir Harris Nicolas, commenced at the previous meeting. The popular account of the adoption of the badge of feathers at Cressy, as stated by Sandford, rests on no contemporary authority: the tradition that the Black Prince wore the feathers at Poitiers not at Cressy, is first mentioned by Camden, and the tale of their being stripped from the helm of the King of Bohemia is given by no higher authorities than Sandford and Randle Holme. Sir Harris having carefully examined the Wardrobe Accounts, whilst preparing a history of the Order of the Garter, ascertained that the first mention of the feathers in any record, is in a list of the Queen's plate; the date of the document is lost, but it must have been after 43 Edward III., 1369. The facts thus supplied lead to the inference that the ostrich feathers in a sable field belonged to Queen Philippa, either as a family badge, or as arms borne in right of some territories appertaining to her house. The most remarkable notices of them occur in the will of the Black Prince; he directed these badges to be placed among the decorations of his tomb, with the motto *Homout*, which, in a singular document preserved in the Tower, is used by him as a signature "De par Homout—Ich Dien." The

evidence afforded by seals is material in such an inquiry; the ostrich feathers do not appear on the Great Seals of Edward III. or his consort; they occur on Prince Edward's seal for Aquitaine, and some others used by him; and they appear to have been borne with a slight difference by other sons of Edward III., by Richard II., and succeeding sovereigns, by the sons of Henry IV., and also by the house of York. The badge does not appear to have been considered as appropriate to the eldest son of the sovereign, until the reign of Henry VIII., and in subsequent times, from ignorance of its real character it has been converted into the crest of the Prince of Wales.

From the British Quarterly Review:

#### THE NEWSPAPER PRESS OF FRANCE.

- (1.) *Le Moniteur*.—(2.) *Le Messenger*.—(3.) *Le Journal des Débats*.—(4.) *Le Constitutionnel*.—(5.) *Le Siècle*.—(6.) *La Presse*.—(7.) *Le National*.—(8.) *La Gazette de France*.—(9.) *La Quotidienne*.—(10.) *Le Globe*.—(11.) *Le Corsaire Satan*.—(12.) *Le Charivari*.—(13.) *L'Esprit Public*.—(14.) *La Réforme*.—(15.) *La Démocratie Pacifique*. Paris, 1845, 1846.
- (16.) *Histoire Edifiante du Journal des Débats*. Paris: Baudry.
- (17.) *Venalité des Journaux, Révélations accompagnées de Preuves*. Par CONSTANT HILBEY. Ouvrier, Tailleur. Paris, chez tous les Libraires. Septembre, 1845.
- (18.) *L'Ecole des Journalistes, Comédie en 5 Actes*. Par MDE. EMILE DE GIRARDIN; suivie d'une Lettre de M. JULES JANIN; et d'une Réponse de M. GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC. Troisième Edition, Paris, 1840.

It were a curious and instructive study to trace the progress of the Newspaper Press of France, from the earliest times down to our own day;—to record the history of the ancient Gazetier and the modern Journalist;—of the old Gazette of times long gone by, as well as of the modern Journal. In the French of the 17th century, the Gazetier signified the Editor of a periodical publication, as well as the Publisher; but the word is not now used in this latter sense, and generally bears an ill signification.

Though any frivolous inquiry into the origin of words, in the present age of facts

and realities, be for the most part idle, yet it may be permitted to us to state, that the word *Gazetier* is derived from *Gazette*, a denomination which the earliest journal received from the piece of Venetian coin, 'Gazetta,' which the reader paid for each number in the Piazza de St. Marco, in the seventeenth century. The first regular Journal which modern times has known, however, appeared in England in 1588. It bore the title of the 'English Mercury,' and probably suggested to the French nation the idea of the 'Mercure Français, ou Suite de l'Histoire de la Paix.' This publication commenced in 1605, the *Septennaire* of D. Cayer, and extended to the year 1644, forming altogether a collection of 25 vols. The curious compilation was, till 1635, edited by John Richer, and continued by Theophile Renaudot.

Without entering upon the early history of Journalism in France, or enumerating the journals and newspapers of the Revolution, it will best accord with our design to begin our sketch with the mention of the only one which sprung out of this great crisis which has survived that stormy and terrific epoch, and which has lived to see many great changes even in our own day. We allude to the 'Moniteur Universel,' the official journal of the French Government. Born of the first Revolution, and a witness of all the political revolutions which have succeeded it, the 'Moniteur' has had the rare advantage of surviving times of trouble and civil strife, without losing any portion of its high consideration, and without changing either its character or its language.

The founder of the 'Moniteur' was a great and enterprising bookseller, of the name of Charles Joseph Panckoucke, father of Madame Suard, and celebrated by the publication of the 'Encyclopédie Méthodique.' Panckoucke had, in a journey to England, been struck with the immense size of the London journals. He resolved to introduce a larger form into France. This was the origin of the 'Moniteur Universel,' which first saw the light on the morning of the 24th of November, 1789. But the 'Moniteur,' in its infancy, did not, as the reader may well suppose, possess its present organization. A very small space was allotted to the report of the proceedings of the National Assembly, and the debates were often incorrectly given. Shortly after this period, M. Maret, afterwards Duke of Bassano, and who was editor of the 'Bulle-

tin de l'Assemblée Nationale,' agreed to incorporate his paper with the 'Moniteur,'\* and soon after became the first rédacteur en chef of the latter journal. As Maret was an admirable short-hand writer, the paper became, to use the words of his biographer, a *tableau en relief*. It was not merely fidelity of expression that was transmitted, but the spirit of the debate was embodied; and the gesture and demeanor of the orator described. Something more, however, than mere reports were needed; and a series of articles were determined on, comparing the parliamentary system springing from the Revolution, with the system that prevailed anteriorly. The exact and conscientious Peuchet undertook this difficult task. His articles, under the title of an introduction, form the first volume of the collection of the 'Moniteur.'

From this period the principal and the most precious recommendation of the 'Moniteur' was, and is, that it is a repertory of all the important facts connected with the annals of modern France. The 'Moniteur,' indeed, is the only pure well of undefiled historical truth, though occasionally dashed and brewed with lies, more especially in the Napoleonic time, from which a thorough knowledge may be obtained of the parties and history of France. Tables compiled with diligence, method, and clearness, and published for each year, facilitate the researches of the student, and conduct him through the immense labyrinth of facts which have been accumulated during half a century. Men of extraordinary merit have occasionally co-operated, either as men of letters, or as philosophical writers, or as publicists, in the editing of this remarkable journal. We have already cited the Duke of Bassano, who was rédacteur en chef, to the end of the Constituent Assembly. Berquin, the author of 'L'Ami des Enfants,' succeeded him at a time when Rabaut de St. Etienne, La Harpe; Laya, the author of 'L'ami des Lois'; Framery; Guinguenê, author of a Literary History of Italy; Garat, who was minister and senator; Suard, of the Academy, of whom we have before spoken; Charles His, Gallois Granville, Marsilly, La Chapelle, and others, enriched the very same pages with their united labors. Under the Convention and the Directory, M. Jourdan performed the duties of rédacteur en chef, and was assist-

\* *Souvenirs du Duc de Bassano, par Mde. Charlotte de Sor. Bruxelles, 1843.*

ed by Trouvé, Sauvo, and Gallois. Under the Consulate, Sauvo was placed at the head of the 'Moniteur,' and is, or lately was, editor in chief. It may be in the recollection of our readers, that during the crisis of the ministry of Polignac, that weak, foolish man sent for M. Sauvo, and handed him the famous ordonnances which produced the Revolution of July, with a view to their publication in the official journal, when the courageous journalist remonstrated with the president of the council, and pointed out to him the folly—the madness—of his course.\* The minister refused, even at the twelfth hour, to listen to the voice of wisdom, and our readers know the result. During a period of nearly forty years, M. Sauvo has written in the 'Moniteur' the principal portion of the matter under the head *Théâtres*, and all parties most capable of judging of such matters admit the taste and the tact he has uniformly exhibited in this department of his labors, his criticisms being extended not merely to the pieces, but to the actors and actresses. If these essays were published separately, they would form no mean course of dramatic literature. Among the numerous collaborators of M. Sauvo, from the Consulate and Empire to our own day, we may mention Peuchet; Tourlet; the learned Jomard; Champollion, of the Academy des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres; Amar; Tissot, of the Academy; Kératry; Petit Radet; David, formerly consul-general in the East; Aubert de Vitry, and Champagnac. The 'Moniteur' is the only journal, it should be observed, which reproduces exactly the debates of the Chambers, for other journals have recourse to analysis and abridgments. The only certain basis of an exact analysis would be the words of the 'Moniteur;' but this journal, contrary to its agreement, which imposes on it the obligation of furnishing proof sheets to all the journals on the evening of its publication, appears after the latter have been printed off, and cannot consequently be of the least use for an analysis of the debates. It were, perhaps, a piece of supererogatory information to state that the 'Moniteur,' which forms a collection of more than 100 volumes, is furnished to all the higher functionaries of the state, and is constantly referred to, not merely in

France, but in every civilized country. It is the best repertory of contemporaneous history, and complete copies of it are therefore very rare, and always fetch a high price.

During the emigration, Monsieur, afterwards Louis XVIII., had a species of *Moniteur* of his own, under the title of 'Journal de Monsieur,' in which the Abbés Royon and Geoffroy, the latter afterwards so celebrated as the feuilletonist of the 'Débats,' both wrote; but this paper necessarily expired the moment his majesty landed on the French soil. The Abbé Geoffroy, indeed, played an important literary part after the Restoration; but before we speak of him, it will be necessary that we should enter into the history of that journal, which he rendered so celebrated by his criticisms. In so doing, it is indispensable that we should speak somewhat at length of the very remarkable founders of the 'Journal des Débats,' the MM. Bertin. These two brothers, François Bertin the elder, and Louis Bertin, commonly called Bertin de Vaux, were the men who first elevated journalism in France into a power in the state, and made of newspapers a great instrument, either for good or for evil. François was the elder brother of the two, and continued till the period of his death 'Rédacteur en chef and Gérant' of the 'Journal des Débats.' Louis, the other brother, after having been fifteen years a member of the Chamber of Deputies was, soon after the Revolution of 1830, sent ambassador to Holland, and elevated to the Chamber of Peers.

Bertin the elder was a man of large and liberal views, intelligent, instructed not merely in letters, but in politics and legislation,—a man of the world, in the best sense, generous, indulgent, and great, not only in accomplishments of the mind, but what is rarer and better, in virtues of the heart.

Bertin de Vaux, his brother, was an active, indefatigable man of business, and at the same time a distinguished and spirited writer, and a scholar of no mean pretensions, especially in classical literature. Both these remarkable men were born at Paris, of a rich and respectable family. Their father, who was secretary to the Duke de Choiseul, Premier of France, died young. Their mother, a woman of sense and talent, afforded them the advantage of the best and most careful education. In the Revolution of 1789 they were both young, but the elder was old enough to have witnessed many of

\* *Memoires de Lafayette*, par Sarrans. *Procès des Ministres de Charles X.* "England and France; or, the Ministerial Gallomania."—Murray, 1832.

the horrors of 1793. He assisted at some of the tempestuous and sanguinary debates of that epoch, and was saved from being a victim by his extreme youth.

It is not our purpose to go over the history of the press during the Consulate. It will be sufficient to state that soon after Bonaparte had established himself in the seat of power, he practically annihilated the decree of the 9th of September, 1789, which declared that the liberty of the press was one of the inalienable rights of men. With one stroke of the pen, the little Corsican decided that among the numerous political journals existing, twelve should alone survive, and to these was conceded the exiguous liberty of publishing the list of sales of real and personal property by auction and otherwise, the bulletins and recitals of battles published in the 'Moniteur,' the new laws, and dramatic criticisms on the spectacles of the day. It should be remembered, that in those days the largest journal was no bigger than a quarto sheet, and that charades and rebuses were then more in vogue than political disquisitions. It was in such a season as this that Bertin the elder purchased for 20,000 francs, or £200, of Baudoin, the printer, the name and copyright of a 'Journal d'Annonces.' With the sagacity of a man of profound sense, M. Bertin soon perceived that the journal of which he had become the proprietor ought neither to resemble the journals of the ancient regime, such as the 'Mercure de France,' of which we have already spoken, nor the journals of the Revolution, such as the 'Orateur du Peuple,' formerly conducted by Dussault, of whom more anon, nor the journal, reeking with blood, of the cowardly Herbert, called the 'Père Duchesne.' The 'Mercure de France,' though supported by Marmontel, and the beaux esprits of the court, was but a pale reflection of the inane vanity and emptiness of the old monarchy. But the journal of the 'Père Duchesne' was the very image of the blood and fury and worst democratic drunkenness of the Revolution. Such journals as either the one or the other were impossible, under a strong and intelligent government. Neither as consul nor as emperor had Napoleon permitted their existence; and even though he had, the nation would not have long supported it. It was a difficult task to hit the House 'betwixt wind and water,' to use the familiar phrase of Burke, in speaking of the wonderful success of the wonderful Charles Townshend in

the House of Commons, and no less difficult was it for M. Bertin to hit the will of the emperor, and the humor, whim, and caprice of the good people of Paris. It was, indeed, an up-hill task to make a journal palatable to a successful soldier, who had made himself emperor, and who desired that neither his laws nor his victories might be discussed or criticised. And nearly as difficult was it to conciliate the good will and favorable attention of a people accustomed to the rank and strong diatribes of the democrats. Any other man than Bertin the elder would have given the task up in despair—but the word 'despair' was no more to be found in his vocabulary than the word 'impossible' in the vocabulary of the emperor. To create a journal without freedom of speech were indeed hopeless. M. Bertin spoke, therefore, freely, but he was freely outspoken only of literature and the theatres, holding his peace on higher and more dangerous topics.

The history of the rise and progress of the 'Journal des Debats' is a moral and psychological study, not without its interest. Tact, and management, and moderation, were necessary in order to write at all in that epoch, but the moment Bertin obtained permission to put pen to paper, he used the two-edged weapon so discreetly, that governor and governed were equally content. To use the phrase of Burke, he hit the ruler and the ruled 'betwixt wind and water.' What was the cause of this success? Bertin called to his aid men of science, learning, talent, and art, but all inexperienced in the art of journalism. There was not one among them who had ever before written a stupid leading article, or graduated in the stenographic tribune of the Constituent or National Assemblies, but they were men of mind and education,—not what in England are called literary men—i. e., men without letters—who have failed in other callings, but scholars 'ripe and good,' brimful of learning. The greater number of the earlier contributors had been bred in the schools of the Jesuits; some among them were intended for the priesthood, but all were deeply imbued with the literature of Greece and Rome. Among the earliest regular contributors of the new journal were Geoffroy, Dussault, Feletz, and Delalot. On a second floor, in a small, dingy, damp hole, in No. 17, in the Rue des Prêtres, St. Germain l'Auxerrois, where was situated the office of the journal, these choice spirits met. After having traversed

a dirty court, whose sweltering walls conducted to the first floor, they groped their way to the second floor, where the elder Bertin sat enthroned in all the pomp of editorial majesty. When the lively, intelligent, witty, and spirituel populace of Paris—for, after all, they are but a populace—but he cleverest and most gifted under the sun—when this mob of something more than fine gentlemen, though less than perfectly reasonable beings, read the first number of a journal written with moderation, yet vigorously; witty, yet with the air of good breeding and good society; learned, yet without the rust of the schools; bitter and incisive, yet without personal malignity—the town was amazed and delighted, as though a new pleasure had been invented, or, what is equivalent in France to a new pleasure, a new sauce. And a sauce piquante certainly was invented, for Julien Louis Geoffroy, the most ingenious critic of our age, and of the civilized French nation, so improved and expanded the *Feuilleton*, that it may in his hands have been pronounced a new creation. A distinguished scholar of the Jesuits, at the school of Rennes, Geoffroy afterwards entered the College of Louis le Grand. He subsequently was admitted to the Collège de Montaigu as *Maître d'Etudes*, and was ultimately named Professor of Rhetoric at the College of Mazarin, where for three years he successively obtained the prize for Latin prose. This success procured him the editorship of the '*Année Littéraire*,' in which he succeeded Fréron, the redoubtable adversary of Voltaire, after Renaudot, the founder of the Journal in France. In the first years of the Revolution his monarchical opinions pointed him out as the colleague of Royou, in the editorship of the '*Ami du Roi*;' but in the reign of terror he did not aspire to the crown of martyrdom, and escaped it by hiding his proscribed head in a small village, where he exercised the calling of a schoolmaster. After the 18 Brumaire (18th Nov. 1799,) he returned to Paris, and was soon after chosen as theatrical critic to the '*Journal des Débats*.' It were difficult, indeed, within the limits to which we are confined, to explain the immense vogue which his articles obtained. Every other day there appeared one of his *feuilletons*, of which the occasional bitterness and virulence were pardoned because of the learning and the wit. It was, indeed, the liveliest and most pungent criticism, but frequently partial and unjust. It was, above all, partial and unjust in regard to

some of the most remarkable actors and actresses of our own day, as Talma, Mde. Contat, Mlle. Duchenois, &c. The virulent war carried on by Geoffroy, also, against Voltaire, was indiscriminate and unjust, and in some respects ridiculous. Venality, in respect to contemporary authors and actors, has been more than once imputed to him; and it is openly said in the '*Histoire du Journal des Débats*,' that he received *cachemires*, services in porcelain, bronzes, statues, cameos, clocks, &c. But without giving too much heed to those imputations, it may be truly said, that his constant and unvarying adulation of Bonaparte is not a little disgusting and suspicious. This servile trait in his character is energetically castigated in an epigram, whose coarse, gross energy may be pardoned under the circumstances:

'Si l'Empereur faisait un pet,  
Geoffroy dirait qu'il sent la rose;  
Et le Sénat aspirerait  
A l'honneur de prouver la chose.'

Notwithstanding these and other defects, however, the *feuilleton* of Geoffroy '*faisait fureur parmi toutes les classes*.' The lively, learned, alert, ingenious, mocking manner, of the ex-Abbé had been unequalled since the time of Fréron. The vogue and popularity of the '*Journal des Débats*' were, therefore, soon established, and the people, who were beginning to be tired of war and *Te Deums*, desired no better pastime than to read the account of new actors, new books, and new plays, by Geoffroy and Dus-sault. An unheard-of prosperity was the result. The '*Journal des Débats*' soon had 32,000 subscribers, a number never equalled, we believe, even by the '*Times*' for any lengthened period, though surpassed on particular occasions. Jules Janin relates that a friend of his saw in Provence a travelling showman, with magic lantern in hand, who exhibited for two sous the heads of the most remarkable men in France. The first of these was Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, &c.; the second was Geoffroy, writer of the *Feuilleton* of the '*Journal de l'Empire*,' as it was originally called, and indeed as it continued to be called till 1805, when it took the name of '*Journal des Débats*.' The manner in which the '*Débats*' treated public topics was dexterous in the extreme. It was not then possible or practicable, indeed it was dangerous, to dilate

openly on politics; but in speaking of the prose and poetry of Boileau and Racine and Fontenelle, the ingenious writers generally insinuated, as it were, 'par parenthèse,' a word or two on great questions of state, by which their political opinions were rather suggested than expressed. Thus was Literature the wicket by which they entered into this vast and fertile domain, which they subsequently made their own in fee. Bonaparte would not at this period have tolerated an opposition to his government and policy, though he allowed an opposition to his literary opinions—to his ideas of tragedy and of a perfect epic. When he drove Mde. de Stael from France, that woman, of a genius so masculine and profound—of feelings so deep and impassioned—the illustrious authoress of 'Corinne' was sustained and comforted by the support of the 'Débats.' Chateaubriand, too, was understood, sustained, and defended, in the 'Journal de l'Empire,' at a period when Bonaparte would allow no superiority but his own, and it is now a well-known fact that the proof sheets of 'Atala and René' were corrected by the friendly, conscientious, and critical hand of the elder Bertin.

The history of the 'Journal des Débats,' therefore, naturally divides itself into two distinct epochs. First, there was the 'Journal de l'Empire,' which at the beginning was more literary than political; and, secondly, there was the 'Journal des Débats,'—the same journal under a new name—which, in becoming openly political, did not cease to be literary. It is hardly possible to overrate the benefits which the 'Journal de l'Empire' conferred on literature and on France. Its editors and contributors were the first to revive sound literature, and a better taste. They raised up and placed on their proper pedestals the ancient models, forgotten, and cast down, without unduly depreciating any innovators distinguished by ingenuity, talent, or learning. The principal writers in the 'Journal de l'Empire,' were Geoffroy, who died in his 70th year, in 1814; Dussault, who in 1793 published the 'Orateur du Peuple;' Feletz, Delalot, Hoffman, Malte Brun, and Fievée.

The articles of Dussault were always signed Y.; but such was the spirit, taste, and immense erudition that they disclosed, that they principally contributed to establish the literary infallibility of the journal. M. de Feletz was a man of a different order. He was a gentleman of the old school,

polished, perfumed, polite, satirical, witty, instructed, writing paragraphs à la Pompadour, and articles à l'ancien regime. But this veteran of Versailles had such a varnish of finesse d'esprit, that his collaboration was of the greatest advantage. Delalot subsequently became an eminent member of the Chamber of Deputies. Hoffman, a German by birth, was distinguished by a light, agreeable, transparent style, eminently French. He was a man of real depth and learning, and who gloried in the position of a public writer—a condition of existence he would not have changed with kings or emperors. Distinguished by a love of labor and of letters, he wrote with extreme facility, and could make the very essence of a book his own in a shorter time than any man of his day. He left behind him a noble library, within the four corners of whose walls he spent the happiest days of his existence.

Hoffman became connected with the 'Journal des Débats,' then called, as we before remarked, the 'Journal de l'Empire,' in 1805. The connexion was promoted and facilitated by his friend Etienne, formerly secretary of the Duke of Bassano, and who was named by the emperor, 'Censeur du Journal de l'Empire.' Hoffman was possessed of rare qualities. He was learned, not merely as a classical scholar, but as a man of science. He was exact and scrupulous in reading and meditating on the works which he was about to criticise. He had a hatred of coteries and cliques, and a love of independence and impartiality. These creditable feelings induced him to leave Paris for Passy, in order that he might live isolated and remote from all solicitation and influence. It was from this retreat at Passy that he attacked mesmerism and somnambulism, in articles full of wit and talent. It was from Passy, too, that he wrote that series of criticisms on the works of Chateaubriand, de Pradt, and Madame de Genlis, and those celebrated articles on the Jesuits, worthy of Pascal himself, which raised the paper to 18,000 or 20,000 abonnés. Such was the effect of good literary management, that at the end of the year 1805, the Messrs. Bertin were said to be making 200,000 francs, or 8000*l.* a-year by their paper. Hoffman continued to write in the 'Débats' till the middle of April, 1828, towards the close of which month he died suddenly, in the 68th year of his age. The last time we met him was at the table of a common friend, on Twelfth-

day, 1828, since also numbered with the dead. His learning, modesty, and rare companionable qualities, made on us an impression which time has not effaced.

Articles on foreign politics became, from the period of Napoleon's letter, addressed directly to George III. (14th January, 1805,) a principal feature in the '*Journal des Débats*.' The greatest number of these articles from 1806 to the end of 1826, were written by the famous Danish geographer, Malte Conrad Brun, more commonly called in France, Malte Brun. Malte Brun was a brilliant but not a profound writer; but it must to his credit be admitted, that he was the first to render the study of geography attractive in France. It is a curious fact, yet perfectly true, and which we may state, en passant, that of the three great geographers of whom France is so proud, not one is a Frenchman. Brunn, or Malte Brun, to use his French name, was a Dane, Oscar M'Carthy is of Irish origin, and Balbi is an Italian. Of Fievée, we shall only say that his literary articles were considered solemn decisions, from which there was no appeal. He passed judgment of life or death on books, like an infallible, immovable judge, and was rewarded by his sovereign with a prefecture. We manage these things very differently in England. No critic, however eminent in England, ever obtained the place of Police Magistrate, from which an unknown Mr. Twyford has been dismissed, or the place of Consul, at Calais, to which a too well known Mr. Bonham has been appointed. Such were the men who sustained the '*Débats*' up to the year 1814, when Geoffroy died, in the 71st year of his age. The gratitude and good feeling of the proprietors of the journal, of which he had been so long the glory and the pride, secured to his widow a pension of 2400 francs, a sum equal, at that period, to 200*l.* a year in England now-a-days.

We have heard, and believe, that such good and generous things have been done by the '*Times*' in reference to old writers and reporters, and in the days of Mr. Perry, at the '*Morning Chronicle*;' but we do not believe that in any English journal, however liberal, the example has been as generally followed as it ought to have been.\*

\* The '*Morning Herald*' is said to have passed, recently, into the hands of Mr. Edward Baldwin, a gentleman distinguished by munificent liberality, and the most gentlemanly feelings. It is therefore to be hoped that the good example of

The death of Geoffroy, and the official occupations of Fievée obliged the elder Bertin, who had been for some time judge of the Tribunal de Commerce of the Seine, to look out for recruits. The Restoration had now taken place, and a new era dawned on literature. Men breathed more freely, and dared to utter their thoughts in a somewhat bolder tone. A hundred thousand new ideas, stifled amid the clangor of battle and the din of arms, now found free expression. The reign of terror had passed, and the reign of despotism. Men were sickened with the smell of gunpowder, and fatigued with the sound of cannon. The pen, now that the sword was sheathed, began to be used. Mind vindicated itself against matter—intellect against mere brute force. There was on the throne of France a learned and philosophic sovereign, a gentleman and a man of letters; a royal author, if not a noble one; for Louis the Eighteenth had translated Horace with spirit and fidelity, and was the writer of the '*Voyage à Coblenz*,'—not exactly a tour, but a forced march, or flight from France, made by himself on the 21st June, 1791. It was therefore a moment propitious to letters and progress. Chateaubriand gave full rein to his imagination; Lamartine composed his first '*Méditations Poétiques*;' Victor Hugo started into literary life, and Scott, Byron, Goethe, and Schiller, found hundreds of translators and imitators. The classic taste of the learned and voluptuous old king recoiled from much of the new literature:—but he resolved that, at least, the Muse should be free, that the thoughts of men should range unconfined, and that no padlock should be clapped on mind. The '*Journal des Débats*' was the first to understand the new era. Bertin the elder was a keen observer, and he comprehended the distinctive character of the Restoration as readily as he had understood the quality of the Empire. New and fresh, if not young blood, was infused into the rédaction of the paper. Duvicquet—the worthy and excellent Duvicquet, so fond of a good glass of Clos Vougeot, and so devoted an admirer of the plats truffés—had succeeded to Geoffroy. But Duvicquet was a rigid classicist, and it was necessary to find some one who would read and comprehend the rising literature of France,

the '*Débats*' will be more liberally followed in this country.

and not be disposed to make a holocaust of it. Charles Nodier, a man of an easy and facile character, of gentle manners, but of solid learning, a pupil of the school of Chateaubriand, was the censor chosen to stretch out the friendly hand to the new band of innovators. It were difficult to fix on a happier choice. Nodier was not merely a classical scholar, in the best acceptance of the word, but a man well read in the modern and living literature of England and Germany. His articles were learned without pedantry, and distinguished by an admirable freedom, freshness, and grace. While Nodier yielded to the spirit of progress in literature, the high political doctrines of the journal were maintained by Castelbajac, Clausel de Cousserques, and the famous De Bonald.

In March 1815, the proprietor of the 'Débats' followed the king to Ghent, and in the September following was named President of the Electoral College of the Seine. Soon after, he was appointed to the Secretariat Général du Ministère de la Police. Meanwhile the columns of the 'Débats' resounded with the eloquent prose of Chateaubriand, and this was a step in advance of the ultra and excessive royalism of 1814. Men of genius in every walk of life were now encouraged to write in the paper, and in such a season it was that the Abbé de Lammenais, since become so famous in a democratical sense, composed some remarkable articles, not yet forgotten after the lapse of a quarter of a century. The old classical school of literature in France was fast disappearing, and Bertin soon perceived that the classical school of criticism must disappear with it. He again cast about him for young writers, and fixed upon M. St. Marc Girardin, then a nearly unknown young man, but whose 'Tableau de la Littérature Française,' subsequently to 1829, obtained the prize of eloquence from the French Academy, and who is now one of the most learned professors of the Sorbonne, and M. de Sacy, the son of the celebrated Orientalist, a young and learned advocate, of ripe studies and a pure taste. Both these gentlemen still afford their valuable assistance to the paper, and both are among the ablest writers in France. Previously to this period, Salvandy, the present Minister of Public Instruction in France, had written some remarkable articles, distinguished by a felicitous imitation of the style of Chateaubriand. From the period of the death of

Louis XVIII., in September, 1824, of whose character he gave an admirable sketch, till the present day, M. Salvandy may be considered among the contributors to the 'Débats.' There are few public men in France who have more of the talent of the journalist than Narcisse Achille de Salvandy. To an extreme vivacity of intellect he joins great power of expression, an energy and enthusiasm almost inexhaustible. Some of the best and most bitter articles against the Villèle ministry proceeded from his pen, and he it was who, from his country-house near Paris, dealt, in some very able leading articles, the deadliest blows against the Polignac ministry. To this deplorable ministry the 'Débats' was as much opposed as the 'Constitutionnel,' and both waged an inextinguishable war against the Jesuits.

From the death of Hoffmann, in 1828, Eugene Béquet, the last of the old school, took a more prominent part in the literary department. His productions were distinguished, not more by sound sense than by exact learning, and a pleasant vein of humor.

In 1826-27 the 'Débats' counted not more than 12,600 subscribers. This was not owing to any lack of interest or ability in its articles, for it was conducted with amazing tact and talent; but a formidable competitor had appeared, in the shape of a journal called the 'Globe,' to which some of the ablest and most educated young men of France contributed. Among others, M. de Rémusat, one of the Deputies for Garonne, and minister under Thiers, and M. Duvergier de Hauranne, one of the Deputies for Cher, MM. Duchatel and Dumon, now Ministers of the Interior and of Public Works respectively, and M. Piscatory, Minister of France in Greece.

Against that illegal ordonnance of Charles X. which abolished the press, the 'Débats' made no such energetic remonstrances as the other journals. In speaking of the tumultuous groups of workmen traversing the boulevards, the writer of a leading political article remarked, '*On s'attendait à des actes énergiques de la part de l'autorité, l'autorité ne se fait remarquer que par son absence.*'

When, however, the insurgents obtained the upper hand, the note of the writer suddenly changed, and Lafayette was then spoken of as 'le viel et illustre ami de la liberté, le défenseur intrepide de l'ordre, dont l'âge ne refroidit pas le zèle patriotique.'



This was in the first days of August, and within seven weeks afterwards M. Bertin de Vaux was named minister plenipotentiary to the king of Holland. In a very little while afterwards, Armand Bertin, the present *gérant responsable* of the journal, was appointed 'commissaire' of the *Académie Royale de Musique*.

After the revolution of 1830 Duvicquet retired to his native place, Clamecy, and the *feuilleton*\* of the '*Journal des Débats*' passed into the hands of Jules Janin, who had previously been connected with the '*Messenger*,' the '*Quotidienne*' and the '*Revue de Paris*,' and who was then better known as the author of '*L'Ane Mort et la Femme Guillotinée*,' published in the year previously. The modern *feuilleton*, under his management, no longer resembles the ancient. Whether it has been improved is, we think, more than questionable, and it certainly no longer possesses the authority which it enjoyed in the time of Fréron, Geoffroy, Feletz, and Hoffmann. The earlier *feuilleton* was distinguished by learning, judgment, critical acumen, and discretion, and a measured moderation of tone. It was occasionally dry, sometimes smelling too much of the rust of the schools, almost always ignorant of, and invariably intolerant towards, foreign literature. But though it did not exhibit the variety and vivacity of tone of the modern *feuilleton*, it was devoid of its shallowness, pretension, and parade. The ancient *feuilleton* aspired to instruct, the modern seeks merely to amuse. If the ancient *feuilleton* adhered somewhat too strictly to certain canons of criticism, certain cardinal principles in literature and art, the modern has too freely trifled with received notions, too much indulged in paradox, and a *laissez aller* style. In seeking to avoid a

heavy, pedantic manner, the modern *feuilleton* has become affected, mincing, and *manéirée*. The ancient *feuilleton* was too learned and too erudite—the modern is too ignorant and superficial. The ancient frequently dived too deep into the subject in hand for a daily newspaper—the modern almost always skims too lightly over the surface of the subject, if it does not give the real question the go-by.

The great abuser and perverter of the modern *feuilleton* has undoubtedly been Jules Janin. There is, as it appears to us, in every thing that he has written, what has been well characterized a '*marivaudage de has étage*.' He seems always to wish to be saying things uncommonly fine, witty and clever, and to be fully persuaded that it is his duty not only to write, but to think differently from other people. To accomplish this, he performs all sorts of mental gyrations and contortions, all sorts of grey-goose antics. Sometimes he is seized with a forced gaiety, which is, after all, but an abortive and lugubrious hilarity; anon he assumes a melancholy, which, if not sickly and sentimental, is put on as a mask to suit the occasion. Jules Janin is just the man who, for effect,—to use the phrase of Curran,—'would teach his tears to flow decorously down his cheeks; who would writhe with grace, and groan with melody.' He has sought the pretty, as Longinus sought the sublime. He delights in ingenious paradoxes, which he presents to you in ten different fashions: sometimes all rude and naked; sometimes with a thin robe of gauze; sometimes painted, powdered, and patched, with flounce and furbelow to match. Janin is seldom deficient in delicate irony, but is always full of mincing airs and graces, and an *esprit à-la-mode de Paris*. But in his gallon of sugared sack, there is but a 'ha'porth' of bread after all. In the stream of pet phrases which he pours forth, there is a tinyness, if not a tenuity of idea. His style might be stereotyped. It would be a great saving to the '*Débats*' to have certain fond familiar words always set up, standing in case. Scores and scores of times, speaking of debutantes, he has said: '*Pauvre jeune fille aux joues roses aux mains blanches elle si pure elle si candide*.'

Would he describe an age or an epoch, here are his words:—'*Ce XVIII<sup>e</sup> siècle en manchette, en dentelles, en tallons rouges, en velours, en paillettes, avec ses mouches, son rouge, ce XVIII<sup>e</sup> siècle si fardé si cor-*

\* An explanation of the word '*feuilleton*' may be needed by some of our readers. Till within the last ten years, that part of the newspaper separated by a line of demarcation from the politics and mere news, was called the *feuilleton*. It consisted of small, short columns, and was devoted to literature and literary criticism. It was in these columns that the Geoffroys, Hoffmanns, and other able and learned men of the day, produced articles worthy of a permanent place in the standard literature of France. This was the ancient *feuilleton*, which degenerated in the hands of Janin. Though subsequently sought to be restored to its pristine purity by Evariste, Dumoulin, Saint Beuve, Niard, Gustave Planche, and others, the ancient *feuilleton* has now expanded into the '*Roman feuilleton*,' in which all sorts of literary monstrosities are perpetrated.

rumpu, &c.' This carillon of click-clack, this fredon—to use a musical term—o- phrases; this floritura of variations and doubles, called by musicians 'follia di Spagua,' is very contemptible; but it has had great vogue; for the object of this writer is more to amuse than to inform the reader, more to be playful than profound, more to be satirical than solid or satisfying. It is, therefore, no matter of marvel that Janin has many admirers and many imitators, and is the rage of men, women, and children.

One of the burning and shining lights of the higher feuilleton of the 'Débats' in 1830 and 1831, was Loève Weymar, who had become known, in 1828 and 1829, by translations from the German. His articles were distinguished by considerable brilliancy, and secured the approbation of the minister of the day. He was, in consequence, sent on a kind of literary mission to Russia. At St. Petersburg he married a young Russian lady, with 700 or 800 slaves for a dowry, and is now Consul-general of France in some part of the eastern hemisphere. This is a sort of accident, which has never happened, we believe, to any writer in the 'Times' or 'Chronicle,' literary or political. Ministers in England claim no kindred, and have no fellow-feeling, with the press; and if the 'sublime ot mediocrity,' the descendant of the Lancashire cotton-spinner, has any thing to give away, he bestows it, not on writers or literary men, but on the stupid son of some duke, who calls him Judas and traitor, or on the thirty-first cousin of some marquess, who tells him, for his pains, that he is no gentleman, and does not know what to do with his hands; or on the nephew of the Countess of Fashington,\* who simpers out, with a seductive smile, that the premier is like Thresher's best silk stockings, fine and well woven on the leg, but, after all, with a cotton top.

The 'Débats' was also enriched shortly after the Revolution of 1830, by the letters and articles of Michel Chevalier, an élève of the 'Ecole Polytechnique,' and former editor of the 'Globe.' Some of his earliest productions in the 'Débats' were the Letters from America—letters remarkable in every respect, and well entitling this celebrated economist and engineer to the renown he has subsequently attained. On the early freaks of M. Chevalier as a St. Simonian,

\* This is the met of a fashionable Countess.

it is no part of our business to dwell. He has outlived those follies, and is now pursuing a useful and prosperous career, not merely in the 'Débats,' but as a professor in the university; and what is better still, in his profession.

Another recruit obtained in 1830, was our excellent friend, M. Philarete Chasles, one of the half-dozen men in France who are learned in ancient lore, and complete master of their native language. M. Chasles is one of the very few Frenchmen well versed in Greek literature. He accompanied Marshal Soult to England in 1837, and wrote the articles and letters on his visit which appeared in the 'Débats' at that time. M. Chasles was then also deputed, on the part of the government, to inquire into the scholastic and university system of England; and from conversations we had with him on the subject, we can take upon ourselves to assert, that he had a more accurate knowledge on those matters than falls to the lot of the great majority of Frenchmen. M. Chasles' familiarity with ancient literature in no respect indisposes him to the modern; and he is well read in our English historians and poets.

We have now gone through the greater number of regular writers in the 'Débats,' and of these M. de Sacy, M. St. Marc Girardin, M. Philarete Chasles, and others, still afford their valuable aid. At the head of the establishment is M. Armand Bertin, the son of one of the late proprietors and the nephew of the other—a scholar, a gentleman, and a man of large and liberal feelings. The great boast of M. Armand Bertin is, that he is a journalist, and nothing but a journalist; and for renowned journalists of all countries M. Bertin has a predilection. With one of the most celebrated journalists that England ever produced, he was on terms of the warmest friendship; and we are ourselves in possession of his last gift to his and our departed friend, the rarest edition of Lucan, according to Brunet, beautifully bound by Koehler, which bears this autograph, 'To my friend, Thomas Barnes. Armand Bertin.'

But the writers who afford a literary support to the 'Débats,' and whose names are not known, or at least not avowed, are of as much, if not more, consequence to the Journal, than the regular contributors. There has been scarcely, for the last forty years, a minister of France or a councillor of state of any ability, who has not written in it; and since the accession of Louis Phil-

ippe in 1830, its columns have been open to all the king's personal friends, both in the Chamber and in the House of Peers. In the Chamber of Deputies alone there are eight or ten members attached to the king personally, aid-de-camps and employés on the civil list, and such of these as are capable of wielding a quill, place it at the service of the 'Débats.' Among the feuilleton writers of this journal, are some of the most celebrated in Paris—as Jules Janin, Alexandre Dumas, Theophile Gautier, &c. Since the size of the journal has been increased, the lucubrations of Jules Janin appear more rarely, and Theophile Gautier, too, does not seem to write so often; but Alexandre Dumas often fills ten of the smaller columns with the productions of his inexhaustible pen. From two to four columns are generally dedicated to leading articles. The price of the journal is seven francs a month, 20 francs for two months, 40 francs for six months, and 80 francs for a year. The price in London is 3*l.* 10*s.* the year, 1*l.* 15*s.* the half year, and 17*s.* 6*d.* the quarter.

The 'Journal des Débats' is said now to have 9000 or 10,000 abonnés; and 10,000 abonnés at 80 francs a year, we need hardly say is equivalent to 20,000 at 40 francs, the price at which the 'Constitutionnel,' the 'Siècle,' the 'Presse,' and other journals, are published. The political articles in the 'Débats' are superior in style and reasoning to any thing in the English periodical press. They are not merely distinguished by first-rate literary ability, but by the tone of well-bred and polished society. For these articles large sums are paid in money; but they bear a value to the writers far above any pecuniary recompense. An eminent writer in the 'Débats' is sure of promotion, either to a professorship, to the situation of maître de requêtes, or conseiller d'état, to a consularship, or, peradventure, to the post of minister at some second or third-rate court—a position attained by M. Bourquenay, a fourth or fifth-rate writer in that paper, at the period of the July revolution. It was the well-founded boast of the 'Times,' little more than a twelvemonth ago, that it had made the son of one of its proprietors, and its standing counsel, Mr. (now Baron) Platt, a judge; but the 'Journal des Débats' may boast that it can give power as well as take it away. It has made and unmade ministers, ambassadors, prefects, councillors of state, and masters of requêtes, as well as poets, historians, orators,

musicians, dancers, modistes, perruquiers,—nay, even to that ninth part of a man called a tailor, or to that eighteenth fractional part of a man, unknown in England, called 'a tailleur de chemises.'

The 'Constitutionnel' was about twenty or twenty-five years ago, (i.e., from 1820 to 1825,) the most successful and flourishing, and certainly one of the best conducted papers in France. It had then a greater circulation than any paper in Paris, as the following figures will prove:

Débats, . . . .	13,000 abonnés.
Quotidienne, . . .	5,800 —
Journal de Paris, .	4,175 —
Courrier Français, .	2,975 —
Etoile, . . . .	2,749 —
Journal de Commerce,	2,380 —
Moniteur, . . . .	2,250 —
Constitutionnel, . .	16,250 —

But the 'Constitutionnel' had, from 1815, two or three staple articles to trade in, of which it made a great literary market. First, there were the Voltairian principles and opinions, which it put forth daily; 2ndly, there were denunciations of the 'Parti Prêtre' and of the Jesuits, and the affair of the Abbé Contrefatto; and, 3rdly, there was the retrograde march of the government, caused by the intrigues of the Pavilion Marsan, which promoted, and indeed justified a vigorous opposition. The soul of this opposition was Charles William Etienne, who had shortly before, somewhere about 1817 or 1818, acquired a single share in the paper. Etienne started in Paris as secretary to the Duke of Bassano, and was named, in 1810, as we have stated, one of the higher political writers of the 'Journal des Débats.' From this position he was removed after the Restoration, and throwing himself with heart and soul into the 'Minerve Française,' produced by his 'Lettres sur Paris,' a prompt and prodigious success.

It was soon after these letters had been collected in a volume, and had gone through several editions, that Etienne became a shareholder in the 'Constitutionnel.' His lively and piquant articles, full of strength and spirit, soon contributed to raise the paper. These efforts, so every way useful to the liberal cause, had fixed public attention on the most successful writer on that side of the question, and on a man who joined to this renown the additional merit of being the author of some of the very best comedies in the French language; such for

instance as the 'Deux Gendres,' the 'Intrigante,' 'Une Heure de Mariage,' 'Jeannot et Collin, &c., &c.' The Department of the Meuse selected him, therefore, in 1820, as one of its deputies, and from that period to 1830, he continued to figure as one of the firmest and steadiest defenders of the liberties secured by the charter. M. Etienne displayed at the tribune the spirit and taste with which his literary productions are imbued. Some of his discourses produced a prodigious effect on the public mind, and his general political conduct procured for him the warm friendship and esteem of Manuel, who frequently contributed to the 'Constitutionnel.' Within three years after this period, Manuel rendered him a signal service, in introducing to his notice a young and unknown writer, who within ten years was destined to be a minister of France. This was none other than Louis Adolphe Thiers, who had then just published, in conjunction with Felix Bodin, the two first volumes of his 'Histoire de la Révolution Française.' M. Etienne, with the sagacity of a practised man of the world, saw from the first the talent of his young contributor, and at once opened to him the columns of the 'Constitutionnel.' The articles of Thiers bore the impress of that clearness and logical vigor, of that liveliness and lucidity of style, which constitute his greatest charm. For six years Thiers continued to write in the 'Constitutionnel;' and it was not until August, 1829, when he founded the 'National,' in conjunction with the late Armand Carrel, of which Thiers was rédacteur en chef, that he abandoned the small room in the first floor of the Rue Montmartre, No. 121, in which we have often sat in the last days of 1828, when Etienne conducted the paper, and in which very chamber our last visit was paid to M. Merruau—at present rédacteur en chef—in the month of April, 1846. During the period of Thiers' collaboration, his friend and countryman, Mignet, occasionally wrote articles, distinguished by neatness of style and correctness of view. During the Villèle administration, the 'Constitutionnel' may be said to have attained its highest prosperity. It then numbered nearly 30,000 subscribers, and existed on the cry of 'à bas les Jésuites!' The 'Constitutionnel' of those days had no Roman feuilleton, and lived altogether on its reputation as a political paper. Many were the prosecutions which this journal had to undergo; but the most celebrated, perhaps,

was that in which its articles were accused of 'a tendency to bring the religion of the state into contempt.' It was on the occasion of this suit, that M. Dupin, the friend and counsel of M. Etienne, shut himself up for a month in his study to read theology, in order to be enabled to tear to tatters the 'acte d'accusation,' or indictment, of the attorney-general. In this he was successful, as was proved by the arrêt, or decision of the Cour Royale, and the triumph redounded to the credit of the advocate, while it greatly tended to increase the circulation of the paper. From the period of the Revolution of 1830, however, the 'Constitutionnel' began to decline, and in 1843, three years ago, it had but 3500 abonnés. In changing hands in 1844, the new proprietors reduced the price of the journal one half, *i. e.*, from 80 to forty francs, while they raised the remuneration for the feuilleton from 150 to 500 francs. In consequence of this judicious liberality, the most popular writers of Paris contributed to its columns. From the 1st of April, 1845, Alexandre Dumas bound himself to produce only eighteen volumes in the year—nine in the 'Presse,' and nine in the 'Constitutionnel,'—and Eugene Sue has also lent his exclusive co-operation to the 'Constitutionnel' for a period of fourteen years, for which he is to receive an immense sum. 'La Dame de Monsereau,' by Dumas, and 'Les Sept Péchés Capitaux,' by Eugene Sue, have both had an immense success. The 'Constitutionnel' has agreed to give Eugene Sue 10,000 francs a volume, to take him from the 'Presse;' and Dumas receives a sum very nearly equal. There are half a dozen other novels at this moment in publication in the columns of this journal; among others, the 'Cabinet Noir,' by Charles Rabou; and the subscribers are to receive (*gratis*) all that has appeared in what they call their 'Bibliothèque Choisie.'

In the political department, the 'Constitutionnel' has now first-rate assistance. De Remusat, ex-minister, Duvergier d'Hauranne, one of the most enlightened deputies of the Chamber, and M. Thiers, often lend their able aid. The editor of the 'Constitutionnel' is M. Merruau, an able political writer, and a gentleman of the blandest and most winning manners. It was Merruau who reviewed the 'History of the Consulate and the Empire,' by Thiers, in the 'Constitutionnel.' The 'Constitutionnel' consists of twenty columns, of which five are devoted to advertisements.

The price in Paris is 40 francs a year, and the number of abonnées is 24,000—a number equal to the 'Presse,' but falling far below that of the 'Siècle,' which is said to possess 42,000.

The 'Courier Français' is one of the oldest of the Parisian papers, but it has undergone many transformations of late. In 1827-28-29, it supported the same cause as the 'Constitutionnel,' with greater spirit, if not with equal talent. When the 'Constitutionnel' had become rather indifferent or lukewarm towards those principles with which its fortunes originated, the 'Courier Français,' though poor in respect to fortune; as compared with the 'Constitutionnel,' was foremost boldly to attack the ministers, and to defy persecution, imprisonment, and pecuniary punishment, whilst the 'Constitutionnel,' like those individuals who have amassed immense wealth, acted a more prudent part, and was content to appear as a safe auxiliary. The principal editor at the period of which we speak, was Benjamin Constant. His articles were remarkable for a fine and delicate spirit of observation, for a finesse and irony which, in saying the bitterest things, never transgressed the bounds of good breeding. The charm of his style, too, was most attractive. Shortly before the Revolution of July broke out, Constant had undergone a severe surgical operation, and had retired from Paris into the country; Lafayette wrote to him in these words—'Il se joue ici un jeu terrible : nos têtes servent d'en jeu ; apportez la votre.' Constant at once came and had an interview with the monarch now on the throne, who made to him certain propositions to which Constant replied, 'Je veux rester indépendant, et si votre gouvernement fait des fautes je serai le premier à rallier l'opposition.\*' The faults of the new government hastened his death. He expired within a few months, almost despairing of the liberties of his country. Though the 'Courier Français' was, from 1825 to 1830, supported by the eloquent pens of Constant, Villemain, Cauchois, Lemaire, and Mignet who was at one period its editor, yet it never, in these days, numbered above 5000 abonnés. There is no more practical truth in literature than that no amount of good writing will raise the fortunes of a failing newspaper. To write up a failing literary

enterprise is a task for the pen of angels, and is almost beyond the power of mortal man. After the death of Constant there were many editors, among others, Leon Faucher, original editor of the 'Temps'—a paper founded by an homme à projets, named Jacques Coste, originally a cooper at Bordeaux, and subsequently one of the editors of the 'Constitutionnel.' This gentleman, who is an able, pains-taking, and well informed man, and who has recently made himself more advantageously known by a work called 'Etudes sur l'Angleterre,' continued at the 'Courier' till the end of 1842. Under him it represented the Gauche, and he had the merit of operating a fusion with the Centre Gauche; but, notwithstanding this fact, and the occasional appearance of good articles, the fortunes of the 'Courier' did not improve. A change in the distribution of parts was next tried. M. Adolphe Boule was named directeur of the journal; M. E. de Reims, secrétaire du comité du Centre Gauche, rédacteur en chef, with M. Eugene Guinot as feuilletoniste, but this combination was no more successful than all previous ones. Some time at the latter end of November, or the beginning of December, the 'Courier' was sold, and it is now conducted by M. Xavier Durrieu, by M. de Limerac, and by M. du Coing, the defender of Rosas. The circulation is not more than 3000 or 4000.

The 'Gazette de France,' as we stated at the beginning of this article, is one of the oldest newspapers in France. Under Villèle and Peyronnet, in 1827 and 1828, it was converted into an evening paper, and substituted for the 'Etoile.' It was then the organ of the jesuitical party, and expressed in all its hideous nakedness the frenzy of the most fanatical ultraism. It had in 1827 no support whatever from private subscribers, but drew all its resources from the treasury, where it had powerful and influential friends. The Bishop of Hermopolis—Count Frassynous—at that period minister of worship and of public instruction, was one of its most able and influential supporters; M. de Genoude, then a married man, now an abbé and a priest, was the theatrical critic, and M. benabrin, formerly of the 'Etoile,' his associate. Genoude, having since become a widower, entered holy orders, and is now a mundane abbé, so devoured by ambition, that he looks to the cardinalate. Though a regular priest, Genoude is a thorough

\* We are indebted for these details concerning our lamented friend to Monsieur J. P. Pagès.

Jesuit at heart, and we verily believe neither honest nor sincere as a priest or politician. Like Henry of Exeter, his great object is personal advancement, and he endeavors to compass his ends by all and every means: to day by flattering the aristocracy; and to-morrow, by pandering to the lowest tastes of the lowest rabble. De Genoude pretends to write under the inspiration of M. de Villèle, who lives at Toulouse, altogether retired from public life, but it may be well doubted whether so able a man would commit himself in any way with such a charlatan. It would be unjust not to admit that there are occasionally (there were the contributions of Colnet, from 1836 to 1837) good articles in the *Gazette*; but, on the other hand, it must be averred that it is generally an unreadable paper, unless to such as are strongly tinged with a Carlist or priestly bias. The great writer and chief support of the '*Gazette de France*'—Colnet—died of cholera, in May 1832. The last time we spent a day in his company, was in September 1831. We had just returned from Russia, where the cholera was raging furiously, and well remember his making many inquiries as to the progress of the complaint, which had then reached Germany, and which he predicted would soon rage in France. Within four months afterwards, it had reached France, and within seven, poor Colnet was a victim to it. Colnet was born a noble, being the son of a garde-du-corps who distinguished himself at the battle of Fontenoy. His first studies were made at the Military College of Brie, then at the Military College of Paris, where Bonaparte and Bertrand were his fellow-students and associates. Neither his taste nor his feeble health allowing him to enter the army, he studied medicine under Cabanis and Corvisart, but expelled from the capital, in 1793, as a noble, he passed more than two years in solitude at Chauny, at the house of a poor apothecary. Returning to Paris in 1796, he established himself as a bookseller at the corner of the Rue du Bac, opposite the Porte Royale. He was so prosperous in this enterprise, that in 1805 he was enabled to establish a second shop in the Quai Malaquais. Here, in a little room which he called his *caverne*, he assembled around him some able writers, a majority of whom were hostile to the imperial government. These half dozen men were deemed so formidable, that Fouché tried every means to silence or

bribe the chief. But Colnet was as inflexible as incorruptible. During fifteen years, *i. e.*, from 1816 to 1831, he labored at the '*Gazette de France*,' signing all his articles with his name; and it may be truly said, that nine out of every ten readers only took up the journal to read Colnet. His lively and learned attacks against the apocryphal memoirs in vogue about twenty years ago, which he exposed with the hand of a master, induced the Minister of the Interior, Count Corbière, to thank him in a friendly and flattering letter. But we order these things differently in England. A man might now write with the eloquence of Burke, the wisdom of Plato and Socrates, and the wit of Sheridan, and neither the Peels, nor the Gladstones, nor the Goulburns, nor any of the mediocre fry whom we in our besotted ignorance call statesmen, would take the least notice of him. It was not always so. The minister Wyndham, within the memory of living men, wrote to that racy writer of pure Saxon, Cobbett, thanking him for his aid, and saying that he deserved a statue of gold. By the means of translations and open plagiarisms from Colnet, a late Right Hon. Secretary of the Admiralty and great Quarterly Reviewer, obtained the praise of being a good French scholar and historian. The staple of most of the articles on French literature and memoirs, published about ten or twelve years ago in the '*Quarterly*,' was contraband, stolen from Colnet, and smuggled into the Review as though it were native produce. There was not a critic in England to detect or expose this plagiarism, or to prove to our countrymen that there was scarcely an original thought in the articles, all being borrowed or literally translated from the French. The ignorance of France and of French literature in England is astonishing. With the exception of Mr. Crowe, recently foreign editor of the '*Morning Chronicle*,' we do not believe there is a single man at the press of England well informed on France and French literature.

Under the ministry of Villèle, Genoude was made a *Counseiller d'Etat*. He then placed the prefix to his name, and obtained, although son of a limonadier of Grenoble, letters of nobility. Now it suits M. de Genoude to demand *assemblées primaires*—or a general council of the nation—in the hope—the vain hope—that the people would call back the elder branch of the Bourbons. This cry has failed to cause any

fusion of ultra-royalists and republicans. The people well know that Genoude and his party are not sincere, and that he and they only clamor for universal suffrage, under the impression that power would be transferred from the bourgeoisie to the grands and petits seigneurs and their dependents. M. Lourdoueix, formerly an *ex-chef des Belles Lettres* in the Ministry of the Interior, is supposed to write many of the articles conceived in this spirit. He is undoubtedly a man of talent, but, to use a vulgar phrase, he has brought his talent to a wrong market. Theatres are supposed to be reviewed by M. de la Forest, and a few years ago the place of Colnet was filled—though his loss was not supplied—by another bookseller, M. Bossange, author of a theatrical piece.

M. de Nettement, son of the late consul-general of France in London, frequently writes in the '*Gazette de France*,' and also in the '*Corsaire Satan*,' another paper of M. Genoude. The circulation of the '*Gazette de France*' has diminished within the last year. It had, a couple of years ago, about 1500 subscribers in Paris, and about 4000 in the provinces, but now the abonnées in Paris are scarcely a thousand, and it is said not to have 3000 in the provinces. The legitimist press is reported to have lost 4000 subscribers since the *feuilletons* of Alexandre Dumas, and of that lively writer, Theophile Gautier, have been admitted into it. Both these gentlemen are liberals, and your true Carlist, too much like some of the same breed among ourselves, would scorn to be instructed, and will not deign to be even entertained by the most amusing liberal in Christendom.

The '*Quotidienne*' was a most furiously bigoted high church paper in the days of Villèle, and it is so still. It detests the very name of the Revolution, and abhors the memory of all those who remained in France during its progress. In 1827 and 1828, the '*Quotidienne*' was written in a most obsolete and barbarous style, by young seminarists, who had never seen the world, and who were taught to admire the ages of monks and inquisitors. During the Martignac administration, the '*Quotidienne*' was enthusiastically supported by the pure Ultras, at the head of whom were La Bourdonnaye, Delalot, and Hyde de Neuville. M. de la Bourdonnaye, then the leader of the Centre opposition, and afterwards, for a short period, a member of the Polignac administration, frequently wrote

in it; and one of the recognized editors at this period was the founder of the journal, Joseph Michaud, author of the '*History of the Crusades*.' M. Merle used to write the theatrical, and M. Balzac the *feuilletons*; but of late, this latter person has ceased to write. The circulation of the '*Quotidienne*' is under 4000.

We are now about to speak of a remarkable man and a remarkable journal—the man, the late Armand Carrel—the journal, the '*National*.' Carrel was born at Rouen, in 1800, of a legitimist family. From his earliest youth, though his family were all engaged in commerce, he exhibited a predominant passion for the military profession, and was entered of the college of St. Cyr. While a sous-lieutenant of the 29th regiment of the line, in garrison at Belfort, he took an active part in the conspiracy of 1821, which failed miserably. He was not either discovered or denounced, and proceeded with his regiment to Marseilles.

The war of 1824 had just broken out in Spain, when, impelled by a love of adventure, he resigned the military service of his country, embarked on board a fishing-boat at Marseilles for Barcelona, and entered the French regiment of Napoleon the Second. This foreign legion, after much adverse fortune, capitulated to the French troops. The capitulation included the French as well as the Spanish soldiers. They were, nevertheless, thrown into prison, and ultimately dragged before a council of war. Carrel was tried and acquitted. But this affair put an end to all hope of preferment in the army, or, indeed, to a military career, and Carrel thought of studying the law. But he was not a Bachelor of Arts, or, as the French say, a Bachelor in Letters, and the law, too, he was obliged to renounce. He became the secretary of a distinguished historian, and in this way it was that his literary and political labors commenced. He wrote a *resumé* of the Histories of Scotland and Modern Greece for the booksellers; and various articles in the '*Revue Americaine*,' the '*Constitutionnel*,' the '*Globe*,' the '*Revue Française*,' and the '*Producteur*.' In 1827, he published, in his twenty-seventh year, his '*Histoire de la contre Révolution en Angleterre*,' a work of sterling merit, and was rising into the first eminence as author and journalist, when, in 1829, Jules de Polignac was called from the embassy of London, to fill the place of President of the Council of Ministers in France. Carrel's eager mind, weary

of what appeared to him the languor and indifference of the other journals, conceived the idea of founding the 'National.' He communicated his intention to Thiérs and Mignet. It was agreed that they should each in turn take the place of *redacteur-en-chef* for a year. Thiérs, as the eldest of the three, was first installed, and conducted the paper with energy and spirit till the Revolution of 1830 broke out. From the first the 'National' set out with the idea that the dynasty was incorrigible, and that it was necessary to change it. The leading principle of the journal was Orleanism, yet at this period Thiérs had never seen the Duke of Orleans, now Louis-Philippe.\* The effect produced by the refusal of a budget, and the refusal to pay taxes, was immense—a refusal owing altogether to the spirited counsels and articles of the 'National.' The crisis and the coup d'état of the incapable ministry were hastened, if not produced, by this journal.

On the 26th of July, 1830, the editors behaved nobly. At the office of the 'National' it was, that the famous protest was drawn up and signed, which proclaimed the right, and exhibited the example, of resistance. The authors of this remarkable document were Thiérs and Rémusat—both afterwards ministers—and Cauchois Le-maire, a journalist and man of letters. To issue such a document was to put one's head in peril; yet it was signed, and speedily, too, by the soldiers of the pen. On the following day the office of the paper was surrounded by the police, aided by an armed force, and there the presses of the journal were broken, Thiérs and Carrel protesting against this illegal violence. It was Carrel's turn, after the Revolution had been happily accomplished, to take the conduct of the paper, for Thiérs and Mignet had both received employments in the new government. A long time did he fulfil his task, till public opinion pointed him out as the fittest person to be sent on a pacific mission to the insurgent west. On his return from this mission he was named Prefect du Cantal, and also offered promotion in the army; but he rejected both offers, and resumed the editorship of the 'National,' now the firmest as well as the ablest organ of the democracy. In the columns of the journal, which he conducted with such

surpassing ability, he never concealed or mitigated his radical and republican tendencies. His idea of a supreme magistrate was, that he should be elective and responsible; that the second chamber should be elective, and the press inviolable. Political reforms were, in his opinion, the only sure logical and legitimate mode of producing social reforms. To the arbitrary and high-handed ministry of Périer he opposed a vigorous resistance. When the rich banker, merchant, manufacturer, and minister, who had all the arrogance of a *nouveau riche*, and all the insolence of a *vieux talon rouge*, wished to proceed to extremities against the press, Carrel said, in the 'National,' 'That every writer, with a proper sense of the dignity of a citizen, would oppose the law to illegality, and force to force—that being a sacred duty, come what might.' The minister hesitated in his plans, and Carrel remained victor. The masculine breadth of Carrel's style—his bold, brave, and defiant tone—which, to use the graphic description of his friend, M. de Cormenin, '*semblait sonner du clairon et monter à l'assaut*,' procured him many enemies; and there were not wanting those who speculated to rise in life, by coming into personal encounter with a man so formidable, and filling so large a space in the public eye. Just, generous, disinterested, Carrel was intrepid as a lion—chivalrous, and, like all noble natures, somewhat touchy on the point of honor; prompt to take offence, yet forgetful of injuries. He became engaged in a miserable quarrel or squabble, which was not his, and this remarkable man, and most eminent writer—to the irresistible ascendancy of whose character all who came in contact with him bowed down—was shot, in 1836, by the hand of M. Emile Girardin, the editor of 'La Presse.'

Thus perished, in his thirty-sixth year, the founder—the creator—the life and soul of the 'National'—a person of rare courage—of a bold and manly eloquence—the eloquence of feeling, not of phrases or of words—and a political writer of the very highest order. There was a simplicity, a clearness, a firmness, and a noble coloring and grandeur in all he said and in all he wrote, for he was a man of heart and conviction, simple, sincere, and straightforward. The two greatest geniuses of France—representing the Poetry and Prose of our epoch—followed him to the tomb. His friends Béranger and Chateaubriand wept over his mangled remains, and have record-

\* He has stated this in his last famous speech, in the month of March, in the Chamber of Deputies.



ed—the one in undying verse, the other in imperishable prose—their deep and mournful sense of the loss which France sustained in his premature and melancholy end. Carrel was tall and handsome, with a countenance sicklied over with the pale cast of thought. His air was chivalrous, and that of a soldier, but his manners were somewhat haughty and stern. His habits and tastes were what would be called aristocratic, and he was no lover of equality or of communism. He had engaged, a few months before his death, to write the life of Napoleon, and had he lived he would have produced a work worthy of the subject—worthy of himself. It was so arranged, also, that if he had been spared a month longer, the Chamber would have resounded with his earnest and eloquent voice; but the hopes of his friends and his country concerning him were soon to be for ever blighted. Since the death of Carrel the 'National' has been conducted with much less talent, and with a total absence of judgment. It has ever remained a pure republican paper, and conscientiously so; but it is possible to be purely republican without sowing noxious national hatred, or seeking to set Englishmen and Frenchmen by the ears, as it now does designedly, and with malice prepense. We desire a good intelligence with all the world, but a friendly, a kindly intelligence with France. 'The Douglas and the Percy both together' are more than a match for all the other nations of the earth. The 'National' now reflects the opinions of a portion of the French working classes, but it has not above 3000 or 4000 abonnés. In 1836, before Carrel was killed, it had 4300 abonnés. But though the number of subscribers was then small, the influence of the journal was immense. This is no uncommon thing in France. The 'Globe,' under the Restoration, though far from having so many subscribers as the 'Constitutionnel,' had much more influence—influence not merely upon the men, but upon the ideas of the epoch. A journal may have a great and wide publicity, without a great many subscribers. The publicity of the 'Reforme' and the 'National' is as real and as great as the publicity of the 'Siècle' and the 'Presse.' They may have less abonnés, but they have as many readers. It were a great mistake to suppose that the numbers of a French journal subscribed for, or sold, is any test of the number of its readers. The 'Debats,' for instance, has about 9300 subscri-

bers, and probably not above 20,000 readers, *i. e.*, two and a fraction to each paper, whereas, the 'National,' with only 4000 abonnés, probably has 24,000 readers, or six to each paper.

Every Frenchman, high or low, is more or less of a politician, and therefore newspapers are in greater number, and circulate through infinitely more hands than in England. This is true of the dearest among them, the organ of every government, the 'Debats;' but it is true in a ten-fold degree of a paper appealing to popular sympathies and popular prejudices, written in a popular style, and advocating doctrines which obtain a ready acquiescence and favor among the working classes. In every cabinet de lecture—in every restaurant—in every café—in every gargoté—in every guinguette—on the counter of every marchand de vin—in every workshop where ouvriers are congregated—such a paper is to be found. In the workshop it is read aloud by some one workman, *pro bono publico*—in the restaurant, the café, the gargoté, and the guinguette, it is eagerly passed from hand to hand. Though, therefore, it may be admitted that the 'Debats' has more abonnés than the 'National,' and makes more money, yet the 'National' makes more converts, for its sentiments are diffused more widely and take deeper root. La Roche and Marrast, formerly of the 'Tribune,' conducted the 'National' subsequently to the death of Carrel. It is now, we believe, conducted by Bastide and Thomas.

The *Siècle* is a paper which, though established within the last eleven years, has a greater circulation than any journal in Paris. This is owing partly to its having been the first journal to start at the price of forty francs a year, at a period when every other journal was published at a cost of from seventy to eighty francs; partly to its being published under the auspices of the deputies of the constitutional opposition—and partly to its being what the 'Constitutionnel' was, from 1820 to 1825, the journal of the shopkeepers and epiciers. Since it started into being, every journal in Paris, with the exception of the 'Débats,' has lowered its price, and all of them have enlarged their form; but these mutations and transformations have not injured the 'Siècle,' because it represents the opinion of the majority—the opinion, in a word, of *la petite bourgeoisie*—the small shopkeepers in cities and towns, and the prole-

taires throughout the country. The 'Siècle' is said to have 42,000 abonnés, and the shares of 200 francs, which have always borne an interest, have been nearly reimbursed to the proprietors, and are now worth five or six times their original cost. Ten years ago there were only two journals which paid, as a literary and commercial speculation: these were the 'Gazette des Tribunaux' and the 'Constitutionnel;' but now the 'Siècle' and the 'Presse' are the most successful as commercial speculations. To show the vicissitudes of newspaper property in France, it may be here stated, that in 1839 the 'Presse' was sold for 1200 francs, but in 1841, two years afterwards, it was worth a million to its new proprietors.

The editor of the 'Siècle' is M. A. Chambolle, a member of the Chamber; and M. Gustave Beaumont, the author of a work on Ireland, forms a portion of the conseil de rédaction. The pains-taking and laborious Leon Faucher also writes in the political department. That very dull, common-place, pompous, overrated man, Odillon Barrot, to whose family, comprising brothers, brothers-in-law, uncles, and nephews, the Revolution has given 120,000f. a year, and concessions of land in Africa, valued at 42,000f. a year, is the object of the 'Siècle's' idolatry. This is not to be wondered at. Ferdinand Barrot, brother of Odillon, a writer, and a shareholder in and supporter of the 'Siècle,' received 24,000f. as avocat du Trésor; and on the first of May, in the past year, one of the editors of the *Siècle* obtained the decoration of the Legion of Honor. No wonder, then, that the writers in this journal call the ex Volontaire Royal, who wept over the boots of Louis the Eighteenth the night of his departure for Ghent, and who received in recompense of his loyal tears, at the period of the second Restoration, as a gift from the king, a place which he afterwards sold to the Jew advocate, Cremieux, for 300,000f.—no wonder that they call this patriotic recipient and dispenser of good fat sinecures, 'orateur eminent, homme, politique considerable.' If a pompous and prophetic tone, a magisterial and solemn air, and common-place ideas and sentiments, suffice to make an eminent orator, and the postponing of electoral reform till liberty is secured by the erection of the enceinte continuée, a considerable politician—what an anti-climax!—then is Odillon Barrot an eminent orator and a considerable politician.

The *Siècle* has not enlarged its size. It consists of twelve columns, exclusive of advertisements, and is about eighteen inches long, and twelve and a half broad. The feuilleton consists of six columns, and is much better written than any other portion of the paper. Alphonse Karr, the author of the 'Guêpes,' is one of the principal contributors, and Frederic Soulié has sold his pen as a feuilletoniste for six years to the 'Siècle' and the 'Presse' conjointly. The 'Siècle' has always appeared to us a dull paper—probably it is necessary that the writers should level themselves down to the intellect of the genre epicier—and indifferently written. The review of Thiers' History, which made some noise, was by Chambolle, the editor, as the review in the 'Constitutionnel' was written by Merreau, the Friend of Thiers. But a far more correct, comprehensive, copious, and fairer review of this work, appeared just after its publication, in No. 69 of the 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' published in the month of April, last year.

We are now to speak of the oldest of the new order of journals—we mean 'La Presse.' This paper was founded in June, 1836, by M. Emile de Girardin, said to be a natural son of the Count Alexander, or his brother, Stanislas Girardin, by an English mother. The Revolution of 1830 saw Emile de Girardin an Inspecteur des Beaux Arts. Shortly after that event, he became the editor of the 'Journal des Connaissances Utiles,' of the 'Panthéon Littéraire,' of the 'Musée de Familles,' and of the 'Voleur;' but all these journals died in quick succession. He then published a book called 'Emile,' which had no great success. This is certainly no proof of want of talent, or, at best, but negative proof, while it affords positive evidence of no common energy, and very great industry. As M. Girardin had no fortune, and had married the pretty Delphine Gay, (daughter of Sophie Gay,) who had nothing but her pen and poetry, it was necessary he should do something to create an existence, or a name and an existence, if that were possible. Conjointly, then, with an homme à projets, one M. Boutmey, who had invented a machine called paracrotte, or mud-defender, which was to be attached to the heels of pedestrians, and another instrument, called a physiortype, the ingenious Emile launched on the waters of the Seine the project of the 'Presse.' As the journal was larger and cheaper than all other French journals—as it was a joint-stock

company on a new plan, as applied to newspapers—as, in a word, there was a garish, slap-dash flourish, and melodramatic charlatanism about the thing, and a certain varnish of cleverness, shrewdness, modest assurance, novelty, and *rouerie*—the prospectus took; the shares went off briskly; and, lo, and behold! the journal was born, a strong and healthy babe, after no long or painful gestation. In 1837, when only a year old, it had 15,000 abonnés; and in 1838, the product of its advertisements amounted to 150,000 francs. It must, in justice to this journal, be stated, that it was the first to teach the French public the use and advantage of advertisements. Twenty years previously, there were not two columns of advertisements in any French paper; whereas, two years after the existence of the ‘*Presse*,’ it could boast of five columns well filled. The mother of Mde. Emile de Girardin—Sophie Gay, née Lavalette—had published, under the title of ‘*Causeries du Monde*,’ a periodical work, of which she had sold the copyright to Alphonse Karr, the sharp writer of the ‘*Guêpes*.’ This maternal precedent, doubtless, suggested to the daughter, then of the ripe age of thirty, but of considerable beauty, no mean accomplishments, of rare talents, and already favorably known as a poetess, to help her husband Emile in his new avocation. She started accordingly in the ‘*Presse*,’ with a series of articles called ‘*Causeries Parisiennes*,’ signed the Vicomte de Launay, which papers had immense success. Many of the vulgar-minded and title-worshipping of our countrymen—and their name is Legion—will suppose that this was from the aristocratic pseudonyme with which the articles were signed; but no human being in France cares a rush for a title, unless the bearer of it has something better to recommend him. In Paris, and, indeed, in all France, society has agreed that—

‘The rank is but the guinea’s stamp,  
The man’s the *gond* for a’ that.’

If De Beranger, Chateaubriand, and De la Martine, were in a salon in France with the De Montmorencys, the De Levis, the De Guiches, the poets and men of genius would march to the *salle à manger* before the feudal, territorial, and mentally undistinguished aristocracy; and the place of honor would be assigned them in any assembly. Not so, indeed, in free and liberal England. It was not, therefore, because of

the aristocratic name attached, that the ‘*Causeries*’ were read, but because of the ease, grace, spirit, and talent which they disclosed. That they were what is called a ‘lucky hit,’ and pleased readers, there can be no doubt. Meanwhile the paper was practically conducted, and in a most mercantile spirit. The interests of the commercial and shop-keeping classes, as well as of the very numerous class of *petits rentiers*, were considered, sustained, and pandered to. In the political department, the journal had no very fixed or staple principles, and took for its motto ‘*Au jour le jour*.’ As to political creed or conviction, the thing never entered into the head of Girardin, unless as a means to wealth, consideration, and what the French call, a position. But the man was adroit, confident, ready, and full of resources, and never despaired, even when his prospects were of the gloomiest. With all his address and management, he barely paid his expenses. The Russian emperor and the Russian system of government, however, were without a champion at the Parisian press, and Girardin entered the lists. That this was done from pure love and affection, all Paris believes; for every body knows that the Russian emperor never pays literary men either in paper roubles or silver roubles. Whether they are ever paid by him in Dutch ducats, or malachite vases, or bills drawn by the Baron Stieglitz, the Jewish banker on the English Quay, at Petersburg, is best known to those who pay and to those who receive, what Frederick of Prussia called the ‘yellow hussars.’ Though variable in other sentiments, feelings, and opinions, Girardin has ever been true to the monster, Nicholas, and his system; and whenever he dares say a word in favor of either the one or the other, he is sure to do so. His pure love for the Cossack might be pardoned, and would be unsuspecting, if it were not contemporaneous with a fierce resentment against England and the English. There is not a vile or a base imputation, which the ‘*Presse*,’ in its murky malignity, does not calumniously cast at perfidious Albion. Inhumanity, savage barbarity, fraud, trickery, hypocrisy, avarice, and corruption, are weekly, if not daily, imputed to us, by a man whose journal is conducted in the most shopkeeping spirit—by a print which seeks to put all classes under contribution, from the autocrat of the Russias to the smallest actor and actress of the Odeon or Porte St. Martin, or to the most miserable tailor who

pants for notoriety. If this be doubted, the proofs are at hand. Among the works placed at the head of this article, is a pamphlet, intitled 'Venalité des Journaux, par Constant Hilbey, Ouvrier.' This poor tailor tells us, at p. 12 of his pamphlet, that not only did he pay two francs a line for the insertion of a poem in the 'Presse,' according to the tenor of the receipt in the marginal note at foot,\* but that at the request of one of the editors (Granier de Cassagnac), who had noticed his volume of poems, he sent that person, who first wished for a silver teapot, value 200 francs, four couverts d'argent and six small spoons. A couvert d'argent, as the reader is aware, means a silver fork, a silver spoon, and a silver-handled knife. Thus was the tailor put under contribution for four silver forks, four silverspoons, four silver-handled knives, and six small spoons, the cost of which, at the very least, must have been 200 francs. This was pretty well for a column and a half of criticism, even though the critic spoke of the author (as he did) in conjunction with Brutus, Cassius, Staberius, Quintus Remius, Quintus Cecilius, Atticus, Abelard, Cardinal d'Ossat, St. Paul, the Magdalen, and Victor Hugo.

Perfidious Albion should not, however, despair. If she should ever think the advocacy of the 'Presse' worth having—a not very likely supposition—Emile will take her brief, if the quiddam honorarium be forthcoming. What though he be now the most untiring vilipender of our name and our country—calling us robbers in China, and butchers in India; what though he be the most curt and contumelious in his epithets of abuse, crying, Death and hatred to the English government! what though he revel in prosperous and well-paid malignity, offer him but the brief to-morrow, and he will straightway become our zealous advocate. The scales will then fall from his eyes, and our sanguinary and sordid policy will not appear so utterly indefensible as it did when he had a retainer from Russia only. The financial prosperity of the 'Presse' is said to have been in a great measure due to M. Dujarrier.

Though M. Emile lived in 1839, 'en grand train,' possessing a fine, well-fur-

nished house; or, to use the words of Jules Janin, 'aussi bien logé que les agents de change,'\* with pictures, livery-servants, carriages, horses, &c., yet somehow or other there was nothing to justify this; for the journal was sinking by little and little, and the shareholders were perpetually required to pay fresh calls. From the moment M. Dujarrier entered the concern, however, things wore a flourishing aspect; and, though the expenses of management amount to 282,000 francs annually, yet each cinquantième share originally negotiated at 4000 francs, now sells from 30,000 to 35,000, albeit the shareholders have yearly received ten per cent. for their money. An unlucky fatality seems, however, to hang over this journal. In 1836, as we before stated, Girardin, the principal editor of the 'Presse,' shot, in a duel, the able and eloquent Carrel; and in March, 1845, Dujarrier, the associate and co-editor of Girardin, lost his life in a duel with a person of the name of Rosemond de Beauvallon, till within the last three weeks an exile in Spain,† in consequence of an arrêt of the Cour Royale de Rouen, which declared that he committed 'un homicide volontaire sur la personne de M. Dujarrier, et d'avoir commis cet homicide avec préméditation.'

In 1843, at the suggestion of Dujarrier, the 'Presse' published, under the title of a supplement, 'Le Bulletin des Tribunaux,' adding 20 francs to its price. Six thousand additional subscribers were in consequence obtained in a very few months. The last accounts published by the 'Presse' place its profits at 200,000 francs, or £8000 a year; and if its agreement with the 'Compagnie Duveyrier' prove a successful speculation, it is estimated that its net profits will be 300,000 francs, or £12,000 a year, at the end of 1846.

To the English reader, some explanation of the 'Compagnie Duveyrier' is quite indispensable. This company farms out the advertisements of certain journals, allowing the proprietors so many thousand francs a year net. To the 'Presse,' for instance, Duveyrier and Co. allow 100,000 francs, or £4000, and for this sum the 'Société Générale des Annonces,' as it is called, has a

\* Lettre à Mde. Emile de Girardin, par Jules Janin.

† Since this was written, M. Beauvallon has returned to France and taken his trial.—See the 'Journal des Débats' of the 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st March; the 'Morning Chronicle' of the 3d, and the 'Daily News' of the 4th April.

\* 'La Presse, Rue St George, 16.

'Reçu de M. Hilbey, la somme de cent soixante francs, pour insertion dans le journal. Nature de l'insertion, poésie: A la Mère de celle que j'aime.'

'Le Cassier, PRAVIZ.'

'Paris, 7 Septembre, 1839.'

right to so many columns of the journal. The head office of the society is in the Place de la Bourse, No. 8; but there are 214 bureaux d'insertion in various quarters of Paris, or from five to a dozen in each arrondissement, according to its population, commerce, &c. There is a scale of charges peculiar to the society. What are called 'les annonces agréées,' are charged at two francs la petite ligne, or twelve francs la grande ligne, en petit texte. It is a great problem whether this company will be successful—a problem which time alone can solve; but it is the opinion of an excellent friend of ours—the editor of the 'Constitutionnel'—M. Meruau, that the undertaking will be successful. Though the small teasing and worrying usually thrown at the English by the 'Presse,' may have made it popular with a portion of the populace of Paris, yet its greatest success (apart from the roman feuilleton) is owing to its commercial intelligence, its dramatic accounts of robberies, murders, fires, and sudden deaths; not forgetting its chronicle of affairs before the Police Correctionnelle.

What is the roman feuilleton, our readers will naturally ask? It is a novel or tale, written in the most ad captandum and exaggerated fashion, from seven to fifteen small columns of which are published daily, with a view to obtain readers, and, by necessary implication, advertisements; for the advertiser will assuredly go to the journal which is most read. The 'Presse' was the first to invent this execrable system, by which literature is made alternately the prostitute and decoy duck of the most sordid venality. Before 1830 the main feature and distinguishing characteristic of each French paper was its political party or color. The greedy spirit of speculation has changed this. The desire of the traders in newspapers now is by the feuilleton to absorb all literature, unless such as is published in their own pages, and to render such literature as they put forth tributary to this soul-degrading money-grubbing. The great object of the Girardins and Cassagnacs is to get money, money, money. 'Rem quocunque modo rem' is their stereotyped motto. In their anxiety to procure customers—i. e. readers and advertisements—they may be likened to the Hebrews of Holywell-street, or the old clothesmen of Monmouth-street and Rag-fair, who, to use the cant of the trade, are of the 'pluck you in' school. The 'Presse' and the 'Epoque' are of the 'pluck you in' and fripier school in lit-

erature. In their morality any trick is fair to gain an abonné or an annonce at two francs the 'petite ligne,' or, still better at twelve francs 'la grande ligne en petit texte.' Journalism and literature run equal dangers from these tricky tradesmen. In seeking to make newspapers books and books newspapers, these men destroy the distinctive character and nature of books and newspapers. The book in being cut into fragments, and written not to portray truth and nature, but to suit the journal and its customers, is written to sample and pattern. At the end of the tenth, or twelfth, or seventh column, as the case may be, there is an interesting situation, where the tale breaks off, on the Monday. The grocer's daughter, the dyer's wife, the baker's cousin, and the priest's niece, are in raptures, and look for the paper on Tuesday with eager expectation. The tale or the novel is therefore like Peter Pindar's razors, not made to shave, but to sell; not written to represent life as it really is, but to present it as a series of startling incidents and surprising contrasts. It will result from this system that as a political authority the journal must be lowered, and as a literary effort the book discredited. Independently of this consideration the public taste becomes as a consequence daily more vitiated and perverted. All relish for serious literature, or matured, well reflected productions, is lost. The moral, the political, and the literary views of the question are sacrificed to the mercantile, mechanical, and money-getting. Romances are now ordered by the wholesale houses, in the journal line, by the square yard or the square foot, with so many pounds of abuse of priestcraft; so many grains of double adultery; so many drachms of incest; so many ounces of poisoning; so many scruples of simple fornication or seductions of soubrettes; and so many pennyweights of common sense to knead together the horrid and disjointed masses of parricide, fratricide, incest, murder, seduction, suicide, fraud, covin, gambling, robbery, and rouerie of all sorts, of which the odious whole is compounded. The Girardins and Cassagnacs, notwithstanding all their shrewdness and sharpness, are of that vulgar order of men who think that with money at command they can do any thing and obtain every thing. Hence it is that the 'Presse' pays nearly 300 francs per day for feuilletons to Alexandre Dumas, George Sand, De Balzac, Frederic Soulié, Theophile Gautier, and

Jules Sandeau. But what will be the result in 1848? That each of these personages will have made from 32,000 to 64,000 francs per annum for two or three years for writing profitable trash of the color of the foulest mud in Paris; marked with the mark of the beast, and furnished according to sample, as per order of Girardin, Cassagnac and Co. They will have had little labor and much money, it is true; but they will also have for ever lowered their names and fame; and, what is worse, they will have lowered literature and literary men for many a long day to come. To be the hack of booksellers is no doubt to suffer unutterable bondage; but to be the hack of scheming political adventurers and chevaliers d'industrie is the last and worst of human calamities. The literary men of France may well say, with our own Cowley—

'Come the eleventh plague rather than this should be;  
Come sink us rather in the sea,  
Come rather pestilence, and reap us down,  
Come God's sword rather than our own.  
In all the bonds we ever bore  
We grieved, we sighed, we wept; we never blushed before.'

It is not only with existing literary celebrities that the 'Presse' plays these gainful pranks, but the death of men of eminence is speculated upon during their lifetime, and an ostentatious postobit publication of the memoirs of Chateaubriand, and the souvenirs of La Martine is promised so soon as these illustrious authors shall have ceased to breathe. That the feuilletonists of the 'Presse' are all men and women of genius and talent cannot be denied; but one of them, with all his genius and talent, is an arrant literary impostor and quack. Only think of Honoré Balzac, who came to Paris in 1820, a poor printer of Touraine, sporting the 'gentilhomme d'ancienne souche,' and wearing a cane studded with precious stones, worth £80, to which Mde. de Girardin has consecrated a volume. The pretentious, aristocratical airs of this very foolish man, but who as a writer may be called a literary Rembrandt, or Albert Durer, so burgeoise and Flemish is his style, so detailed and minute his finishing, were properly treated, according to the Gazette of Augsburg, by a monarch, for whom we have no love, but who, for once in his life, was right. After the admirable and truthful book of M. de Custine had laid bare the infamies and atrocities of the

Russian system, the Czar expressed a desire that it should be answered by a Frenchman. Balzac, on this hint, started for Petersburg, and on his arrival forwarded to his Imperial Majesty a note, of which the following is a copy:—

'M. de Balzac l'écrit à M. de Balzac le gentilhomme sollicite de sa Majesté la faveur d'une audience particulière.'

On the following day, one of the gentlemen in ordinary of H.M. suite delivered to Balzac a letter written in the royal and imperial hand, to the following effect:—

'M. de Balzac le gentilhomme et M. de Balzac l'écrit à M. de Balzac le gentilhomme peuvent prendre la poste quand il leur plaira.'

The fault of Balzac is the incorrigible permanency, notwithstanding ten thousand humiliations and exposures, of a most glowing, yet most despicable vanity. The foolish fellow believes himself poet, historian, metaphysician, statesman, dandy of the first water, journalist, dramatic author, man of family, man of fortune, and above all, charmant et beau garçon! Not content with being one of the cleverest observers and painters of manners of a certain class or classes, he aspires to be as diplomatic as Talleyrand and Metternich combined; as poetic as D. Beranger, Chateaubriand, and La Martine; and as fashionable and foppish as the De Guiches, D'Orsays, Septeuils, and Canouvilles. This universal pretension has destroyed the little that remained of De Balzac's waning reputation; and the man whose productions, a dozen years ago, were read in every clime, is now fast sinking into unpitied obscurity.

"The nations which envied thee erewhile  
Now laugh (too little 'tis to smile),  
They laugh and would have pitied thee, (alas!)  
But that thy faults all pity do surpass."

To return, however, to the Presse. For a short time Girardin, the editor, was deputy of the Meuse. At his election, his civil rights as a Frenchman were ungenerously and unjustly attempted to be called in question. For many years the influence of Count Molé was paramount at the 'Presse,' and even still his opinions are visible in some articles; but at present this journal must be considered as the organ of M. Guizot, and of his forty or forty-five personal adherents, who think him the only possible minister. We have said that the 'Presse' is an authority on commercial

subjects. M. Blanqui writes much on these topics, and his name is sufficient to create a reputation.

As to general intelligence, this paper is well made up. There is not a fact of the least importance, nor a promotion in the army, navy, the clergy, the municipal body, &c., which is not published. There is not a scientific, mechanical, or commercial discovery, nor an important cause pleaded, nor a change in the value of merchandise or commodities, of which it does not give an account. Yet it is neither a respectable, nor an honorable, nor a truth-speaking, nor a purely, nor honestly conducted newspaper, and it has done more to degrade the press and literature, and to corrupt and debase literary men, than any other journal, always excepting the 'Globe' and the 'Epoque.'

The 'Globe,' commenced in 1841 by Granier de Cassagnac, when that person quarrelled with his co-editor, Girardin, cannot be said to have died, though it never had above 2000 abonnés. The 'Globe' fell to 1800 before it expanded into the 'Epoque,' which arose from its ashes. Cassagnac wrote under or conjointly with Girardin in the 'Presse,' but now they are deadliest enemies, and in their war of ribald personalities have disgraced themselves, and degraded the press.\*

Cassagnac was originally the editor of the journal 'Politique et Littéraire de Toulouse,' and transferred his services from

\* Girardin says, that Cassagnac is an impudent Gascon, who was struck at Toulouse, and flogged in the public street till he took refuge in a diligence; and Cassagnac replies, that Girardin, sitting by his wife, the pretty and clever Delphine Gay, was struck at the Opera before 3000 persons. Girardin says, that Bohain, Solar, and Cassagnac, the proprietors of the 'Epoque,' sent about loads of prospectuses of their journal to the subscribers of other papers by itinerant commis voyageurs; Cassagnac replies, that the electors of Bourganau preferred Vidocq, the police spy, to Emile de Girardin, and twits the latter with the affair of the coal-mine of St. Bérain, and asks who pocketed the money. Girardin says, that Cassagnac ordered gaiters of a particular cut for the colporteurs of his journal, to excite attention, for which gaiters he afterwards refused to pay; Cassagnac rejoins, that Girardin went on a hot July day to his bedchamber, took off his sweltering shirt, and thinking clean linen comfortable, clothed himself in one of his (Cassagnac's) best chemises. Lest our readers should think we invent or exaggerate, we refer them to the 'Globe,' (now the 'Epoque,') of the 12th August, 1845. Such are the 'faquins de bas étage,' the Peachums and Lockits of the press, who strut and fret their hour now on the great stage of Literature.

this provincial journal to the Parisian press. He is a writer of considerable talent and incontestable sharpness, but prone to personalities and utterly unscrupulous. As to Bohain, his associate, he is well known—too well known in our own metropolis, as the editor of the 'Courrier de l'Europe.' The 'Epoque' is an immense journal, the size of a 'Morning Chronicle,' before that journal adopted a double sheet, and consists of ten separate departments; 1. Journal politique; 2. Journal de l'armée et de la flotte; 3. Journal des cultes; 4. Journal des Travaux publics; 5. Journal administratif et commercial; 6. Journal de l'instruction publique; 7. Journal des sciences et médecine; 8. Journal du droit et des tribunaux; 9. Journal commercial et agricole; 10. Journal littéraire (feuilleton). The price half yearly is 22f. and the price of advertisements is in proportion to the number of abonnés—one centime for every 1000 abonnés for the annonces omnibus; three centimes for every 1000 abonnés for booksellers' and commercial advertisements; four centimes for railways, &c.

Cassagnac is the political editor of the 'Epoque.' He is devoted to Guizot. Desnoyers is the rédacteur of the feuilleton, at a salary of 8000f. a year, assisted by Eugene Guinot.

The theatres are under the supervision of Hippolite Lucas, formerly of the 'Siècle.' The rédacteur en chef receives 12,000f. a year; and the feuilleton is paid at 150f. or 5l. 5s. per day. The circulation of the 'Epoque' fluctuates considerably; but we believe it has never exceeded 3000.

'La Democratie Pacifique' is a journal published at forty francs a year, which is not sold, but given away. It is the organ of the Communists, and is conducted by the disciples of Charles Fourier, of whose life and theories we should wish to have given some account, but we have already exceeded the space allotted to us. The doctrines proclaimed are not unlike those of Robert Owen. The founder and principal editor of this journal is Victor Considerant, an élève of the Polytechnic School, and an ex-officer of engineers. He is assisted in his labors by Dr. Pellarin, author of a life of Fourier; by la Vernaud, a native of the Mauritius; De Permont; Victor Daly, an architect, of Irish origin; Hugh Doherty, a writing master; Brisbane, an American; Meill, a German; and a John Journet, a working man. The 'Democratie' is, as

the reader will see, a universal cosmopolitan journal. There are editors of all countries. Doherty, an Irishman, writes the French language, if not with purity, at least with originality; but when he touches on religious subjects, he is 'fou à liér.' Brisbane has established many Fourierist journals in America, and comes every year to France, but does not write in the French language. Meill, the German, is a tailor by trade, and a Jew by religion. He is a self-educated man, and writes French like Doherty, more originally (so to speak) than correctly. He is a lively, active, turbulent man, who would play an important part in any civil commotion. Journet is a working man, who travels through France from end to end, proclaiming the doctrines of the sect. He is dressed in a paletot à capuchon, and wears a long beard, like all good Fourierists.

Every Wednesday evening there is a *soirée* at the office of the 'Democratie Pacifique'—a *soirée* of men only,—where the initiated talk and weary themselves and others, and drink large tumblers of eau sucrée and rum cobbler. Sometimes the *soirées* are diversified by a wonder in the shape of a musician, a traveller, a somnambulist, or a mesmerist, who relieves the natural dullness of the assembly. Several eminent *avocats* and *hommes de lettres* are members of this sect, and among others, M. Hennequin, the son of unquestionably the most learned advocate in France. We may be thought to have paid too much attention to the reveries of these enthusiasts, but the professors of these doctrines may play a most important part in France before the end of 1850.

As the 'Epoque' rose out of the ashes of the 'Globe,' so did the 'Esprit Public' out of the ashes of the 'Commerce.\*' The 'Commerce,' some years ago, was the property of our friend Mauguin, who purchased it, it is believed, at the request, if not with the money, of the ex-King of Spain. It was then a journal avowedly in the interest of the Bonaparté family; but after the insane attempt of Prince Louis, at Boulogne, in July or August, 1840, this cause seemed hopeless, and the abonnés of the 'Commerce' rapidly declined. The pecuniary embarrassments of Mauguin induced him to part with the property to a

proprietary imbued with Napoleonic ideas. Subsequently, M. Guillemot, who had managed the 'Capitole,' the avowed organ of Prince Louis, became the editor. It then passed into the hands of the eloquent and philosophic De Tocqueville, deputy for La Manche, and author of the very able work, 'De la Démocratie en Amérique.' It represented the *jeune gauche* in opposition to the *gauche Thiers*. Not proving successful, however, it fell into the hands of M. Lesseps, who had formerly been secretary to M. Mauguin. M. Lesseps is a middle-aged Basque, smart, self-willed, and with some talent as a writer, but the 'Commerce' did not, under his auspices, improve. In fact, it was a journal which had obtained a bad name, and, as we before observed, it requires the pen of an angel to write such a journal up. On the 1st August, 1845, the paper was put up to auction at 100,000 francs, but could find no purchasers. It was ultimately sold at 6000 francs, or 240*l.*, with a burden of debt of 400,000 francs, or 16,000*l.* of our money. Out of the debris of the 'Commerce' arose the 'Esprit Public,' of which Lesseps is the acknowledged editor. It is the cheapest daily journal in Paris, being published at a cost of twenty-eight francs, or 1*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* yearly. Its *capital social* is fixed at 500,000 francs. As the 'Esprit Public' has been barely six months in existence, it is difficult to pronounce on its chances of vitality, and no easy matter to obtain an accurate account of its *bonâ-fide* circulation. We believe it to be very small—in fact, of the *infinitement petit*.

'La Réforme' is a journal of extreme opinions, appearing every day. It pays considerable attention to provincial questions, and to matters connected with electoral reform. Godefroy Cavaignac was, till his death, the editor; but it is now chiefly sustained by the pens of Guinard Arago, and Etienne Arago. It is understood that Ledru Rollin, the advocate and rich deputy for Sarthe, pays the expenses. Dupoty—the unfortunate Dupoty, formerly editor of the 'Journal du Peuple,' and who, under the ministry of Thiers, was tried and sentenced to five years' imprisonment as a regicide, because a letter was found open in the letter-box of the paper of which he was editor, addressed to him by a man said to be implicated in the conspiracy of Quénisset—wrote, and, it is said, still writes in the 'Réforme.'

The 'Univers' is a daily paper quite in

\* The 'Commerce,' we believe, still lingers on, but so much '*in extremis*' that it may be said to be dead.



the interests of the Jesuits. The editor is M. Jules Goudon, author of a pamphlet on the recent religious movement; and M. Louis Veuillet, author of 'Rome Moderne'.

The 'Nation' is a three-day paper, which appears every Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday, at a cost of twenty-five francs the year. The programme of this paper is as follows:—

#### SOUVERAINETE NATIONALE.

##### ORDRE, LIBERTE, GLOIRE.

Le loi se fait par le consentement du peuple.  
En fait et en droit, les Français ne peuvent être imposés que de leur consentement.  
L'impôt doit être voté par ceux qui le paient.  
Tout contribuable est électeur, tout électeur est éligible.

The 'Nation' therefore proclaims electoral reform in the largest and widest sense—for all, in a word, who pay taxes—i. e., eight millions of Frenchmen; but, knowing that M. de Genoude, of the 'Gazette de France,' is the editor of this journal, we confess we look on the programme with more than suspicion. M. the Abbé de Genoude, however, makes every effort to push the paper, as he also does to push the sale of his translation of the Bible, in twenty-two volumes! But though the 'Nation,' like the 'Figaro' of Bohain, of 1841, is to be sold in the shop of every grocer and baker of Paris and the banlieu, yet it has been found that this forced sales does not answer the expectations of the projectors.

There are in Paris a number of Papers specially devoted to law, the fine arts, &c., but it cannot be expected that we should enter at any length into the literary history and circulation of these periodicals. The 'Journal des Tribunaux' and the 'Courrier des Tribunaux' are both conducted by advocates, and have a very large circulation. There are also a number of small satirical papers, conducted with infinite talent, wit, and esprit—as the 'Figaro,' the 'Charivari,' the 'Corsaire,' the 'Corsaire Satan.' Articles have occasionally appeared in the 'Figaro' and 'Charivari' worthy of Voltaire, Beaumarchais, or Champfort; but although these journals have existed, almost at our door, for a period of more than twenty years, no attempt was made to imitate them in England, till our able and facetious contemporary, 'Punch,' entered the field. There are also a number of small theatrical journals, but on these it is not needful to dwell.

No account of the French press can aspire to the praise of fidelity or correctness without making mention of the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' one of the best conducted periodicals in the world, and of as much authority in France as the 'Edinburgh Review' or 'Quarterly Review' in their very best days—in the days of Sidney Smith, Jeffrey, McIntosh, Horner, and Canning, Walter Scott, Southey, and Gifford. This periodical was established by Count Molé, and the first literary men in France write in its pages. The proprietor of this review is the patentee of the Theatre Français. Within the last three or four years, the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' has assumed a political character. The 'Political Chronicle,' which excites much attention, was, a couple of years ago, written by a very over-rated, and eminently servile Genoese, named Rossi, now envoy of France at the court of Rome. A personal favorite of Louis Philippe, and a friend and formerly brother professor of Guizot, this very ordinary person has risen, without commanding talent of any kind, to some of the highest employments in the state.

The 'Revue de Legislation et de Jurisprudence' has been eleven years established, and is also a well conducted miscellany. It is published under the direction of Troplong, Giraud, and Edouard Laboulaye, members of the Institute; Faustin Hélie, chef du Bureau des Affaires Criminelles; Ortolan, professor at the Faculty of Law; and Wolowski, professor of Legislation Industrielle au Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers.

It were no easy task to fix with precision the number of journals at present existing in Paris—a capital in which newspaper births and deaths are equally sudden and unexpected, and in which the journal of to-day may be dead to-morrow, and the journal of to-morrow may jump, *uno flatu*, into a prosperous manhood—but the following resumé approximates nearly to the truth:—

There are daily Journals of admitted repute . . . . .	21
Smaller satirical Journals . . . . .	6
Journals not daily (such as weekly, monthly, &c.) . . . . .	27
Journals Religious and Moral, of which twelve are Protestant . . . . .	24
Journals of Legislation and Jurisprudence . . . . .	38
— of Political Economy and Administration . . . . .	3

Journals of History, Statistics, and Travels	12
— of Literature . . . . .	44
— of Fine Arts, Painting, and Music . . . . .	9
— of Theatres and Theatrical Matters . . . . .	2
— of Mathematical and Natural Sciences	13
— of Medicine . . . . .	28
— of Military and Naval Art . . . . .	12
— of Agriculture and Rural Economy . . . . .	22
— of Commerce and Industry . . . . .	23
— of Public Instruction . . . . .	7
— of Women, Girls, and Children . . . . .	20
— of Fashions . . . . .	11
— of Picturesque Sites, Landscapes, &c . . . . .	4
— of Advertisements . . . . .	17

343

This astonishing number comprises Paris only, for the departmental press, ten years ago, counted 258 journals, which the statisticians thus divided :—

Political and Administrative Journals . . . . .	153
Literary Miscellanies . . . . .	4
Newspapers solely devoted to Local News . . . . .	101

258

Provincial journals have, since 1836, considerably increased. Two or three departments which were then without broad sheets have now obtained them, and we should probably not err in stating that the provincial journals of France now amount in round numbers to 280.

The Chevalier F. de Tapiès has calculated that in 1835, there were 82,200 "broad sheets" printed. This number, multiplied by 1500, the medium circulation, would give a result of 120,000,000 of printed papers, and as it is no extravagant supposition that each newspaper has at least five readers at home and abroad, we conclude that there must be 600,000,000 of readers of French newspapers in and out of Europe. The same ingenious statistic to whom we have before referred, calculates that the matter of 20 volumes, in 8vo, is daily published in Paris, by the journals, and that the French press produces, in the year, 2,500,000 pages. Not content with these particulars, he further informs us, that 500,000 reams of paper are destroyed every twelve months by the pens and ink of the gentlemen of the press, and he goes on to add (for which many of our readers will think that he ought at once to be sent to Coventry)—that if all these sheets were folded together, so as to form an immense riband—these are his very words—this file of

fustian and feuilleton would thrice go round the broad circumference of the habitable globe.

## TRAVELLING LETTERS, WRITTEN ON THE ROAD.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

[Since our last number, Mr. Dickens has resumed his graphic and entertaining sketches of Italian life and travel, in a separate form. We suppose that the great merit of the Letters, in respect of both subject and style, will justify to our readers the re-publication of the remainder of the series.—Ed.]

### IX.

#### THROUGH BOLOGNA AND FERRARA.

THERE was such a very smart official in attendance at the Cemetery where the little Cicerone had buried his children, that when the little Cicerone suggested to me, in a whisper, that there would be no offence in presenting this officer, in return for some slight extra service, with a couple of pauls (about tenpence, English money), I looked incredulously at his cocked hat, wash-leather gloves, well-made uniform, and dazzling buttons, and rebuked the little Cicerone with a grave shake of the head. For, in splendor of appearance, he was at least equal to the Deputy Usher of the Black Rod; and the idea of his carrying, as Jeremy Diddler would say, "such a thing as tenpence" away with him, seemed monstrous. He took it in excellent part, however, when I made bold to give it him, and pulled off his cocked hat with a flourish that would have been a bargain at double the money.

It seemed to be his duty to describe the monuments to the people—at all events he was doing so: and when I compared him, like Gulliver in Brobdignag, "with the Institutions of my own beloved country, I could not refrain from tears of pride and exultation." He had no pace at all; no more than a tortoise. He loitered as the people loitered, that they might gratify their curiosity; and positively allowed them, now and then, to read the inscriptions on the tombs. He was neither shabby nor inso-

lent, nor churlish nor ignorant. He spoke his own language with perfect propriety, and seemed to consider himself, in his way, a kind of teacher of the people, and to entertain a just respect both for himself and them. They would no more have such a man for a Verger in Westminster Abbey, than they would let the people in (as they do at Bologna) to see the monuments for nothing.

Again, an ancient sombre town, under the brilliant sky; with heavy arcades over the footways of the older streets, and lighter and more cheerful archways in the newer portions of the town. Again, brown piles of sacred buildings, with more birds flying in and out of chinks in the stones; and more snarling monsters for the bases of the pillars. Again, rich churches, drowsy masses, curling incense, tinkling bells, priests in bright vestments: pictures, tapers, laced altar cloths, crosses, images, and artificial flowers.

There is a grave and learned air about the city, and a pleasant gloom upon it, that would leave it, a distinct and separate impression in the mind, among a crowd of cities, though it were not still further marked in the traveller's remembrance by the two brick leaning towers (sufficiently unsightly in themselves, it must be acknowledged), inclining cross-wise as if they were bowing stiffly to each other—a most extraordinary termination to the perspective of some of the narrow streets. The colleges and churches, too, and palaces, and above all, the Academy of Fine Arts, where there are a host of interesting pictures, especially by GUIDO, DOMENICHINO, and LUDOVICO CARACCI, give it a place of its own in the memory. Even though these were not, and there were nothing else to remember it by, the great Meridian on the pavement of the church of San Petronio, where the sunbeams mark the time among the kneeling people, would give it a fanciful and pleasant interest.

Bologna being very full of tourists, detained there by an inundation which rendered the road to Florence impassable, I was quartered up at the top of an Hotel, in an out-of-the-way room which I never could find: containing a bed, big enough for a boarding-school, which I could not fall asleep in. The chief among the waiters who visited this lonely retreat, where there was no other company but the swallows in the broad eaves over the window, was a man of one idea in connection with the

English; and the subject of this harmless monomania, was Lord Byron. I made the discovery by accidentally remarking to him, at breakfast, that the matting with which the floor was covered was very comfortable at that season, when he immediately replied that Milor Beeron had been much attached to that kind of matting. Observing, at the same moment, that I took no milk, he exclaimed with enthusiasm, that Milor Beeron had never touched it. At first, I took it for granted, in my innocence, that he had been one of the Beeron servants; but no, he said no, he was in the habit of speaking about my Lord, to English gentlemen; that was all. He knew all about him, he said. In proof of it, he connected him with every possible topic, from the Monte Pulciano wine at dinner (which was grown on an estate he had owned), to the big bed itself, which was the very model of his. When I left the inn, he coupled with his final bow in the yard, a parting assurance that the road by which I was going had been Milor Beeron's favorite ride; and before the horse's feet had well begun to clatter on the pavement, he ran briskly up stairs again, I dare say to tell some other Englishman in some other solitary room that the guest who had just departed was Lord Beeron's living image.

I had entered Bologna by night—almost midnight—and all along the road thither, after our entrance into the Papal territory; which is not, in any part, supremely well governed, Saint Peter's keys being rather rusty now; the driver had so worried about the danger of robbers in travelling after dark, and had so infected the Brave Courier, and the two had been so constantly stopping and getting up and down to look after a portmanteau which was tied on behind, that I should have felt almost obliged to any one who would have had the goodness to take it away. Hence it was stipulated, that, whenever we left Bologna, we should start so as not to arrive at Ferrara later than eight at night; and a delightful afternoon and evening journey it was, albeit through a flat district which gradually became more marshy from the overflow of brooks and rivers in the recent heavy rains.

At sunset, when I was walking on alone, while the horses rested, I arrived upon a little scene, which, by one of those singular mental operations of which we are all conscious, seemed perfectly familiar to me, and which I see distinctly now. There

was not much in it. In the blood-red light, there was a mournful sheet of water, just stirred by the evening wind; upon its margin a few trees. In the foreground was a group of silent peasant girls leaning over the parapet of a little bridge, and looking, now up at the sky, now down into the water; in the distance, a deep bell; the shadow of approaching night on every thing. If I had been murdered there, in some former life, I could not have seemed to remember the place more thoroughly, or with a more emphatic chilling of the blood; and the real remembrance of it, acquired in that minute, is so strengthened by the imaginary recollection, that I hardly think I could forget it.

More solitary, more depopulated, more deserted, old Ferrara, than any city of the solemn brotherhood! The grass so grows up in the silent streets, that any one might make hay there, literally, while the sun shines. But the sun shines with diminished cheerfulness in grim Ferrara; and the people are so few who pass and repass through the public places, that the flesh of its inhabitants might be grass indeed, and growing in the squares.

I wonder why the head coppersmith in an Italian town always lives next door to the Hotel, or opposite: making the visitor feel as if the beating hammers were his own heart, palpitating with a deadly energy! I wonder why jealous corridors surround the bedroom on all sides, and fill it with unnecessary doors that can't be shut, and will not open, and abut on pitchy darkness! I wonder why it is not enough that these distrustful genii stand agape at one's dreams all night, but there must also be round open port-holes, high in the wall, suggestive, when a mouse or rat is heard behind the wainscot, of a somebody scraping the wall with his toes, in his endeavors to reach one of these port-holes and look in! I wonder why the faggots are so constructed as to know of no effect but an agony of heat when they are lighted and replenished, and an agony of cold and suffocation at all other times! I wonder, above all, why it is the great feature of domestic architecture, in Italian inns, that all the fire goes up the chimney except the smoke!

The answer matters little. Coppersmiths, doors, port-holes, smoke, and faggots, are welcome to me. Give me the smiling face of the attendant, man or woman; the courteous manner; the amiable desire to

please and to be pleased; the light-hearted, pleasant, simple air—so many jewels set in dirt—and I am theirs again to-morrow!

ARIOSTO'S house, TASSO'S prison, a rare old gothic cathedral, and more churches of course, are the sights of Ferrara. But the long silent streets, and the dismantled palaces, where ivy waves in lieu of banners, and where rank weeds are slowly creeping up the long-untrodden stairs, are the best sights of all.

The aspect of this dreary town, half an hour before sunrise one fine morning, when I left it, was as picturesque as it seemed unreal and spectral. It was no matter that the people were not yet out of bed; for if they had all been up and busy, they would have made but little difference in that desert of a place. It was best to see it, without a single figure in the picture; a city of the dead, without one solitary survivor. Pestilence might have ravaged streets, squares, and market-places; and sack and siege have ruined the old houses, battered down their doors and windows, and made breaches in their roofs. In one part, a great tower rose into the air; the only landmark in the melancholy view. In another, a prodigious Castle, with a moat about it, stood aloof: a sullen city in itself. In the black dungeons of this castle, Parisina and her lover were beheaded in the dead of night. The red light, beginning to shine when I looked back upon it, stained its walls without, as they have, many a time, been stained within, in old days; but for any sign of life they gave, the castle and the city might have been avoided by all human creatures, from the moment when the axe went down upon the last of the two lovers: and might have never vibrated to another sound.

Beyond the blow that to the block  
Pierced through with forced and sullen shock.

Coming to the Po, which was greatly swollen, and running fiercely, we crossed it by a floating bridge of boats, and so came into the Austrian territory, and resumed our journey: through a country of which, for some miles, a great part was under water. The Brave Courier and the soldiery had first quarrelled, for half an hour or more, over our eternal passport. But this was a daily relaxation with the Brave, who was always stricken deaf when shabby functionaries in uniform came, as they constantly did come, plunging out of wooden boxes to look at it—or in other

words to beg—and who, stone deaf to my entreaties that the man might have a trifle given him, and we resume our journey in peace, was wont to sit reviling the functionary in broken English: while the unfortunate man's face was a portrait of mental agony framed in the coach window, from his perfect ignorance of what was being said to his disparagement.

There was a Postilion, in the course of this day's journey, as wild and savagely good-looking a vagabond as you would desire to see. He was a tall, stout-made, dark-complexioned fellow, with a profusion of shaggy black hair hanging all over his face, and great black whiskers stretching down his throat. His dress was a torn suit of rifle green, garnished here and there with red; a steeple-crowned hat, innocent of nap, with a broken and bedraggled feather stuck in the band; and a flaming red neck-kerchief hanging on his shoulders. He was not in the saddle, but reposed, quite at his ease, on a sort of low footboard in front of the postchaise, down among the horses' tails—convenient for having his brains kicked out, at any moment. To this Brigand, the Brave Courier, when we were at a reasonable trot, happened to suggest the practicability of going faster. He received the proposal with a perfect yell of derision; brandished his whip about his head (such a whip! it was more like a home-made bow); flung up his heels much higher than the horses; and disappeared, in a paroxysm, somewhere in the neighborhood of the axle-tree. I fully expected to see him lying in the road, a hundred yards behind, but up came the steeple-crowned hat again, next minute, and he was seen reposing, as on a sofa, entertaining himself with the idea, and crying, "Ha ha! what next. Oh the devil! Faster too! Shoo—hoo—o—o!" (This last ejaculation, an inexpressibly defiant hoot.) Being anxious to reach our immediate destination that night, I ventured, by and by, to repeat the experiment on my own account. It produced exactly the same effect. Round flew the whip with the same scornful flourish, up came the heels, down went the steeple-crowned hat, and presently he reappeared, reposing as before, and saying to himself, "Ha ha! what next! Faster too. Oh the devil! Shoo—hoo—o—o!"

## X.

## AN ITALIAN DREAM.

I had been travelling, for some days; resting very little in the night, and never in the day. The rapid and unbroken succession of novelties that had passed before me, came back like half-formed dreams; and a crowd of objects wandered in the greatest confusion through my mind, as I travelled on, by a solitary road. At intervals, some one among them would stop, as it were, in its restless flitting to and fro, and enable me to look at it, quite steadily, and behold it in full distinctness. After a few moments, it would dissolve, like a view in a magic-lantern; and while I saw some part of it quite plainly, and some faintly, and some not at all, would show me another of the many places I had lately seen, lingering behind it, and coming through it. This was no sooner visible than, in its turn, it melted into something else.

At one moment, I was standing again before the brown old rugged churches of Modena. As I recognized the curious pillars with grim monsters for their bases, I seemed to see them, standing by themselves in the quiet square at Padua, where there were the staid old university, and the figures, demurely gowned, grouped here and there in the open space about it. Then I was strolling in the outskirts of that pleasant city, admiring the unusual neatness of the dwelling-houses, gardens, and orchards, as I had seen them a few hours before. In their stead, arose, immediately, the two towers of Bologna; and the most obstinate of all these objects failed to hold its ground a minute before the monstrous moated castle of Ferrara, which, like an illustration to a wild romance, came back again in the red sunrise, lording it over the solitary, grass-grown, withered town. In short, I had that incoherent but delightful jumble in my brain, which travellers are apt to have, and are indolently willing to encourage. Every shake of the coach in which I sat, half-dozing in the dark, appeared to jerk some new recollection out of its place, and to jerk some other new recollection into it; and in this state I fell asleep.

I was awakened after some time (as I thought) by the stopping of the coach. It was now quite night, and we were at the water side. There lay here, a black boat, with a little house or cabin in it of the same mournful color. When I had taken my

seat in this, the boat was paddled, by two men, towards a great light, lying in the distance on the sea.

Ever and again, there was a dismal sigh of wind. It ruffled the water, and rocked the boat, and sent the dark clouds flying before the stars. I could not but think how strange it was, to be floating away at that hour: to be leaving the land behind, and going on towards this light upon the sea. It soon began to burn brighter: and from being one light became a cluster of tapers, twinkling and shining out of the water, as the boat approached towards them by a dreamy kind of track, marked out upon the sea by posts and piles.

We had floated on, five miles or so, over the dark water, when I heard it rippling, in my dream, against some obstruction near at hand. Looking out attentively, I saw, through the gloom, a something black and massive—like a shore, but lying close and flat upon the water, like a raft—which we were gliding past. The chief of the two rowers said it was a burial-place.

Full of the interest and wonder which a cemetery lying out there, in the lonely sea, inspired, I turned to gaze upon it as it should recede in our path, when it was quickly shut out from my view. Before I knew by what, or how, I found that we were gliding up a street—a phantom street; the houses rising on both sides, from the water, and the black boat gliding on beneath their windows. Lights were shining from some of these casements, plumbing the depth of the black stream with their reflected rays; but all was profoundly silent.

So we advanced into this ghostly city, continuing to hold our course through narrow streets and lanes, all filled and flowing with water. Some of the corners, where our way branched off, were so acute and narrow, that it seemed impossible for the long slender boat to turn them; but the rowers, with a low melodious cry of warning, sent it skimming on, without a pause. Sometimes the rowers of another black boat like our own echoed the cry, and slackening their speed (as I thought we did ours) would come flitting past us, like a dark shadow. Other boats, of the same sombre hue, were lying moored, I thought, to painted pillars, near to dark mysterious doors that opened straight upon the water. Some of these were empty; in some the rowers lay asleep; towards one, I saw some figure coming down a gloomy archway from the interior of a palace, gayly dressed, and at-

tended by torch-bearers. It was but a glimpse I had of them; for a bridge, so low and close upon the boat that it seemed ready to fall down and crush us: one of the many bridges that perplexed the dream: blotted them out instantly. On we went, floating towards the heart of this strange place—with water all about us where never water was—elsewhere, clusters of houses, churches, heaps of stately buildings growing out of it—and, every where, the same extraordinary silence. Presently, we shot across a broad and open stream; and passing, as I thought, before a spacious paved quay, where the bright lamps, with which it was illuminated, showed long rows of arches and pillars, of ponderous construction and great strength, but as light to the eye as garlands of hoar-frost or gossamer—and where, for the first time, I saw people walking—arrived at a flight of steps leading from the water to a large mansion, where, having passed through corridors and galleries innumerable, I lay down to rest; listening to the black boats stealing up and down below the window, on the rippling water, till I fell asleep.

The glory of the day that broke upon me in this dream; its freshness, motion, buoyancy; its sparkles of the sun in water; its clear blue sky and rustling air; no waking words can tell. But, from my window, I looked down on boats and barks; on masts, sails, cordage, flags; on groups of busy sailors, working at the cargoes of these vessels; on wide quays, strewn with bales, casks, merchandise of many kinds; on great ships lying near at hand in stately indolence; on islands, crowned with gorgeous domes and turrets: and where golden crosses glittered in the light, atop of wondrous churches springing from the sea! Going down upon the margin of the green sea, rolling on before the door, and filling all the streets, I came upon a place of such surpassing beauty, and such grandeur, that all the rest was poor and faded, in comparison with its absorbing loveliness.

It was a great piazza, as I thought; anchored, like all the rest, in the deep ocean. On its broad bosom was a palace, more majestic and magnificent in its old age than all the buildings of the earth, in the high prime and fulness of their youth. Cloisters and galleries; so light, that they might have been the work of fairy hands; so strong, that centuries had battered them in vain; round round and round this palace, and enfolded it with a cathedral, gorgeous in

the wild luxuriant foliage of the East. At no great distance from its porch, a lofty tower, standing by itself, and rearing its proud head, alone, into the sky, looked out upon the Adriatic sea. Near to the margin of the stream were two ill-omened pillars of red granite; one having on its top a figure with a sword and shield; the other, a winged lion. Not far from these again, a second tower; richest of the rich in all its decorations, even here, where all was rich; sustained aloft a great orb, gleaming with gold and deepest blue: the Twelve Signs painted on it, and a mimic sun revolving in its course around them; while above, two bronze giants hammered out the hours upon a sounding bell. An oblong square of lofty houses of the whitest stone, surrounded by a light and beautiful arcade, formed part of this enchanted scene; and here and there gay masts for flags rose, tapering, from the pavement of the unsubstantial ground.

I thought I entered the Cathedral, and went in and out among its many arches; traversing its whole extent. A grand and dreamy structure, of immense proportions; golden with old mosaics, redolent of perfumes; dim with the smoke of incense; costly in treasure of precious stones and metals, glittering through iron bars; holy with the bodies of deceased saints; rainbow-hued with windows of stained glass; dark with carved woods and colored marbles; obscure in its vast heights, and lengthened distances; shining with silver lamps and winking lights; unreal, fantastic, solemn, inconceivable throughout. I thought I entered the old palace; pacing silent galleries and council-chambers, where the old rulers of this mistress of the waters looked sternly out, in pictures, from the walls, and where her high-prowed galleys, still victorious on canvass, fought and conquered as of old. I thought I wandered through its halls of state and triumph—bare and empty now!—and musing on its pride and might, extinct: for that was past: all past: heard a voice say, "Some tokens of its ancient rule, and some consoling reasons for its downfall, may be traced here yet!"

I dreamed that I was led on, then, into some jealous rooms, communicating with a prison near the palace; separated from it by a lofty bridge crossing a narrow street; and called, I dreamed, The Bridge of Sighs.

But first, I passed two jagged slits in a stone wall; the lions' mouths—now toothless—where in the distempered horror of

my sleep, I thought denunciations of innocent men to the old wicked Council, had been dropped through, many a time, when the night was dark. So, when I saw the council-room to which such prisoners were taken for examination, and the door by which they passed out, when they were condemned—a door that never closed upon a man with life and hope before him—my heart appeared to die within me.

It was smitten harder though, when, torch in hand, I descended from the cheerful day into two ranges, one below another, of dismal, awful, horrible, stone cells. They were quite dark. Each had a loophole in its massive wall, where, in the old time, every day, a torch was placed—I dreamed—to light the prisoner within, for half an hour. The captives, by the glimmering of these brief rays, had scratched and cut inscriptions in the blackened vaults. I saw them. For their labour with a rusty nail's point had outlived their agony and them, through many generations.

One cell, I saw, in which no man remained for more than four-and-twenty hours; being marked for dead before he entered it. Hard by, another, and a dismal one, whereto, at midnight, the confessor came—a monk, brown-robed and hooded—ghastly in the day, and free bright air, but in the midnight of that murky prison, Hope's extinguisher, and Murder's herald. I had my foot upon the spot, where, at the same dread hour, the shriven prisoner was strangled; and struck my hand upon the guilty door—low browed and stealthy—through which the lumpish sack was carried out into a boat, and rowed away, and drowned where it was death to cast a net.

Around this dungeon stronghold, and above some part of it; licking the rough walls without, and smearing them with damp and slime within: stuffing dank weeds and refuse into chinks and crevices, as if the very stones and bars had mouths to stop: furnishing a smooth road for the removal of the bodies of the secret victims of the state—a road so ready that it went along with them, and ran before them, like a cruel officer—flowed the same water that filled this dream of mine, and made it seem one, even at the time.

Descending from the palace by a staircase, called, I thought, the Giant's—I had some imaginary recollection of an old man abdicating, coming, more slowly and more feebly, down it, when he heard the bell, proclaiming his successor—I glided off, in

one of the dark boats, until we came to an old arsenal guarded by four marble lions. To make my dream more monstrous and unlikely, one of these had words and sentences upon its body, inscribed there, at an unknown time and in an unknown language; so that their purport was a mystery to all men.

There was little sound of hammers in this place for building ships, and little work in progress; for the greatness of the city was no more, as I have said. Indeed, it seemed a very wreck found drifting on the sea; a strange flag hoisted in its honorable stations, and strangers standing at its helm. A splendid barge in which its ancient chief had gone forth, pompously, at certain periods, to wed the ocean, lay here, I thought, no more; but, in its place, there was a tiny model, made from recollection like the city's greatness; and it told of what had been (so are the strong and weak confounded in the dust) almost as eloquently as the massive pillars, arches, roofs, reared to overshadow stately ships that had no other shadow now, upon the water or the earth.

An armory was there yet. Plundered and despoiled; but an armory. With a fierce standard, taken from the Turks, drooping in the dull air of its cage. Rich suits of mail, worn by great warriors, were hoarded there; cross bows and bolts; quivers full of arrows; spears; swords, daggers, maces, shields; and heavy-headed axes. Plates of wrought steel and iron, to make the gallant horse a monster cased in metal scales; and one spring-weapon (easy to be carried in the breast) designed to do its office noiselessly, and made for shooting men with poisoned darts.

One press or case I saw, full of accursed instruments of torture: horribly contrived to cramp, and pinch, and grind, and crush men's bones, and tear and twist them with the torment of a thousand deaths. Before it were two iron helmets, with breast-pieces: made to close up tight and smooth upon the heads of living sufferers; and fastened on to each, was a small knob or anvil, where the directing devil could repose his elbow at his ease, and listen, near the walled-up ear, to the lamentations and confessions of the wretch within. There was that grim resemblance in them to the human shape—they were such moulds of sweating faces, pained and cramped—that it was difficult to think them empty; and terrible distortions lingering within them, seemed to follow me,

when, taking to my boat again, I rowed off to a kind of garden or public walk in the sea, where there were grass and trees. But I forgot them when I stood upon its farthest brink—I stood there, in my dream—and looked, along the ripple, to the setting sun: before me, in the sky and on the deep, a crimson flush; and behind me the whole city resolving into streaks of red and purple, on the water.

In the luxurious wonder of so rare a dream, I took but little heed of time, and had but little understanding of its flight. But there were days and nights in it; and when the sun was high, and when the rays of lamps were crooked in the running water, I was still afloat, I thought: plashing the slippery walls and houses with the cleavings of the tide, as my black boat, borne upon it, skimmed along the streets.

Sometimes, alighting at the doors of churches and vast palaces, I wandered on, from room to room, from aisle to aisle, through labyrinths of rich altars, ancient monuments; decayed apartments where the furniture, half awful, half grotesque, was mouldering away. Pictures were there, replete with such enduring beauty and expression: with such passion, truth, and power: that they seemed so many fresh realities among a host of spectres. I thought these often intermingled with the old days of the city: with its beauties, tyrants, captains, patriots, merchants, courtiers, priests: nay, with its very stones, and bricks, and public places; all of which lived again, about me, on the walls. Then, coming down some marble staircase, where the water lapped and oozed against the lower steps, I passed into my boat again, and went on in my dream.

Floating down narrow lanes, where carpenters, at work with plane and chisel in their shops, tossed the light shaving straight upon the water, where it lay like weed, or ebbd away before me in a tangled heap. Past open doors, decayed and rotten from long steeping in the wet, through which some scanty patch of vine shone green and bright, making unusual shadows on the pavement with its trembling leaves. Past quays and terraces, where women, gracefully veiled, were passing and repassing, and where idlers were reclining in the sunshine, on flag-stones and on flights of steps. Past bridges, where there were idlers too: loitering and looking over. Below stone balconies, erected at a giddy height, before the lofty-



east windows of the loftiest houses. Past plots of garden, theatres, shrines, prodigious piles of architecture—Gothic—Sarcenic—fanciful with all the fancies of all times and countries. Past buildings that were high, and low, and black, and white, and straight, and crooked; mean and grand, crazy and strong. Twining among a tangled lot of boats and barges, and shooting out at last into a Grand Canal! There, in the errant fancy of my dream, I saw old Shylock passing to and fro upon a bridge all built upon with shops and humming with the tongues of men; a form I seemed to know for Desdemona's leaned down through a latticed blind to pluck a flower. And, in the dream, I thought that Shakespeare's spirit was abroad upon the water somewhere: stealing through the city.

At night, when two votive lamps burnt before an image of the Virgin, in a gallery outside the great cathedral, near the roof, I fancied that the great piazza of the Winged Lion was a blaze of cheerful light, and that its whole arcade was thronged with people; while crowds were diverting themselves in splendid coffee-houses opening from it—which were never shut, I thought, but open all night long. When the bronze giants struck the hour of midnight on the bell, I thought the life and animation of the city were all centered here; and as I rowed away, abreast the silent quays, I only saw them dotted, here and there, with sleeping boatmen wrapped up in their cloaks, and lying at full length upon the stones.

But, close about the quays and churches, palaces and prisons; sucking at their walls, and welling up into the secret places of the town: crept the water always. Noiseless and watchful: coiled round and round it, in its many folds, like an old serpent: waiting for the time, I thought, when people should look down into its depths for any stone of the old city that had claimed to be its mistress.

Thus it floated me away, until I awoke in the old market-place of Verona. I have many and many a time thought, since, of this strange Dream upon the water, half-wondering if it lie there yet, and if its name be VENICE.

## XI.

BY VERONA, MANTUA, AND MILAN, ACROSS THE PASS OF THE SIMPLON INTO SWITZERLAND.

I HAD been half afraid to go to Verona, lest it should at all put me out of conceit with Romeo and Juliet. But, I was no sooner come into the old Market-place, than the misgiving vanished. It is so fanciful, quaint, and picturesque a place, formed by such an extraordinary and rich variety of fantastic buildings, that there could be nothing better at the core of even this romantic town: scene of one of the most romantic and beautiful of stories.

It was natural enough to go straight from the Market-place, to the House of the Capulets, now degenerated into a most miserable little inn. Noisy vetturini and muddy market carts were disputing possession of the yard, which was ankle-deep in dirt, with a brood of splashed and bespattered geese; and there was a grim-visaged dog, viciously panting in a doorway, who would certainly have had Romeo by the leg, the moment he put it over the wall, if he had existed and been at large in those times. The orchard fell into other hands, and was parted off many years ago; but there used to be one attached to the house—or at all events there may have been,—and the hat (Cappello) the ancient cognizance of the family, may still be seen, carved in stone, over the gateway of the yard. The geese, the market-carts, their drivers, and the dog, were somewhat in the way of the story it must be confessed; and it would have been pleasanter to have found the house empty, and to have been able to walk through the disused rooms. But the hat was unspeakably comfortable; and the place where the garden used to be, hardly less so. Besides, the house is a distressful, jealous-looking house as one would desire to see, though of a very moderate size. So I was quite satisfied with it, as the veritable mansion of old Capulet, and was correspondingly grateful in my acknowledgments to an extremely unsentimental middle-aged lady, the Padrona of the Hotel, who was lounging on the threshold looking at the geese; and who at least resembled the Capulets in the one particular of being very great indeed in the "Family" way.

From Juliet's home to Juliet's tomb, is a transition as natural to the visitor, as to fair

Juliet herself, or to the proudest Juliet that ever has taught the torches to burn bright in any time. So, I went off, with a guide, to an old, old garden, once belonging to an old, old convent, I suppose; and being admitted, at a shattered gate, by a bright-eyed woman who was washing clothes, went down some walks where fresh plants and young flowers were prettily growing among fragments of old wall, and ivy-covered mounds; and was shown a little tank, or water trough, which the bright-eyed woman—drying her arms upon her 'kerchief, called "*La tomba di Giulietta la sfortunata.*" With the best disposition in the world to believe, I could do no more than believe that the bright-eyed woman believed; so I gave her that much credit, and her customary fee in ready money. It was a pleasure, rather than a disappointment, that Juliet's resting-place was forgotten. However consolatory it may have been to Yorick's Ghost, to hear the feet upon the pavement overhead, and, twenty times a day, the repetition of his name, it is better for Juliet to lie out of the track of tourists, and to have no visitors but such as come to graves in spring-rain, and sweet air, and sunshine.

Pleasant Verona! With its beautiful old palaces, and charming country in the distance, seen from terrace walks, and stately balustraded galleries. With its Roman gates still spanning the fair street, and casting, on the sun-light of to-day, the shade of fifteen hundred years ago. With its marble-fitted churches, lofty towers, rich architecture, and quaint old quiet thoroughfares, where shouts of Montagues and Capulets once resounded,

And made Verona's ancient citizens  
Cast by their grave, beseeching ornaments,  
To wield old partizans.

With its fast-rushing river, picturesque old bridge, great castle, waving cypresses, and prospect so delightful, and so cheerful! Pleasant Verona!

In the midst of it, in the Piazza di Brà—a spirit of old time among the familiar realities of the passing hour—is the great Roman Amphitheatre. So well preserved, and carefully maintained, that every row of seats is there, unbroken. Over certain arches, the old Roman numerals may yet be seen; and there are corridors, and staircases, and subterranean passages for beasts, and winding ways, above-ground and below, as when the fierce thousands

hurried in and out, intent upon the bloody shows of the arena. Nestling in some of the shadows and hollow places of the walls, now are smiths with their forges, and a few small dealers of one kind or other; and there are green weeds and leaves, and grass, upon the parapet. But little else is greatly changed.

When I had traversed all about it, with great interest, and had gone up to the topmost round of seats, and turning from the lovely panorama closed in by the distant Alps, looked down into the building, it seemed to lie before me, like the inside of a prodigious hat of plaited straw, with an enormously broad brim and a shallow crown; the plaits being represented by the four-and-forty rows of seats. The comparison is a homely and fantastic one, in sober remembrance and on paper, but it was irresistibly suggested at the moment, nevertheless.

An equestrian troop had been there a short time before—the same troop, I dare say, that appeared to the old lady in the church at Modena—and had scooped out a little ring at one end of the arena; where their performances had taken place, and where the marks of their horses' feet were still fresh. I could not but picture to myself, a handful of spectators gathered together on one or two of the old stone seats, and a spangled Cavalier being gallant, or a Policinello funny, with the grim walls looking on. Above all, I thought how strangely those Roman mutes would gaze upon the favorite comic scene of the travelling English, where a British nobleman (Lord John), with a very loose stomach, dressed in a blue tailed coat down to his heels, bright yellow breeches, and a white hat, comes abroad, riding double on a rearing horse, with an English lady (Lady Betsey) in a straw bonnet and green veil, and a red spencer; and who always carries a gigantic reticule, and a put-up-parasol.

I walked through and through the town all the rest of the day, and could have walked there until now, I think. In one place, there was a very pretty modern theatre, where they had just performed the opera (always popular in Verona) of *Romeo and Juliet*. In another, there was a collection, under a colonnade of Greek, Roman, and Etruscan remains, presided over by an ancient man who might have been an Etruscan relic himself; for he was not strong enough to open the iron gate, when he had unlocked it, and had neither voice enough to be audi-

ble when he described the curiosities, not sight enough to see them; he was so very old. In another place there was a gallery of pictures: so abominably bad, that it was quite delightful to see them mouldering away. But any where: in the churches, among the palaces, in the streets, on the bridge, or down beside the river: it was always pleasant Verona, and in my remembrance always will be.

I read Romeo and Juliet in my own room at the inn that night—of course, no Englishman had ever read it there before—and set out for Mantua next day at sunrise, repeating to myself (in the coupé of an omnibus, and next to the conductor, who was reading the *Mysteries of Paris*)

There is no world without Verona's walls,  
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.  
Hence-banished is banished from the world,  
And world's exile is death —

which reminded me that Romeo was only banished five-and-twenty miles after all, and rather disturbed my confidence in his energy and boldness.

Was the way to Mantua as beautiful in his time, I wonder! Did it wind through pasture land as green, bright with the same glancing streams, and dotted with fresh clumps of graceful trees! Those purple mountains lay on the horizon, then, for certain; and the dresses of those peasant girls, who wear a great, knobbed, silver pin like an English "life-preserver" through their hair behind, can hardly be much changed. The hopeful feeling of so bright a morning, and so exquisite a sunrise, can have been no stranger even to an exiled lover's breast; and Mantua itself must have broken on him in the prospect, with its towers, and walls, and water, pretty much as on a common-place and matrimonial omnibus. He made the same sharp twists and turns, perhaps, over two rumbling drawbridges; passed through the like long, covered, wooden bridge; and leaving the marshy water behind, approached the rusty gate of stagnant Mantua.

If ever a man were suited to his place of residence, and his place of residence to him, the lean Apothecary and Mantua came together in a perfect fitness of things. It may have been more stirring then, perhaps. If so, the Apothecary was a man in advance of his time, and knew what Mantua would be in eighteen hundred and forty-four. He fasted much, and that assisted him in his foreknowledge.

I put up at the Hotel of the Golden Lion,

and was in my own room arranging plans with the Brave Courier, when there came a modest little tap at the door, which opened on an outer gallery surrounding a courtyard; and an intensely shabby little man looked in, to inquire if the gentleman would have a Cicerone to show the town. His face was so very wistful and anxious, in the half opened doorway, and there was so much poverty expressed in his faded suit and little pinched hat, and in the threadbare worsted glove with which he held it—not expressed the less, because these were evidently his genteel clothes, hastily slipped on—that I would as soon have trodden on him, as dismissed him. I engaged him on the instant, and he stepped in directly.

While I finished the discussion in which I was engaged, he stood beaming by himself in a corner, making a feint of brushing my hat with his arm. If his fee had been as many napoleons as it was francs, there could not have shot over the twilight of his shabbiness such a gleam of sun, as lighted up the whole man, now that he was hired.

"Well!" said I, when I was ready, shall we go out now?"

"If the gentleman pleases. It is a beautiful day. A little fresh, but charming; altogether charming. The gentleman will allow me to open the door. This is the Inn Yard. The courtyard of the Golden Lion! The gentleman will please to mind his footing on the stairs."

We were now in the street.

"This is the street of the Golden Lion. This, the outside of the Golden Lion. The interesting window up there, on the first Piazza, where the pane of glass is broken, is the window of the gentleman's chamber!"

Having viewed all these remarkable objects, I inquired if there was much to see in Mantua.

"Well! Truly, no. Not much! So, so," he said, shrugging his shoulders apologetically.

"Many churches?"

"No. Nearly all suppressed by the French."

"Monasteries or convents?"

"No. The French again! Nearly all suppressed by Napoleon."

"Much business?"

"Very little business."

"Many strangers?"

"Ah Heaven!"

I thought he would have fainted.

"Then, when we have seen the two

large churches yonder, what shall we do next?" said I.

He looked up the street, and down the street, and rubbed his chin timidly; and then said, glancing in my face as if a light had broken on his mind, yet with a humble appeal to my forbearance that was perfectly irresistible:

"We can take a little turn about the town, Signore!" (*Si può far 'un piccolo giro della città.*)

It was impossible to be any thing but delighted with the proposal, so we set off together in great good-humor. In the relief of his mind, he opened his heart, and gave up as much of Matua as a Cicerone could.

"One must eat," he said, "but, bah! it was a dull place, without doubt!"

He made as much as possible of the Basilica of Santa Andrea—a noble church—and of an inclosed portion of the pavement, about which tapers were burning, and a few people kneeling, and under which is said to be preserved, the Sangreal of the old Romances. This church disposed of, and another after it (the cathedral of San Pietro), we went to the Museum, which was shut up. "It was all the same," he said; "Bah! There was not much inside!"

Then, we went to see the Piazza del Diavolo, built by the Devil (for no particular purpose) in a single night; then, the Piazza Virgiliana; then the statue of Virgil—*our* Poet, my little friend said, plucking up a spirit, for the moment, and putting his hat a little on one side. Then, we went to a dismal sort of farm-yard, by which a picture-gallery was approached. The moment the gate of this retreat was opened, some five hundred geese came waddling round us, stretching out their necks, and clamoring in the most hideous manner, as if they were ejaculating, "Oh! here's somebody come to see the pictures! Don't go up! Don't go up!" While we went up, they waited very quietly about the door, in a crowd, cackling to one another occasionally, in a subdued tone; but the instant we appeared again, their necks came out like telescopes, and setting up a great noise, which meant, I have no doubt, "What, you would go, would you! What do you think of it! How do you like it!" they attended us to the outer gate, and cast us forth, derisively, into Mantua.

The geese who saved the Capitol, were, as compared with these, Pork to the learned Pig. What a gallery it was! I would take their opinion on a question of art, in

preference to the discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Now that we were standing in the street, after being thus ignominiously escorted thither, my little friend was plainly reduced to the "*piccolo giro*," or little circuit of the town, he had formerly proposed. But my suggestion, that we should visit the Palazzo Tè (of which I had heard a great deal, as a strange, wild place) imparted a new life to him, and away we went.

The secret of the length of Midas' ears, would have been more extensively known, if that servant of his, who whispered it to the reeds, had lived in Mantua, where there are reeds and rushes enough to have published it to all the world. The Palazzo Tè stands in a swamp, among this sort of vegetation; and is, indeed, as singular a place as I ever saw.

Nor for its dreariness, though it is very dreary. Nor for its dampness, though it is very damp. Nor for its desolate condition, though it is as desolate and neglected as house can be. But chiefly for the unaccountable nightmares with which its interior has been decorated (among other subjects of more delicate execution), by Giulio Romano. There is a leering Giant over a certain chimney-piece, and there are dozens of Giants (Titans warring with Jove) on the walls of another room, so inconceivably ugly and grotesque, that it is marvellous how any man can have imagined such creatures. In the chamber in which they abound, these monsters, with swollen faces and cracked cheeks, and every kind of distortion of look and limb, are depicted as staggering under the weight of falling buildings, and being overwhelmed in the ruins; upheaving masses of rocks, and burying themselves beneath; vainly striving to sustain the pillars of heavy roofs that topple down upon their heads; and, in a word, undergoing and doing every kind of mad and demoniacal destruction. The figures are immensely large, and exaggerated to the utmost pitch of uncouthness; the coloring is harsh and disagreeable; and the whole effect more like (I should imagine) a violent rush of blood to the head of the spectator, than any real picture set before him by the hand of an artist. This apoplectic performance was shown by a sickly-looking woman, whose appearance was referable, I dare say, to the bad air of the marshes; but it was difficult to help feeling as if she were too much haunted by the Giants, and they were frightening her to death, all

alone in that exhausted cistern of a Palace, among the reeds and rushes, with the mists hovering about outside, and stalking round and round it continually.

Our walk through Mantua showed us, in almost every street, some suppressed church: now used for a warehouse, now for nothing at all: all as crazy and dismantled as they could be, short of tumbling down bodily. The marshy town was so intensely dull and flat, that the dirt upon it seemed not to have come there in the ordinary course, but to have settled and mantled on its surface as on standing water. And yet there were some business dealings going on, and some profits realizing; for there were arcades full of Jews, where those extraordinary people were sitting outside their shops: contemplating their stores of stuffs, and woollens, and bright handkerchiefs, and trinkets: and looking, in all respects, as wary and business-like, as their brethren in Houndsditch, London.

Having selected a Vetturino from among the neighboring Christians, who agreed to carry us to Milan in two days and a half, and to start next morning, as soon as the gates were opened, I returned to the Golden Lion, and dined luxuriously in my own room, in a narrow passage between two bedsteads: confronted by a smoky fire, and backed up by a chest of drawers. At six o'clock next morning, we were jingling in the dark through the wet cold mist that enshrouded the town; and, before noon, the driver (a native of Mantua, and sixty years of age, or thereabouts) began to ask the way to Milan.

It lay through Bozzolo: formerly a little republic, and now one of the most deserted and poverty-stricken of towns: where the landlord of the miserable inn (God bless him! it was his weekly custom) was distributing infinitesimal coins among a clamorous herd of women and children, whose rags were fluttering in the wind and rain outside his door, where they were gathered to receive his charity. It lay through mist, and mud, and rain, and vines trained low upon the ground, all that day and the next; the first sleeping-place being Cremona, memorable for its dark brick churches, and immensely high tower, the Torrazzo—to say nothing of its violins, of which it certainly produces none in these degenerate days; and the second, Lodi. Then we went on, through more mud, mist, and rain, and marshy ground: and through such a fog, as Englishmen, strong in the faith of

their own grievances, are apt to believe is nowhere to be found but in their own country: until we entered the paved streets of Milan.

The fog was so dense here, that the spire of the far-famed Cathedral might as well have been at Bombay, for any thing that could be seen of it at that time. But as we halted to refresh, for a few days then, and returned to Milan again next summer, I had ample opportunities of seeing the glorious structure in all its majesty and beauty.

All Christian homage to the saint who lies within it! There are many good and true saints in the calendar, but San Carlo Borromeo has—if I may quote Mrs. Primrose on such a subject—"my warm heart." A charitable doctor to the sick, a munificent friend to the poor, and this, not in any spirit of blind bigotry, but as the bold opponent of enormous abuses in the Romish church, I honor his memory. I honor it none the less, because he was nearly slain by a priest, suborned, by priests, to murder him at the altar: in acknowledgment of his endeavors to reform a false and hypocritical brotherhood of monks. Heaven shield all imitators of San Carlo Borromeo as it shielded him! A reforming Pope would need a little shielding, even now.

The subterranean chapel in which the body of San Carlo Borromeo is preserved, presents as striking and as ghastly a contrast, perhaps, as any place can show. The tapers which are lighted down there, flash and gleam on alti-relievi in gold and silver, delicately wrought by skilful hands, and representing the principal events in the life of the saint. Jewels, and precious metals, shine and sparkle on every side. A windlass slowly removes the front of the altar; and, within it, in a gorgeous shrine of gold and silver, is seen, through alabaster, the shrivelled mummy of a man: the pontifical robes with which it is adorned, radiant with diamonds, emeralds, rubies: every costly and magnificent gem. The shrunken heap of poor earth in the midst of this great glitter, is more pitiful than if it lay upon a dunghill. There is not a ray of imprisoned light in all the flash and fire of jewels, but seems to mock the dusty holes where eyes were, once. Every thread of silk in the rich vestments seems only a provision from the worms that spin, for the behoof of worms that propagate in sepulchres.

In the old refectory of the dilapidated

Convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie, is the work of art, perhaps better known than any other in the world: the Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci—with a door cut through it by the intelligent Dominican friars, to facilitate their operations at dinner time.

I am not mechanically acquainted with the art of painting, and have no other means of judging of a picture than as I see it resembling and refining upon nature, and presenting graceful combinations of forms and colors. I am, therefore, no authority whatever, in reference to the "touch" of this or that master; though I know very well (as any body may who chooses to think about the matter) that few very great masters can possibly have painted, in the compass of their lives, one half of the pictures that bear their names, and that are recognized by many aspirants to a reputation for taste, as undoubted originals. But this, by the way. Of the Last Supper, I would simply observe, that in its beautiful composition and arrangement, there it is, at Milan, a wonderful picture; and that, in its original coloring, or in its original expression of any single face or feature, there it is not. Apart from the damage it has sustained from damp, decay, and neglect, it has been (as Barry shows) so retouched upon, and repainted, and that so clumsily, that many of the heads are, now, positive deformities, with patches of paint and plaster sticking upon them like wens, and utterly distorting the expression. Where the original artist set that impress of his genius on a face, which, almost in a line or touch, separated him from meaner painters and made him what he was, succeeding bunglers, filling up, or painting across seams and cracks, have been quite unable to imitate his hand; and putting in some scowls, or frowns, or wrinkles, of their own, have botched and spoiled the work. This is so well established as a historical fact, that I should not repeat it, at the risk of being tedious, but for having observed an English gentleman before the picture, who was at great pains to fall into what I may describe as mild convulsions, at certain minute details of expression which are not left in it. Whereas, it would be comfortable and rational for travellers and critics to arrive at a general understanding that it cannot fail to have been a work of extraordinary merit, once: when, with so few of its original beauties remaining, the grandeur of the general design is

yet sufficient to sustain it, as a piece replete with interest and dignity.

We achieved the other sights of Milan, in due course, and a fine city it is, though not so unmistakeably Italian as to possess the characteristic qualities of many towns far less important in themselves. The Corso, where the Milanese gentry ride up and down in carriages, and rather than not do which, they would half starve themselves at home, is a most noble public promenade, shaded by long avenues of trees. In the splendid theatre of La Scala, there was a ballet of action performed after the opera, under the title of Prometheus: in the beginning of which, some hundred or two men and women represented our mortal race before the refinements of the arts and sciences, and loves and graces, came on earth to soften them. I never saw any thing more effective. Generally speaking the pantomimic action of the Italians is more remarkable for its sudden and impetuous character than for its delicate expression; but, in this case, the drooping monotony: the weary, miserable, listless, moping life; the sordid passions and desires of human creatures, destitute of those elevating influences to which we owe so much, and to whose promoters we render so little: were expressed in a manner really powerful and affecting. I should have thought it almost impossible to present such an idea so strongly on the stage, without the aid of speech.

Milan soon lay behind us, at five o'clock in the morning; and before the golden statue on the summit of the cathedral spire was lost in the blue sky, the Alps, stupendously confused in lofty peaks and ridges, clouds and snow, were towering in our path.

Still, we continued to advance towards them until nightfall; and, all day long, the mountain tops presented strangely shifting shapes, as the road displayed them in different points of view. The beautiful day was just declining, when we came upon the Lago Maggiore, with its lovely islands. For however fanciful and fantastic the Isola Bella may be, and is, it still is beautiful. Any thing springing out of that blue water, with that scenery around it, must be.

It was ten o'clock at night when we got to Domo d'Ossola, at the foot of the Pass of the Simplon. But as the moon was shining brightly, and there was not a cloud in the starlit sky, it was no time for going

to bed, or going any where but on. So, we got a little carriage, after some delay, and began the ascent.

It was late in November; and the snow lying four or five feet thick in the beaten road on the summit (in other parts the new drift was already deep), the air was piercing cold. But the serenity of the night, and the grandeur of the road, with its impenetrable shadows, and deep glooms, and its sudden turns into the shining of the moon, and its incessant roar of falling water, rendered the journey more and more sublime at every step.

Soon leaving the calm Italian villages below us, sleeping in the moonlight, the road began to wind among dark trees, and after a time emerged upon a barer region, very steep and toilsome, where the moon shone bright and high. By degrees, the roar of water grew louder; and the stupendous track, after crossing the torrent by a bridge, struck in between two massive perpendicular walls of rock that quite shut out the moonlight, and only left a few stars shining in the narrow strip of sky above. Then, even this was lost, in the thick darkness of a cavern in the rock, through which the way was pierced; the terrible cataract thundering and roaring close below it, and its foam and spray hanging, in a mist, about the entrance. Emerging from this cave, and coming again into the moonlight, and across a dizzy bridge, it crept and twisted upward, through the Gorge of Gondo, savage and grand beyond description, with smooth-fronted precipices, rising up on either hand, and almost meeting overhead. Thus we went, climbing on our rugged way, higher and higher, all night, without a moment's weariness: lost in the contemplation of the black rocks, the tremendous heights and depths, the fields of smooth snow lying in the clefts and hollows, and the fierce torrents thundering headlong down the deep abyss.

Towards daybreak we came among the snow, where a keen wind was blowing fiercely. Having, with some trouble, awakened the inmates of a wooden house in this solitude, round which the wind was howling dismally, catching up the snow in wreaths and hurling it away; we got some breakfast in a room built of rough timbers, but well warmed by a stove, and well contrived (as it had need to be) for keeping out the bitter storms. A sledge being then made ready, and four horses harnessed to it, we went ploughing through the snow.

Still upward, but now in the cold light of morning, and with the great white desert on which we travelled, plain and clear.

We were well upon the summit of the mountain: and had before us the rude cross of wood, denoting its greatest altitude above the sea: when the light of the rising sun struck, all at once, upon the waste of snow, and turned it a deep red. The lonely grandeur of the scene was then at its height.

As we went sledging on, there came out of the Hospice founded by Napoleon, a group of Peasant travellers, with staves and knapsacks, who had rested there last night, attended by a Monk or two, their hospitable entertainers, trudging slowly forward with them, for company's sake. It was pleasant to give them good morning, and pretty, looking back a long way after them, to see them looking back at us, and hesitating presently, when one of our horses stumbled and fell, whether or no they should return and help us. But he was soon up again, with the assistance of a rough wagoner whose team had stuck fast there too; and when we had helped him out of his difficulty, in return, we left him slowly ploughing his way towards them, and went softly and swiftly forward, on the brink of a steep precipice, among the mountain pines.

Taking to our wheels again, soon afterwards, we began rapidly to descend; passing under everlasting glaciers, by means of arched galleries, hung with clusters of dropping icicles; under and over foaming waterfalls; near places of refuge, and galleries of shelter against sudden danger; through caverns, over whose arched roofs the avalanches slide, in spring, and bury themselves in the unknown gulf beneath. Down, over lofty bridges, and through horrible ravines: a little shifting speck in the vast desolation of ice and snow, and monstrous granite rocks: down through the deep Gorge of the Saltine, and deafened by the torrent plunging madly down, among the riven blocks of rock, into the level country far below. Gradually down, by zig-zag roads, lying between an upward and a downward precipice, into warmer weather, calmer air, and softer scenery, until there lay before us, glittering like gold or silver in the thaw and sunshine, the metal-covered, red, green, yellow, domes and church-spires of a Swiss town.

The business of these recollections being with Italy, and my business, consequently,

being to scamper back thither as fast as possible, I will not recall (though I am sorely tempted) how the Swiss villages, clustered at the feet of Giant mountains, looked like playthings; or how confusedly the houses were heaped and piled together; or how there were very narrow streets to shut the howling winds out in the winter time; and broken bridges, which the impetuous torrents suddenly released in spring, had swept away. Or how there were peasant women here, with great round fur caps: looking, when they peeped out of casements and only their heads were seen, like a population of Sword-bearers to the Lord Mayor of London; or how the town of Vevay, lying on the smooth lake of Geneva, was beautiful to see; or how the statue of Saint Peter in the street at Fribourg, grasps the largest key that ever was beheld; or how Fribourg is illustrious for its two suspension bridges, and its grand cathedral organ.

Or how, between that town and Bâle, the road meandered among thriving villages of wooden cottages with overhanging thatched roofs, and low protruding windows, glazed with small round panes of glass like crown-pieces; or how, in every little Swiss homestead, with its cart or wagon carefully stowed away beside the house, its little garden, stock of poultry, and groups of red-cheeked children, there was an air of comfort, very new and very pleasant after Italy; or how the dresses of the women changed again, and there were no more sword-bearers to be seen; and fair white stomachers, and great black, fan-shaped, gauzy-looking caps, prevailed instead.

Or how the country by the Jura mountains, sprinkled with snow, and lighted by the moon, and musical with falling water, was delightful; or how, below the windows of the great hotel of the Three Kings of Bâle, the swollen Rhine ran fast and green; or how, at Strasbourg, it was quite as fast but not as green: and was said to be foggy lower down: and, at that late time of the year, was a far less certain means of progress, than the highway road to Paris.

Or how Strasbourg itself, in its magnificent old Gothic Cathedral, and its ancient houses with their peaked roofs and gables, made a little gallery of quaint and interesting views; or how a crowd was gathered inside the cathedral at noon, to see the famous mechanical clock in motion, striking twelve. How, when it struck twelve, a whole army of puppets went through many

ingenious evolutions; and, among them, a huge puppet-cock, perched on the top, crowed twelve times loud and clear. Or how it was wonderful to see this cock at great pains to clap its wings, and strain its throat; but obviously having no connection whatever with its own voice, which was deep within the clock, a long way down.

Or how the road to Paris, was one sea of mud; and thence to the coast, a little better for a hard frost. Or how the cliffs of Dover were a pleasant sight, and England was so wonderfully neat—though dark, and lacking color on a winter's day, it must be conceded.

Or how, a few days afterwards, it was cool, re-crossing the channel, with ice upon the decks, and snow lying pretty deep in France. Or how the Malle Poste scrambled through the snow, headlong, drawn in the hilly parts by any number of stout horses at a canter; or how there were, outside the Post-office Yard in Paris, before daybreak, extraordinary adventurers in heaps of rags, groping in the snowy streets with little rakes, in search of odds and ends.

Or how, between Paris and Marseilles, the snow being then exceeding deep, a thaw came on, and the mail waded rather than rolled for the next three hundred miles or so; breaking springs on Sunday nights, and putting out its two passengers to warm and refresh themselves pending the repairs, in miserable billiard-rooms, where hairy company, collected about stoves, were playing cards; the cards being very like themselves—extremely limp and dirty.

Or how there was detention at Marseilles from stress of weather; and steamers were advertised to go, which did not go; or how the good Steam-packet Charlemagne at length put out, and met with such weather that now she threatened to run into Toulon, and now into Nice, but, the wind moderating, did neither, but ran on into Genoa harbor instead, where the familiar Bells rang sweetly in my ear. Or how there was a travelling party on board, of whom one member was very ill in the cabin next to mine, and being ill was cross, and therefore declined to give up the Dictionary, which he kept under his pillow; thereby obliging his companions to come down to him, constantly, to ask what was the Italian for a lump of sugar—a glass of brandy and water—what's o'clock? and so forth: which he always insisted on looking out, with his own sea-sick eyes, declining to intrust the book to any man alive.



Like GRUMIO, I might have told you, in detail, all this and something more—but to as little purpose—were I not deterred by the remembrance that my business is with Italy. Therefore, like GRUMIO's story, it "shall die in oblivion."

From Frazer's Magazine.

## THE CHAMBER OF THE BELL.

### CHAPTER I.

THE events which we are about to relate occurred in a small and obscure German town, which, for our own convenience, we will designate Nienburg. Who, in the present day, is unacquainted with the general outline of the petty towns of the "Fatherland?" Suffice it, that Nienburg formed no exception to the rule, but showed its narrow streets of tall, many-gabled, and picturesque-looking houses, its dark, mysterious churches, its long lines of convent walls, its close and irregular-shaped places, and its motley population of peasants, monks, soldiers, *bèguines*, and beggars. As regarded its geography, it was seated at the base of one of two conical hills; that immediately in its rear being cultivated to nearly two-thirds of its height, and planted on the southern side with vines, while the more lofty and more distant eminence was crowned by the mouldering remains of what had evidently once been a formidable stronghold. Upon this rock no trace of vegetation could be detected; all was arid, bleak, and desolate; the crude and abrupt outline of the height being broken in many places by the remains of cyclopean masonry, indicating the extent and direction of the outworks, which, on the more accessible sides of the acclivity, descended almost to the valley. Portions of now mouldering towers, blending their hoary tints with that of the stones on which they had been seated for centuries, afforded shelter to the foul birds of carnage and darkness, whose shrill screams and hoarse hootings swelled and quivered upon the night-wind, like the wailings of the dead over the ruins of their former pride. The valley or gorge between the two hills was scarcely more cheerful than the castled height which frowned above it, for it was occupied throughout its whole extent with graves; save that, immediately under the shadow of the eminence

last described, stood a low and small erection of stone, parted by this city of the dead from the living town of Nienburg; which, cut off by an angle of its own vine-clad eminence from all view of this dreary necropolis, was further enlivened by a cheerful stream, which swept swiftly and smilingly at its foot, hurrying to cast its pure and sparkling waters into the bosom of the Rhine. A few light craft, moored along the shore, heaved lazily upon the current, and the nets of the fishers spread upon the bank sufficiently denoted the uses of the little fleet.

Beyond the town, in the opposite direction to the ruins, spread one of those fine old forests to which Germany is indebted for so much of her prosperity and so many of her superstitions; and where the warm sun and the flying clouds produced the most fantastic effects, as they grappled for power above the stern old trees, spread over the rarely occurring glades, or succeeded each other upon the dancing leaves. The blast which had howled its defiance over the neighboring ruins, where it beat freely against the sharp rock and the rigid masonry, took another and a wilder tone as it penetrated into the mystic depths of the dark wood, or forced its way through the living network of the swinging branches. None ventured there at nightfall: the goatherd drove home his flock, the woodsman laid by his axe, and the benighted fowler hastened to escape into the open country, without venturing to cast one glance behind upon the scenes of his day's sport.

Such was the position of the little town, to some of whose inhabitants we are about to introduce our readers. It was evening, and a bright moon was paving the river with flakes of silver, which looked like the armor of some water-giant, beneath which his huge frame was quivering with desire to visit the tranquil earth that slept so peacefully beside him. The breeze was sighing through the vines, and heaving aside their large glossy leaves and delicate tendrils; the laughter of children and the voices of women might be heard at intervals; and here and there, upon the bosom of the stream, rested a bright red glare which was reflected upon the trembling current. The fishermen were busy, plying their trade by torchlight.

Upon the very verge of the town stood a house, separated from the street by a high wall inclosing a spacious garden, laid out with scrupulous care and almost painful

formality. Flowers of every scent, and of every color, blossomed in minute patches of the most grotesque and varied shapes; trim-cut hedges of yew, with their outline broken at intervals by strange uncouth figures, clipped into deformity from the same material; monstrous statues of discolored stone, and of proportions which defied criticism, mounted upon square pedestals; basins, fringed with water-plants and peopled with gold-fish; and paths, smoothly and brightly gravelled, formed the *matériel* of this pleasance; in the midst of which stood the house, with its tall gable turned towards the street, the heavy beams of its roof carved at the extremities into whimsical finials, and its leaden gyrgoyles grinning like an assemblage of demon heads, beneath the shadow of the slender cupola which supported the vane.

Nor did the appearance of the mansion within belie its outward promise. It was spacious and cleanly. No accessory to comfort was wanting. The high-backed chairs, whose carving was terminated by a rude representation of the family crest, were well cushioned. There was a soft carpet on the centre of the floor; family portraits were pannelled into the walls; and the doors and windows were screened by heavy draperies of fringed damask. Every thing bore the stamp of extreme care and scrupulous management. There were birds and flowers upon a table, which stood within the deep bay of an immense window looking upon the garden from the apartment where our story is to begin; and upon a second, drawn near to the porcelain stove, which occupied an angle of the room, were placed a lamp, some female working materials, such as Berlin wool, colored silks, and a half-knitted stocking; a few books, and some fishing apparatus.

On one side of the stove sat a female, of about five-and-thirty years old. She was comely but not handsome; her eyes were fine and clear, but the dark brows by which they were overhung almost met in the centre, forming that waving line beneath the forehead so prized by the modern Greeks, but which gives such a harshness to the countenance. There was, moreover, a terseness and decision about the lines of her mouth which accorded well with those dark brows; and her head was seated upon her shoulders with a majesty which would have become an empress. Her complexion was perfectly fair, but its freshness was gone; her teeth were beautiful, and her

hands and arms faultless. Her face wore a pained expression, as though the sorrows which had passed over her had never been forgotten, and as though she did not yet believe them to be over. At the moment in which we are describing her, she was buried in deep and evidently painful thought: even her knitting, that everlasting resource of a German woman, was thrown aside, and she sat with her arms crossed upon her bosom, and her head bowed down, as though her reflections were too heavy a burden for her to support upright. Her brows were knit together, and her thin lips compressed, while she beat upon the floor with her foot rapidly and feverishly, as if in this monotonous movement she found vent for the feeling by which she was oppressed.

She was still in this attitude when the door was suddenly opened, and she hastily roused herself, and resumed the abandoned knitting.

The intruder was a fine strongly-built man, some five years her junior, and it was easy to decide at a glance that they were nearly related; there were the same thick continuous brows, the same stern expression about the mouth, the same high forehead surmounted by masses of rich brown hair, the same majestic carriage of the head; but all those features which, in the case of the female, produced an effect almost repelling, made of the man a noble specimen of masculine beauty. Nevertheless, it was a fearful beauty, and wore the brightness of the lurid vapor which veils the summer thunder. There was a light in his large brown eyes which, even in his calmest moments, betrayed the fiery spirit that slept within, and a scorn in the curve of his thin lips which gave a bitterness to their harshness.

"You are late, Elric," said the lady; "the supper has been served for the last hour."

"I have been in the forest," was the reply, "and took no heed of time."

"During our mother's life ——" commenced the watcher.

"I know what you are about to say, Stephanie," interposed the young man, impatiently. "During our mother's life I was compelled to a rigid punctuality; now, I am my own master, and have to answer to no one for an hour's delay."

"Could I only be assured that you were wandering there alone ——" murmured the lady.

"Hark you, gräfine," said Elric, turning his flashing eyes full upon her, as he twist-

ed tightly about his fingers a trout-line which he had caught up from the table; "I have already warned you that I will hear no more upon this subject. Do I ever thwart your wishes? Do I ever control your amusements? Do I ever dictate to your affections? You may marry, if you will, the veriest boor in Nienburg: your destiny will be of your own seeking, and you are old enough to exert your free-will; but I will be equally unfettered. I respected the prejudices of my mother, because she *was* my mother; but I will brook no more womanly dictation. Be warned in time."

"The daughter of a fisherman!" exclaimed the lady, scornfully, as she raised her eyes to his.

The young count sprang a pace towards her, with a red spot burning upon either cheek; but he instantly checked himself, and said, with a laugh of bitter scorn, "Even so, my lady countess, the daughter of a fisherman; and you have yet to learn that the subtle essence which men call mind can be diffused through the being of a fisher's daughter as freely and fully as though that of a landgrave's heiress; that the sublime —"

"Supper waits, Herr Graf," said his sister, rising haughtily from her seat, and leading the way to an inner apartment.

The meal passed in silence. The presence of the servants prevented any allusion to the subject which occupied the minds of both, and neither was willing to make an effort to banish it. Under such circumstances it is, therefore, scarcely surprising that on their return to the drawing-room the brother and sister at once recurred to the obnoxious theme.

It is, however, time that we should explain to the reader the position of the noble orphans. Count Elric Königstein was the last representative of a proud and ancient family, which, originally both powerful and wealthy, had become impoverished by the loyalty and improvidence of its chiefs, and, as a natural consequence, had lost its influence with its riches. *Geschenke halten die Freundschaft warm* had for generations been the motto of their race; and they had so long been distinguished for an open hand and an ungrudging generosity, that at length they found themselves with nothing more to give.

The Thirty Years' War had cost Count Elric the small remains of the family treasure and the life of his father; and he

found himself, at the age of sixteen, under the tutelage of his mother, with, for all patrimony, the house at Nienburg, a small estate in the neighborhood, and the moiety of her jointure, scrupulously divided between himself and his sister at the death of their last parent. The young man, like all the other males of his race, panted for a military life; but the old Countess von Königstein positively negatived his inclination. He was the last hope of the family; and as she looked upon the noble promise of his magnificent person, she had proud dreams of the total restoration of their house by his alliance with some high-born and wealthy heiress.

Meanwhile, the high-spirited Elric led what was, for him, a life of slow torture. Denied the education suited to his rank by the utter inability of the countess to meet the expense of one of the universities, he was placed under the care and tuition of a priest attached to the principal church of Nienburg, and soon mastered the very limited stock of erudition which was boasted by the good father, while his hours at home were even more heavy and unprofitable. Disappointed in her ambition, crippled in her means, and soured by her trials, the widowed countess, weak in mind and tyrannical by nature, expended upon trifles the energy and order which were better suited to matters of importance. Her pleasure ground was typical of her whole life. She had not one enlarged idea; not one great perception; but pressed her iron rod upon rushes and weeds. All was monotony and submissiveness in the old mansion; and it will be easily understood that an under-current of lassitude and disgust soon destroyed the beautiful unity of nature which is so blessed an attribute of the young. Father Eberhard preached obedience to the revolting spirit of the youth, and he obeyed in so far as by word and action he could follow the counsel he received, but in the depths of his spirit he rebelled. No word of encouragement, no sentence of endearment, ever escaped the pinched lips of the countess. Like many other weak persons, she believed that dignity consisted in an absence of all concession, and gratified her vanity by adopting as her creed that an absence of rebuke should satisfy all around her, but that none should venture to presume upon her indulgence.

In this dreary way did she fritter away her age, but the evil did not end there; for she wasted along with it the fresh youth

and pure spirits of her children, already sufficiently unfortunate from their exceptional position. In her daughter she found a docile pupil; nor did Stephanie resist, even when her mother dashed the cup of happiness from her lips by refusing her consent to a marriage which would have crowned her dearest hopes. The suitor, unexceptionable as he was in point of character, income, and disposition, failed in exhibiting—like the Königsteins—his nine quarterings, and was rejected accordingly. Stephanie, as we have said, submitted; but she was blighted in heart from that day forth; and—last and worst misery for the young—she ceased to hope in the future. What could it offer to her which would remedy the past? And with her occasional bursts of cheerfulness fled the sole charm of home to her boy-brother. Yet still he controlled himself, for his was not a nature to waste its strength on trifles which he felt to be unworthy of the strife. There was a fire within, but it was buried deep beneath the surface, like that of a volcano, which, suffering even for years the vicinity of man and of man's works, slowly collects its deadly power, and then in one dread effort spreads ruin and desolation on all within its influence.

At length the countess died, and her children mourned for her as we all mourn over accustomed objects of which we are suddenly deprived. They missed her every day and every hour; they missed her harsh and cold accents; they missed her imperious orders; her minute reproaches; her restless movements. They felt themselves alone; abandoned to self-government after years of unquestioning subjection; the world of their own home appeared too vast to them when they were called upon to inhabit it without the presence of the ruling spirit which had hitherto sufficed to fill its void. Nor did the orphans draw more closely together as they walked away, hand in hand, from beside the grave of their last parent. They had no longer a feeling in common. Stephanie was like the tree prostrated by the lightning, and crushed into the earth by the weight of its own fall: Elric was like the sturdy sapling braving the tempest, and almost wooing it to burst, that he might feel its wild breath rioting among the leaves which now lay hushed and motionless upon their boughs. Moreover, debarred the healthful and exciting exercises of her brother, the young countess had never passed a day, and scarcely an

hour, beyond her mother's presence; and, careless of herself, she had necessarily followed the monotonous routine of her home duties, until she had ceased to see to how poor and pitiful a result the majority of them led. The spring of her life—if such a life can be said ever to have had a spring—was over; the little vanities of her sex had ceased to occupy her; and she pursued the same dreary round of occupations and anxieties, eventually as much from choice as custom.

If Elric, as he turned away from his mother's grave, hoped for a brighter home or a more congenial companionship, it was not long ere he was fully undeceived. Nothing could arouse Stephanie from the moral torpor into which she had fallen; and, never doubting that her privilege of eldership would leave her right of control unquestioned, she endeavored to compel her young and fiery brother to the same wearisome, heart-sickening monotony of which she had herself long ceased to feel the bitterness. In this attempt she was destined, however, signally to fail. Crippled as he was in his worldly career by the comparative poverty in which he found himself, Elric was, nevertheless, like the wounded eagle, which, although it cannot soar against the sun, may still make its aërie in the free air and upon the mountain-heights. His strength was crushed but not subdued. It is impossible to say what he might have been had his impetuous passions been diffused and rightly directed. The leaping torrent may be diverted into a channel, and turned to purposes of usefulness, in which its headlong fury, exhausting itself by degrees, may leave it to flow on ultimately in a clear and placid stream; while, unheeded and unguided, it must prove only a source of ruin and destruction. And such was the moral condition of Count Elric. He felt his strength, but he was yet ignorant of its power, and utterly unskilled in its control.

Many years, however, had passed over the orphans in dreamy listlessness. Once the young man had endeavored to condole with his sister upon the heart-stroke inflicted by the prejudices of their mother; but his sympathy awakened no response in her cicatrized heart. She even applauded the rigor which had saved her from the remorse of disgracing her family, and urged upon him the necessity of being careful that her sacrifice should not be made in vain.

This was the last attempt of Elric to open up the springs of family affection: and he felt his failure the more bitterly, that he yearned for a companionship of spirit. Even the worthy Father Eberhard was lost to him; for he had been called to a distant mission and had quitted Nienburg, in all probability, for ever. He looked around him, and envied the busy inhabitants of the little town, who pursued alike their avocations and their amusements in common; while he sighed as he remembered that from these he was alike shut out. He could not, now that he had attained the age of manhood, volunteer a partnership in the social occupations of the plebeian citizens with whom he had been forbidden all association during his youth, and with whom he could now never hope to meet upon equal terms.

The solitary young man turned, in his isolation, to Nature; and Nature is a marvellous comforter to those who can appreciate her consolations and her endearments. He threw aside his books; they had long ceased to afford him either amusement or instruction; he abandoned his sister to her solitary home. She scarcely seemed to remark his absence, save when it interfered with the clock-work regularity of the little household; and he rushed away to the forest depths, and flung himself down beneath the shadows of the tall trees, and thought until thought became madness; and then he seized his gun, and pursued the game through the tangled underwood, until, in fatigue of body he, forgot his bitterness of soul; or plunged once more into the sunshine, and paddling his boat into the centre of the stream, waged war upon the finny tribes that peopled it. His return, when laden with these spoils, was always welcome to the countess, for she was too good a housewife not to appreciate such an assistance to their slender means; but suddenly this resource, upon which she had begun to calculate in her daily arrangements, failed her all at once; nor could Elric, when questioned upon the subject, offer such reason for his defection as tended to satisfy her mind. With the true perception of a woman, she felt that there was a mystery. Where could Elric spend the long hours in which he was daily absent from home? and with whom?

Suddenly a suspicion grew upon her, and a deep crimson flush overspread her usually pale cheek as she began, with a

beating heart, to take a mental survey of her distant neighborhood.

"It cannot be the gräfine Rosa," she murmured to herself: "for although Elric could row to the schloss in three hours, he could not return in the same time against the current; nor would the proud countess encourage him: he is too poor. No, no—it cannot be the gräfine Rosa. Baron Kadschan's daughter?—Equally impossible. Elric has no horses, and there are five long leagues between us. Constance von Harthem?—Still more improbable. She is to take the vows next year in Our Lady of Mercy. Poor, too, as himself, and as noble. No, no, her family would not permit it. And we know none other! Unless, indeed, the dark-eyed daughter of the Burgomeister of Nienburg. But I am mad—he DARE not!—I would rather see him stretched out yonder in the death-valley."

The eye of the proud countess flamed, and the deep red glow burned on her cheek and brow; she clenched her slender hands tightly together, and her breath came thick and fast; but she soon controlled her emotion, and whispered to herself with a bitter laugh, which sounded strangely in that silent room, "No, no, he DARE not."

## CHAPTER II.

"Whist, whist, Mina; here is the Herr Graf!"

A joyous and graceful peal of laughter was the sole, and evidently incredulous reply to this warning. There was no mistaking the origin of that melodious mirth: you felt at once that the lips from which it had gushed were fresh, and rich, and youthful; and that the eyes which danced in their own light as it rang out were eyes such as poets dream of when they have visions of a world unknown of sin.

"Once more, Mina, dear Mina, I vow by my patron-saint! here is the Herr Graf."

These words were uttered by a young girl in the costume of a peasant, with a round, good-humored, sun-burnt face, bare arms, bronzed by exposure to the weather, and one of those stunted and muscular figures which seem to herald an existence of toil and hardship. She was standing near a cluster of marsh-willows which overshadowed a little runlet, that, descending from the height above the town, swept onward to the river. As Elric, for it was of

him that she spoke, reached the spot, a second figure sprang from a sitting position, and stood before him. The young count started, and forgetting that he was in the presence of two mere peasant girls, with intuitive courtesy withdrew his cap. Well might he start; for such a vision as that upon which he looked had never before met his eyes.

It was that of a young girl in the first dawn of her beauty. The glow of fifteen summers was on her cheek, the light of heaven dwelt in the depths of her dark blue eyes, whose lashes, long and lustrous, tempered without concealing their brightness. A flood of hair of that precious shade of auburn which seems to catch the sunbeams, and to imprison them in its glowing meshes, fell upon her finely developed shoulders, which were partially bare. Her little feet, moulded like those of an antique nymph, and gleaming in their whiteness through the limpid waves by which they were bathed, were also necessarily uncovered; one small delicate hand still grasped, and slightly lifted the coarse, but becoming drapery in which she was attired. Her figure was perfect, and bending slightly forward, half in fear and half in shame, looked as though a sound would startle and impel it into flight. The lips, parted by the same impulse, revealed teeth like ivory; and the whole aspect and attitude of the girl was so lovely that Canova might have created his masterpiece after such a model.

For an instant there was silence, but only for an instant; for, his first surprise over, the young count sprang forward and offered his hand to the fair maid to lead her to the bank. She obeyed without remonstrance, for so great an honor had rendered her powerless to resist; and, in the next moment she stood beside him, with her small white feet half-buried among the yielding grass.

Who cannot guess the sequel of such a meeting? Intoxicated by her beauty, thrilled by her graceful simplicity, an hour had not passed ere Elric had forgotten the nine-quarterings of the Königsteins and the real position of the fisherman's daughter. A new world had developed itself to the fascinated recluse. Hitherto, he had dwelt only amid coldness and restraint; no kindred spirit had awakened at his touch; no heart had throbbed beneath his gaze. Now, he saw a fair cheek glow and a bright eye sink under his praise; he felt the trembling of the little hand which he

grasped within his own; and he began to understand that he was not alone on earth.

The father of Mina was poor, very poor. Her mother was dead. She was the one pet lamb which to the fisher was dearer than the flock of the rich man: she was the child of his age and of his prayers; the light of his narrow dwelling; the sunbeam of his home.\* He was not long ere he heard of the meeting under the alder-trees; and poor and powerless as he was, he resolved, as he kissed the pure brow of his daughter when she lay down to rest, to remonstrate with the Herr Graf, that his pure one might be left unto him pure. He did so on the morrow, when once more, Mina and Elric had met beside the mountain-stream. The girl was there because the count had made her promise to meet him; and he, because his whole soul was already wrapped up in the peasant-maiden. They were sitting side by side, and hand in hand, when the old fisher came upon them; and they both looked up, Mina with a blush, and Elric with a smile, but neither shrank beneath the stern and anxious eye of the old man.

"Is this well, Herr Graf?" asked the father, in a voice which was full of tears; "the strong against the weak, the rich against the poor, the proud against the humble? Have pity upon me, I have but her."

"And she is worth all the world, old man," replied Elric calmly; "possessed of her, *you* are the rich, the strong, and the proud. I was alone until I found her."

"And now, my lord count?"

"Now she must be mine."

The sturdy fisher clenched his hand, and moved a pace nearer to the young noble.

Elric sprang to his feet and grasped the convulsed hand.

"She has promised, and she will perform: will *you* condemn me again to solitude and to despair?"

"My lord count," gasped the grey-haired man; "heaven knows how I have toiled to keep a roof above her head, and comfort at her hearth; and my labor has been light, for her evening welcome has more than paid me for the struggle of the day. Leave us then in peace. Do not make me weep over the shame I may not have the power to avert."

"You are her father," murmured Elric

passionately, as his large eyes flashed, and his lips quivered; "or you should not live again to couple her name with the idea of shame. Mina shall be my wife!"

The astonished fisherman staggered as though he had been struck by a heavy hand.

"Your wife, Herr Graf! You dream! Mina can never be your wife. Your name is the noblest that has ever met her ear. You dwell in a palace, and may stand before the emperor. And what is she?"

"My affianced bride!" said the young count proudly: "my life had become a bitter burden, and she has turned it to one long dream of delight; the future was a vision of which I feared to dwell upon the darkness; she is the sunbeam which has brought day into the gloom, and spread before me a long perspective of happiness. Talk not to me of my proud name; I would I had been born a cotter's son, that so I might have had fellowship with my kind."

Mina only wept.

"Surely I dream!" murmured the old man, passing his hard hand across his brow. "My child is so young—so ignorant."

"I will be her tutor."

"So unfitted to be the wife of a noble."

"I am poor enough to be a peasant."

"I shall die if I am left desolate."

"You shall be her father and my father; her friend and my friend." While he spoke Elric bent his knee, and drew Mina to his bosom; and as the beams of the declining sun fell upon the group, the long shadow of the old man rested upon the kneeling pair. The aged fisher bent his grep head and wept.

No vows were plighted: none were needed; and henceforth the whole soul of Elric was wrapped up in his peasant-love. One only weight pressed upon his spirit. He remembered the prejudices of his sister, and shrank before the bitter scorn with which he well knew that she would visit the timid and unoffending Mina. This was the only evil from which he felt powerless to screen her. That the cold and proud Countess Stephanie and the fisher's daughter could share one common home, he did not dare to hope; yet his roof must be the shelter of his young bride; nor could he contemplate the departure of his sister from the dwelling of her ancestors without a

pang of anguish; he felt that she would go forth only to die. This conviction made a coward of him; and he left her knowledge of his defalcation to chance.

It was not long ere a rumor reached her of the truth, but she spurned it in haughty disbelief. It could not be—day and night might change their course, and the stars of heaven spring to earthly life amid the green sward of the swelling hills—but a Königstein to wed with a peasant!—No—no—the young countess remembered her own youth, and laughed the tale to scorn. Still she watched, and pondered over the long and profitless absences of Elric; and still her midnight dreams were full of vague and terrible visions; when at length she was compelled to admit the frightful truth.

Had the gräfine been a woman of energy and impetuous passions, she would have become insane under the blow; but she had passed a life of self-centred submissiveness; and if the thunder was indeed awakened, it reverberated only in the depths of her spirit, and carried no desolation upon its breath. Cold, uncompromising, and resolute, she had gradually become under the example of her mother and the force of circumstances. The one great end of her existence was now the honor of her race, of which she was only the more jealous as their poverty rendered it the more difficult to uphold. All else had been denied to her; a home of loving affection, the charm of social intercourse, the pleasures of her sex and of her rank—she had grasped nothing but the overweening pride of ancestry, and a deep scorn for all who were less nobly born.

The last bolt had now fallen! Months passed on; months of dissension, reproach, and bitterness. For awhile she hoped that what she deemed the wild and unworthy fancy of her brother would not stand the test of time: nay, in her cold-hearted pride, she perhaps had other and more guilty hopes, but they were equally in vain. Mina was daily more dear to the young count, for she had opened up to him an existence of affection and of trust to which he had been hitherto a stranger; his time was no longer a burden upon his strength. The days were too short for the bright thoughts which crowded upon him, the nights for his dreams of happiness. Mina had already become his pupil, and they studied beside the running streams and under the leafy boughs; and when the page was too difficult to read, the young girl lifted her

sun-bright eyes to those of her tutor, and found its solution there.

The lovers cared not for time, for they were happy; and the seasons had once revolved, and when the winter snows had forbidden them to pursue their daily task in the valley or upon the hill-side, the last descendant of the counts of Königstein had taken his place beside the fisher's hearth, without bestowing one thought upon its poverty. But the father's heart was full of care. Already had idle tongues breathed foul suspicions of his pure and innocent child. She was becoming the subject of a new legend for the gossips of the neighborhood; and he was powerless to avenge her. Humble himself as he might to their level, the fisherman could not forget that it was the young Graf von Königstein who was thus domesticated beneath his roof; and as time wore on, he trembled to think how all this might end. Should he even preserve the honor of his beloved Mina, her peace of mind would be gone for ever, and she would be totally unfitted for the existence of toil and poverty, which was her birthright. He could not endure this cruel thought for ever in silence, and on the evening in which we have introduced the orphans to our readers, he had profited by the temporary absence of Mina to pour out before the young count all the treasure of wretchedness which he had so long concealed. Elric started as the frightful fact burst upon him. He had already spurned the world's sneer, but he could not brook that its scorn should rest upon his innocent young bride.

"Enough, old man!" he said, hoarsely; "enough. These busy tongues shall be stayed. These wonder-mongers shall be silenced. And when once Mina has become my wife, woe be to him who shall dare to couple her pure image with suspicion!"

He left the hut with a hasty step, and was soon lost among the dense shadows of the neighboring forest. A bitter task was before him, but it was too late to shrink from its completion; yet still he lingered, for he dared not picture to himself what might be the result of his explanation with his sister.

We have already described their meeting; and now, having acquainted the reader with the excited state of mind and feeling in which the young count entered his dreary home, we will rejoin the noble orphans in the apartment to which they had returned from the supper-room. The

countess at once resumed her seat beside the stove, and drawing her frame towards her, affected to be intently occupied on the elaborate piece of embroidery which it contained; but Elric had less self-government. He paced the floor with hurried and unequal steps: and the moisture started to his brow as he strove to control the emotion which shook his frame. At length he spoke, and his voice was so hoarse, so deep, and so unnatural, that the young gräfin involuntarily started.

"Stephanie!" he said; "the moment is at last come in which we must understand each other without disguise. We are alone in the world—we are strangers in heart—as utterly strangers as on the day when we buried our last parent. I sought in vain, long years ago, to draw the bond of relationship closer, but such was not your will. You had decided that my youth and my manhood alike should be one long season of weariness and isolation. I utter no reproach, it was idle in me to believe that without feeling for yourself you could feel for me. You knew that I had no escape, that I had no resource; but you cared not for this, and you have lived on among the puerilities of which you have made duties, and the prejudices of which you have made chains of iron, without remembering their effect on me. I have endured this long, too long; I have endured it uncomplainingly, but the limits of that endurance are now overpast. Henceforth we must be more, far more, or nothing to each other."

"I understand your meaning, Gräfin von Königstein," said the lady, rising coldly and haughtily from her seat; "there is to be a bridal beneath the roof of your noble ancestors; the daughter of a serf is to take our mother's place and to sit in our mother's chair. Is it not so? Then hear me in my turn; and I am calm, you see, for this is an hour for which I have been long prepared. Hear me swear that, while I have life, this shall never be!"

There was rage as well as scorn in the laughter by which the count replied.

"Beneath the roof of my father was I born," pursued the countess; "and beneath his roof will I die. I, at least, have never sullied it by one thought of dishonor. I can look around me boldly, upon these portraits of our honored race, for the spirits of the dead will not blush over my degeneracy. Mistake me not. My days shall end here where they began; and no



churl's daughter shall sit with me at my ancestral hearth."

"Stephanie, Stephanie, forbear!" exclaimed the count, writhing like one in physical agony. "You know not the spirit that you brave. Hitherto I have been supine, for hitherto my existence has not been worth a struggle; to-day it is otherwise; I will submit no longer to a code of narrow-hearted bigotry. You say truly. There will ere long be a bridal in my father's house, and purer or fairer bride never pledged her faith to one of his ancient race."

"None fairer, perchance," said the lady with a withering gesture of contempt; "but profane not the glorious blood that fills your veins, and that ought now to leap in hot reproach to your false heart, by slandering the blameless dead! Purer, said you? The breath of slander has already fastened upon the purity you seek to vaunt. Your miracle of virtue has long been the proverb of the chaste."

The young man struck his brow heavily with his clenched hand, and sank into a chair.

"Once more," he gasped out, "I warn you to beware. You are awakening a demon within me! Do you not see, weak woman, that you are yourself arming me with weapons against your pride? If slander has indeed rested upon the young and innocent head of her whom you affect to despise, by whom did that slander come?"

"Herein we are at least agreed," answered the countess, in the same cold and unimpassioned tone in which she had all along spoken; "had you, Herr Graf, never forgotten what was due to yourself and to your race, the fisher's daughter might have mated with one of her own class, and so have escaped; but you saw fit to drag her forth from the slough which was her natural patrimony into the light, that scorn might point its finger at her and blight her as it passed her by."

"Could I but learn whose was that devilish finger—could I but know who first dared to breathe a whisper against her fair fame—"

"What vengeance would you wreak upon the culprit, Count von Königstein? Suppose I were to tell you that it was I, who to screen the honor of our house, to screen your own, rebutted the rumor which was brought to me of your mad folly, and bade the gossips look closer ere they

dared to couple your name with that of a beggar's child? Suppose that others spoke upon that hint, do you deem that I am likely to tremble beneath your frown?"

"Devil!" muttered the young man from between his clenched teeth; "you may have cause! Thus, then, gräfine, you have dishonored your sister," he said after a pause.

The lady threw back her head scornfully.

"Do you still persist?" she asked, as her heavy brow gathered into a storm.

"Now more than ever. Those who have done the wrong shall repair it, and that speedily. You have declared that you will die beneath the roof of your ancestors; be it so: but that roof shall be shared by your brother's wife; and woe be to them who cause the first tear that she shall shed here!"

"Madman and fool!" exclaimed the exasperated countess, whose long pent-up passions at length burst their bounds, and swept down all before them: "complete this disgraceful compact if you dare! Remember, that although your solitary life might have enabled you to marry without the interference of the Emperor, had you chosen a wife suited to your birth and rank, one word from me will end your disgraceful dream; or should you still persist you will exchange your birthplace for a prison. This word should have been said ere now, but that I shrank from exposing your degeneracy; trust no longer, however, to my forbearance: the honor of our race is in my hands, and I will save it at whatever cost. Either pledge yourself upon the spot to forego this degrading fancy, or the sun of to-morrow shall not set before I depart for Vienna."

Elric gasped for breath. He well knew the stern and unflinching nature of his sister, she felt that he was indeed in her power. The whole happiness of his future life hung upon that hour, but he scorned to give a pledge which he had not the strength, nay more, which he had no longer even the right, to keep.

"Beware, Stephanie, beware!" he exclaimed in a tone of menace; "beware alike of what you say and of what you do; for you are rapidly bursting the bonds by which we are united."

"You have yourself already done so," was the bitter retort; "when you sought to make me share your affection with a base-born hind's daughter, you released

me from those ties which I no longer recognise."

"Are you seeking to drive me to extremity?"

"I am endeavoring to awaken you to a sense of duty and of honor."

"Stephanie, we must part! The same roof can no longer cover us. You have aroused an evil spirit within my breast which I never knew abided there. Take your inheritance and depart."

"Never! I have already told you that I have sworn to live and die under this roof, and that while I have life you shall be saved from dishonor. You dare not put me forth, and I will perform my vow."

"Gräfine, I am the master here!"

"It may be so, and yet I despise your menace. We will talk no more on this hateful subject."

"On this or none. If you remain here, you remain as the associate of my wife."

"Never! And were my eyes once profaned by her presence within these walls, she would have cause to curse the hour in which she entered them."

"Ha!"

"Nature, the laws of your class, and the custom of your rank, oppose so glaring a degradation; nor am I more forbearing than Nature, custom, and the law. My determination is irrevocable."

"It may be that it is of slight importance," said the young noble, as he turned upon her eyes whose pupils were dilated, and seemed slightly tinged with blood. "I cannot condescend to further entreaty or expostulation. We now understand each other."

As he ceased speaking the countess re-seated herself, with a sarcastic smile playing about her lip, but the tempest which was raging in the breast of Elric was frightful. His hands were so tightly clenched that the blood had started beneath the nails. The reins of his throat and forehead were swollen like cords, and his thin lips were livid and trembling. As he passed athwart the apartment he suddenly paused; a deadly paleness overspread his countenance, and he gasped for breath, and clung to a chair, like one suddenly smitten with paralysis. Then came a rush of crimson over his features, as though his heart had rejected the coward blood which had just fled to it, and flung it back as a damning witness to his burning brow. And still the lady wrought upon her tapestry with a steady hand beneath the broad light of the lamp; nor could

a line of passion be traced upon her calm, pale face.

Before the count retired to rest that night, he heard the voice of his sister desiring that a seat might be secured for her in the post-carriage which passed through Nienburg during the following day, on its way to Vienna. She had uttered no idle threat, and Elric was not ignorant of the stringency of that authority which she was about to evoke. Should his intended marriage once reach the ears of the emperor, Mina was lost for ever. Driven almost to frenzy, the young man raised in his powerful hand the heavy lamp which still burnt upon the table, and eagerly made the circuit of the room, pausing before each picture, as though still he hoped to find among those of his female ancestors a precedent for his own wild passion; but he looked in vain. Upon all he traced the elaborately-embazoned shield and the pompous title. He had long known that it was so; but at that moment he scrutinized them closely, as though he anticipated that a miracle would be wrought in his behalf. This done, he once more replaced the lamp on its accustomed stand; and after glaring for awhile into the flame, as if to brave the fire that burnt pale beside that which flashed from beneath his own dark brows, he walked slowly to a cabinet which occupied an angle of the apartment.

It contained a slender collection of shells and minerals, the bequest of Father Eberhard to his pupil on his departure from Nienburg; a few stuffed birds, shot and preserved by the count himself; and, finally, a few chemical preparations with which the good priest had tried sundry simple experiments as a practical illustration of his lessons. It was to this latter division of the cabinet that the young man directed his attention. He deliberately lighted a small taper at the lamp, and then drew from their concealment sundry phials, containing various colored liquids. Of these he selected one two-thirds full of a white and limpid fluid, which he placed in his breast; and this done, he extinguished his taper, returned it to its niche, and, closing the cabinet, threw himself into a chair, pale, haggard, and panting.

He had not been seated many seconds when, at the sound of an approaching step, he lifted his aching head from his arm, and endeavored to assume an appearance of composure. It was that of the venerable woman who had been the favorite attendant

of his mother, and who had, upon her marriage, followed her from her home, and ultimately become his nurse. A shuddering thrill passed through his veins, for he was awaiting her. She was accustomed each night, after his sister had retired, to prepare for both a draught of lemonade as their night-beverage, and first leaving one with her young master, to carry the other to the chamber of the countess. Her appearance was therefore anticipated; and she remained for an instant, as usual, in order to receive the praise which her beloved nursing never failed to lavish upon her skill; but, for the first time, Elric objected to the flavor of the draught, and requested her to bring him a lemon that he might augment its acidity. The discomfited old woman obeyed, and having deposited her salver upon the table, left the room. Elric started up, grasped a mass of his dishevelled hair in his hand with a violence which threatened to rend it from the roots, uttered one groan which seemed to tear asunder all the fibres of his heart, and then glared about him, rapidly but searchingly, ere he drew the fatal phial from his breast, and slowly, gloatingly poured out the whole of the liquid into the porcelain cup which had been prepared for his sister. As he did so, a slight acrid scent diffused itself over the apartment, but almost instantly evaporated, and the death-draught remained as clear and limpid as before.

"To-morrow!" murmured the wretched young man, as he watched the retiring form of the grey-haired attendant when she finally left the room; and then he once more buried his face in his hands, and fell into a state of torpor.

"To-morrow!" he repeated, as he at length rose, staggering, to seek his chamber. "Mina, beloved Mina, I have bought you at a fearful price!"

### CHAPTER III.

The voice of lamentation was loud upon the morrow in that ancient house. The Countess Stephanie had ceased to exist. The aged nurse had drawn back the curtains of the window, that her mistress might, as usual, be awakened by the cheerful sunlight; but she was no longer conscious of its beams. She lay upon her bed, pale, placid, and unchanged, like one who had passed from the calm slumber of repose to the deep sleep of death. One hand pillowed her cheek, and the other still clasped her

rosary. Death had touched her lovingly, for there was almost a smile upon her lips; and the hard lines which the world traces upon the countenance had disappeared beneath his gentle pressure.

The count stood gloomily beside her bed, awaiting the arrival of the physician who had been summoned. He trembled violently, but he was surrounded by the voice of wailing and the sight of tears; he had lost his only sister, his last relative. How, then, could he have remained unmoved? The physician came; he felt the small and rounded wrists, but there was no pulsation: he bared the white and beautiful arm to the shoulder, and applied the lancet, but the blood had ceased to circulate in the blue veins. The man of science shook his head, and extended his hand in sympathy to the anxious brother. The catastrophe, he said, was subject of regret to him rather than of surprise. The young gräfine had long suffered from an affection of the heart. A little sooner or a little later the blow must have fallen. It was a mere question of time. All human aid was useless. And so he departed from the house of mourning.

The few individuals of Nienburg and its immediate neighborhood who were privileged to intrude at such a moment, crowded to the mansion to offer their condolences to the young graf, and to talk over the sudden and melancholy death of his sister; and meanwhile, Elric, unable to rest for an instant in the same place, wandered through the desolate apartments, tearless and silent, occasionally lifting the different articles which had belonged to Stephanie in his trembling hands, and looking intently upon them, as though he dreaded to behold the characters of his crime traced upon their surface.

The German ceremonial of interment is complicated and minute, and all persons of high birth are expected to conform to it in every particular. Among the rites which precede burial is one which, trying as it cannot fail to prove to the principal actor, must, nevertheless, greatly tend to tranquilize the minds of the survivors. It is necessary that we should describe this.

For four-and-twenty hours the corpse remains beneath the roof where the death has taken place, and while there all the affecting offices necessary to its final burial are performed. This time elapsed, it is carried to the cemetery, and laid, in its winding-sheet, upon a bed in the inner apartment of the low stone building to which, in our

description of the death-valley of Nienburg, we have already made allusion. This solitary erection consists only of two rooms; that in which the body is deposited is called the Hall of Resurrection, and contains no other furniture than the bed itself and a bell-rope, the end of which is placed in the hand of the corpse. This cord is attached to a bell which rings in the next room, and which is thence called the Chamber of the Bell. Thus, should it occur that the friends of an individual may have been deceived, and have mistaken lethargy for death, and that the patient should awake during the night (for the body must remain all night in this gloomy refuge), the slightest movement which he may make necessarily rings the bell, and he obtains instant help. It is customary for the nearest relative to keep this dreary watch; and from a beautiful sentiment, which must almost tend to reconcile the watcher to his ghostly task, he is fated to watch there alone, that it may be he who calls back the ebbing life, and that none may share in a joy so holy and so deep—a joy, moreover, so rare and so un hoped for!

The long day, and the still longer night in which the Countess Stephanie lay dead beneath the roof she had so revered throughout her life, passed over; and all the pompous accessories which could be commanded in so obscure a neighborhood were secured to do honor to her obsequies. The mournful train moved slowly onward to the cemetery, where a grave had already been prepared for her beside her mother; and, passing near the spot where she was finally to rest, entered the Hall of Resurrection, and gently and carefully stretched her upon the bed of gloom. The wildest of the mourners was the poor old nurse, who, with her grey hair streaming over her shoulders, and her dim eyes swollen with tears, knelt near the head of her mistress, and clasped her clay-cold hands. But it was the young count who was the centre of commiseration. The last four-and-twenty hours had done the work of years upon him; a sullen, leaden tinge had spread over his skin, his voice was deep and hollow, and his trembling hands could scarcely perform their offices. "No wonder!" ejaculated those who looked upon him; "for years they had been every thing to each other."

At length the funeral train departed, for the sun was setting. Elric listened in horror to their retreating footsteps, for he felt that he was soon to be alone. Alone with

what? With the dead, stretched there by his own hand—With his murdered sister! This was his companionship within; and without, graves, nothing but graves, sheeted corpses, and the yawning tomb which was awaiting his victim. The sweat rolled in large drops down the forehead of the young man. He had watched near the body of his mother in peace and prayer, for she had been taken from him, and he was innocent then, and full of hope; but now—now! He tottered to the window and looked out. The twilight was thickening, and the light came pale through the narrow leaded panes of the little casement. He glanced around the sepulchral chamber in which he was to pass the night. There was a small fire burning upon the open hearth at which he lighted his lamp, and a prayer-book lying upon the table, on which he vainly endeavored to concentrate his thoughts. At that moment he was beyond the reach of prayer! The strong man was bowed, body and spirit, beneath the pressure of his crime! Again and again he asked himself, with a pertinacity that bordered on delirium, what it was over which he watched? And again and again the question was answered in his own heart. Over his sister, his only surviving relative, murdered by his own hand. The murderer was watching beside his victim!

At intervals he strove against the horror by which he was oppressed; he endeavored to rally the pride of his sex and of his strength. What could he fear? The dead are powerless over the living; and yet, fiercer and sharper came the memory that his crime had been gratuitous, for had he not been told that the death which he had given must ere long have come? "A little sooner, or a little later," had said the man of science. Oh, had he only waited, promised, temporised; but all was now too late! She lay there cold, pale, stark, within a few paces of him, and tears of blood could not recall the dead!

It was the close of autumn, and as the sun set, masses of lurid and sulphureous clouds gathered upon the western horizon, but save an occasional sweep of wind which moaned through the funeral trees, all remained still, buried in that ringing silence which may be heard; and the moon, as yet untouched by the rising vapors, gleamed on the narrow window of the cell, and cast upon the floor the quivering shadows of the trees beside it. But at length came midnight, the moon was veiled in clouds, and

a sweeping wind rushed through the long grass upon the graves, and swayed to and fro the tall branches of the yews and cypresses; next came the sound of falling rain, large, heavy drops, which plashed upon the foliage, and then fell with a sullen reverberation upon the dry and thirsty earth. Gradually the storm increased; and ere long, as the thunder began to growl hoarsely in the distance, it beat angrily against the diamond panes, and dropped in a shower from the eaves of the little building. Elric breathed more freely. This elemental warfare was more congenial to his troubled spirit than the fearful silence by which it had been preceded. He tried to think of Mina; but as though her pure and innocent image could not blend with the objects around him, he found it impossible to pursue a continuous chain of thought. Once more he bent over the book before him, but as he turned the page a sudden light filled the narrow chamber, and through the sheeted glare sprang a fierce flash, which for a moment seemed to destroy his power of vision. He rose hurriedly from his chair; the thunder appeared to be bursting over his head, the lightning danced like fiery demons across the floor, the wind howled and roared in the wide chimney; and suddenly, as he stood there, aghast and conscience-stricken, a sharp blast penetrating through some aperture in the walls, extinguished his solitary lamp. At this instant the bell rang.

"The Bell!" shouted the young count, like a maniac,—**"THE BELL!"** And then, gaining strength from his excess of horror, he laughed as wildly as he had spoken. "Fool that I am! Is not such a wind as this enough to shake the very edifice from its foundation? and am I scared because it has vibrated along a wire? Has not the same blast put out my lamp? All is still again. My own thoughts have made a coward of me!"

As he uttered these words, another and a brighter flash shot through the casement and ran along the wire, and again the bell rang out; but his eye had been upon it, and he could no longer cheat himself into the belief that he had endeavored to create. The fiery vapor had disappeared, but still louder and louder rang the bell, as though pulled by a hand of agony.

Elric sank helpless to his knees. At every successive flash he saw the violent motion of the bell which hung above him, and as the darkness again gathered about

the cell, he still heard the maddening peal, which seemed to split his brain.

"Light! light!" he moaned at last, as he rose painfully from the floor. "I must have light, or I shall become a raving maniac."

And then he strove to re-illumine the lamp; but his shaking hand ill obeyed the impulse of his frenzied will. And still, without the intermission of a second, the bell rang on. At length he obtained a light, and staggering to the wall, he fixed his eyes upon the frightful wire.

"It stretches," he muttered, unconsciously; "still it stretches, and there is no wind now; there is a lull. Some one must be pulling it from the other chamber, and if so, it must be——"

His voice became extinct; he could not utter the name of his sister.

With a frantic gesture he seized the lamp and turned towards the door which opened into the death-chamber, and still the bell rang on, without the cessation of an instant. A short passage parted the two cells, and as he staggered onwards he was compelled to cling to the wall, for his knees knocked together, and he could scarcely support himself. At length he reached the inner door, and desperately flung it open. A chill like that which escapes from a vault fell upon his brow, and the sound of the bell pursued him still. He moved a pace forward, retreated, again advanced, and, finally, by a mighty effort, sprang into the centre of the chamber. One shrill and piercing cry escaped him, and the lamp fell from his hand.

"You are then here?" murmured a low and feeble voice. "You, Elric von Königstein, the renegade from honor, the sororicide, the would-be murderer! Yours is the affection which watches over my last hours on earth! The same hand which mixed the deadly draught is ready to lay me in the grave!"

As the words fell upon his ear, a vivid flash filled the room, and the count saw his sister sitting upright wrapped in her death-clothes. A deep groan escaped him.

"That draught was scarcely swallowed," pursued the voice, "ere I detected that it had been tampered with; but it was then too late to save myself, and, for the honor of our name, I shrank from denouncing you, though I felt at once that you were the murderer. But you were coward as well as sororicide. You have subjected me to all the agonies of death, and have not

merely condemned *me* to an after-life of suffering, but of suffering to us both, for I shall live on under the knowledge of the fate to which you destined me, and you beneath my irrevocable curse."

The last few sentences were uttered feebly and gaspingly, as though the strength of the speaker were spent, and then a heavy fall upon the bed betrayed to the horror-stricken Elric that some fresh catastrophe had occurred.

With the energy of despair he rushed from the room, and hastened to procure a light. A frightful spectacle met him on his return. Stephanie lay across the bed, with a portion of her funeral-dress displaced. The arm with which she had rung the fatal bell was that from which her medical attendant had striven to procure blood during her insensibility, and which, in preparing her for the grave, had been unbound. The violent exertion to which it had been subjected, added to the power of the poison that still lurked in her veins, had opened the wound, and ere the young count returned with the lamp she was indeed a corpse, with her white burial-garments dabbled in blood. The scene told its own tale on the morrow. She had partially awakened, and the result was evident. None knew, save he who watched beside her, that the fatal bell had rung!

The curse worked. Madness seized upon the wretched Elric, and for years he was a raving lunatic, who might at any moment be lashed into frenzy by the mere ringing of a bell.

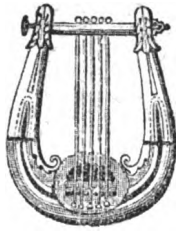
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**THE NEBULÆ.**—An announcement has been recently made, which renders it in the highest degree probable that all of that class of appearances in the heavens which have been known by the name of nebulae, and which have been represented as anomalous in many of their features, are not so; that the so-called nebulae have no existence whatever. We were aware, that some of the faint spots included under that name, had, on examination by the powerful telescope constructed by Lord Rosse, assumed an appearance which proved them to be vast clusters or firmaments of stars; had been, as it is called, resolved, or had put on the resolvable aspect. But those which, up to that time, had been examined, were almost entirely such as, lying on the furthest confines to which former instruments had penetrated, might have been in very many cases expected to prove not true nebulae, but very remote clusters: while others seemed at that time to defy resolution. It is now, however, announced that the

great nebulae in Orion, which is visible to the naked eye, and which retained the same aspect of a faint, diffused, irresolvable haze to Herschel's large reflector, has, when subjected to the still higher power of this searcher of the heavens, distinctly presented itself as a firmament of stars. And the resolution of this most decided of all the nebulae leaves very little probability that any other will be found to resist the powers of this instrument; that, in short, any such diffusion of unaggregated or aggregating matter as was defined by the name nebulae exists in the heavens.

The existence of these bodies has never before been doubted; though many rejected the hypothesis as to a formative process through which the heavenly orbs had passed, which had been founded on their existence and appearances; and others, while willing to give the hypothesis all the consideration due to it, as in the circumstances a most probable speculation, protested against the unwarrantable use which was being made of it as a proven generalization. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the whole nebulae speculation now falls to the ground; that, at least, whatever be the abstract probabilities in favor of its truth, inductive evidence for it can no longer be shown. —*British Quarterly Review*.

**SHOULD STUDY BE CONFINED TO ONE SUBJECT?**—In a series of lectures on the study of German Literature, delivered at Manchester by Mr. George Dawson of Birmingham, the following remarks (quoted from the *Manchester Examiner's* report) are made:—"Sometimes you heard men warning people against a dissipation of study, against studying too many things, and exhorting them to confine their attention to one thing. Now, up to a certain time, he considered that this was bad advice. He did not think that this should be the foundation of culture to those to whom literature was a secondary thing. They should in early life gather in a variety of knowledge—form, as it were, a good web—and then inweave the particular study which after-life required should be the pattern on the cloth. For a literary man, he need not say how necessary total culture was. He had before protested against fractional studies, as contradistinguished from a subdivision of labor in teaching. To exhort people to cultivate one branch of knowledge to the exclusion of every thing else, was like urging one man to direct his efforts solely to the strengthening of his right arm, another of his left, a third of his feet, and so on. One man recommended you to cultivate the exact sciences only, and hence society had been supplied with men who were mathematicians only—men whose gospel was a right angle, and whose religion was a circle. In other cases, men had become so engrossed with a particular study, that they would spend an enormous amount of time in settling the quantity of a Greek syllable, and write most elaborate treatises on the Greek digamma. A fully-cultured man could turn his attention to any thing; and, when fully cultured, he should turn to the division of labor which stern necessity imposed upon him. Sometimes, however, natural propensity would come in to check this. Nevertheless, we should all aim at what the Germans called "many-sidedness;" so that, whichever way we turned, there might be a polished side presented."



From Blackwood's Magazine.

### TRUTH AND BEAUTY.

BEAUTY and Truth in Heaven's congenial clime,  
Inseparate seen beside the Almighty throne,  
Together sprung, before the birth of time,  
From God's own glory, while he dwelt alone ;—  
These, when creation made its wonders known,  
Were sent to mortals, that their mingling powers  
Might lead and lure us to ethereal bowers.

But our perverse condition here below  
Oft sees them sever'd, or in conflict met :  
Oh, sad divorce! the well-spring of our woe,  
When Truth and Beauty thus their bond forget,  
And Heaven's high law is at defiance set!  
'Tis this that Good of half its force disarms,  
And gives to Evil all its dearest charms.

See Truth with harsh Austerity allied,  
Or clad in cynic garb of sordid hue :  
See him with Tyranny's fell tools supplied,  
The rack, the fagot, or the torturing screw ;  
Or girt with Bigotry's besotted crew,  
What wonder, thus beheld, his looks should move  
Our scorn or hatred, rather than our love?

See Beauty, too, in league with Vice and Shame,  
And lending all her light to gild a lie ;  
Crowning with laureate-wreaths an impious name,  
Or lulling us with Siren minstrelsy  
To false repose when peril most is nigh ;  
Decking things vile or vain with colors rare,  
Till what is false and foul seems good and fair.

Hence are our hearts bewilder'd in their choice,  
And hence our feet from Virtue led astray :  
Truth calls imperious with repulsive voice  
To follow on a steep and rugged way ;  
While Beauty beckons us along a gay  
And flowery path, that leads, with treacherous  
slope,  
To gulfs remote from happiness or hope.

Who will bring back the world's unblemish'd  
youth  
When these two wander'd ever hand in hand ;  
When Truth was Beauty, Beauty too was Truth,  
So link'd together with unbroken band,  
That they were one ; and Man, at their command,  
Tasted of sweets that never knew alloy,  
And trod the path of Duty and of Joy ?

Chiefly the Poet's power may work the change :  
His heavenly gift, impell'd by holy zeal,  
O'er Truth's exhaustless stores may brightly  
range,

And all their native loveliness reveal ;  
Nor e'er, except where Truth has set his seal,  
Suffer one gleam of Beauty's grace to shine,  
But in resistless force their lights combine.

From the Literary Gazette.

### A DAY OF SPRING.

Wild flowers, sweet friends of our youth and age,  
We come to your haunts again,  
Eager as birds that have burst the cage,  
Or steeds that have snapped the rein.  
Fill your bright cups in the balmy air :  
We have thirsted long for the draught they bear.

We have languished all for the sunny day  
That should call us back to the green-wood's  
shade ;  
Our *dreams* have been of the songster's glade,  
And starry showers of the fragrant May.  
The fairy moth, and the dark wild bee,  
Mingle together the gleaming wing ;  
And the squirrel skips from tree to tree ;  
And sunbeams dance in the pebbly spring.

Sweet are thy waters, O rippling pool !  
There do the first green cresses grow,  
And the Meadow-queen on thy margin cool  
Sheddeth perfume from her tuft of snow ;  
And there, on the sedgy bank beneath,  
Love's tender flower, with sorrowing eye,  
Is telling still of her true knight's death,  
Or looking above on her own blue sky.

Again in the mossy wood and glen  
We track our steps by the feathery fern,  
Startling awhile from her happy nest  
The thrush or the gentle wren.  
A graceful lesson of life we learn ;  
Happy and free our footsteps roam,  
Seeking and finding the violet's home ;  
But like the loved of our early day,  
Fairest and first, they have passed away.

Cuckoo—hark, 'tis the joyous sound !  
Bird of promise, we hear thee nigh,  
In the wood's green depths profound :  
Oh, welcome, child of a sunny sky !  
How could we trust capricious Spring,  
Though her bright garlands floated free,  
The flowering thorn, the balmy morn,  
Or e'en the dusky swallow's wing ?—  
Loved stranger, no—we looked for thee.

Welcome, with all things sweet and fair,  
 May's bright crown for beauty's brow,  
 Hope and health in the fresh pure air,  
 Blossom-fruits for the orchard-bough :  
 Say, have ye brought from the happy land  
 One charmed gift for a heart of care ?  
 I know ye have ; for, as flowers distilled,  
 My spirit with essence sweet is filled ;  
 I look around, and I gaze on high ;  
 My thoughts with a thrilling power expand—  
 I *feel* there is beauty and harmony.

Earnest, and faithful, and pardoning wrong,  
 Surely the heart, as an opening rose,  
 Touched by the season of bloom and song,  
 Sheddeth perfume as her leaves unclose.  
 Loved ones of earth, may ye soar and bring  
*Such gifts to Heaven in your days of spring !*

### THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

One of earth, and one of heaven,  
 They are strangely knit for aye ;  
 Harder are they to be riven  
 Than man's spirit from the clay.  
 Twin-born as the human birth,  
 Yet more strongly intertwined ;  
 Each, believe, is little worth  
 That the other doth not bind.

Start not, dreamer, at the thought,  
 Jove's Olympus touched the ground ;  
 And the rose, with odor fraught,  
 Wins it from the soil around.  
 " But in poetry and art,  
 And within the subtle brain,  
 The Ideal dwells apart,  
 There in majesty to reign ;"  
 Cries he with a lip upcurled,  
 And he asks with scornful air,  
 " The statue that enchants the world !  
 Think'st thou woman is as fair ?"

It may be, or it may not ;  
 But at least ye this will own—  
 Surely it has been your lot  
 Separate beauties to have known ?  
 Here a lip, and there a finger,  
 Now a brow or swan-like throat,  
 That within the mem'ry linger,  
 And like fairy visions float.  
 This, then, is the bright Ideal  
 Which—oh, never lose the clue—  
 While it borrows from the Real,  
 Is itself for ever true !

Cold unto the poet's heart,  
 Words—that do imprison thought ;  
 Bars—that show us but a part  
 Of the glory he has caught.  
 Yet he knows that human feeling  
 Is the one exhaustless mine,  
 Though the gold of his revealing,  
 Worldling, never can be thine.  
 Nature in her fairest mood,  
 Or her sternest, still is real ;

Nature, *then*, by poet woo'd,  
 Leads him to the true ideal.

Can he think a lofty deed  
 Which has not been acted o'er ?  
 Oh, a human heart to read,  
 Is, of all, the deepest lore.  
 And the real, real world  
 Is, since first was poet here,  
 In the bright ideal furled,  
 As the earth in atmosphere.  
 'Tis the air the spirit breathes,  
 If I read the thing aright,  
 Which all radiant thought enwreathes,  
 Shedding round us spirit-light.

From the Metropolitan.

### THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I stood within the cottage door  
 One sunny morn in May,  
 Its feeble inmate, old and poor,  
 In Death's embraces lay ;  
 And o'er the corpse a maiden fair  
 Inclined her bright young head,  
 Closely they held communion there—  
 The Living and the Dead !

The Dead—how rigid was that form,  
 How fixed those glassy eyes !  
 The Living—that soft cheek was warm  
 With rich and roseate dyes ;  
 Dark ringlets o'er her forehead white  
 In wild luxuriance broke,  
 And from her eye's deep azure light  
 The soul within her spoke.

She dwelt in glittering halls of state,  
 Yet these she valued not,  
 Loving to leave the gay and great,  
 And seek the rustic cot ;  
 And often had she knelt and prayed  
 Beside that lowly bed,  
 Where now in patient love she stay'd,  
 Abiding with the Dead.

There, with inquiring eyes she stood,  
 Those pale changed looks to trace,  
 While her soft ebony tresses flow'd  
 O'er the cold lifeless face ;  
 And earnestly I watch'd the scene,  
 Nor moved, nor spoke,—in dread  
 To break that holy bond between  
 The Living and the Dead !

I wept—in heaviness I wept ;  
 Not for the cottage dame  
 Who there securely, calmly slept—  
 Her worn and feeble frame  
 Reposed in peace—I knew her min  
 Had Christian faith possess'd,  
 And freely, gladly, I resign'd  
 The weary to her rest.



But she, that gentle girl, might yet  
 Brook dire and bitter wrong,  
 Her name aspersed, her peace beset  
 By Slander's serpent tongue;  
 Alas! the world, to work our ill,  
 For ever lies in wait,  
 And they who shun its love, must still  
 Be followed by its hate.

Or worse, far worse than wrongs or taunts,  
 Temptation's spell might win  
 Those footsteps to the treacherous haunts  
 Of vanity and sin;  
 She by another's dying bed,  
 Unwearied love had shown;  
 Oh! might she not hereafter need  
 Some friend to smooth her own?

I started—strangers came around,  
 They viewed my streaming eyes,  
 And said that her I mourned, had found  
 A refuge in the skies:  
 And silently I left the place,  
 Nor recked they that I shed  
 Tears for the maid of noble race  
 Who stood beside the Dead!

From Jerrold's Shilling Magazine.

### A VICTORY!

BY R. E. B. MACLELAN.

The joy-bells peal a merry tune  
 Along the evening air;  
 The crackling bonfires turn the sky  
 All crimson with their glare;  
 Bold music fills the startled streets  
 With mirth-inspiring sound;  
 The gaping cannon's reddening breath  
 Wakes thunder shouts around;  
 And thousand joyful voices cry,  
 "Huzza! huzza! a Victory!"

A little girl stood at the door,  
 And with her kitten played;  
 Less wild and frolicsome than she,  
 That rosy prattling maid.  
 Sudden her cheek turns ghostly white;  
 Her eye with fear is filled,  
 And rushing in-of-doors, she screams—  
 "My brother Willie's killed!"  
 And thousand joyful voices cry,  
 "Huzza! huzza! a Victory!"

A mother sat in thoughtful ease,  
 A-knitting by the fire,  
 Plying the needle's thrifty task  
 With hands that never tire.  
 She tore her few gray hairs, and shrieked,  
 "My joy on earth is done!  
 Oh! who will lay me in my grave?  
 Oh, God! my son! my son!"  
 And thousand joyful voices cry,  
 "Huzza! huzza! a Victory!"

A youthful wife the threshold crossed,  
 With matron's treasure blessed:  
 A smiling infant nestling lay  
 In slumber at her breast.  
 She spoke no word, she heaved no sigh,  
 The widow's tale to tell;  
 But like a corpse, all white and stiff,  
 Upon the earth-floor fell.  
 And thousand joyful voices cry,  
 "Huzza! huzza! a Victory!"

An old weak man, with head of snow,  
 And years threescore and ten,  
 Looked in upon his cabin-home,  
 And anguish seized him then.  
 He help'd not wife, nor helpless babe,  
 Matron nor little maid,  
 One scalding tear, one choking sob—  
 He knelt him down, and pray'd.  
 And thousand joyful voices cry,  
 "Huzza! huzza! a Victory!"

From the Metropolitan.

### MEMORY.

BY VISCOUNT MASSERKENE.

O Memory! thou of foes the worst—  
 To mortal mind, of friends the best—  
 How oft thy potent spell hath burst  
 With magic force the spirit's rest,  
 And the fell fiend regret hath nursed  
 With noxious venom from thy breast.  
 And if his writhing victim durst  
 Fly to the future to be blest,  
 Still will thy phantom, doubly cursed,  
 His soul of yearned-for joy divest;  
 Still will it wing o'er scenes when erst  
 On penitence pain reared her crest,  
 Till follies past by thee rehearsed  
 With o'erstrained force, and hellish zest,  
 May drive the overgoaded soul  
 Beyond e'en reason's blest control.

And yet thou art the best of friends,  
 Dear memory, thou whose piercing ray  
 Will shoot where darkest grief extends,  
 Where hope lies prostrate 'neath her sway.  
 Yes, sorrow for a while will stay  
 Her blighting hand whilst thou art near,  
 And joy will beam as sunbeams play  
 Where snow eternal rules the year.  
 And memory such dost thou appear  
 To him who here in vacant gaze  
 O'erlooks dark heaven's indignant blaze,  
 And but discerns thy placid star,  
 Which o'er wide seas of thought from far  
 Shoots its all-varying ray, that thought  
 To scenes his childhood loved is brought—  
 That thought rolls backward to the time  
 When cautious law he dared to break  
 And tempt the dangers of the lake,  
 When some proud forest chieftain he'd climb  
 In wayward sportiveness, and hide  
 From monkish task with chieftain's pride.



## MISCELLANEOUS.

**DISSOLUTION OR SUSPENSION OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.**—The act effecting the above, which we intimated to the public above a month ago, has now been officially announced by the committee, which has issued a printed address on the occasion. In this, a review of their operations during twenty years, since the foundation in 1826, is put forth, and much merit is claimed for the political, religious, and educational fruits produced by them, and also for the improvement in publishing cheap books. The great scheme of the "Biographical Dictionary" is (as we always said it must be) abandoned; and the subscribers must be content with the letter A, finished in seven half-volumes, and which at its pace must have taken far more than half-a-century to complete. A loss of nearly 5000*l.* occurred on this letter: it would have been a pretty sum when the alphabet came to z! A contingent hope is held out (a hopeless hope, we fear) that the publication may be resumed.

The address proceeds to say:—"With respect to the Society, however, the failure of the 'Biographical Dictionary,' though one of the circumstances which have led to its present situation, is only to be considered in that light in connection with another of a more material, and much more gratifying, character. The Society's work is done, for its greatest object is achieved—fully, fairly, and permanently. The public is supplied with cheap and good literature to an extent which the most sanguine friend of human improvement could not, in 1826, have hoped to have witnessed in twenty years. The powerful contributors to this great object, who have been taught by the Society how to work without the Society, may almost be reckoned by the hundred, and there is hardly a country in Europe, from Russia to Spain, which has not seen the Society's publications in its own language, and felt their influence on its own system of production. \* \* \*

"In conclusion, the committee congratulate all who feel as they do upon the spirit of improvement now so actively displayed, and trust that it

will not tire until it has achieved the universal education of the people. As employed in effecting their object by printed publications, which are principally addressed to those who have received some mental culture, they have always felt that the door of communication between them and large masses of the community was but a very little way open. But they have the satisfaction of seeing and knowing that at least there is now no further obstacle to those who have made the first step, and of feeling that they have been instrumental in removing the subsequent hindrance. The time is coming, they trust, when all will act upon what most now see, namely, that knowledge, though it adds power to evil, adds tenfold power to good; when there shall be no part of the community on which this maxim shall not have been verified; and when the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge shall be co-extensive with society itself."—*Literary Gazette.*

**INDIAN VOCABULARY.**—To assist such of our readers as may be occasionally at a loss in reading the Indian news, from ignorance of the language, we subjoin the meaning of a few words most commonly in use in the newspapers:—*Baboo*—a Hindoo title, answering to our Esquire; *begum*—princess; a *bungalow*—a cottage made of bamboo and mats, with projecting thatched roof; *coolie*—a porter; *coast*—about two miles; *cumberland*—a sash; *cutlaw*—a magistrate; *dak*—the post; *decoit*—a river pirate; *dewan*—a prime minister, and sometimes an agent; *dhoobe*—a letter; *doonab*—a tract of country between two rivers; *dustoor*—custom; *durbar*—the court or council; *faki*—a religious mendicant; *feringhee*—a European; *firman*—a royal order; *ghat*—in the east, a landing place—in the west and south, a pass of a mountain, or a mountain range; *guicwar*—a sovereign; *havildar*—an officer in the army; *hooka*—a pipe; *houdah*—a seat on an elephant; *hurkaru*—messenger; *jaghire*—an estate assigned by Government; *jungle*—a thicket;

khelat—an honorary dress; lac—one hundred thousand; maharajah—a great king; marabout—a holy man; mahout—an elephant driver; mehur—a gold coin, worth sixteen rupees in Bengal; musnud—a throne; nullah—a brook, or small branch of a river; nuzzar—an offering; paddy—rice in the husk; pagoda—Indian temple; peishwa—sovereign; peon—messenger; pice—a small copper coin; punjaub—five rivers; rance—a princess; ryut—a peasant; sahib—lord; saces—a groom; sepoy—native troops in the British service; serai—Mussulman place of rest for travellers; serang—a master of a vessel; singh—a lion; sircar—a head man or minister; suddur adawlut, and suddur dewannee—courts of justice; subahdar—officer of the highest rank in the army; vakeel—an envoy; vedas—the hindoo scriptures; wuzer—prime minister; zemindar—the holder of a zemindary, or province. A crore of rupees is a hundred lacs. A rupee is about two shillings. A pice is about the 12th of an anna, or the 192nd part of a rupee.

**WHOLESOME UNFERMENTED BREAD.**—Thirty years ago Dr. Thomas Thomson, the very able professor of chemistry in Glasgow, recommended a process for making wholesome bread different from that produced by the common practice of what is called "raising it" through the means of fermentation, which only subserves the purpose of generating carbonic acid. Instead of this, the doctor showed how much better bread could be made by employing certain proportions of carbonate of soda and muriatic acid; and the advice he then gave had considerable effect upon the public. But, like too many useful things, it seems to have been lost sight of and abandoned, and old habits to have prevailed in this most essential preparation of human food. A little pamphlet, by "A Physician" (Taylor and Walton), has just issued from the press, renewing the instructions and earnestly impressing the value of the change, which we cordially approve. Among the interesting incidental matter touched upon, that which refers to *brown bread* seems to us to deserve the attention of every family in the empire.

"It may not be out of place to observe, that mistaken notions respecting the quality of different sorts of bread have given rise to much waste in another way. The general belief is, that bread made with the finest flour is the best, and that whiteness is the proof of its quality; but both these opinions are popular errors. The whiteness may be, and generally is, communicated by alum, to the injury of the consumer; and it is known by men of science, that the bread of unrefined flour will sustain life, while that made with the refined will not. Keep a man on brown bread and water, and he will live and enjoy good health; give him white bread and water only, and he will gradually sicken and die. The meal of which the first is made contains all the ingredients essential to the composition or nourishment of the various structures composing our bodies. Some of these ingredients are removed by the miller in his effort to please the public; so that fine flour, instead of being better than the meal, is the least nourishing; and, to make the case worse, it is also the most difficult of digestion. The loss is, therefore, in all respects, a waste; and it seems desirable that the admirers of white

bread (but especially the poor) should be made acquainted with these truths, and brought to inquire whether they do not purchase at too dear a rate the privilege of indulging in the use of it. The unwise preference given so universally to white bread led to the pernicious practice of mixing alum with the flour, and this again to all sorts of adulterations and impositions; for it enabled bakers, who were so disposed, by adding more and more alum, to make bread made from the flour of an inferior grain look like the best or the most costly, and to dispose of it accordingly; at once defrauding the purchaser, and tampering with his health. It is one of the advantages of the effervescing process, that it would put an end to all such practices, as its materials and alum are incompatible.

"Among the matters removed by the miller are the larger portion of the saline substances, which are indispensable to the growth of the bones and teeth, and are required, although in a less degree, for their daily repair. Brown bread should, therefore, be given to nurses, and to the young or the growing, and should be preferred by all, of whatever age, whose bones show a tendency to bend, or who have weak teeth. It is believed that brown bread will generally be found the best by all persons who have sluggish bowels, and stomachs equal to the digestion of the bran. But with some it will disagree, for the bran is too exciting to irritable bowels, and is dissolved with difficulty in some stomachs. When this happens, the bran should be removed, either wholly or in part; and by such means the bread may be adapted, with the greatest ease, to all habits and all constitutions."—*Literary Gazette.*

#### PRONUNCIATION OF INDIAN PROPER NAMES.

—1. All names ending in 'an' have the accent on the last syllable, and the 'an' is sounded like the Scotch *ah*, or nearly *aw*, thus *Moultan* is pronounced *Multawn*. The same remark applies to words terminating in 'ab'—thus the river *Chenab* is sounded *Chunawb* with the first syllable rapidly uttered, and the full weight of the sound on the 'ab.' 'Punjaub' is another illustration. 2. Compounds of the words *Feroze* have the accent on the syllable 'oze,' not on 'poor' or 'shah' as one often hears it. *Ferozepoor* must be uttered in three syllables. 3. 'I' has the sound of 'ee'—*Sikh* is pronounced 'Seek,' not *Sheek* nor *Syke*.

#### INCREASING STRENGTH OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

—According to the late official returns, it appears there are upwards of 100 ships of war now building at our different arsenals, among which are no less than 35 steam frigates and other war steamers; four 36 gun frigates; ten 50 gun frigates; ten ships of the line, averaging from 80 to 84 guns each—viz., the *Agamemnon*, the *Colossus*, the *Irresistible*, the *Majestic*, the *Meeanee*, the *Brunswick*, the *Cressy*, the *Lion*, the *Mara*, and the *San-Pariel*; six ships of the line of 90 guns each—viz the *Aboukir*, the *Exmouth*, the *Princess Royal*, the *Algiers*, the *Hannibal*, and the *St Jean d'Acre*; six ships of the line, first-rates, of 110 guns each—viz., the *Marlborough*, the *Royal Frederick*, the *Victoria*, the *Prince of Wales*, the *Royal Sovereign*, and the *Windsor Castle*; and lastly, the *Royal Albert*, of 120 guns.

**DETACHED THOUGHTS; FROM JEAN PAUL RICHTER.**—A true comforter must often take away from the mourner all ordinary topics of consolation, and lead him where only the highest can be of any avail.

A perpetual calm would hinder the fructification of flowers. Let this console us under suffering.

The involuntary sanctification in our minds of the dead—wherefore? whence? Not from a life-long absence merely; for then a voyage to America would produce it. It is rather the idea of the change in the departed, the putting off of his body, his novel circumstances, his new relations, whence he looks down upon all here as earthly.

Memory is the highest gift; we do not feel it to be so, because we only partially lose it, and generally retain it in great things; but let a man every moment forget others, and then see what he would be. We are the creatures of the past, therefore, of memory. To deprive us of memory, would be to thrust us naked, destitute, into the mere present, only the moment after to strip us of memory again.

A good action shines out upon us in the deceased—it is the precious stone which the Mexicans place amid the ashes of the dead, that it may represent the heart.

How does human love still pine after, still stretch forth its arms to clasp the fading images that still elude its grasp! It would make for itself an eternity out of the transitory and the perishing!

Were there not a lurking disbelief of immortality, there would be far more courage in death, more content in life, and less over-value for it.

There are persons who, endowed with a higher sense, but with weaker powers than active talent, receive in their soul the great world-spirit, whether in outward life, or in the inner life of fiction and of thought, who remain true and faithful to it, as the tender wife to the strong man, but who, when they would express their love, can only utter broken sounds, or speak otherwise than they wish. If the man of talent may be called the merry imitative ape of genius, these are the silent, serious, upright woodmen, to whom fate has denied the power of speech. If, as the Indians think, the animals are the dumb of the earth, these are the dumb of heaven.

The spirit is as invisible as its speech, but what does there not lie of all that is lofty, all that is life, in a single word? Is it lost when the air on which it has been wafted has passed away?

We speak of life being taken, when it is only years that are taken.

There is something so great in a single good action, that the man who, in his whole life, has

performed even one, can never be wholly despicable.

It is our eyes, and not the microscope, that deceives us. It could not create or show what is not. The earth may be infinitely greater.

Let a man be ever so much upon his guard against a flatterer, there are still a few points at which he is accessible.

How many thousands of little means must a man have recourse to, before he can accomplish any thing great!

We should sooner learn to know men if we did not regard every action as the result of a fixed principle. Caprice prevents their adherence to it; and, therefore, we ought not to draw any conclusion as to character from a single action.

A man, in the enjoyment of any pleasure, may have only a delight of the senses; but he who beholds that man's enjoyment with a sympathizing eye, has a heart-delight.

He who has about ten things a single original unhackneyed thought, has many such about a hundred things.

It is one in the contradictions of man's nature, his knowledge that he has these contradictions.

Fancy, or the creative power, is the world-soul of the soul, the element-spirit of the other powers. Experience, and the varied influences of the mind, tear but leaves from the book of nature. Fancy forms these parts into a whole. It brings even the absolute and the infinite nearer the reach of reason, and renders them more discernible to mortal man. It employs itself with the future and the past, because no other time can become infinite or totalized. Not from a room full of air, but from the whole height of the atmosphere, is the ethereal blue of heaven formed.

He who is not growing wiser has never been wise.

He who in his sphere, however circumscribed, perfects, as far as in him lies, all duty and all self-denial, not merely in doing, but in abstaining, needs for his growth in virtue no extraordinary circumstance, no unusual occasion; should such arrive, it finds his already grown.

He who has not courage enough to be a fool in his own way, will scarcely have sufficient to be wise in his own way.

How pensive we are made by a beautiful night—by lovely scenery—by the sound of music—by reflection on the infinite—by the shadowy-tinted clouds of the future!

The greatest sorrow is the loss of the beloved by a death not preceded by illness, or, which is one and the same thing, by death taking place while at a distance from us.

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Memoirs and Essays on Art, by Mrs. Jameson.

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Horæ Apostolicæ, by Rev. W. Shepherd B. D.

Mohan Lal's Life of Amir Dost Mohammed Khan. 2 vols.

Anecdotes of Dogs, by Edward Jesse.

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THE MONKEY AND THE MAN

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THE  
 ECLECTIC MAGAZINE  
 OF  
 FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART:

AUGUST, 1846.

From Sharpe's London Magazine.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF SCHILLER.

POETRY and imaginative literature must always suffer from translation; and thus it is impossible duly to estimate their merit, where we cannot read them in their proper tongue. But no poets and imaginative writers have suffered so deeply in the estimation of our countrymen, as those of Germany. This, at first, appears paradoxical; since the German language is exactly that, of all others, (unless we except the kindred dialects,) which is most easily transferred into our own, and the spirit of which has the closest affinity with the English. But the cause is external to the nature of the subject. Prejudice was early excited against German literature, and on two very distinct grounds, moral and literary. About the time of the first French revolution, anarchical and immoral publications were imported from Germany no less than from France. German poetry, indeed, was born at a period when all departments of literature were more or less tainted with revolutionary principles, which were too hastily identified with the temper of the people; and, as it was from translations of lax writings that the idea of German literature

was mainly collected by the English public, it was concluded that all German fiction must be anarchical and immoral. It seems needless seriously to rebut such a conclusion. From the literature of our own country, probably the purest in the world, it would be easy to export an equivalent for our imported German impurities. It is to be admitted, however, that most of the noblest productions of German imagination have appeared since the period alluded to. Another objection was, that the literature of Germany was not modelled on the principles of those of Greece and Rome, which were supposed to be the casting-moulds of the English mind; though, in reality, a French caricature was the standard, and the reader of Racine flattered himself that he understood Sophocles. It was forgotten that the great charm of the Greek literature was its originality and freshness; and that thus the qualities condemned in the German were really the very same which those inconsistent censors admired in the Greek.

These prejudices are not wholly passed away; but a better and a juster spirit is awakening. The German writers gave an impulse to the poetry of our own country, and sent our language to its native resources. Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge,

Scott, among the foremost—all more or less influenced by German literature—have rescued us from being mere imitators. We have, accordingly, revised our condemnation of our German brethren, and sought to be better acquainted with them. The result has been that we have found our judgment as erroneous as it was rash. We find the imaginative literature of Germany perhaps the noblest and most splendid in the world, next to our own, and even more copious.

It must be remembered that it is only of the imaginative part of German literature that we are here treating. With its refinements in metaphysics, and its melancholy wanderings in theology, we are not now concerned. That portion which we have here been considering, is not only little affected by these things, but favorable and conducive to worthy objects. We are not unaware that the case of Goethe, the most conspicuous of German imaginative writers, may be cited as an example against us. Yet, eminent as he is, he is but one; and from his voluminous writings much might be selected which would even strengthen our position.

Our present purpose, however, is to apply these remarks to the compositions of Schiller, a writer who disputes with Goethe himself the throne of German imagination, but whose imaginative writings, with little more than one early well-known exception, are conducive to pure amusement or elevated instruction. It is not, of course, our intention to present a formal criticism on compositions so varied and so numerous as Schiller's. We shall prefer illustrating, in broad outline, his more celebrated pieces, in connexion with a biographical sketch, which will, with our brief extracts and criticisms, serve the purpose of mutual illustration. Our source will be chiefly a memoir, written in the year 1812, by his friend Körner of Dresden, father of the youthful patriot whose biography we have sketched in a former number. From the year 1785, he was one of Schiller's most intimate friends, and wrote from personal knowledge chiefly; and, when this was not the case, from the most authentic information. This sketch we shall illustrate, where convenient, from the lives of Schiller, by Mr. Carlyle and Sir Bulwer Lytton; the latter of whom is not only an able biographer, but an abreviator of those who had the best opportunities for the successful prosecution of the task.

John Christopher Frederick Schiller, best known by the last of his Christian names, was born November 10, 1759, at Marbach, on the Neckar, in the duchy of Württemberg. His father, John Caspar Schiller, was originally an army surgeon, who afterwards entered the army itself, and ended his days as manager of a very extensive nursery plantation at Ludwigsburg, belonging to the duke. Though not a well-educated man, he strove to compensate this defect by diligent labor; and a thanksgiving prayer of his is still extant, written after his son had attained celebrity, in which he commemorates the fact, that, from the birth of his son, he had not ceased to pray that the deficiencies of his boy's educational means might in some way be supplied to him. He appears to have been a good parent and a good man: nor were the excellencies of his wife inferior. She was affectionately attached to her husband and her children, and mutually and deeply beloved. Although of slender education, she could relish the religious poetry of Utz and Gellert. The early characteristics of young Schiller, as described by Körner, were piety, gentleness, and tenderness of conscience. He received the rudiments of his education at Lorch, a frontier village of the Württemberg territory, where his parents were residing from 1765 to 1768. His tutor here was a parochial minister, named Moser, after whom, perhaps, he drew the character of Pastor Moser, in "The Robbers." The son of this tutor was his earliest friend, and is thought to have excited the desire which he long felt of entering the ministry.

Schiller's poetical temperament was early developed. When scarcely past the period of infancy, it is said, he was missed during a thunderstorm. His father sought him, and found him in a solitary place, on a branch of a tree, gazing on the scene. On being reprimanded, he is said to have replied, "The lightning was very beautiful, and I wished to see whence it came." Another anecdote of his childhood is better authenticated. At the age of nine years, he, and a friend of the like age, received two kreutzers apiece for repetition of their catechism in church. This money they resolved to invest in a dish of curds and cream at Harteneck; but here the young adventurers failed to obtain the desired delicacy, while the whole four kreutzers were demanded for a quarter cake of cheese, without bread! Thus foiled, they

proceeded to Neckarweihingen, where they accomplished their object for three kreutzers, having one to spare for a bunch of grapes. On this, young Schiller ascended an eminence which overlooks both places, and uttered a grave poetical anathema on the barren land, and a like benediction on the region of cream.

On his father's return to Ludwigsburg, young Schiller, then nine years old, first saw the interior of a theatre. This circumstance seemed at once to disclose his genius. From that moment, all his boyish sports had reference to the drama; and he began to forecast plans for tragedies. Not that his inclination to the profession of his early choice diminished. He only regarded dramatic literature and exhibitions as amusements and relaxations from severer pursuits. He now continued his studies in a school at Ludwigsburg, where he was conspicuous for energy, diligence, and activity of mind and body. The testimonials which he here received induced the duke to offer him a higher education, in a seminary at Stuttgart, which he had lately founded. His father, who felt his obligations to the duke, and not least the favor which was now offered him, reluctantly abandoned his original intention of indulging his son with the profession of his wishes; and young Schiller, still more reluctantly, in 1773, surrendered the Church for the bar. In the following year, when each scholar of the establishment was called on to delineate his own character, he openly avowed "that he should deem himself much happier if he could serve his country as a divine." And he found legal studies so little attractive, that, on the addition of a medical school to the establishment, in 1775, he availed himself of the duke's permission to enrol himself a member.

During this period, Schiller was not inattentive to the revolution, or rather, creation, then working in the poetry of Germany. The immense resources of the German language were, in great measure, unknown to the Germans themselves. They studied and composed in the classical tongues, and, finding their own so far removed from those which they contemplated as the only models, regarded it as barbarous; or, if they condescended to use it, endeavored to cast both words and sentiments in a classical mould. But there were minds among them who were beginning to perceive that the defects of German litera-

ture were not inherent, but the natural result of endeavoring to bind a singularly free and original language to rules and imagery foreign to its genius. Klopstock, Utz, Lessing, Goethe, and Gerstenberg, were, in different manners and degrees, of this order. From the study of these, Schiller caught the spirit of a German originality, which he afterwards so remarkably contributed to advance. Becoming, about the same time, acquainted (through Wieland's translation) with the writings of Shakspeare, he studied them with avidity and delight; though, as he acknowledges, with an imperfect comprehension of their depth. During his residence at Stuttgart, he had composed an epic, entitled "Moses," and a tragedy called "Cosmo de' Medici," part of which was afterwards worked up in "The Robbers." But he had no sooner decided on the medical profession, than he resolved to abandon poetry for two years. He wrote a Latin treatise "On the Philosophy of Physiology," and defended a thesis "On the Connexion of the Animal and Spiritual Natures in Man." He afterwards received an appointment as a military surgeon, and was esteemed able in his profession. On the expiration of his probational course, he held himself free to prosecute his favorite study. Accordingly, in the year 1780, the famous play of "The Robbers" saw the light. It was published at his own expense, no bookseller venturing to undertake it.

Of the genius displayed in this work there can be but one opinion. The language of Coleridge concerning it is very remarkable:—

"Schiller! that hour I would have wished to die,  
If through the shuddering midnight I had sent  
From the dark dungeon of the tower time-rent  
That fearful voice, a famish'd father's cry!  
That in no after-moment aught less vast  
Might stamp me mortal! A triumphant shout  
Black Horror scream'd, and all her goblin rout  
From the more withering scene diminish'd past.  
Ah! bard tremendous in sublimity!  
Could I behold thee in thy loftier mood,  
Wandering at eve with finely frenzied eye,  
Beneath some vast old tempest-swinging wood!  
Awhile with mute awe gazing I would brood,  
Then weep aloud in a wild ecstasy!"

Nevertheless, the defects of this work are not less glaring than its power is unquestionable; nor are these defects literary only. The sympathies of the reader are in part enlisted on the side of crime; while the whole spirit of the play but too well

coincides with the tumultuous character of that period. And yet, we believe it is not less truly than finely said by Sir Bulwer Lytton, "Nothing could be further from the mind of the boy from whose unpractised hand came this rough Titan sketch, than to unsettle virtue, in his delineations of crime. Virtue was then, as it continued to the last, his ideal; and if at the first he shook the statue on its pedestal, it was but from the rudeness of the caress that sought to warm it into life." Schiller's religious and virtuous feelings had, however, unconsciously to himself, been deteriorated by the French skeptical writers. Voltaire moved his scorn and disgust; but abhorrence of filth will not save us from pollution, if we permit its contact. Rousseau, insidious and visionary, harmonized but too well with the temperament of the earnest and contemplative youth; we know from the painful evidence of a little poem of Schiller's, bearing the name of that subtle anarch, that the influence had been but too effective; and we trace the fact even more distinctly in the "Philosophical Letters." But it would seem from his own testimony, no less than from general evidence, that the military despotism which was the constitution of the seminary at Stuttgart was the real creative principle of the "Robbers." It furnished Schiller's idea of order and government, while his own restlessness beneath that rigid coercion supplied his notion of liberty. It was from a translation of the "Robbers," that the general tendency of German literature, and of the drama particularly, was estimated in England. The "Robbers" could not long be a stranger to the stage. The Freiherr von Dalberg, manager of the theatre at Mannheim, produced it on his boards in 1782. Schiller was present at the two first representations in January and May of that year. His absence, however, was known to the duke, and he was placed under arrest for a fortnight.

But his misfortunes did not end here. A passage in the "Robbers" gave offence to the Grisons,\* who complained to the duke against his subject. The result was that Schiller was prohibited from all but professional writing, and commanded to abandon all connexion with other states. But Körner informs us that, however exasperated at the time, he spoke in cooler moments

kindly of the duke, and even justified his proceeding, which was not directed against the poet's genius, but his ill-taste. He, indeed, even dwelt warmly on the duke's paternal conduct, who gave him salutary advice and warning, and asked to see all his poetry. This was resolutely refused; and the refusal, as might be expected, was not inoffensive. Yet the duke seems not to have renounced his interest in his young favorite, for no measures were taken against him or his family on his subsequent departure from Stuttgart, and Schiller even paid a visit to them during the duke's life, without any molestation. For this departure he wished the duke's permission, and endeavored, through his friend Dalberg, to obtain it; but impatient at the tediousness of the negotiations, he took advantage of the festivities occasioned by the visit of the Archduke Paul of Russia, in October, 1782, and left Stuttgart unperceived.

His mother and sister were in the secret; his father had not been informed, lest loyalty and military subordination should compel disclosure to the duke. There was another person left behind, in whom rumor attributes an interest to Schiller, though we are not informed whether she was apprised of his flight. This was the widow of a military officer, to whom it is said, Schiller had paid his addresses, and who is by some supposed to be the "Laura" of his early poems. A youth named Streicher was the companion of his wanderings. All Schiller's fortune lay in his tragedy, "The Conspiracy of Fiesco at Genoa," which he had, for the most part, composed when under arrest. Arrived at Mannheim, he recited his play to the stage-manager, Meier, (for Dalberg was at Stuttgart,) with little success. His Swabian dialect, and unmelodious declamation, drove away all his audience save Iffland, to whose personation his "Francis Moor" in the "Robbers" had been deeply indebted. But, on a perusal, Meier acknowledged the real merit of "Fiesco," and agreed to produce it on the stage, if Schiller would make the requisite alterations. Meanwhile, Schiller and his friend were warned, by letters from Stuttgart, that their position at Mannheim was perilous. They accordingly once more took flight, and, after many hardships, took up their quarters at an inn at Oggersheim, where "Fiesco" was completed, and "Cabal and Love" begun. While at this place, Schiller was offered an asylum at Bauerbach, near Meinungen, an estate

\* He had called their country "the thieves Athens."

of Madame von Wollzogen, with whose sons he had studied at Stuttgart. Having disposed of his "Fiesco" to a bookseller, he with alacrity accepted the generous offer, and Streicher pursued his way to Hamburg. At Bauerbach, Schiller found repose and appliances for study; finished "Cabal and Love," and sketched "Don Carlos." Of the two first of these works our limits will not permit us to speak. They are not without evidence of their author's genius; but they are not less evidential of a taste which he lived to correct, and which, even at this period, he was correcting.

"Don Carlos" is an immeasurable advance into the regions of taste and order. The wild irregular prose of the previous dramas is exchanged for rich and melodious blank heroic verse: the characters are no longer the crude imaginations of an undisciplined ardor, but finished studies from nature, in historical prototypes; no longer bold distorted sketches, but richly, yet chastely, colored pictures; no longer flung together in heedless and disorderly profusion, but grouped with consummate art and sense of harmony. Yet it is probable that the historian has in this work encroached upon the poet, and rendered it in parts obscure, and the connexion not always palpable. It is far less lucid than the great dramatic writings which formed the labors of Schiller's later days. A considerable interval elapsed between the composition of the first and last portions; and, as the former was printed, the drama could not well be rewritten, to make it harmonize with Schiller's altered feelings and opinions; but it spoke a great promise, and gave earnest of a faithful performance. It has been ably translated by Francis Herbert Cottrell, Esq.

In 1786, Schiller took up his residence at Mannheim, where he occupied himself with theatrical projects. From this place he wrote to Madame von Wollzogen, soliciting the hand of her daughter Charlotte; but it appears that the attachment was not mutual, though Schiller always continued to be received in the most friendly manner by Madame von Wollzogen and her daughters. Perhaps the young lady herself regarded Schiller's as rather a preference than an affection, which she seems to have been justified in doing, as, not long after, he formed an attachment to Margaret, daughter of his friend Schwann, the bookseller; a lady whom some suppose to have been

his "Laura." During this period he wrote essays on dramatic subjects, edited a periodical called "The Rhenish Thalia," composed a poem called "Conrad of Swabia," and a second part of the "Robbers," to harmonize the incongruities of the first. Some scenes of his "Don Carlos," appearing in the "Thalia," attracted the notice of the reigning Duke of Saxe Weimar, who was then on a visit to the court of the Landgrave of Hesse Darmstadt. The duke was a lover of literature, and a poet, and he appointed Schiller a member of his council. In March, 1785, Schiller removed to Leipzig, where his poetry had prepared him many friends, and from this year commenced what is called "the second period" of Schiller's life. He spent the summer at a village in the neighborhood, named Gollis, surrounded by warm and affectionate hearts. It was during this time that he wrote his "Ode to Joy." But his joy was fated to be overclouded. He wrote to Schwann soliciting an union with his daughter; a request to which he had no anticipation of refusal, as he and the young lady had corresponded; and, had his destiny rested in her hands, there can be little doubt that he would not have been doomed to disappointment. The father, however, had apparently seen enough of Schiller's habits to infer that his wealth was not likely to equal his fame, and the poet once more met with a refusal.

From the friendly circle at Leipzig he removed to Dresden the same year. Here he completed his "Don Carlos," which he recast, as far as was practicable; and is thought to have assimilated his princess Eboli to a certain Fraulein A——, a great beauty of that city. Here, too, he sketched the plan of a drama which he named "The Misanthrope;" collected materials for a history of the revolt of the Netherlands, under Philip II., and wrote his strange romance of "The Ghost Seer;" a work suggested by the quackeries of Cagliostro. At this period, also, were written the "Philosophical Letters," before alluded to. In 1787 he repaired to Weimar, where he was received with great enthusiasm by Herder and Wieland. Here he undertook the management of a periodical called "The German Mercury," which he enriched with several contributions in verse and prose, and to which he imparted new life and vigor. In the same year he received an invitation from Madame von Wollzogen to visit her at Meinungen. On his return

thence he made a brief sojourn at Rudolstadt, but a memorable one, as it was here that he saw the Fraulein von Langefeld. This event called forth the following observations in a letter to a friend :

"I require a medium through which to enjoy other pleasures. Friendship, taste, truth, and beauty would operate on me more powerfully, if an unbroken train of refined, beneficent, domestic sentiments attuned me to joy, and renewed the warmth of my torpid being. Hitherto I have been an isolated stranger wandering about amid nature, and have possessed nothing of my own. I yearn for a political and domestic existence. For many years I have known no perfect happiness, not so much for want of opportunities, as because I rather tasted pleasures than enjoyed them, and wanted that even, equable, and gentle susceptibility which only the quiet of domestic life bestows."

It may be well imagined that Schiller repaired to Rudolstadt again, as early as possible. He spent the following summer there, and partly at Volkstätt, in the same neighborhood. Here he cultivated the friendship of the Langefeld family, and extended the circle of his friends; and during this sojourn he made his first acquaintance with Goethe. His first impressions of the great master of German imagination are thus detailed :—

"On the whole, my truly high idea of Goethe has not been diminished by this personal intercourse; but I doubt whether we shall ever approach very closely. Much which is yet interesting to me, much which is yet among my wishes and my hopes, has with him lived out its period. His whole being is, from the first, very differently constituted from mine; his world is not mine. Our modes of imagination are essentially distinct. However, no certain and well-grounded intimacy can result from such a meeting. Time will teach further."

And the lesson was soon imparted; especially when it is considered that all Goethe's prejudices were revolted by "The Robbers," and that he had actually avoided an interview as long as possible. But in a few months Goethe's interest in Schiller, and high estimate of his abilities, were practically exemplified. "The Revolt of the Netherlands" had in part seen the light, and obtained high reputation for Schiller as a historian. By the efforts of Goethe, he was now appointed to the Chair of History in the University of Jena.

In this situation Schiller labored dili-

gently, not only in reading and writing history, but also in the continued cultivation of poetry. He was at all times, as such a mind might be expected to be, devoted to classical literature. But, at this period, he imposed on himself a course of this study with a direct view to the purification of taste and style. He studied Homer profoundly, and with great delight. He translated into German the "*Iphigenia in Aulis*" (with the exception of the last scene), and a part of the "*Phœnissæ*" of Euripides. His freedom, yet accuracy, particularly in the former of these translations, can scarcely be sufficiently admired. He projected a version of the "*Agamemnon*" of *Æschylus*, a play in which he much delighted. Bürger visited him at Weimar, in 1789, and the friends agreed to translate the same passage of Virgil, each in a metre of his own selection. These studies had a perceptible influence on his poetry, particularly his dramas.

Schiller's inaugural lecture at Jena was attended by an audience of more than 400; nor did it disappoint the high expectation which had been formed of it. His pen was now a ready and certain source of emolument; a "*History of the Thirty Years' War*," and a "*German Plutarch*," among various minor literary enterprises, were put in preparation. He was admired and caressed by the great; a pension was assigned him by the Duke of Saxe Weimar, and there was now no obstacle to the fulfilment of his dearest wishes. In February, 1790, he had the happiness to obtain the hand of the Fraulein von Langefeld. We here cast together, from several of his letters, as selected by Körner, passages descriptive of his enjoyment :—It is quite another life, by the side of a beloved woman, from that which I led before, so desolate and solitary; even in summer, I now, for the first time, enjoy beautiful Nature entirely, and live in her. All around me is arrayed in poetic forms, and within me, too, they are oft stirring. What a beautiful life am I now leading! I gaze around me with joyful spirit, and my heart finds an everduring gentle satisfaction from without! my soul experiences such sweet support and refreshment! My being moves in harmonious evenness; not overstrained by passion, but calm and bright are the days which I pass. I look forward on my destiny with cheerful spirit; standing at the goal of my desires, I am myself astonished to think how all has succeeded beyond

my expectations. Destiny has overcome my difficulties, and brought me smoothly to the end of my career. From the future I have every thing to hope. A few years, and I shall live in the full enjoyment of my mind; nay, I even hope to return to youth; the poet-life within me will restore it."

This language, while it proves the writer's affection, purity, and elevation of mind, conveys a painful impression that his worldly happiness had rendered him insensible, at least for a time, to considerations which are not less needful in such moments than amid the darkest sorrows; but of which our ingratitude then most loses sight, when the love which would awaken them is most conspicuous. How little do we know our real happiness, when we envy the sunshine of Schiller's heart, or repine in the night of solitude and abandonment! In that sunshine he had lost sight of the pole-star whereby alone his voyage could be directed, and which is ever clearest when other lights are away. In his prosperity, like the Psalmist, he had said, "I shall never be moved;" and, too probably, even without the pious acknowledgment which qualified that presumption, "Lord, by thy favor Thou hast made my mountain to stand strong." For though Schiller, under all circumstances, had never lost the first fresh devotional feelings of his boyhood, and had admitted doubts with pain, and desired to escape from them, yet he could not be as one whose faith was steadfastly grounded on the sure Rock of Revelation. Like the Psalmist, however, he could add, "Thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled." Mercy and chastisement, each involved in the other, overtook him in the beginning of the following year. He was afflicted with a severe attack of disease of the chest, from which, though "fifteen years were added to his life," he never recovered. His whole frame was shattered; and repeated relapses left him incapable of public lectures and every other laborious exertion. The diminution of income consequent on this calamity added much to its severity. But this was not long to be a part of his distress. The Crown Prince of Denmark, and the Count von Schimmelmann, offered him a salary of 100 thalers for three years, with a delicacy and kindness, as he informs us, not less gratifying than the boon itself. Unembarrassed now by narrow circumstances and public duties, he gave himself to the study

of metaphysics. He had formed, at Jena, the friendship of Paulus, Schutz, Hufeland, and Reinhold; and by them he was initiated in the philosophy of Kant, which he has exemplified in some of his prose writings. To this Sir Bulwer Lytton attributes the Christian conviction and religious tone which, after this period (so marked as to be called "the third" in Schiller's Life), pervades his compositions. We would rather ascribe it to the teaching of sickness, before the revelations of which the mists of sophistry and self-confidence vanish as in daylight. The thirtieth Psalm will still afford illustration. When David was troubled, his testimony was, "I cried unto thee, O Lord; and unto the Lord I made supplication." It is impossible to doubt that Schiller did likewise; or that he experienced a like return from Him who is unchangeable.

History, next to poetry, was Schiller's favorite employment; and he now occupied himself in an eminently congenial work, and that on which his reputation, as a prose writer, is chiefly founded:—*The History of the Thirty Years' War*. This work appeared in Göschen's Historical Almanack. This passage of history, from its poetical character, had always a peculiar charm for Schiller; and various were his poetical projects in connexion with it. They resulted at length in the noblest productions of his pen, the two tragedies on the subject of Wallenstein. It is remarkable that, during this latter task, he had much less confidence in his poetic powers, criticised his former writings with severity, and acknowledged that he had become a new man in poetry. The truth was, his taste had grown severer, and his judgment riper, and his mind had been disciplined by the study of the ancients; in particular of Aristotle, whom he had found to differ far from the French theories ascribed to him. Schiller's genius was never more vigorous or brilliant, but it was now under guidance and command. The "Wallenstein" occupied seven years. During this period, the French Revolution was approaching its bloody crisis. Schiller gave the most unquestionable proof of his hostility to its barbarous principles by projecting an address to the French people in favor of their monarch, monarchy, order, and religion; a project which was not executed only because he could meet with no person who would undertake to translate his intended work into French. In 1793, the poet revisited the scenes and compan-



ions of his youth, having previously ascertained that the duke of Württemberg would not interfere with his residence at Stuttgart. His meeting with his parents was productive of great joy and thankfulness to all parties.

On his return to Jena, Schiller conceived a new literary project. He had formed an intimacy with William von Humboldt (brother of the celebrated traveller), who was then at Jena, and in concert with him, and his more distinguished friend Goethe, he started a periodical called "*Die Horen*," to which the most eminent literary men of Germany contributed. This was a fertile period with our poet, who contributed largely to this work, and to "*The Almanack of the Muses*," while he continued to labor energetically at "*Wallenstein*." This period also produced the "*Xenien*," a collection of varied epigrams, which have widely influenced the literature of Germany; and the ballads, which are some of the most attractive of Schiller's writings, were the result of a friendly rivalry with Goethe about this time. "*Wallenstein*" saw the light in 1797. Two portions of this magnificent work are well known to English readers, in the no less magnificent translation of Coleridge. It consists of three parts; the first called "*Wallenstein's Camp*," introductory, which Coleridge has not rendered, as it adds nothing to the dramatic interest. It is not, however, without its uses; as depicting the license and turbulence of Wallenstein's soldiery, and inspiring the reader with a high idea of the commanding intellect and military tact which restrained so many thousands of lawless and discordant spirits, not only in subordination, but attachment. It has, moreover, somewhat the same relation to the following parts that the Satiric Drama had to Tragedy among the Greeks. The other divisions of the poem are intitled "*The Piccolomini*," and "*The Death of Wallenstein*." The towering ambition, and all-mastering genius of the hero—the cold steady loyalty of Octavio Piccolomini, which all that genius is powerless to touch—the high, confiding, devoted spirit of his son, who will not abandon Wallenstein till his treason is palpable, and then hesitates not to sacrifice all for his sovereign—the gentle beauty and devotedness of Thekla—these are pictures which have never been surpassed.

About this time Schiller changed his winter abode to Weimar, in order that, in conjunction with his friend Goethe, he

might direct the theatre there, according to the taste and opinions of both. At Jena he bought a garden, in the midst of which he built a small house, to which he betook himself in the summer, to have leisure and opportunity for composition. But he afterwards settled entirely at Weimar. The reigning duke continued and increased the pension bestowed by the Danish prince, though Schiller's literary successes placed him beyond the need of it.

"*Wallenstein*" was followed in rapid succession by his other plays. "*Mary Stuart*" appeared in 1800; "*The Maid of Orleans*" in 1801; "*The Bride of Messina*" in 1803; "*William Tell*" in 1804. During this period he translated Shakspeare's "*Macbeth*," Gozzi's "*Turandot*," and Racine's "*Phædra*," besides some other pieces. While occupied in the tragedy of "*Demetrius*," a severe return of his complaint ended his life on the 9th of May, 1805. His death exemplified tranquillity and hope. He was, as has been above observed, a different man after the first accession of his illness; and the teaching he had received from his first affliction was yet further improved by others. In the last ten years of his life he lost his sister, father, and mother; the two former in the same year (1796). "He felt both losses acutely," says Sir Bulwer Lytton; "the last perhaps the most; but in his letters it pleases us to see the philosopher return to the old child-like faith in God, the reliance on divine goodness for support in grief, the trust in divine mercy for the life to come. For it has been remarked with justice, that while Schiller's *reason* is often troubled in regard to the fundamental truths of religion, his *heart* is always clear. The moment death strikes upon his affections, the phraseology of the schools vanishes from his lips—its cavils and scruples from his mind; and he comforts himself and his fellow-mourners with the simple lessons of gospel resignation and gospel hope." It is singular that the writer of this passage failed to perceive that the philosophy which Schiller found powerless to console affliction, could scarcely have been that which aided him so effectually in the trying season of incipient disease.

A few words on some of his latest dramas must conclude this memoir. While we cannot concur in the censure which Sir Bulwer Lytton passes on the "*Mary Stuart*," there can, we think, be no question of its inferiority to "*The Maid of Or-*

leans." "Mary Stuart" is a beautiful creature of imagination; for such we must call her, notwithstanding her historical name; as, without entering on the much litigated question of Mary's real conduct under several suspicious circumstances, the poetical Mary is certainly much more that childlike ideal perfection which Schiller loved to contemplate, than the nursing of courts and the directress and intimate of statesmen. Nor, indeed, is the character strictly self-consistent; for it embraces, in some degree, the latter view. "Joanna" is still further removed from the Joan of history, than Mary from her historical prototype; but she is altogether a character of a higher order, and appears to have been drawn with higher views, to exemplify and teach exalted truth. It is difficult to conceive that Schiller's mind, while occupied with this poem, was not deeply influenced by spiritual religion; that he did not feel what he evidently so well understood. Besides, it was his avowed intention, not without a lingering of his early predilections, to make the stage a kind of pulpit, and inculcate from it a Christian morality. And the "Maid of Orleans" has done even more. The blessing of obedience, the evil of the smallest sin, the necessity and blessedness of contrition, are there depicted in the liveliest colors. "The Bride of Messina" is an attempt to familiarize the modern stage with the chorus. Its plot is simple, but unpleasing. The lyrical portions are of consummate beauty. "William Tell" is the impersonation of Civil liberty, as "Joanna" is of spiritual religion. He is of a very different order from Charles Moor in "The Robbers;" and, indeed, but for the assassination of the tyrant, he might stand as a noble representative of the abstraction. The catastrophe was historical, yet we know that Schiller did not consider his fictions necessarily to be limited by history. But, as Sir Bulwer Lytton truly remarks, "throughout the whole breathes the condemnation of the French anarchy."

In a sketch of this kind we have necessarily left unnoticed great numbers of pieces, both in prose in verse, the productions of Schiller's fertile pen. Of the general character of his works we would say with Sir Bulwer Lytton, "The whole scope and tendency of his writings, taken one with the other, are eminently Christian. No German writer, no writer not simply theological, has done more to increase, to

widen, and to sanctify, the reverential disposition that inclines to Faith." This is saying much for one educated in the imperfect system of German Protestantism, and exposed to metaphysical temptation in no ordinary degree.

We conclude this article with a few extracts from Schiller's dramatic productions.

### BOYISH FRIENDSHIP.

DON CARLOS, Act 1. Scene 2.

(Translation of Charles Herbert Cottrell, Esq.)

CARLOS.

Ah! let me weep, and on thy bosom shed  
A flood of burning tears, my only friend.  
I possess none—none—none on this wide earth.  
In the broad realms my father's sceptre aways,  
The expanse of waters where our flag's unfurled,  
There is no place—none else—where I could dare  
By tears to lighten my o'erburdened soul.  
I charge thee, Roderick, by all that thou  
And I hereafter hope in heaven above,  
Dispel me not from this beloved spot!

[*The Marquis bends over him in speechless emotion.*]

Persuade thyself I am an orphan child,  
Whom thy compassion raised up by the throne.  
Truly I know not what a father means—  
I am a king's son.—O should it occur,  
What my heart whispers, should'st thou be alone  
'Mong millions found to understand my state;  
Should it be true, that Nature's parent hand  
In Carlos re-created Roderick,  
And in the morning of our life awoke  
The sympathetic chord which joins our souls—  
O! if the tear which mitigates my grief  
Be dearer to thee than my father's smiles—

MARQUIS.

'Tis dearer far than all the world besides.

CARLOS.

So low I'm fallen, and so poor I'm grown,  
That I must conjure up our childhood's years—  
That I must sue thee to discharge the debts,  
Forgotten long in infancy contracted—  
When thou and I, two wild boys as we were,  
Grew up as brothers, my one sorrow was  
To feel my talents thus eclipsed by thine;  
Then I resolved to love thee without bounds,  
Because I had not courage to be like thee.  
Hereon began I to torment thee with  
A thousand tender pledges of my love,  
Which thy proud heart returned with chilling cold.  
Oft stood I there—yet thou observed'st it not!  
Hot, heavy tear-drops hanging on mine eye,  
If thou ran'st by me, and with open arms  
Press'd'st to thy bosom some inferior friends,

"Why only these?" I mournfully exclaimed:  
 "Do I not also dearly love thee too?"  
 Thou ceremoniously and coldly knelt'st;  
 "That," thou observed'st, "is due to the King's  
 son."

MARQUIS.

O! cease, Prince, from these boyish recollections,  
 Which make me still red with the blush of  
 shame.

CARLOS.

This did I merit not from thee. Despise  
 Thou might'st, and deeply wound my heart, but  
 ne'er

Estrange it from thee. Thrice the Prince re-  
 pulsed,—

Thrice he came back to thee a suppliant,  
 T' implore thy love, and force his own on thee.  
 Chance brought about what Carlos ne'er could  
 do—

It happened in our games thy shuttlecock  
 Struck in the eye, my aunt, Bohemia's Queen—  
 She thought 'twas done intentionally, and,  
 Suffused in tears, complained unto the King.  
 All the young courtiers were straightway sum-  
 moned

The culprit to denounce—The treacherous act  
 The Monarch swore most fearfully to punish,  
 Though 'twere his son who did it—I perceived  
 Thee trembling in the distance, and forthwith  
 Stepped out, and threw me at the Monarch's  
 feet—

"I, I it was who did it," I exclaimed;  
 "On thine own son thy vengeance wreak!"

MARQUIS.

Ah, Prince,  
 What recollections you recall!

CARLOS.

It was wreaked.  
 In presence of the servants of the court,  
 Who all stood round compassionate, 'twas  
 wreaked

Upon thy Carl, fully as on a slave.  
 I looked at thee and wept not; though the pang  
 Made my teeth chatter loudly, yet I wept not—  
 My royal blood gushed mercilessly out  
 At every stroke disgracefully; I looked  
 At thee, and wept not—thou cam'st up and  
 throw'st

Thyself loud sobbing at my feet—"Yes, yes,"  
 Thou cried'st; "my pride is overcome—I will  
 Repay the debt, when thou art king."

MARQUIS—[holds out his hand to him.]

And I  
 Will do so, Carl.—The vow I made as boy  
 I now renew as man. I will repay.  
 E'en now, perhaps, the hour is come.

## MARY STUART'S IMPRISONMENT RE- LAXED.

MARY STUART. *Act III. Scene I.*

(Our own version, as we are not aware of  
 another.)

[A Park—The foreground occupied with trees—  
 An extensive prospect in the background—  
 Mary runs forward in haste from behind the  
 trees—Hannah Kennedy, (her nurse,) fol-  
 lows at a distance.]

KENNEDY.

You hasten, e'en as though you were on wing!  
 I cannot follow!—O do wait for me!

MARY.

Let me enjoy my new freedom's pleasure!  
 I must be a child! O be thou one too!  
 I spurn the green turf without mode or measure!  
 Dip my wing'd step in the morning dew!  
 Am I in truth an enfranchised creature?  
 Are the black walls of my dungeon riven?  
 Leave me to drink in each thirsting feature,  
 Full and free, the sweet breeze of heaven!

KENNEDY.

O my dear lady! you are still imprison'd;  
 Only the prison bounds are not so narrow.  
 You only see not the surrounding walls  
 For the thick foliage of the trees that shroud  
 them.

MARY.

Thanks, thanks again, to those dear friendly trees,  
 That veil my prison walls with verdant gleam;  
 Here will I dream of liberty and ease;  
 O why awake me from that happy dream?  
 Is not the broad expanse of heaven around?  
 My glance, delighted and unbound,  
 Roams forth into the far immensities:  
 There, where arise the misty mountains gray,  
 The frontiers stern of my dominions stand,  
 And those free clouds that southward sweep  
 their way,

Are hasting to dear Gallia's distant strand.  
 Voyagers light of the joyous gale,  
 O on your pinions away to sail!  
 Greet with my blessing my childhood's land!  
 Stern captivity doom'd to rue,  
 Envoys none have I left but you;  
 Free through the air is your path serene;  
 Ye serve not the will of this moody queen.

KENNEDY.

Ah, my dear lady! you are rapt too far,  
 And long withholden freedom makes you rave!

MARY.

See where a fisher his shallop moors!  
 Scant is the pittance his labor gains!  
 Well would I guerdon his dearest pains,  
 Would he bat waft me to friendly shores!

Gem and gold for his fee he should get,  
A draught should he have he ne'er drew before;  
Fortune and wealth he should find in his net,  
Would he speed me but safe to some friendly shore.

KENNEDY.

O desperate hopes! what? see ye not that spies  
Ev'n now at distance track our every step?  
A dark and gloomy prohibition scares  
Each pity-loving creature from our way.

MARY.

Nay, my good Hannah. Trust me, not for nought  
My dungeon's door is open'd. This small grace  
Is voucher of some greater bliss to come.  
No—I mistake not! 'tis the active hand  
Of ever-watchful love! I recognize  
In all this scheme Lord Le'ster's mighty arm.  
By soft degrees my bounds will be extended,  
The less shall but familiarize the greater,  
Until at length I gaze upon his presence  
Who shall dissolve my bonds for evermore.

KENNEDY.

Alas! I cannot search this mystery.  
But yesterday and you were doom'd to death,  
And now to-day they grant this sudden freedom.  
But I have heard it said, their chains are loos'd  
For whom the everlasting freedom waits.

MARY.

Hear'st thou the hunter's horn resounding,  
Mightily calling o'er wood and plain?  
O on the spirited steed to be bounding,  
Bounding along in the gladsome train!  
Hark to that well known note again!  
Sadly sweet its memories are:  
Oft have I joy'd when I heard of yore,  
Over the highland and over the moor,  
Rushing in clamor, the chase afar.

#### JOANNA'S SOLILOQUY BEFORE PROCEEDING ON HER MISSION.

MAID OF ORLEANS, *Induction.**(Translation in Burns's Fireside Library.)*

FAREWELL, ye hills and ye beloved pastures;  
Ye still and sombre valleys, fare ye well!  
Joanna shall no more frequent your haunts;  
Joanna bids you now farewell for ever.  
Ye plants which I have watered oft, ye trees  
Which I have planted, bargeon blithesomely!  
Farewell, ye grottos, and ye cooling fountains;  
Thou Echo, clear soft voice of this calm glen,  
That oft gave answer to my maiden strain,  
Joanna goes, and ne'er returns again!  
Scenes of my early quiet joys, farewell!  
I leave you all behind me now for aye!  
Rove forth, my lambs, upon the turfy fell,  
Destined henceforth all shepherdless to stray!  
Far other duties call me hence away;

Far other flock 'tis now my lot to lead  
On the red field of peril and dismay;  
No idle earthly yearnings prompt the deed;  
The Spirit bids me haste—He calls, and I must heed.

For He who erst on Horeb's hallowed side  
To Moses blazed in fiery bush revealed.  
And bade him face the Egyptian's ire and pride;  
And called the pious David from the field,  
For pastoral crook imperial glaive to wield;  
He who was gracious aye to shepherds—He  
To his high work my ministry hath sealed;  
He called me from the branches of this tree,  
And said, "Go forth on earth to testify for me!"

In rugged arms thy graceful form enfold;  
In griding steel thy tender breast attire:  
No youth shall kindle in that bosom cold  
Profane and idle flame of earth's desire.  
Thy chainless locks shall feel no bridal tire;  
No babe, reposing on thy bosom, trace  
An infant image of a manly sire;  
For thee have I of old decreed to grace  
With martial power and fame above all female race.

And when in strife the boldest fall away,  
When the last hour of France is hovering nigh,  
Then shall thy hand my Oriflamme display,  
And, swift as reaper shreds the harvest dry,  
The haught oppressor shalt thou hurl from high,  
Bid his proud star in mid ascendant cower,  
Rescue thy land's heroic progeny,  
And, 'neath fair Rheims' emancipated tower,  
Set on the rightful brow the sovran crown of power."

A token Heaven hath shown—I know it well!  
He sends to me the casque! it comes from Him!  
With might divine I feel my bosom swell!  
The spirit of the flaming Cherubim  
With force supernal nerves each feeble limb,  
And, wild as tempest sweeps the midnight sky,  
Forth urges to the iron conflict grim!  
Hark! through me peals my country's battle-cry!  
The trumpets' fierce acclaim! the mustering chivalry!

#### TELL'S SOLILOQUY BEFORE THE ASSASSINATION OF GESLER.

WILLIAM TELL, *Act IV. Scene III.**(Translation in Burns's Fireside Library.)*

[A hollow pass, near Küssnacht—The road leads down between the rocks; and, before they appear on the stage, travellers are seen on the heights. Rocks close in the scene on every side: on one in the foreground is a projecting point, covered with low trees.]

TELL—[with his crossbow.]

THROUGH this high gully must he pass,  
There is no other way to Küssnacht—Here  
Will I commit the deed for which I came.  
The place is suited to the act: the trees  
Will shield me from the view, and there is space  
Through which my messenger can seek its aim;  
The narrow path will hinder followers.

Make up thy account with heaven, lord governor!  
Thou must go hence—thy last sands are run out.

Oh! I lived calm and harmless, and my prey  
Was the wild deer that dwelt within our forests:  
My thoughts were free from violence, until thou  
Didst steal the gift of peace from out my heart,  
And changed the milk of human thought and  
feeling

Into foul poison. To harsh thoughts, which ne'er  
Till thou didst teach them me, my soul e'er knew,  
Hast thou injured me. He who struck the aim  
From the head of his own child, oh, shall he not  
As surely strike to the life-blood of his foe?

My poor, my innocent children, my loved wife,  
Must I protect 'gainst thee, lord governor.  
There, when I drew my bow, and my hand trem-  
bled,

And thou with devilish joy compelledst me  
To aim at the head of my own child—when I,  
All powerless, sunk before thee,—then I swore  
A fearful oath—breathed to the ear of God,  
And not of man—that my next arrow's aim  
Should be thy heart. What in that hour I swore  
Of deadly agony, I will perform;  
God will require it at my hands—to Him  
I breathed my oath.

Thou art, my lord, placed here in my empe-  
ror's stead,

Yet never had the emperor allowed  
Such deeds as thou hast done. He sent thee here  
To deal out justice to the land.—Severe  
Perchance he knew thou wert, for 'twas in wrath  
He sent thee; but he did not bid thee slake  
Thy murderous thirst of blood on harmless men  
But there is One who shall avenge our cause.

O come then forth, thou messenger of pain!  
My dearest treasure now, my highest good!  
The heart that did resist all pious prayers  
Shall not have power to resist thy point!  
And thou, my trusty bow-string, in good stead  
Thou oft hast served till now in joyful sports,—  
Forsake me not in this most fearful earnest;  
Hold firm for one aim more, and wing aright,  
As thou so oft hast done, my pointed barb;  
For if it play me false, I have no other  
To fill its destined part.

[*Travellers pass over the stage.*]

Upon this stony bank will I sit down.  
'Twas placed for the repose of travellers;  
For here there is no dwelling; each one goes  
With careless step, nor heeds the fellow-men  
Who pass him by, nor thinks if they are well  
Or ill, if joy or sorrow rest with them.  
The careful merchant, pilgrims with few goods,  
Few cares, the pious monk, the dark grim robber,  
The merry player, and the carrier  
Who comes from other lands with laden beasts,  
From every region of the world do men  
Pass by this road, to accomplish each his work:  
Mine is a work of death! [*He sits down.*]

Oh! once, my children, there was joy for you,  
When from the chase your father late returned!  
For never came he to his home but brought  
Something for you—either a flower he'd plucked  
From off the Alps, or some rare bird, or Ammon's  
horn

Such as the travellers find upon the hills.  
Far other deadlier object now he seeks:  
On the wild way he sits with vengeful thoughts—  
It is his enemy's life for which he waits—  
And yet e'en now his thoughts are but of you

His children. To guard you, and your gentle in-  
nocence

To shield against the tyrant's rage—he draws  
His bow, such fearful murder to commit!

[*He starts up.*]

It is a noble prey for which I wait.  
The hunter oft beneath the coldest skies  
Will leap from crag to crag thro' the whole day,  
And climb the rugged precipice, oft stained  
By the drops of his own blood, and weary not,  
So he can strike his prey; but here  
I have a far more noble prize—the heart  
Of my dread foe, who seeks to ruin us.

[*Joyful music is heard—gradually approaches in  
the distance.*]

From my childhood have I been inured  
To feats of archery; my bow has been  
Constant companion of my life; to the goal  
I oft have shot, and many a fair prize  
Have I brought home from feasts where archers  
meet.

But the master-shot of all to-day I seek,  
And carry the best prize that's to be won  
Throughout the whole wide circle of the Alps.

From the Metropolitan.

## A VISIT TO THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

THE ascent of the St. Bernard occupies  
ten hours; it is merely, what it has been  
called, "a secondary Alpine pass." There  
are, of course, objects of considerable in-  
terest on the route (for in what part of  
Switzerland are there none?); and, besides  
peculiar attractions, the scenery here par-  
takes of that majestic character which will  
be found more or less to distinguish all  
mountain districts. Here, to be sure, are  
not the glaciers of Chamouni or of the Ober-  
land; but the eye lingers on many an Al-  
pine torrent hurrying from mountain to  
rock, and from rock to hill; with some the  
amazing volumes of water come thundering  
at once down some declivity, rising again  
in the purest vapor; while others come  
frothing over ledges of rock thousands of  
feet in elevation, and you may see rain-  
bows, coming and going with the sun, sit  
hovering in the spray. There, too, on the  
hill-side, repose the huge pines and mighty  
timbers, all rotting together in confusion,  
where they have been prostrated by the  
storm; and on every side are to be seen gi-  
gantic masses of rock, the natural supports  
of which having been undermined by ages,  
they have been precipitated by their own  
weight, and slid off bodily into the vale be-  
low. Now and then, too, a report from the  
rifle of the chamois-hunter breaks smartly

upon the ear, re-echoed from a hundred points; and sometimes, though of course more rarely, the hunter himself may be seen descending from the heights in the dress peculiar to his vocation, and with the animal he has killed swung round his body. Even the numerous goats, and the stray cattle with their enormous bells bring with them the interest of association, adding life to the solitary grandeur of such a scene; and not unfrequently the imperial eagle of the Alps, that terror of the goatherd, darts forth into view from his lofty retreat, or sails impudently about your path.

About half-way lies the hamlet of St. Pierre; here it is usual for the traveller to seize the only opportunity that offers of rest and refreshment; unless, indeed, a desolate hovel, which the avarice of some individual has erected still higher up in the mountains, can be called a place of entertainment. On quitting St. Pierre you begin to feel the real mountain air, and to wrap your cloak more closely around you; for the elevation is already considerable, and becomes every moment progressively greater. Beyond this point, too, the path is more liable to be missed, as the great landmarks of mountains on either side no longer serve as guides and preclude the wandering of travellers. The great danger now is the concealment of the track by snow, or, if there be any foul weather in this cold region, it will of course be a snow-storm. And now, at last, the head of the mountain is itself visible, towering some thousands of feet above the clouds, if clouds there should unluckily be; but if it could be seen as I saw it, on the clearest of October's days, with its snows beautifully set against a deep-blue sky in the back-ground, perhaps nature could not present a more sublime object than the St. Bernard, unless, indeed, it were its loftier neighbor, Mont Blanc itself.

Reaching the spot where the mountain rises more abruptly, the traveller must prepare himself for a rougher and more careful ascent; not unfrequently he will find himself compelled to climb up with hand and foot the different steeps that present themselves. There is much sameness and little interest in this occupation, but it does not last long before a low-roofed shed becomes visible on the right of the path, which is styled, "The Refuge." This hovel, which is nothing more than four bare walls with a roofing to them and without even a door to the entrance, was built for the temporary reception of such travellers as are too late

to reach the Hospice that day, or are too fatigued to proceed further. The building, such as it is, is also useful in case of accidents; here the servants of the Hospice, accompanied by the dogs, lie in wait every day when the season is unfavorable, for the relief of travellers; and should they not return at a certain and fixed hour, it is concluded at the Hospice that something is wrong, and the monks one and all go forth in a body with food and restoratives to their assistance.

About a stone's throw from the Refuge, but standing more off from the path, is another lonely shed; this is the bone-house; as the distance from this spot to the Hospice is somewhat considerable, it was found necessary to build here a receptacle for the bodies of those who had unhappily fallen asleep in the snow, or had been killed by avalanches.

The first view of the Hospice breaks suddenly upon the eye when but a stone's throw from its bleak-looking walls; it seems to start up suddenly, as it were, from the elevation on which it stands, having about it a comfortless, naked look, unrelieved of course by a single tree or even shrub. The materials of which it is composed are from the rock on which it has been built, and the only natural advantage which it possesses is the neighborhood of a lake, which is ice more than three-fourths of the year. It is the highest habitation of the known world, and is said to be upwards of eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. The pass by it into Italy is a saving of two days.

On the steps of the door generally may be seen lying one of the celebrated dogs. The moment you are in view you are welcomed with the deep and peculiar bark of these animals, and having once noticed him and thus introduced yourself, you are friends forthwith. It is even prudent to do this, for I was afterwards told that in the event of neglecting it you are sure to be watched by the animal during your stay, and perhaps suspected to be what you ought not to be. As I approached the building, my attention was particularly attracted to three or four Italian boys who were gazing about the premises with intense curiosity, though they were but lightly clad, and stood shivering in the pitiless blast of these mountains, with their arms folded over their breasts; they seemed to be feeling for the first time the immense difference between the atmosphere they were in and that of

their own sunny Italy. One of them had a monkey for a companion, another a cage of white mice, and a third music; they informed me in the house that these boys came across the mountain in such shoals upon their way to England, that it had been found imperative, from the scantiness of provisions, to allot them only a certain portion of food each. They also sleep three or four together in one apartment.

A few yards from the Hospice itself stands the charnel-house—a low, square building, distinguished only as to its exterior by a massy grated window. Here repose, and have reposed for centuries, the bodies or bones of all those who have met their fate on this mountain from frost or accident. Decomposition goes on, of course, very slowly here; and, though the floor of this apartment is covered to some depth with confused bones, yet the bodies which still stand against the walls or lie reclined in great numbers, are in a state of wonderful preservation. The flesh still remaining upon the bones has the appearance of shrivelled parchment; and, notwithstanding the number of bodies, the nicest sense of smelling could detect nothing offensive. But the eye is the organ that is offended upon entering this dead-house; the teeth, the hair, and even eyes still remain on all that have not actually fallen to pieces, and the expression of the countenance, yet more horrible in death, is still there which it had in the moment of dissolution. The more general expression is that of grinning (the effect of the extreme cold upon the jaws); but there are some faces among them not to be overlooked, which give horrible evidence of the acutest suffering.

There is one corpse in particular of a woman enfolding in her arms her infant child; she is in a kneeling attitude, and the expression in the face of the dead betrays the most extreme mental anguish that could be conceived. Even in death the child is folded to the breast with a mother's last grasp, and it never was attempted to loosen it. In the centre of the room, upon a shell a little elevated, lies the last victim of death in his winding-sheet. The body at present there is that of a servant who died some years ago, there being no other burial-place even for the domestics of the Hospice. The monks themselves are, of course, buried in the vaults of their chapel.

The fraternity consists of fifteen persons, including a principal. Their ranks are supplied, in case of death, from the priest-

hood in the canton below; and, though it would seem to be a change for the worse, yet it is looked upon as a promotion to become a brother of the convent.

The brethren are obliged to go down at intervals to recruit themselves in the valley, either at St. Pierre or Martigny; for otherwise it has been found that the human frame is incapable of standing such a continued siege of frost.

Certainly the existence of such an institution as this, and the fact that men can be found to live under it, speaks highly for humanity; for, in fact, to what higher effort can philanthropy be carried? The monks seem to spend the greater part of their day in prayer, and service appeared to be constantly going forward in the chapel. Their profession of faith is Catholic; but be their creed what it may, these ecclesiastics seem to comprehend the true spirit, and practise the best part, of religion—love towards one another. For the entertainment of their guests no charge whatever was made by these hospitable men, and from the poorer or larger class no remuneration whatever is expected. There is, indeed, fitted up in the vestibule of the chapel, a box (having in its lid a small aperture) for the benefit of the unfortunate, and it is usual for the richer visitors to testify their gratitude in this way; but even if the proceeds of this collection were applied towards the supporting the expenses of this establishment, they would supply a very inadequate fund indeed. Provisions, and even fire-wood, are forwarded from Martigny, of course with great labor and considerable expense; and for such purposes the mules and servants of the society are under the necessity of descending the mountain every day. There is always an average number of guests to entertain, for even if the weather be too unfavorable for travellers to make the pass, then the persons already there are snowed up, and must, of course, be fed and catered for during their stay. The truth is, such an establishment is not and never could be maintained by the chance contributions of any passing strangers; a tax is laid in the first place upon the inhabitants of the Valais, perhaps in the shape of provisions; and secondly, it is supported by bequests and the liberal donations of patriotic individuals.

We must not forget to mention, casually at least, the dogs of the convent. The appearance of these celebrated animals, and the duties allotted to them have so often

been described, that it is perhaps needless to be diffuse on the subject here. Many have been the lives reported to have been saved through their assistance; they effect, in short, what human aid never could have contrived. By their wonderful instinct they are enabled to discover and trace the path however concealed by snow. They roam over the mountain day and night; and should they fall in with any poor wretch who has wandered from the track, or who is disabled by accident, they either lead the way for him as a guide, or fly back alone for assistance. It is reported that the original breed is lost; but this is not admitted at the convent; and, at any rate, the present race seem sufficiently sagacious and efficient for the duties assigned to them. There are now but five of these animals employed, but they are far from being scarce, and when untrained may be bought by strangers for a sum varying from two to six Nopoleons. The mountaineers, and even the peasants of the valleys below, are often seen with a dog of St. Bernard attendant upon them, and do not at all scruple paying the value of so noble a companion. The dogs are never bred on the mountain, in consequence of the severity of its atmosphere; but there is a kennel for them at St. Pierre, and again another at Martigny.

On reaching the Hospice, travellers are immediately received with the greatest hospitality, and every want is attended to. A bed-chamber is allotted to each person, but in consequence of the extreme cold in these upper apartments the guests are cautioned not to remain there (unless it be for repose) any longer than is absolutely necessary. They are afterwards ushered into the antique-looking saloon, at the entrance of which stands a fine slab of black marble, having on it a Latin inscription, and erected by the public of the Valais in gratitude to Napoleon. The saloon or receiving-chamber is a curious wainscoted apartment, having about it a very monastic air, but a little spoiled, as it seemed to me, from the presence of several fantastic trifles from Brighton, the gift, probably, of some well-meaning lady who has reached the convent. In this apartment you are left to amuse yourself till six o'clock—the supper hour (should you arrive before that time)—and there are not wanting several objects of interest to engage the attention.

The album of St. Bernard, or travellers' book, is a curious record of facts and opinions. In this it is usual for every one to

write his name, and whatever else his fancy or gratitude may dictate. It does not seem to have been kept for more than three years, or if it has, there has been sad depredation committed upon its leaves by the autograph hunters.

Adjoining the saloon is a small room or cabinet containing coins and other Roman antiquities. These were all dug up near the lake or on the site of the present building, where, it seems, in the time of the Romans, there was a temple to Jupiter. Among the coins I noticed a gold piece with the head and superscription of Romulus. Here are also a few good pictures, and I perceived in one of the frames Landseer's fine engraving of the dogs of St. Bernard, which the holy fathers are not a little proud of. It is clear, however (as they themselves observe), that the artist could never have been at the convent, or if he had, he has sacrificed truth to effect. There are no trees of any description on the mountain; the outline given of the building in the distance is as unlike as may be, and the costume of the monks is very unfaithful.

At the hour of six you are received at supper by one of the monks, who do the honors in rotation. I was fortunate enough to be present when this was the principal's office. There were, beside myself, two American gentlemen, who had ascended that day from the Italian side. The monk addressed himself attentively to each of us in turn, and had about him so little of the recluse, that he seemed more the courtier and man of the world. Every information we could seek he was ready and even anxious to afford; and, as we naturally desired that which was *local*, he willingly gave us every particular of the establishment. The substance of the conversation has been already laid before the reader.

It is the custom of the monks to retire by times to their cells; the time of going to rest is of course left optional to their guests, but it is easy to see they would be more pleased by keeping early hours; and no one is very anxious to keep watch after a toilsome day's journey.

In the morning those who can rise in time may be much gratified by attending service in chapel, and it is considered a compliment to do so. Here, too, is a fine monument of General Desaix well worthy attention. The general was buried in this spot by order of Napoleon, the monument itself being forwarded from the French capital.

After the service we were received at the



breakfast table by our retainer as before; he afterwards sent a domestic for a large bunch of keys, and obligingly offered to show us whatever else was attractive in the house. The library contains a collection of valuable and rare books; many of them, however, seemed to be in manuscript and somewhat venerable. There is also another cabinet of natural curiosities up stairs, having besides an excellent electrical machine, and several valuable miscellanies, presented, I was told, by American travellers.

When we had thus seen all, the principal of the convent took leave of us kindly; for it is expected, of course, should the weather permit, that you proceed on your journey, and make way for new guests. Such, then, is this valuable institution—the Hospice of St. Bernard—a spot not only interesting from historical associations, but which all who have visited can hardly fail to think better and nobler of their species.

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From the North British Review.

#### LIFE AND SPECULATIONS OF LEIBNITZ.

1. *God. Gul. Leibnitii Opera Philosophica quae extant Latina, Gallica, Germanica omnia.* Editio recognovit e temporum rationibus disposita pluribus auxit Introductione Critica atque indicibus instruxit JOANNES EDUARDUS ERDMANN, Phil. Doct. et Prof. Publ. Ord. in Univers. Halens. Pars Prior. Pars Altera. Berlin, 1839–1840.
2. *Oeuvres de Leibnitz, Nouvelle Edition, Collationée sur les meilleurs textes, et précédée d'une introduction.* Par M. AMRDEE JACQUES, Professeur de Philosophie au Collège Royal de Versailles. Paris, 1842.
3. *Oeuvres de Locke et Leibnitz, contenant l'Essai sur l'Entendement Humain, revu, corrigé, et accompagné de Notes, l'Eloge de Leibnitz, par Fontenelle, le Discours sur la Conformité de la Foi et de la Raison, l'Essai sur la Bonté de Dieu, la Liberté de l'Homme, et l'Origine du mal, la controverse réduite à des argumens en forme.* Par M. F. Thurot, Professeur de Philosophie au Collège de France, et à la Faculté des Lettres. Paris, 1839.
4. *Gottfried Wilhelm Freiherr von Leibnitz—Eine Biographie.* Von DR. G.

E. GUNRAUER. Zwei Bände. Breslau, 1842.

THESE books are the productions of a species of thinking that is very rare in this country, but of which, in Germany, France, and America, the Press is giving forth some original and many republished specimens.\* Containing as they do the results, and in many respects splendid results, of purely abstract thinking, the philosophical works of Leibnitz are singularly fitted for contributing to imbue the mind of an ardent student with comprehensive and lofty speculation. While his writings abound in daring hypotheses, they have yet greatly advanced metaphysical science, by rendering current a multitude of new ideas; and the fact of the circulation of an amount of abstract thought so great, so peculiar in its kind, and so fitted to set other minds to work, as these books contain, can never be unworthy of the consideration of those who would observe and study literature in its most solemn relation. Besides their intrinsic value, they are connected with an important epoch in the history of speculation. This philosopher looms vast even in the distance, at the entrance of the labyrinth of the recent German philosophy. Though a curious combination of circumstances has hitherto preserved the surface of the British mind almost unruffled by an influence powerful enough to create so much commotion on the continent of Europe, there are signs in the literary horizon which betoken a change, for which society in this country would do well to be prepared. By the well-regulated study of these unwonted topics, we might not merely disarm the enemies of religion, of what in other times has been, and will continue to be, a favorite weapon of assault, but we might even convert that weapon into an instrument of use in the Christian service. We therefore willingly take occasion, from the interest revived elsewhere in the life and labors of Leibnitz, and indicated among other means

\* The amount of republished metaphysical literature of the higher kind which has appeared in those countries within the last twenty years, is worthy of remark. . . Some idea of it may be formed from any common catalogue of books recently issued from the Press of Leipsic, Berlin, Paris or Boston. The labors of M. Cousin in this department are well known. The works, in whole or in part, of Plato, Proclus, Abelard, Des Cartes, André, Pascal, &c., have re-appeared under the superintendence of this eloquent founder of the modern eclectic school of France.

by these recent publications, to pass shortly in review the leading events recorded in his biography, accompanied with a few historical and a few speculative notices, as an introduction to that great theme on which his labors were especially bestowed—Metaphysical Philosophy.

Some knowledge of the personal history of the great philosopher whose name stands at the head of this Article, is likely, besides its intrinsic use and interest, to be a valuable help to him who desires to understand and appreciate his writings. It is satisfactory to find that most of the materials collected by former biographers, eulogists, and commentators, along with some new information, have been condensed into a useful biography by Dr. Guhrauer, who has already laboriously edited several of the works of Leibnitz, and contributed to the revival of an interest in the philosopher. His biography is well fitted to bring the reader into intercourse with the great German, and those numerous contemporaries with whom he maintained a "literary commerce" during the thinking age in which he lived. It has, however, less of an academic cast than we might have asked for, and relates to the external rather than the internal life of its illustrious subject.\*

Gottfried Wilhelm Leibnitz was born in Leipsic on the 21st of June, 1646. He was descended of an ancient family, that had gained distinction in civil and ecclesiastical affairs. His grand-uncle, Paul Leibnitz, attracted notice in the wars in Hungary, and was highly honored by the Emperor Rodolph II.

We must not omit a special allusion to the eventful epoch of the philosopher's birth. Just a hundred years before, Luther had rested from his earthly labors, during the excitement of the greatest and most happy religious and social change which the world has witnessed since the introduction of Christianity. But soon after the Reformer's death, Christian doctrine, owing in a great measure to the want of Christian organization in the Church, became, especially in Germany, gradually separated more and more from the hearts of nominally Christian men. The coldness of ma-

thematical demonstration represented Christianity in the pulpits and halls of the country of the Reformation, where in the seventeenth century the icy orthodoxy of Calixtus took the place of the fervid sermons of Luther.

Besides that it was the era of a great evangelical revival, the period of the reformation in religion was a time of much general excitement and progress in society. The reformation of Philosophy was, however, the work of a subsequent period. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the recovery and revived use of the remains of antiquity supplied, for the most part, sufficient materials for literary activity. The controversy between the Aristotelians and the Ramists in the sixteenth century had, moreover, diverted men's minds from the production of a philosophy altogether modern and reformed. The birth of Leibnitz was just subsequent to the time when, the strength of the evangelical movement having unhappily abated in most countries, a movement towards a reform of philosophy had succeeded. The mind is not likely at any time to be strongly stirred by such a science as Theology, without being directed to "the science of sciences." A new philosophy had been developed in England and France. Bacon's *Advancement of the Sciences* appeared in 1605, and the *Method of Des Cartes* in 1637. In each country philosophy had assumed a fundamentally different form. In England, the practical character of the people well harmonized with the lessons of comprehensive sagacity that were given forth in the works of Bacon; and these naturally led to the solid and cautious, yet withal little imaginative form, which metaphysical science has assumed in the works of Locke; and through Locke, generally, in the British philosophy. In France, on the other hand, the philosophical writings of Des Cartes had awakened that style of speculation which cannot be wholly dormant while the spirit of Plato and St. Austin attracts sympathy in the world, and which in France, subsequently to Des Cartes, was adorned and elevated by some of the noblest and worthiest spirits of modern times. Besides the lives of Malebranche and Fénelon, those of Pascal, and Arnauld, and Nicole, and the other recluses of Port-Royal, give to the Cartesian a more sacred interest than can be attached to any other modern school of philosophy. Although this peculiar feature of its history is marred by that mystic

\* Since the substance of this Article was composed, we have received a "*Life of Leibnitz*, by John M. Mackie. Boston, 1845." It is nearly a reproduction, in English, of the German biography of Dr. Guhrauer, and is still more exclusively confined to the details of the external life of Leibnitz.

quietism which the monastic genius of the Romish Church tends to foster, it is encouraging to find even this imperfect illustration of the manner in which Christianity may be allied to general speculation.

But Germany was thenceforward to be the focus of Idealism, and of abstract thinking of every kind. In that country, previously to the rise of the Leibnitzian philosophy, there had been no manifestation of the new spirit of reform. The labors of Leibnitz mark the commencement of the very singular course which metaphysical philosophy has since run in the native country of that celebrated thinker. Since then, the original distinction between the schools of Locke and Leibnitz has modified the currents of thought in Britain and Germany, and is thus connected with many of those characteristics by which the British is signally distinguished from the Continental mind. Since then, too, Germany has been the centre of European speculation, and has exhibited some of the most extraordinary phenomena in the history of human thought. There, amid the successive revolutions of more than a hundred years, every abstract question has been debated that the mind of man can entertain; and there has been added to preceding ones perhaps the most remarkable and instructive of all the records of the clouded wanderings of human reason. The discussions raised by Leibnitz have given birth to the philosophical systems of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, and so to the now enormously accumulated materials of the Teutonic metaphysics.

The father of Leibnitz was Professor of Morals in the ancient University of Leipsic. He died during the childhood of his son. By his pious mother, the thoughts of the young Gottfried Wilhelm were much directed to religion; and this guidance no doubt gave to his subsequent speculations much of that theological cast by which they are distinguished. Both his parents were Lutherans. Leipsic was nearly the only scene of the first twenty years of his life.\* In the Nicolai School of that city, and also in the University, which he entered in 1661, he gave early evidence of the peculiar char-

acter of his very extraordinary parts. His powers of mind were directed, in turn, to almost every object of knowledge. He eagerly studied history and the ancient classics, in which his reading extended far out of the beaten track in which the ill-judged exertions of his narrow-minded teachers would fain have restrained him. It was, however, when he was introduced to logic and philosophy, that the strength of his genius, and the special direction of his mind, were fully shown. He read Aristotle, Plato, and Plotinus, and revelled in the subtilities of the scholastic metaphysics—that stimulant of the human intellect for so many hundred years. In his father's richly-stored library, he read, almost during the years of childhood, Scotus, and Fonseca, and Rubius, and Suarez, and Zabarella, and other schoolmen, with special delight. To the literature of theology he was no stranger, even at this early period. His thoughts were directed to the deep controversies about election and grace, by the works of St. Austin and Luther, the reformed theology, and the writings of Anthony Arnauld. The amount of learning thus accumulated by this precocious student, before he entered the University, appears to have been prodigious. Soon after that epoch in his life, Des Cartes fell into his hands. His tendency towards eclecticism, afterwards more fully displayed, was shown in endeavors to harmonize Plato and Aristotle, Des Cartes and the schoolmen. The scholastic logic and philosophy was then dominant in Leipsic, as it was in most of the other universities of Germany. The spirit, as well as the manner of teaching then generally prevalent in Germany, ill harmonized with the fire of speculation that was already kindled in the bosom of the youthful Leibnitz. A thousand chimeras of speculation floated through his brain. He started a thousand difficulties to his teachers and associates. Even Bacon, and Des Cartes, and the later philosophy, served to awaken rather than to convince him. His mind was too independent to be moulded by others. His intellect revolted from the authority of his teachers. In solitude, he cherished the most ardent views of the advancement of knowledge and the progress of man.

The whole history of the early years of Leibnitz forms a precious record of what we might call *speculative experience*; it reveals the self-educating genius of the really original mind, and shows a singular de-

\* An interesting account of the remarkable self-educating process which the mind of Leibnitz underwent during these years, nearly related as that is to the subsequent development of his philosophy, is given by himself in the "*Pacidii Introductio Historica*." See Erdmann's Edition, p. 91, and see also p. 162.

velopment of abstract thought at an age when the attention is usually engrossed with the objects of sense.\* In his recorded experience, at the age of sixteen, are to be found the dim forms of those problems which agitated his thoughts during the most active years of his life. For days together, as he tells us, he was wont to pursue his walks alone in the woods of Rosenthal, near Leipsic, revolving in his soul the first principles of that mysterious life, to a consciousness of which he was become awake. Before he had studied mathematics, physics, or morals, he was led to the conception of the higher philosophy. He felt, what can be felt only by the true metaphysician, a need for that scheme of eternal first principles on which all knowledge must depend. This was the theme of his earliest writings. His speculations on a universal language, grounded on what he calls the alphabet of thought, and his treatise *de principio individui*, published when under twenty, display the metaphysician capable of going back to first principles, and of following consequences intrepidly to their issues. In these labors of this early period, we receive a fair specimen of the whole intellectual life of Leibnitz. They are, moreover, eminently characteristic of the national philosophy which he originated. We shall have occasion to return to the subject in the sequel.

Owing to a difference with the University authorities, Leibnitz left Leipsic, and his native country of Saxony, and in 1666 went to the University of Altdorf. There he received his degree in law the same year. He thus belongs to that class of distinguished philosophers who have been bred to the legal profession. The philosophy of law naturally attracted his thoughts. At the age of twenty-one, he published a tract on jurisprudence, which forms an epoch in that science. "There was only one man in the world," says Hallam, "who could have left so noble a science as philosophical jurisprudence for pursuits of a still more ex-

alted nature, and for which he was still more gifted; and that man was Leibnitz. He passed onwards to reap the golden harvests of other fields."

After leaving the University, he led a somewhat desultory life for several years. During the interval between 1666 and 1676, he visited several of the German universities, which must have served to confirm his academical tendencies. A professorial chair was soon within his reach, but was declined by one whose projects of reform in philosophy were too comprehensive to be confined within the narrow limits of a University. In 1667 he removed to Frankfort, where he became Secretary to the Baron von Boineburg, and was patronized and employed by the Elector of Mentz. During his residence in the Electorate, he was much engaged in public, legal, and diplomatic labors, as well as in literary pursuits. Yet his mind was all the while pervaded by the great idea of his life. He found time to edit the *Antibarbarus* of the Italian Nizolius, and, besides, was active in theological controversy. The baron, who was born in the Lutheran Church, had joined the communion of Rome, and was much interested in a scheme for the union of the Romish and Lutheran Churches. This eclectic scheme was afterwards the great theme of the public life of Leibnitz.

His speculations about this time are marked by the vagueness naturally characteristic of one who had cast off the authority of others, and had not resolved a system for himself. It was the transition-period in his life, during which his recorded thoughts teem with the germs of those ideas that are found in a matured form, and in such profuse variety, in the *Nouveaux Essais*, and the *Théodicée*.

These years are still more distinguished as the period of the commencement of that literary intercourse which afterwards accumulated so enormously, and in which Leibnitz always appears in the centre of the thinking spirits of his age. It commenced, and was maintained, among others, with the kindred minds in the Cartesian school—with Malebranche, the recluse author of the *Recherche de la Vérité*, of whom we have the interesting records that his genius was altogether dormant, till kindled by contact with the speculations of Des Cartes, and that his controversy about Idealism with Berkely, on the only occasion they ever met, so roused the ardor of the then aged philosopher, that his death is recorded

\* It would be interesting to collect illustrations of such experience out of the biographies of thinking men. A solemn moral regard is due to the cases of those especially (as Pascal) in whom a personal religious sentiment is found to mingle with the operations of a mind engaged in the processes of reflection, and which finds in the consciousness of sin and guilt a new element of difficulty and distress. Such instances suggest the whole subject of the *higher religious experience*, of which the phenomena are extremely important to the student of Scripture and of the human spirit.

a few days after—and with Arnauld, the pious, contemplative Jansenist of Port-Royal, the theological and philosophical antagonist of Malebranche. Leibnitz visited Arnauld at Paris in 1672, and remained in that brilliant metropolis during the greater part of the few following years. In 1673, he went for a short time to London, and came in contact with many of the English savans—among others, with Collins and Sir Isaac Newton.\* Shortly before his death, for the first and last time, Spinoza, that type of the demonstrative metaphysicians, received a visit at the Hague from the now rising Saxon philosopher. From the extraordinary logical concatenation of the system of Spinoza, his mind must have received a powerful impression. From about 1674, his intercourse with Hobbes may be dated. The skeptical Bayle seems to have been the useful instrument of the more full development of his ideas—an indirect benefit which the cause of truth has often received from the labors of skepticism.†

The year 1676 is an era in the life of our philosopher. Death had taken away his patrons the Elector of Mentz and Von Boineburg. He was himself in Paris. But his fame was become illustrious all over Germany, and he now accepted an offer, tendered for the third time, to reside at the brilliant literary court of Hanover. Thus commenced a connexion which lasted during the remaining forty years of his life, and in which he held a succession of legal and literary offices, under the Duke John Frederic and his successors, the Electors Ernest Augustus, and George Louis, the latter of whom became George I. of England, two years before the death of Leibnitz. The additional means enjoyed by him at Hanover for gratifying the peculiarities of his genius, were used with his characteristic ardor. The multiplicity of his aims during these forty years is marvellous. The development of his speculative genius continued to advance, and his thoughts, stirred from their lowest depths by the cycle of the sciences during that whole period, would present an exceedingly curious

\* Did it consist with our design to make lengthened allusion to the mathematical contributions of our philosopher, we should find him holding the first rank in these pursuits, and “sharing with Sir Isaac Newton himself the glory of his immortal discoveries.”

† Leibnitz numbered among his confidential correspondents a Scotchman—Burnet of Kinnear. See Dutens' Edition, vol. vi.

spectacle, if we could have these changes in the current of the soul represented to the senses. History, languages, geology, mathematics, chemistry, medicine, politics, and theology, in turn secured his attention, and his busy spirit collected the various learning of each department. His almost superhuman versatility of mind secured for Leibnitz the highest distinction in most of the sciences which come within the range of human thought. In history he labored for years on the antiquities of the house of Brunswick, and the early annals of Germany. An experience of the extreme difficulty of historical researches suggested the comparative anatomy of languages as an instrument for facilitating these efforts. To the study of languages he accordingly applied himself with incredible zeal. He laid ambassadors and Jesuit missionaries under contribution for facts. On account of this single department he maintained a vast correspondence. Facts gathered from China and the Eastern tongues served to stimulate his exertions, and added new materials for speculation. Not content with records and memorials of the past, gathered from the words and works of man, he interrogated the globe itself. In his speculations on the physical vestiges of its early history, we find very remarkable anticipations of the hypotheses of British geologists of our own day. These may be seen in his curious tract entitled *Protogea*.\*

Leibnitz was able, in an extraordinary degree, to combine the active and the abstracted life. A great part of his time was busied with the conduct of civil and ecclesiastical negotiations. The details of his services in the department of secular politics are of less use for illustrating those features of his mind which we are most anxious to impress, and may therefore be passed by. His correspondence upon the unity of the Church, with the Landgrave of Hesse-Rheinfels, with Arnauld, with Spinola, and with Bossuet, which occupied more or less of his time during twenty years, demands a more distinct notice. The reunion of the Protestants with Rome was then placed by Leibnitz in the first rank of those questions on a settlement of which his heart was set. By his philosophic mind this adjustment was felt to be nearly related to his previously ascertained speculative doctrines of the theocracy, and of a universal hierarchy. His veneration for the Romish theory of a

living infallible authority, supplementary to, and expository of, the written word of Scripture, was indeed coupled with a protest against the existing corruptions of the Church, and an expression of his fear that a formal adherence to Rome on his own part would, from the practical intolerance of the Romish theologians, cramp the freedom of his philosophical speculations. Though he thus firmly resisted all solicitations to join the outward communion of the Papal Church, yet his heart, and perhaps his conviction, was accorded to the system of the hierarchy. His love for scholastic learning may have biassed his inclinations in this direction, and his comprehensive genius, like that of many other kindred spirits, found gratification in the seeming vast unity and completeness of the *ideal* Catholic Church, with its ritual, and its organization, apparently so suited for all the various characters and circumstances of those whom it desires to embrace within its ample fold, and all bearing so much the semblance of a fitting picture of that still vaster organization wherein he loved to contemplate the whole universe reclaimed into the harmony of the government of the All-holy and the All-wise. We must not extend our notice of this very suggestive topic. This part of the life of our philosopher is not one which occasions unmixed satisfaction. The source of those oscillations of opinion which are sometimes the consequence, in honest and devout minds, of a many-sided view of an extremely comprehensive subject, is hardly sufficient to account for the inconsistencies of Leibnitz in his negotiations with the representatives of the Church of Rome.

During the later years of his life he was much engaged with another project of ecclesiastical union. A scheme was developed by him about the year 1697 (under the auspices of the Courts of Hanover and Berlin), for a general union against Rome of the Protestants, and especially of the two great sections of Protestantism, the Lutheran and the Reformed. It was quite suited to the eclectic genius of the philosopher, and was long pressed by him on the public attention. He labored to destroy what he called the "idle phantoms," by which the Protestant Churches were separated. But the same vicious principles which pervaded his other scheme of universal Christian communion, marred this project of Protestant union. Both were essentially merely political and philosophical. We find no

recognition of Religion and of the Church as independent powers, whose liberties are essential for the accomplishment of the ends of the Christian society. Even this philosopher seems not to have felt, that when religion becomes the slave of merely human authority, it ceases to be either the great instrument of civilization, or the means of preparing men for the full communion of the city of God. The pious Spener, who had personally experienced this supernatural force, predicted the ill issue of the Conference for Union, held in Hanover in 1698, at which Leibnitz, Jablonski, and Molanus were present. The result justified his sagacity. A scheme for ecclesiastical union or co-operation, in order to be successful, should be able to assume the spirit of hearty and supreme devotion to religion on the part of those who are to be united and not the political arrangements of nations, but the progress of a great spiritual commonwealth must be its ruling principle.\*

The general doctrine of toleration, and the laws which regulate the attainment of truth, were frequently the subjects of incidental speculation on the part of Leibnitz, connected as they are with these ecclesiastical questions, and, indeed, with the discussion of whatever relates to the social or individual good estate of man. His disposition was naturally tolerant. In his works we have repeated glimpses of those doctrines which have now become much more widely diffused throughout society, and which were so admirably enforced by his great contemporary Locke. He repeatedly appreciates with distinctness the value of the prevalence of mild sentiments, and an unsectarian spirit, as means for the discovery and diffusion of truth—habits of mind, which, we are glad to believe, are becoming now of more generally recognized moral obligation.

\* It appears that an attempt was made early in the eighteenth century, and supported by Leibnitz, to introduce the constitution and liturgy of the English Church into Hanover and Prussia. A correspondence was opened with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and afterwards with the Archbishop of York. The English liturgy was translated in a German in 1704. How strangely do the events of history re-appear! The attempt to approximate the organization of the Churches of England and Prussia was unsuccessfully revived very recently; and in 1817, the fondly-cherished scheme of Leibnitz, having for its end the union of the Lutheran and the Reformed, was actually accomplished under the auspices of the late King of Prussia.

Even the speculative discussion of this class of subjects has not yet been exhausted. There is wide room for an investigation into those general relations among men considered as members of society, in regard to individual belief or opinion, which the moral law demands, and which reason and experience approve, as best fitted to secure the most extensive diffusion of truth; and in subordination to which all special social organization, civil and ecclesiastical, ought to be regulated. The full solution of this great problem is still among those left to exercise the minds of the men of this or of some future age.

Throughout the forty years of his connexion with the court of Hanover, Leibnitz maintained, with unabated energy, his literary intercourse, during which he settled and strengthened the foundations of the literary republic of Europe. In 1687, he travelled up the Rhine, and ransacked the libraries and archives of Bavaria, Bohemia and Vienna, extending his acquaintance with learned men. In 1689, he went to Italy, and gained free access to the Vatican and Barberini libraries. His intercourse with the Jesuits and other religious Orders, was all turned to the account of adding to his stores of learning. After visiting Rome he travelled through most of Italy, and returned to Hanover in 1690, only to resume his labors in the Royal library, of which he had been appointed keeper. In 1700, he was the means of founding the famous Berlin Academy of Sciences, meant by him to be a centre of German literary and scientific intercourse and effort. He was unfortunately unsuccessful in his endeavor to establish at Vienna another institute of the same kind, and on a still more comprehensive plan. He was much interested in the civilization of the rising Russian empire, and had several personal conferences on the subject with Peter the Great. He busied himself with the cause of education and missionary exertion in Russia, and also in the German States, where he was anxious that the schools and colleges should be seminaries of Protestant missions.

Amid all his diversified projects and stupendous literary activity, the metaphysical tendency ever preserved the ascendancy in the genius of Leibnitz. His philosophical principles were gradually matured soon after his settlement in Hanover. The doctrine of *Monads* appeared in a succession of publications subsequent to 1690. Some

of his most valuable contributions to philosophy are due to the publication of the celebrated "Essay on Human Understanding," which appeared in 1690, and at once attracted his attention. There could be little mutual sympathy between two philosophers so completely antagonist as the author of the Essay and himself. Locke despised what he called the "chimeras" of Leibnitz. The Teutonic philosopher accorded to his English contemporary the praise of perspicuity, but proclaimed his utter ignorance of the "demonstrative metaphysics." In 1703, being disengaged, he undertook a formal reply to Locke, which he completed in the following year. The death of Locke caused an indefinite postponement of the publication of this book, which did not appear till long after the death of the author. In 1765, it was given to the world by the industrious Raspe. This work, under the title of "*Nouveaux Essais sur l'Entendement Humain*," is the masterpiece of his philosophical works, and contains the substance of all that has been advanced by him on behalf of his speculative system, against the school of Locke.

Leibnitz' manner of publication was, for the most part, fragmentary. His "*Système de l'Harmonie Préétablie*" is developed in various small treatises. There is, however, one great work, which is more popular and practical in its style, and therefore more generally known than any of his other writings, the preparation of which occupied much part of many years of his life. We refer to the *Théodicée*—a book which holds a front rank in the very small class of works specially conversant with the philosophy of religion. The design of the *Théodicée* is to reconcile the existence and continuance of evil in the universe with the character of God—to remove a difficulty that has been raised in all ages, and in all religions—and that is to be counted the fundamental metaphysical problem of the Christian philosophy. It has already been indicated that the thoughts of Leibnitz were directed to these subjects from the time of his decided intellectual development. In 1671 he wrote a tract on Free Will and Predestination. The negotiations about Church union probably interested him the more in these speculations, as the circulation of doctrines fitted to harmonize the Scripture view of the character of God with the dark phenomena of the moral world might facilitate the peace of the

Church. The avowed purpose of the *Théodicée* is to refute the skeptical principle of Bayle, who denied the consistency of faith and reason, and thus laid a foundation for universal doubt. The public appearance of the work in 1710, produced a profound sensation. It was received with applause by most of the continental universities, but the prevalence of Locke's Philosophy in England prepared the public mind in this country to receive it with distaste.

The current of speculation continued to flow during the later years of the philosopher's life. In 1714 he drew up a scheme of his philosophy for the use of Prince Eugene of Savoy (*La monadologie*). This period of his life was signalized by his correspondence with Des Bosses. The close of 1715 is memorable as the commencement of a still more interesting correspondence. In a letter to the Princess of Wales, he assailed the philosophical and religious principles of the school of Locke and Newton. This called forth Samuel Clarke on their defence. The replies of Leibnitz and the rejoinders of Clarke contain as large an amount of curious speculation as any work of modern times. The manner of God's relation to the universe—the nature of miracles—the laws of the divine and human will—the ideas of space and time—and the character and limits of the material world, are among the stores of this magazine of speculative discussion. The controversy was continued with increasing zeal on both sides. Inferior far in power of generalization and originality to his antagonist, the intellect of Clarke was yet possessed of an acuteness and logical force which rendered him one of the most skilful of philosophical disputants, and demanded a full display of the comprehensiveness and grandeur of mind of his German rival.\*

But that mighty spirit was now to have his connexion with this scene of existence closed. Leibnitz had suffered from occasional illness during several preceding years. These attacks, however, passed away, and the philosopher resumed his speculations with renewed energy. In November 1716, when he had to prepare his reply to Clarke's fifth letter, his complaint returned with great violence. The closing scene suggests gloomy reflections, as the

lurid glare, which during his extraordinary life had attracted the eyes of the world, disappears; while we have not the record we could desire, indicating that the moral sensibilities of the Philosopher were rightly alive to the decisive nature of the awful change. His seventy years are ended, and the lightning seems lost among dark clouds. During the last day of his life, we are told he was busied in conversation with his physician on the nature of his disease, and on the doctrines of alchymy. Towards evening his servant asked him if he would receive the Eucharist. "Let me alone," said he; "I have done ill to no one. I have nothing to confess. All must die." He raised himself on the bed and tried to write. The darkness of death was gathering around him. He found himself unable to read what he had written. He tore the paper, and, lying down, covered his face, and a few minutes after nine o'clock on the evening of the 14th November, 1716, he ceased to breathe. It is most solemn to contemplate a human spirit, whose course of thought throughout life was unsurpassed for power of speculation, and daring range of mind among the higher objects of knowledge, and which, at the period of its departure, was in the depths of a controversy about the mysteries of the supersensible world,—thus summoned into that world, to become conversant in its final relations with that Being who had entrusted it with such mental power, and whose nature and attributes had so often tasked its speculative energies.

The effect, upon most minds, of the record of the life of this Philosopher, is likely to be a confused amazement at the extraordinary spectacle of continued mental exercises so unparalleled in kind and variety. Yet a vague impression of this sort ought not to be the predominant one. A grand unity pervades the seeming confusion. The reigning idea which diffuses a community of principle through the whole cycle of his works, we have traced back to the earliest operations of his reflecting powers. Conversant throughout his life with those mysteries in proof of which no reason can be given, and with real or seeming demonstrations based on the foundation of these first principles, we find in Leibnitz the model of the speculative metaphysician.

The philosophical works of Leibnitz are in bulk only a small part of the literary productions of a life devoted to almost

\* An English version of this correspondence is published by Clarke in 1717.



the whole sphere of possible knowledge.\* Professor Erdmann has rendered good service to the thinking world by his edition (the most valuable of those enumerated at the commencement of this Article) of this class of the writings of the father of German speculation. While Leibnitz could on no subject write unphilosophically, yet, there are sections of his works which may be extracted and combined for publication as more exclusively and profoundly philosophical, indicating not ripples, extended widely, perhaps, over the surface of thought, but the ocean-swell of an agitation that is far below. This department of his writings is scattered, without much attention to order, through the voluminous publication of Dutens, and is partly contained in the rare edition of his posthumous philosophical works by Raspe. Accordingly, while the life of Leibnitz is an epoch in the history of speculation, his speculative writings have been seldom and superficially studied. Besides the materials collected in former editions, Professor Erdmann has enriched the publication now before us with no fewer than twenty-three original documents of his author, not before published, and which this able and industrious editor has recovered, during an active search in 1836, among the accumulation of manuscripts in the Royal Library of Hanover. Most of these added works relate to that theme, on the subject of which we have already remarked as the central one of the intellectual life of Leibnitz. It increases the convenience of this edition, that the several works which it includes, not fewer than 101 in number, have been arranged, as nearly as possible, in the order in which they were written. In this extensive collection, we are glad to recognize the *Nouveaux Essais* and the *Théodicée*.

It is not easy to give even a brief exposition of the very miscellaneous contents of these works. The system and manner of thinking of Leibnitz is to be gathered from his philosophical works studied collectively, rather than from any separate publication. These collected writings bear throughout one very marked characteristic of inventive genius; for they are crowded with richly suggestive germs of thought,

cast forth often in disorder, as it were with intent to exercise the generalizing powers of others. From out of this stimulating variety, there may, however, be extracted two or three more prominent ideas, united, as far as possible, by demonstration, with his assumed first principles; for the main purpose of this metaphysician was to give to philosophy a mathematical strictness and certainty, and to reconcile its doctrines with those of theology. The universe is contemplated by him in the threefold relation of (1), Its *elements*; (2), Their *manner of connexion*; and (3), The *end* of their combination. The doctrine of elements, he calls *monadologie*. The mutual relations of these elements, he held to be developed in a *pre-established harmony*. The final end of creation, he represented as an *optimism*. Let us accompany him at a distance, as he is constructing this system of a *priori* universal philosophy, in order to have before us a specimen of a class of systems, foreign, indeed, to Britain, but which may be compared with the doctrines of the Eleatics, the Alexandrines, or Spinoza, in respect of its boldness and comprehension.

Through experience, Leibnitz finds himself surrounded by compound or material bodies of amazing variety. This implies the existence of elements, of which these compounds are the results, and the nature of these elements is to be ascertained according to the laws of thought. An application of the principle of the Sufficient Reason, demonstrates that matter can consist neither of parts which are infinitely divisible, nor of atoms possessed of figure and extension. Its elements must, therefore, be simple, unextended forces, or *Monads*, in which we obtain the *a priori* idea of substance. The individuality of these monads must consist in the different series of internal change through which each one passes in the course of its existence. In these series, each successive change is termed a Perception, and every monad is a living mirror, giving forth, after its own fashion, a picture of the universe, which is thus one vast collection of spiritual forces. These necessary elements of all concrete existence cannot all be reduced to one class or order, for they are distinguished by different degrees of perception and active power. Some are destitute of conscious perception, and these are the elements of which the material world is the result. Then there is the animating principle of the lower animals. There are also the self-

\* This may be seen by an inspection of the most comprehensive edition of his works, by DUTENS, (Geneva, 1768, 6 vols. 4to.) We observe that a new edition of the entire works of Leibnitz is just now in course of preparation at Hanover.

conscious souls of men, containing in themselves the fountains of necessary truth. And these three classes of created forces or substances must have a sufficient reason for their existence. There cannot be an infinite series of contingents, and, if there could, the final reason even of such an infinite series could be found only in a necessary substance. Creation must thus involve the existence of One Supreme Infinite, the *monas monadum*, from whom all that is finite has been derived, and in whose existence it all finds its explanation. This Supreme substance is God. He is the fountain of all reality. The attributes of the created monads, as far as they are perfect, result from the perfection of God; as far as they are imperfect, from the necessary imperfection of the creature.\*

Having in these conclusions, as he conceived, demonstratively refunded concrete being into its elements, and related all created elements to the One uncreated and supreme, Leibnitz would next find the mutual relations of the several elementary forces of creation. As the monads cannot have either figure or extension in themselves, their co-existence and relations must sufficiently account for the phenomena of extension, duration, and body. Space and Time have thus merely an ideal and relative existence. They result from the relation of monads, regarded as co-existing or in succession. Further, the elements of creation being absolutely destitute of parts and extension, cannot mutually influence one another. Inter-causation is thus excluded from the real universe, and is confined to the phenomenal, which is governed by mechanical law. Yet the universe is ideally related in the mind of God, and of each creature, in proportion as his ideas approximate to the Divine. God, "in the beginning," launched the elements into being, having resolved for each one a determinate history throughout eternity, and a history which should harmonize with that of every other. This mutual relation is beautifully illustrated, when we are told that from the given state of any monad at any time, the Eternal

Geometer can find the state of the universe past, present, and to come. In the attributes of the Uncreated and Supreme, is to be found the sufficient reason for a Pre-established Harmony in all that He has made. This explains the nature of the changes of creation. The apparent action of finite monads upon each other, is really the result of that original harmonious arrangement of God, in virtue of which He secures, without fail, those ends which He contemplated when the universe issued from his hands. The phenomena attendant on that fruitful theme of philosophical disputation, the union of soul and body,—of the self-conscious monad and the related monads of an inferior order,—are counted capable of explanation on the same general principle. The successive changes of the soul must exactly tally with those of the body; yet without any mutual action. They are related as two clocks, of which the one points to the hour exactly as the other strikes; or as separate parts of the same clock, for Leibnitz likens the whole universe to a time-piece which was wound up in the act of creation, and which thenceforward pursues its own movements harmoniously for ever.\* Mind and matter—the realm of final causes, and the realm of efficient causes—are thus in necessary harmony. And a like harmony must obtain between reason and religious faith—the kingdom of nature, and the city of God.

This last harmony links the theological with the merely philosophical part of the system of Leibnitz; and introduces us to his philosophy of religion. A question may be asked,—If the universe—moral as well as physical—is a self-regulating machine, is not the Creator seemingly excluded from the government of His creation; and if not thus excluded, how is He related to the sin and misery which it contains? That the apparent manner of His relations to the creation should be what it is, results, he thinks, from our relative knowledge, which must be implicated with the idea of time. In reality, this pre-established harmony is a revelation of the Divine perfection in a scheme of Optimism. Every possible universe was, from eternity,

\* The *Monadologie* of Leibnitz is discussed in the pieces presented for the competition (*Sur le Systeme des Monades*) proposed by the Berlin Academy of Sciences, and which, with the successful prize dissertation by T. H. G. Ju-ti, were published at Berlin in 1748. Each side in the controversy has its able defenders among the writers of these curious disquisitions.

\* A comparison of this doctrine of pre-established harmony with the late Dr. Brown's Theory of Cause and Effect, illustrating their partial similarity and partial contrast, might tend to excite an important train of metaphysical speculation.

conceived in the mind of God. One of these only can be translated from possible into actual existence, and that one must be the best. There is, indeed, included in it moral and natural evil,—the latter the harmonious consequent of the former, and a reaction against it. But moral evil cannot be separated from the best of possible universes, and the will of God is not the fountain of necessary truths. The mystery of sin is not to be explained by the resolution of evil into good, for sin is essentially evil. But sin is necessarily involved in the *idea* of this best of possible universes, which, notwithstanding its evil, it is better to translate out of the possible into the actual, than to have no universe at all. Thus, the created universe must be the harmony of one great Theocracy, expressive of the attributes of the one Perfect Being. From His eternal throne, its several streams of elementary existence must have taken their rise. They have flowed, and they must continue to flow, in the courses into which he sent them in the beginning; and, notwithstanding of the dark shades in which so many of them are enveloped, they are recognized by His Omniscience as the only possible and, therefore, most glorious illustration by creation, of the pure fountain whence they have originated.

If illusory, these are, at least, splendid speculations. There are two modes of thus rising beyond the limits of the imagination in a philosophy of the universe. We may follow the course of the modern astronomy; or, we may meditate on the facts of metaphysics and speculative theology. He who studies the one, gazes on the starry heavens and ranges in thought over the distant parts of material creation, till, lost in what he observes, his astronomy seems merged in idealism. The votary of speculation, on the other hand, taking in the spiritual as well as the material world, contemplates the Human and the Divine; and with faculties fitted to judge only of successive and contemporaneous nature, meets the mysteries of an objective world, of personality and free will, and of the Divine existence, and seems, also, lost in that world of ideas, where physical and metaphysical science thus appear to converge.

By these assumed demonstrations, of which we have given a very vague outline, Leibnitz hoped to deliver metaphysical science from future errors and controver-

sies, and to lead the way to a universal peace, in which Reason should be harmonized with Religion. Whatever we may say of the truth or falsehood of the doctrines to which he attained, we cannot withhold our homage of admiration when we reflect on such an amount of speculative genius in busy operation throughout a long life,—on the amazing sweep of the abstract conceptions which that genius has employed,—on that strong logical faith in the omnipotence of deduction,—on the richly suggestive ideas which this mighty thinker has contributed to philosophy,—and on the unity of a system which sublimely designs to harmonize the spiritual with the sensible world.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE MODERN PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

### THE FRAGMENT OF A DREAM.

#### CHAPTER I.

How SCAPEGRACE first made acquaintance with SCRIP.

As I walked through the wilderness of 'Change Alley, I lighted on a certain coffee-house, where there was a box in the corner, and, falling asleep therein, I dreamed a dream.

I dreamed, and behold I saw a man bearing a burden on his back, walking up and down the Alley in grievous plight; and ever and anon he put his hands into his breeches pockets, as if in search of something, but drew out nothing. Then he turned his pockets inside out, and cried—"Wo is me! what shall I do?"

And, as he turned his back to me, I saw his burden, which was large and heavy; and thereon was writ, in large characters, the word "Debt:" and drawing near, methought the bag was stuffed quite full of mortgages, bonds, bills, post-obits, and such like, wherewith he appeared to be weighed down even to the ground.

And, as he made his moan, and strove to unloose his burden from his back, behold another man came up to him, who also bare his burden upon his back; but, though it seemed larger and heavier than his fellow's, he wore a smiling countenance, and skip-

ped along as lightly as if his pack had been filled with feathers; and, drawing near to the first man, he thus accosted him:—

"How now, neighbor **SCAPEGRACE**, wherefore so in the dumps? Thou seemest to have a sore struggle with thy load, which, sooth to say, seems a heavy one. Can I lend thee a helping hand?"

"In good faith, neighbor **STAGMAN**," answered Scapegrace, "so long as this burden sticks to my back, I shall have no peace or rest, by night or by day, for I know not how long I may be left at large; and men say that, even now, one Gripeman hath a writ out against me, at the suit of Mr. Legality, and that I shall be hauled away to prison incontinently. Bail, as thou knowest, I can find none; for Easyman, who stood surety for me aforetime, is bankrupt, and thou Stagman, hast not a penny in thy purse—if thou wert ever so much inclined to befriend me."

"Nay, not so fast friend," replied Stagman; "matters have gone better with me of late than thou wouldst suppose; and perchance, if thou wilt listen to me, I can put thee on a way to get quit of this thy burden!—or, if thou wouldst rather do as I do, to fill thy pockets, keep thy burden still, and yet dance under it as lightly as if it were no burden at all."

"Of a truth," said Scapegrace, "I long to hear how these things may be."

"Know then," said Stagman, "that of late all the world have gone crazed after a new fashion of travelling, or rather flying, discovered by Mr. Ironman, by means of which the traveller reacheth his journey's end ere he well knoweth that he hath begun it, smoking his pipe, or reading the newspaper all the way, as he skimeth along over hills and valleys, sloughs and morasses."

"These be pleasant tidings," cried Scapegrace.

"And profitable likewise," answered Stagman, "for all that are concerned in these new highways; for now-a-days none will take the old roads, which are fast becoming full of ruts and pitfalls, fearful to behold, and all must soon resort per force to those made by Mr. Ironman, who levieth a heavy toll on all passengers at various wicket-gates which he hath set up along the road. Now, as Ironman required some friends to assist him with money in making his roads, he hath formed various goodly companies, who lend him their money in the mean time, and share thereafter in the

tolls levied from the pilgrims that use the road. If thou couldst but be joined to one of these companies, as I have been, thy burden might soon be lighter. And even now there is a new road about to be begun, which I doubt not would make thee rich in brief space, if thou wert but a sharer therein."

"Whither goeth this road?" asked Scapegrace.

From the town of **LITTLE-GO**, by **HAP-HAZARD**, towards **CENT-PER-CENT**, and thence to the great city of **ELDORADO**," answered Stagman. "Thereafter, if the traffic answer, we contemplate a branch rail to **UTOPIA**."

"But methought," said Scapegrace, "that road of which thou speak'st was full of rocks, and deep pits, and swamps, and quagmires, and other frightfuls. I do remember me of a certain **SLOUGH OF DESPOND**, wherein sundry travellers were bemired to purpose, and some hardly escaped with their lives."

"The Slough of Despond, quotha!" cried Stagman; "a certain man, called in the vulgar tongue a Contractor, undertakes to fill it up; and to lay a double line of rails, with sidings, across it in a fortnight."

"Truly, we live in strange times, neighbor," said Scapegrace. "But then the **HILL OF DIFFICULTY**?"

"Is no difficulty after all," interrupted Stagman; "we pass right through the centre of it by a tunnel in two minutes, so that you need never know there was a hill there. The strata are all clay and sandstone, exceeding well fitted for boring."

"Then the **VALLEY OF HUMILIATION**, and the road which leads therethrough?" asked Scapegrace.

"We go slap across it in the twinkling of a bedpost by a handsome viaduct of thirty arches on the skew principle," said Stagman.

"Lo, you now!" said Scapegrace, marvelling—"Surely, however, the road is rugged and hilly?"

"Thou wouldst say, the gradients are bad; not so, there is none worse than one in the hundred—quite as good as the **Caledonian**."

"I know not that road," said Scapegrace.

"So much the better for thee," answered Stagman gravely.

"But, neighbor, how do you contrive to carry your road through other men's grounds?" said Scapegrace.

"We promise to share the profits with them," said Stagman, "and so keep them quiet; or put them on the Provisional Committee, with power to audit their own accounts. Sometimes, no doubt, we are put to our shifts for a time, as was the case with Squire Despair of Doubting Castle, who opposed us on the standing orders, and threatened to throw us out in committee; but, as it ended in our buying Doubting Castle at his own price, and paying him handsomely for intersectional damage besides, he soon withdrew his opposition, and is now an active promoter of the line. Indeed, I know not any one who can give us further trouble, except it be old Pope, who says the road will ruin his villa, and be the death of any of his bulls that get upon the line; but as we know that he is as poor as a church rat, and will never show face in the committee, we mind him not, and, in truth, I have no doubt the committee will find the preamble proved."

"Find what?" inquired Scapegrace;—"methinks, Stagman, thou dealest in strange words, and usest a jargon hard to be understood of men."

"Find the preamble proved," answered Stagman; "which means we shall be empowered to make the road."

"I suppose then, neighbor," said Scapegrace, "there will be great resort of travelers to this same CENT-PER-CENT, and much toll levied thereat?"

"The passenger traffic, the prospectus says, will be enormous," answered Stagman; "and the minerals along the line are of course inexhaustible."

"But tell me, neighbor, is this same mode of travel as pleasant for the wayfarers as thou sayest?"

"Exceedingly pleasant for the survivors," answered Stagman. "Doubtless it sometimes happens that a carriage or two will run over a precipice, or the down-train from Little-go may run into the up-train from Hap-hazard, whereby some dozen lives may go amissing; but such accidents are unavoidable, and it is satisfactory to know that on these occasions there never yet has been the slightest blame imputable to any one concerned—the stoker being invariably a most respectable man, and the utmost attention paid to the signals."

"Nay now, neighbor Stagman," said Scapegrace; "all this is mighty comfortable and encouraging, and I long much to have share with thee in this same business."

"I know not," said Stagman, "whether

that may be; for the way is narrow, and many there be that would go in thereat. But look you, neighbor, I have promised to do you service if I can, and I will tell you how to set about it. There is an ancient friend of mine, who hath stood me in good stead before now, his name is Mr. Scrip; he hath holpen many a one in worse plight than thou art; so that by his aid, from being poor and needy, they have become well to do in the world in a short space. Let us go together to him; he dwelleth in Paper Buildings hard by; it may be that he will stand thy friend, and help thee out of this thy difficulty."

So methought the men went both together, and, knocking at the door of Mr. Scrip, they were shown into his apartment, which was all garnished with slips of paper, whereon were strange figures and characters written, which no man could read or understand. He wore a coat of many colors, the pockets of which appeared to be stuffed with papers bearing the like figures; he was always looking either up or down, and he moved to and fro continually, as if he could not sit still in one place for a moment.

"Mr. Scrip," said Stagman, "you must know here is a friend of mine who is presently sore bestead, and lacketh thine aid. He would fain have of thee some of those wonderful papers of thine, whereby so many have become so suddenly rich; and, for the sake of our old acquaintance, I pray you pleasure him in this matter."

Then methought Mr. Scrip looked fixedly upon Scapegrace, and shook his head consumedly. "The applications," said he, "are so numerous, that the Provisional Committee have been compelled to decline many from the most respectable quarters, and in all cases greatly to restrict the amount allocated." But observing that Scapegrace appeared much discomfited at these words, he said, after a time—

"Howbeit, as the man is a friend of thine, and this is the first time he hath come to me, I will for this once do for him according to his wish." So, putting his hand into his nether raiment, he pulled out certain slips of paper, and put them into Scapegrace's hand, saying, "Take these, and put them into the purse thou bearest with thee; they are called after my name: a fortnight hence thou wilt pay to me a deposit of twenty crowns thereon, but thereafter thou mayst sell them for ten times the sum."

"Alas," cried Scapegrace, "for now I am utterly undone! I have not a crown in the world, and how can I pay the deposit?"

"Nay, neighbor, have a good heart," cried Stagman, drawing him into a corner; "long before the fortnight comes, we shall have sold these papers to some other man, who will pay the twenty crowns for thee, and give thee a hundred beside for thy pains. At the worst, thou hast but to burn thy papers and be seen no more of men, which, if Gripeman should lay hold on thee, would happen in any wares. Take the papers, be of good comfort, thank Mr. Scrip for his kindness, and tell him thou wilt call another day with the twenty crowns."

So Scapegrace took the papers, and they thanked Mr. Scrip, and went their way.

## CHAPTER II.

How Scapegrace, losing sight of Premium, was mocked at Vanity Fair.

And as they journeyed, methought the two men had much conversation together.

"Now, neighbor Scapegrace," said Stagman, "if thou wouldst sell this scrip of thine to advantage, we must betake ourselves to the great market at Vanity Fair, where all the fools in the world be gathered together, and not a few knaves besides. But the fair is a perfect maze, full of blind alleys, courts, and winding passages, among the which thou wouldst assuredly lose thy way if thou didst enter them without a guide; and with such confusion of wares in the shops and windows, that thou mightest walk about from morning to eventide without finding what thou wert in search of. I remember me well, that when I first resorted thither, I more than once went into the wrong shop, and bought many articles which turned out naught. Therefore must we get Interpreter to go along with us."

"Who is this same Interpreter?" asked Scapegrace.

"Interpreter," answered Stagman, "is a stock broker, who knoweth all the ups and downs of the place, the abodes of sellers and customers, and the booths where the best bargains are to be had. He hath his living by directing travellers through the Fair, and showing them where to buy and sell to good purpose. For a small consideration he will go along with us, and help us in this business."

But Scapegrace, who had waxed foolhardy, replied,—"Not so, friend Stagman. I fear not I shall find my way easily enough through the Fair, and bring my hogs to a good market without him, and save my money at the same time. Already, methinks, I feel the burden at my back lighter. Let us push on; I beseech thee, to our journey's end."

"Neighbor Scapegrace," said Stagman, "thou art somewhat rash in this matter, for Interpreter's fee is but a trifle; and I can tell thee, that if by mischance thou shouldst come to lose thy way in the Fair, thou mayst chance to be very roughly handled. There is always a scum of villains there on the outlook to decoy strangers, and if they will not consent to be cheated, to flout and mock them with gibes and scurril jests. 'Twas but the other day they put Truepenny into the Stocks, and kept him there till he thought he should never get out again; and he only did get out by parting with all the ready money he had. I pray thee, neighbor, take warning, and be advised."

As he spake, behold a third man came towards them from behind, and shortly overtook them.

"Whither so fast, neighbors?" said he.

"Nay, Mr. Littlefaith," said Stagman, "we be all journeying, as I take it, the same road. We are bound for Vanity Fair; and from that little bundle which I see in thy hand, it should seem thou art on the same errand. Is it not so?"

"It is even so," said Littlefaith. "I would fain turn a penny like other men. Men say, in our village of Love-gain, that my neighbors, Plausible, and Saveall, and Worldly-wiseman, by their dealings at the Fair, have made a mint of money; and so would Obstinate, too, for that matter, if he had not asked too much for his wares, and so lost his market, and returned as he went. More fool he! I shall take the first good offer I get, I promise you."

"Well, now," said Scapegrace, joining in their talk, "since Littlefaith is going along with us to the Fair, surely we can do without Interpreter. Come, pluck up a good heart, and let us be jogging."

Then Stagman shook his head, and said nothing; but the three continued to walk on.

After a time said Stagman, "Since thou wilt not take Interpreter with thee, there is but one further advice which I can give. Not far from Vanity Fair dwelleth

a certain man, called PREMIUM; but his house is not easily found, for he liveth next door to Discount, and many strangers, thinking to find the one, have landed at the door of the other. In truth, it is said there is a passage between their dwellings, and that the two play into each other's hands; for oftentimes, when Premium see'th visitors coming, and liketh not their look—for he is a shy man, and easily frightened—he will disappear of a sudden, and send Discount to open the door to them, and to say he is gone out, and won't be home for a fortnight. This man Premium is almost always to be found hankering about the Fair; and so long as thou canst keep close upon him, thou art sure to go right. Follow in the direction he goeth: he will guide thee to a good customer; but having made thy market, bestir thyself, and go thy way quickly, lest evil overtake thee. But take care thou lose not sight of the man, for he often vanisheth when least expected; and shouldst thou fall into the hands of his neighbor, who is ever close behind him, then wert thou utterly undone."

And about mid-day, as they journeyed, they came in sight of the Fair, which was of goodly extent, with many lanes and alleys, through which great crowds were ever moving, and the din and hubbub of their voices, as they called out the names of their wares, was such, that at first the pilgrims were mightily confused. Littlefaith spake of turning back, but being encouraged of Stagman, he took heart again and went on.

And as they gazed about them, and marvelled at the multitudes that were wandering up and down the rows, cheapening the wares, "Now are we in good-luck," cried Stagman "for yonder on the outskirts of the market, if I mistake not, is Mr. Premium. Let us step up boldly to him at once and take his arm—for if we approach him timidly, he will disappear under one of the booths incontinently."

"But do you think we may venture?" said Littlefaith.

"Yea, verily," said Stagman; so hurrying up to him, they laid hold of him gently, but with a firm grasp, and saluted him. He was a portly person attired in a gold-colored suit, and put on a smiling countenance when the pilgrims laid hold of him; but methought he looked about him on every side to see whether he could dodge away, and escape. Finding, however, that they clung to him tightly, he made as if he were

much pleased to meet them, and returning their salutation—

"How now, old friend," said he to Stagman; "what wouldst thou have me to do?"

"Only to show us through the Fair," said Stagman. "These, my friends, are new to the place, and they would fain know how to sell their wares to the best bidder. I pray thee, go with us, for thou knowest all the outs and ins of this Babel."

So, keeping fast hold of Mr. Premium's arm, they entered the Fair; and if at a distance they were confused with the clamor and din of the crowd, they were beyond measure astonished when they got into the thick of it. Here was French row, Dutch row, Belgian row, Irish row, English row, and Scotch row; the chief crowd, however, was in the English row, which was so choked up at times with buyers and sellers, that it was not possible to move along at all. But as most people were glad to make way for Premium, who was well known there and much respected, the pilgrims got along the rows better than they thought.

"What will you buy, worthy gentlemen—what will you buy?" exclaimed many voices as they passed.

"Buy any Pennsylvanians, gents?" said a man in the raiment of a Quaker.

"Heavy stock, heavy stock, Jonathan!" cried another.

"Buy my Mexicans—best Mexicans!" said a third.

"Would not take a present of them gratis," cried a fourth.

"Spanish three's reduced—who'll buy?" said a fifth.

"Reduced to nothing," said a sixth.

"Portuguese deferred annuities?" said a seventh.

"Deferred to the day of judgment," answered an eighth.

"Glenmutchkins—guaranteed stock, 5 premium, *ex div.*," said a ninth.

"Won't do, Sauley," said a tenth—"won't do at any price."

And so on it went, all the dealers bawling and squabbling together, and trying to depreciate one another's wares.

But, in the mean time, a certain one came up to Littlefaith in the crowd, and seeing him in company with Premium, he asked him if he were inclined to sell his scrip.

Whereupon Littlefaith, turning round, saw that it was his old neighbor Plausible,

and answering, said, "Of a truth such was my errand hither, but what with the din and bustle about me, I doubt shall never pluck up heart to find a purchaser."

"I fear, neighbor Littlefaith," said Plausible, "thou art in the right, and let me tell thee that same scrip of thine is little in favor here; howbeit, for the sake of old acquaintance, I would not have thee return empty—I will buy thy wares of thee. Thou canst not expect of me much profit, but here are twenty crowns, which will defray thy travelling charges—and leave thee a something over beside. Mayhap I may be able some time or other to find a purchaser. There is the money. Give me the scrip quickly; for I see a certain friend of mine, Mr. By-ends, who beckoneth to me, and cannot wait."

Then did Littlefaith take the crowns, and give unto Plausible the scrip, which when he had put into his bosom, he smiled and hastened away. When Littlefaith came back to Stagman, he told him what he had done.

"Thou faint-hearted fool!" said Stagman. "Knowest thou not thy wares were well worth a hundred crowns, which I warrant thee Plausible will make of them before the market is over. Out upon thee for a crazed coxcomb! get thee gone, and trouble us no more in this matter."

"Better is a bird in the hand than two in the bush," said Littlefaith; and so saying, he departed.

But while Stagman was thus gibling Littlefaith for throwing away his wares, suddenly Scapegrace uttered a cry, and said—

"Mercy on us, what hath become of Mr. Premium! I only turned my head for a moment to look at yonder Prospectus of the Grand Equatorial and Tropical Junction, and, lo! he slept his arm from mine, and I saw him no more."

"Oh, woe is me!" cried Stagman; "what I foretold has come to pass, and now I fear a worse thing will yet befall us."

And, as he spake, behold there drew near a lean and ill-favored person, clad in ragged and sad-colored attire, whose doublet was much out at the elbows, and who looked ever towards the ground; and no sooner did Stagman see him drawing nigh, than he threw his scrip on the ground, and, hurrying through the crowd, he was seen no more. Then I knew that the man's name was DISCOUNT.

And when the men of the Fair saw that

Premium was gone, and that Stagman had fled as Discount drew nigh, they seized upon Scapegrace, and began to flout him at first with fair words and pretences, but at last more rudely and openly. "So, friend!" cried one, "you will buy nothing of us, it seems? Mayhap you have something to sell."

"I have in my scrip a few Eldorados, for which I expected a premium," answered Scapegrace.

"Don't you wish you may get it?" said the other sympathetically.

"Does your mother," said a third, with a look of sympathy, "your venerable mother, know that you are abroad at the Fair?"

"Perfectly well," answered Scapegrace; "it was mainly in consequence of her pecuniary distress that I came hither."

"Distress, indeed!" answered the other; "thou wouldst not have us believe that she has sold her mangle yet?"

"I said not that she had," replied Scapegrace; "but she would gladly have parted with it if she could."

"How are you off for soap?" said another in a compassionate tone.

"Very indifferently, friend," answered Scapegrace; "for my lodging has been but poorly supplied of late, and I think of changing it."

"Lodging, quotha! You sha'n't lodge here, Mr. Ferguson, I promise you."

"My name is not Ferguson," said Scapegrace meekly; "neither have I the least intention of lodging here."

"What a shocking bad hat!" cried a voice from behind, and in a trice was Scapegrace's hat knocked over his eyes, and his pockets turned inside out; but finding nothing therein but scrip, they were enraged, and falling upon Scapegrace, they kicked and cuffed, and hustled him up one row and down another, through this alley and across that court, till at last, being tired of mocking him, they cast him out of the Fair altogether, and shut the gate against him.

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In the case of illness, the gradual dying, the visible fading away of the cherished image before our eyes, slowly accustoms us to the thought of death—it is the soothing twilight preceding the night; whereas in the other case, the sun sets at once, without twilight. Yes, the greatest sorrow is the beholding the blooming countenance behind the pale ghastly face of death.—*Richter.*



From Frazer's Magazine.

# MANNERS, TRADITIONS, AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE SHETLANDERS.

IF Regina will permit an Ultima-Thulian, a dweller in the solitary isles of the Caledonian archipelago, to offer an occasional mite to her great metropolitan treasury of knowledge, I flatter myself I could "submit to public inspection" (as a fashionable *modiste* newly returned from the spring markets would say) some facts new to our modern periodical literature. Vigilant and far-searching as the spirit of literary enterprise now is, it has scarcely turned a thought to the fields of curious and interesting information that bound the northern extremity of our own empire. An adventure in Tahiti or New Zealand, a ramble in the Marquesas, a tiger-hunt in India, "a dinner in ancient Egypt," a legend of the twelfth century, is devoured with avidity, and admired, however trivial in itself, because it is associated in the reader's mind with the idea of rarity or distance. Like the fruits of warm climates, the knowledge that is dug from antiquity or transported across the Pacific is often more prized than the observations which we could gather from the study of society around us, and at the small cost of a few days' sail from the metropolis of the kingdom.

It is for this reason, probably, and because it does not require the writer to encounter savages or circumnavigate the globe, that our cluster of islands, lying between the parallels of the fifty-ninth and sixty-second degrees of north latitude, are a sort of *terra incognita* in the current literature of the day. An Englishman knows more of Australia or China, of the Oregon or the Punjaub, than he does about any one of the Shetland Isles, though they are above ninety in number, and cover a space of seventy miles from south to north, and more than fifty from east to west. If he has read Sir Walter Scott's *Pirate* he may, perhaps, remember the name of "Sumburgh Head," the southernmost promontory of the group; or of the "Fitful Head," rendered classical by the same pen as the residence of Norna. If he has chanced to be at Windsor, or Brighton, or Buckingham Palace, he may have seen a little hair-ute quadruped called a *shelty*, or Shetland pony, about the size of a Newfoundland dog, and imported expressly for the equestrian amusement of the

royal children. But with this animal, and the two extreme points I have mentioned, the probability is that his knowledge of the country and its inhabitants—historical, geographical, zoological, and statistical—terminates.

Ask him about Foula, or Burray, or Bressay, or Papastour, or Whalsey, or Yell, or Fedlar, or Unst, the Out Skerries, the Noup, the Sneug, or any other locality between Lamba Ness and Quendal Bay, and he will turn a bewildered stare of amazement in your face, or, perhaps, exclaim, with a shrug of his shoulder, that he does not understand Gaelic. We venture to say he never heard of the Grind of the Navir, or the Villains of Ure, or the "Doréholm of Northmaven," or those sublime caverned rocks that present a mural front of porphyry, with arched doorways, to the wild fury of the Atlantic, roaring in the wintry blast, and battering the weatherworn rampart with the force of artillery. Were I to tell him about the Drongs of Hillswick Ness and St. Magnus Bay, towering above the waves like the ruins of Thebes or Palmyra, and carved by the storm into ten thousand shapes, more fantastic than castles in the air, or the cloud-built palaces that adorn the horizon in a gloomy November evening, he would, probably, inquire if I was describing to him the mountains of the moon, or had newly arrived from the last discovered planet. Take him to the Stones of Steffs, or the precipitous cliffs of Noss, rising perpendicularly from the sea, where a tremendous chasm is traversed by a wooden trough named a "cradle," slung across the abyss from rock to rock, and merely large enough to ferry over one man and a sheep, his head would turn giddy at the sight, or he might imagine himself making a first voyage to the north pole in Henson's aerial machine. It would puzzle him to understand *finching* a whale, or *skyleing a lum*; nor could he say with old Basil Mertoun, "I know the meaning of *scat*, and *wattle*, and *hawken*, and *hagulef*, and every other exaction by which your lords have wrung your withers." Sights and sounds would arrest his senses droller than any to be met with in the modern Babylon, where you Londoners have no days two months long, and cannot like us shave by the light of the sun at midnight.

But I could tell him of other wonders in our islands besides those peculiar to our natural scenery, strange and picturesque though our coasts and headlands appear.

A great proportion of our inhabitants (they are reckoned about 30,000) are amphibious; the men, like the old sea-kings, spending more of their lives on the water than the land, "rarely sleeping under a roof or warming themselves at a cottage fire." The women, too, brave the dangers of a sailor-faring life; for they will navigate boats, as a northern chronicler says, "through terrible seas with the utmost skill and ability." And I verily believe our Arctic Grace Darlings would surpass the heroine of the Fern Islands in deeds of generous intrepidity, should it happen that distressed humanity required their aid. No part of the country is more than six miles distant from the sea, and some of our islands (or *holms*) are not larger than an ordinary drawing-room. We have "horses," and "warts," and "old men," hundreds of feet in height, but they are hills of peculiar shape. Our crows build their nests of fish-bones, for lack of sticks; and as trees and hedges are rare with us, our birds, instead of being inhabitants of the air, must become denizens of the soil. Our eagles are worth five shillings a head to any that can shoot them: we can buy a young calf for eighteenpence, and sell a pair of knitted stockings for four guineas. We are believers in magical arts and preternatural creatures, in the great kraaken and the sea-serpent, in mermaids and mermen, in witchcraft and the evil eye, in the power of invocations and maledictions, in amulets and spectral illusions and occult sympathies, in trows and elf-arrows, in "healing by the coin," "casting the heart," curing by rhyme or rowan-tree, or cow-hair, or a darning-needle stuck in the leaf of a psalm-book. We believe in the possibility of abstracting, by certain charms, "the profits" of a neighbor's cow, or transferring the butter from one woman's churn to another woman's dairy; and all by the "devilish cunning" of spells and cantrips. That such marvels in nature and humanity should exist in the broad daylight of this omniscient age, and yet so little be known about them by the millions who devour monthly articles, is a fact scarcely credible.

It is true we have been visited from time to time by tourists, and naturalists, and moralists, inspectors of education, commissioners of light-houses, &c. The Great Unknown delighted us with his presence in the summer and autumn of 1814, to gather materials for one of his immortal fictions, if fictions they can be called which represent life and nature in the mirror of truth. Here

he viewed our bleak and bold scenery, scaled our stupendous cliffs, studied our manners, which he has so admirably portrayed in the Mordaunt, the Magnus Troil, the Minna and Brenda, the Norna, the rustic Yellowley, the pedlar Snailfoot, and other personages that seem to move and breathe in his fascinating pages. These are all set forth in his novel and his diary. His visit is not forgotten, and his *Pirate* is still the delight of our youths and maidens.

I pass over the old missionary Brand, who came about the beginning of last century on a religious errand, by order of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland; and I need merely allude to the *Tour* of Dr. Patrick Neill in 1804, to the excellent *Description* of Dr. Samuel Hibbert in 1822, and to the more recent steam-voyage of Miss Catherine Sinclair, about five or six years ago. This lady performed a whole volume out of a flying visit of forty-eight hours; and undertook to give a description of the country without stirring from Mr. Hay's drawing-room in Lerwick, and on a misty Sunday, when she could not see across the narrow bay opposite her window. But then she had Mr. Hay's chart obligingly spread before her, "on so large a scale that three inches are given to each mile, and not a single peat-stack seemed wanting; so we made a leisurely tour over this wide expanse, pausing occasionally to hear elaborate descriptions of the curiosities we *ought to have seen*, and of the accidents we might probably have met with; all very interesting, but also rather tantalizing." From an hour's inspection of this spacious map, this ingenious lady contrived to manufacture a *Journal of a Two Days' Residence in Shetland, with a Full, True, and Particular Account of the Habits, Manners, and Language of the Natives; their Dress, Appearance, and Costumes; also, New and Original Discoveries respecting the Geography, Astronomy, Natural History, and Geological Structure of these Islands, &c.* This may be intended as a "right merry jest," but it was rather too much to make the public pay seven and sixpence for it.

In my communications I can promise no exploits by land or water to rival this. But if any of the thousand and one contributors to Regina, or even her great *accoucheur* himself of 215 Regent-street, should take a fancy to adventure upon an excursion to our Scottish Cyclades, I can promise a welcome reception from our resident landlords, and *adallers*, and clergy, whose hospitality

is not the less warm though it may have a contracted field or limited opportunities for its exercise. I can imagine that a denizen of London, accustomed to the luxuries of cabs and coffee-houses, of coal-fires, easy chairs, and first-class carriages, may have grave objections to risk the perils of an Arctic tour of pleasure. He will likely picture to himself seas swarming with monsters,—the leviathan of the deep spread over many a rood like a vast continent—the marine snake, trailing its wavy length along the surface for miles, his neck covered with a flowing mane, his cold glaring eyes shining like carbuncles, and his head, when looking out for a victim, elevated mast high, with a mouth capable of swallowing a one hundred and forty horse-power steamer. He may dream of billows like mountains, of precipices and headlands, sunken reefs, dark caverns, boiling foam, currents, eddies, tempests, and the whole category of Shetland horrors sung by Norna of the Fitful Head to the trembling Brenda :—

“ By beach and by wave,  
By stack and by skerry, by noup and by roe,  
By air and by wick, and by helyer and gio,  
And by every wild shore which the northern  
winds know,  
And the northern tides lave.”

His nerves, like poor Dame Yellowley's, may be shaken at the thought of the hurly-burly of our *rousts*, or the ungovernable fury of our elements. He may be no admirer of the *fey folk*, or of the Satanical ponies the *neagles*, who gallop off with travellers whom they have allured to mount them, over lank and bog, casting the rider from some promontory into the sea, and then vanishing in a flash of light. He may, perhaps, have no great confidence in the prayers of Bessie Millie, who sells favorable winds to mariners for the small consideration of sixpence; and he may regard with still greater suspicion the humanity of our consuetudinary laws, which attach a sort of retributive punishment to every native who shall rescue a drowning stranger or assist a shipwrecked crew. But if such chimeras haunt his imagination, I fearlessly bid him dismiss them. The tourist is in no danger of casting anchor on a kraaken, or being dragged by the multifarious claws of some gigantic polypus to the bottom of the ocean. These legendary monsters exist only in our popular creed, and disturb the repose of none but the superstitious fishermen.

It is true if the visitor expects the accom-

modation of railways, or post-chaises, or turnpike-roads, he will be disappointed; but he will find our rude climate, and our barren soil, tempered by the warmth of a friendly greeting, and lighted up with a glorious luminary that for three months scarcely quits the horizon. During that period darkness is unknown, the short absence of the sun being supplied by a bright twilight. To use the words of a native historian, “Nothing can surpass the calm serenity of a fine summer night in the Shetland Isles, the atmosphere is clear and unclouded, and the eye has an uncontrolled and extreme range; the hills and the headlands look more majestic, and they have a solemnity superadded to their grandeur; the water in the bays appears dark, and as smooth as glass; no living object interrupts the tranquillity of the scene, unless a solitary gull skimming the surface of the sea; and there is nothing to be heard but the distant murmuring of the waves among the rocks.” Surely such a picture of tranquil grandeur as this, is enough to put heart into the most timid, to scare away all the traditional perils and monstrosities with which ignorance and superstition have surrounded our northern archipelago.

Another drawback to tourists has now been removed by the facilities which steam has supplied; the passage from Leith to Lerwick, a distance of ninety-six leagues, can be made as regularly as her majesty's mail, and in as short space as Roderick Random's post-wagon took to travel from York to London. No doubt the case was very different before this great revolution in smack and packet navigation was introduced. Then our means of communication with the rest of the world were difficult and few. A letter from Shetland to Orkney had to go round *via* Edinburgh; or if any of our enterprising merchants wished for early intelligence, he had to despatch a vessel of his own for the purpose, and after all might find the post-office authorities refuse for his convenience to interrupt the ordinary means of correspondence. We were often half-a-year behind in our information, which led us into the commission of ridiculous anachronisms and irregularities. Our clergymen prayed for kings and queens, months after they were dead and buried. A young prince, or princess, might be weaned, or walking, before we were apprised of its birth. The greatest national occurrences, the wars of the Commonwealth, the persecutions of the Stuarts, the change of one

dynasty for another, were events known at the extremities of Europe before they reached us. And if we were unwittingly guilty of high treason, in praying for one monarch when, by a fiction of the law, we were understood to have sworn fealty to another, the fault was not ours, but in the want of steamboats.

Tradition says, that the Revolution of 1688 was not known in Shetland for six months after it happened. Brand, the missionary, states, that "it was the month of May thereafter before they heard any thing of the late revolution, and that first, they say, from a fisherman, whom some would have arraigned before them, and impeached of high treason, because of his news." Martin, in his *History of the Isles*, repeats the story with some improvement. He says, "The Shetlanders had no account of the Prince of Orange's late landing in England, coronation, &c., until a fisherman happened to land there in May following, and he was not believed, but indicted for high treason for spreading such news."

This is the common report, which, however, is exaggerated, and not quite correct. The news of the landing of the Prince of Orange in England had reached the island of Unst within little more than a month after it took place—the 5th of November, 1688. The intelligence was evidently accidental, but the fact is stated in a letter written by one of the ancestors of Mr. Mowat, of Garth, and dated 15th December, 1688, which thus concludes: "I can give no account of news, save only that the skipper of the wreckt ship confirms the former report of the Prince of Orange his landing in England with an considerable number of men, bot upon what pretence I cannot condishend." Though the fact of the prince's landing was known, it may be true that months elapsed before the Shetlanders learned the event of the Revolution. Now all this has passed away. We are no longer reckoned out of the circle of Christendom, or to be on visiting terms with any thing more civilized than *shuas* and bottle-nose whales. Every week we hold communication with the Scottish metropolis, the three winter months excepted; and I see no reason why this interruption should be, for if steamers ply all the year round between New York and Liverpool, why not between Lerwick and Leith?

Suppose, then, one of your *literati* smitten with the curiosity to penetrate this extreme verge of her majesty's dominions, let

him put himself under my tutelage, and accompany me on the imaginary voyage. Like good Mrs. Glass, who presumes her hare to be caught before it is skinned, I stipulate that my friend be in Edinburgh before starting. He must be at the North Bridge Duty-house by half-past five o'clock in the morning of any given Friday in the spring, summer, or autumn months. There he will find cab, hackney, minibus, omnibus, or railway at his service, to set him down at the nether extremity of Granton pier, where he has to pay twopence for his *pirage*, and where he will observe the Sovereign steamer, of two-hundred horse power, rocking and roaring, casting forth volumes of black smoke, with various other symptoms of a determination to be off. The last bell rings at six precisely, the luggage is stowed on deck, the driver and the porter are paid. You muffle yourself up in cloak or Codrington, look out for a conversable visage among the crowd, make up your mind to be desperately sea-sick, cast a parting gaze on the friends left behind, and away you go full boil.

The broad Firth, studded with islands, the shore on either hand planted with towns, and verdant with forests and green fields, diverts your attention from certain disagreeable inward emotions that begin to turn your countenance yellow, and threaten a premature separation between your stomach and your breakfast. Sternwards lie the small isles of Crammond and Inchcolm, and ten miles in the distance the Firth is land-locked by the strait at Queens-ferry, with its projecting rock and promontory. The bay presented to the eye in this direction is picturesque and beautiful. On the right is seen Edinburgh, with its castle, steeples, monuments, hills, blue-slatted roofs, and long terraces of streets. The opposite coast of Fife is sprinkled with dwellings, and lined with fishing villages, the nearest of which are Burntisland, Kinghorn, Kirkcaldy, and Dysart.

Half-an-hour's sailing brings you under the lee of Inchkeith, where there are an elegant lighthouse, a rabbit warren, and a few agricultural donkeys. Beyond this island the Firth expands. Bounding the view southwards are Musselburgh and Prestonpans, the hills above Haddington, the high-cone of North Berwick Law, and the stupendous Bass-rock, the *solangoosifera Bassa* of old Drummond of Hawthornden, the friend and host of Shakspeare. To the north the range of fishing towns (most of

them dubbed burghs by king James VI.) continues—Wemyss, Buckhaven, Leven, Largo, Elie, St. Monance, Pittenweem, the two Anstruthers, and Crail. At several of these places, if weather permit, the Sovereign takes on board, and lands passengers, which gives you an opportunity for extracting from your now loquacious companion a little of his historical, topographical, and antiquarian knowledge.

At Wemyss Castle he will point you out the window of the room where Queen Mary had her first interview with Darnley. Buckhaven, he will tell you, is a colony of Dutchmen, the most pure and undiluted in Scotland, descended from the crew of a vessel which was stranded on the spot in the reign of James VI. Leven is a manufacturing as well as a fishing town; it grinds bone-dust, and gives title to an earl. Largo is renowned as the birth-place of Alexander Selkirk, the original of Robinson Crusoe. The house still remains, being a cottage of one story and a garret, in which the father of the imaginary hermit of Juan Fernandez carried on his humble craft of a shoemaker. Pittenweem was the headquarters of the witches of Fife; and on the beach, below the town, you will be shown the place where the last *suttee* of them was performed for the benefit of his infernal majesty, and to the great relief of the pious, witch-fearing, tobacco-hating King James. Anstruther (Wester) derives *éclat* from two celebrated personages, natives of the burgh, Maggie Lauder and Dr. Chalmers. The small house in which the latter was born stands close upon the harbor, and the field where the ancient "fair" was held, memorable in song for the scandalous gallivanting between Maggie and Rob the Ranter, lies immediately northward of the town. It was here, also, that the two heroes of the *Heart of Midlothian*, Robertson and Wilson, were apprehended for robbing the collector at Pittenweem, in 1736, the extraordinary circumstances of which, connected with the escape of the former, and the execution of the latter, caused the famous Porteous mob in Edinburgh, so graphically described by Sir Walter Scott. Crail is an ancient, out-of-the-way place, but has some repute in history. Here the Danes first landed in Scotland, and killed King Constantine in battle. Here John Knox inflamed the fish-wives, with one of his "rousing" sermons, to march with him to St. Andrew's and demolish the splendid cathedral; here Archbishop Sharp was min-

ister, and rebuked the Duke of Lauderdale, and sundry others of the Malignant nobles, on the "stool of repentance," in order to qualify them for being admitted into the communion of the true Covenanters.

Passing Crail a few miles you turn the point of Fife Ness, the "East Neuk," where the spacious bay of St. Andrew's opens before you, its dangerous entrance being signalized by the beacon on the Carr Rock. To the right you see the Isle of May—*Maia Sheepifeda*,—and, farther on, the Bell lighthouse, which will remind you of Sir Walter Scott's beautiful lines, "Pharos loquitur," and Southey's legendary ballad, "The Abbot of Aberbrothock." In the distance on the left, the ruined towers of St. Andrew's, and the conical *dun* which gives its name to Dundee, are visible; and before you, on the opposite side of the bay, stretch the flat coast and the dim hills of Forfarshire. As you near Arbroath, probably your eye may catch something skimming rapidly along the beach, like an exploded Congreve rocket on a journey, or a Megatherium smoking a cigar. It is a train on the Dundee and Arbroath railway. This latter town is a place of very considerable manufactures, especially spinning flax; and here you will have a close view of the ruins of the magnificent abbey and its circular window, which serves as a landmark, and is commonly called *Big O* by sailors.

Beyond Arbroath stretch for miles the lofty precipitous cliffs of freestone called the Red Head, 250 feet in height, and eaten by the waves into detached colonnades and innumerable caverns, in one of which resides the famous White Lady, who is only visible in a clear day, when the eye can catch a hasty glimpse of her, in a direct line as the steamer passes the mouth of the grotto. This phenomenon is caused by the rays of light penetrating a hole near the inner extremity, and communicating with the surface above. The locality here is the classic ground of the *Antiquary*; the fishermen of Auchmithy being the prototypes of the Mucklelocks, and the Red Head cliffs the scene of the perilous escape of Miss Wardour.

Farther on is Lunan Bay, and, on rounding the point of Usan, Montrose, with its lofty steeple, its smoking factory chimneys, and its magnificent suspension-bridge, bursts upon the sight. The landscape here is rich, and the scenery picturesque; but the steamer stands often too far out to sea to enjoy it in perfection. From Montrose to

Stonehaven the coast is bluff and rocky ; behind it, some dozen miles off, towers the great chain of the Grampians, and between lies the fertile valley or *strath*, called the *Howe o' the Mearns*.

From this point to Aberdeen there is little to attract the attention, except Bervie and Dunnottar Castle, near Stonehaven. The coast is the classic region of smoked haddocks. The celebrated *finnan* is prepared with *peat-reek* at the small fishing-village of Findon ; and the *bervies*, greatly in request with the Edinburgh and Glasgow gourmands, derive their name from the town so called, where the first spinning-mill built in Scotland for yarn and thread was erected.

The ruin of Dunnottar Castle is one of the most majestic in Scotland. It was built in the times of Bruce and Baliol, and continued long the seat of the noble family of Keith. When sailing past it the appearance is strangely fantastic, as it consists of a mass of roofless edifices, so numerous as to resemble a desolate town. It is perched on a lofty perpendicular rock, like a huge inverted tub projecting into the sea, and almost divided from the land by a deep chasm ; the summit is level, and contains about three and a half acres. Various historical associations are connected with this ruin. It was besieged by General Lambert, when Cromwell was in Scotland in 1652, and was eventually surrendered by Colonel Ogilvie of Barras, the governor. The crown and other regalia of Scotland were deposited there, and must have fallen into the hands of the besiegers had they not been secretly conveyed away by Mrs. Grainger, wife of the minister of Kineff parish, who buried them under the floor of the church, where they remained in safety till the Restoration. The concealment of these valuable memorials of Scottish royalty forms the subject of an interesting painting by Houston, which was among the pictures of the Royal Scottish Academy's exhibition of this year at Edinburgh. During the persecution under Charles II. Dunnottar, like the Bass Rock, was converted into a state-prison for the confinement of the refractory Covenanters. Here numbers of them were incarcerated in 1685 ; it is said about 167 men and women, apprehended for field-preachings, and treated with great barbarity, being shut up in a small subterranean vault in the warmest season of the year, until many of them perished from foul air, like the wretched

inmates of the Black Hole of Calcutta. A grave-stone in the churchyard of Dunnottar records the place of their burial, and the dismal vault is still called *The Whigs' Vault*. The seaport of Stonehaven, a little farther on, has a handsome appearance ; the new part of the town being regularly built with broad, well-paved streets.

Leaving all these ancient relics and topographical curiosities behind, the tourist will find himself, about the tenth hour since quitting Granton pier, entering the harbor of Aberdeen. The average detention of the steamer here is four hours, but the time depends much on the state of the tide. While lying at anchor here you will have leisure to survey the granite buildings of that northern capital, and also to form a more intimate acquaintance with the Sovereign, by discussing a substantial Scotch dinner, washed down with first-rate Glenlivet, made into hot toddy, which, if well primed and mixed, will impress you at the end of the fourth hour, if your memory keep steady, with rather a favorable opinion of the Highland alcoholic districts. The Sovereign you will find a trim, elegant, spacious vessel, quite able for her latitudes, and ready to oblige every daring son of Adam who burns with desire to get a sight of the North Pole.

But the time is up, the steam is on, the plunging wheels are in motion, and in ten minutes you are off, the churned waves receding and leaving a foaming track behind, like a highway on the ocean. The Bullers of Buchan and Peterhead lie far to the left ; but the Sovereign heeds them not, paddling her weary watery way direct to Wick, which generally occupies ten hours. Here another detention occurs, and frequently a long one, from the quantity of goods and passengers to land, cattle to ship, &c. There are few attractions at this place, unless it be the odor of fish, which are here so abundant that the fields in Caithness are sometimes manured with herrings. Had you time for a trip into the interior, you might regale your eye with a sight of the cacophonious ruins of Girnigo Castle or the verdant plantations of Stirkoke. But the Fates and Captain Snowie forbid, and northward away ! is the word.

The voyage across the stormy Pentland Frith is usually made in five hours, the island of South Ronaldshay being the first of the Orkneys that appears to the left. Advancing onwards you pass Copia-

shay, with its "horse," a precipitous rock said to be nearly one thousand feet high. The view of this island amuses and amazes travellers. "It presents," says Miss Sinclair, "a gigantic barricade of rocks inhabited by millions of birds, which we saw, though I had not time to count them, sitting in rows like charity children with black hoods and white tippets, ranged along every crevice in the cliffs. Several guns were fired, when an uproarious noise ensued, which can be compared to nothing but the hurraing of a whole army. Above, below, and around, the sea, air, and rocks, seemed one living mass of birds, screaming at the full pitch of their voices, rushing through the air, careering to the very clouds, flickering in circles overhead, zigzagging all around us, and then dropping like a shower into the ocean!"

If the sea is smooth, the steamer takes a narrow channel which lies between Copinshay and Deerness, the most easterly parish in the mainland; and after rounding a bold headland called the *Mool*, she stands through the *String*, a rather intricate passage which divides the mainland from the island of Shapinsay. Leaving *Thieves Holm* to the left, she brings up in Kirkwall Roads generally between three and four o'clock in the afternoon. Her detention here is short, rarely exceeding an hour; and retracing her course down the *String*, she proceeds northward, passing Stronsay, Sanday, and North Ronaldshay, arriving at Lerwick about four o'clock in the morning, the voyage being generally made in about twelve hours.

This is a dreary, solitary passage, the only human habitation to be met with being Fair Isle, about half way between the two northern archipelagos. It rises "like an emerald in the wide ocean, quite a little world in itself, covered with grass of a most vivid and luxuriant verdure." On nearing this *Arctic oasis*, you will hear from some of your topographical fellow-tourists the *Traditionary Narrative of the Shipwreck of the Duke de Medina Sidonia, Commander of the Spanish Armada, in the year 1588*. According to this narrative, the ducal commander of the Invincible Armada, after being chased by the English admiral, was driven on Fair Isle, where his anchorless ship struck and went to pieces, himself and 200 of his men effecting a landing in their boats with the greatest difficulty. This was a perilous addition to the population of so small a terri-

tory, which could scarcely yield enough to support the few families that occupied it. The Spaniards soon consumed all the victuals in the island, devouring fish, fowl, sheep, horned cattle, and even horses. Famine was the consequence, and the love of self-preservation taught the natives to withhold farther contributions to the strangers, and to secrete, in the darkness of the night, among the recesses of the rocks, the provisions that were indispensable for their own existence. Many of the Spaniards perished of hunger, others were thrown by the famishing islanders over the cliffs into the sea.

Their destitute situation was, at length, made known to a gentleman in Shetland, Mr. Andrew Umphrey, who farmed the Fair Isle; and, with the assistance of his boats, they were conveyed to Quendal Bay, where the duke became the guest of Malcolm Sinclair, "a worthy Scottish gentleman," until a vessel should be equipped to convey him and the survivors of his crew to the Continent. Tradition says that the duke, having a mind to produce an imposing effect on his hospitable entertainer, dressed himself up in the splendid costume of a Spanish grandee, and asked him if he had ever before seen a person of his rank and mien? Sinclair being a true Presbyterian, and knowing his guest to be a foreign Papist, bluntly replied in broad Scotch, "Farcie in that face, I have seen many prettier men hanging in the Burrow Muir!" the said locality being then the common place of execution at Edinburgh. The duke and his party, however, did effect their return, having been safely landed at Dunkirk in a vessel equipped for the purpose.

When the rocks of Fair Isle have receded from the view, the two promontories of Sumburgh Head and Fitful Head (the White Mountain) salute the eye; and by degrees the shores of Dunrossness and the outline of the mainland are developed in perspective.

"The country," says Dr. Hibbert, "seems to be characterized rather by the number than by the height of its hills; but the nakedness of the surface, which not a tree or shrub interposes to conceal, recalls every chilling idea that may have been preconceived in the mind of hyperborean desolation. The stranger can scarcely avoid contrasting the sterility that appears before his eyes with the richness of the valleys he may have so lately quitted on the banks of the Forth. Shetland truly appears

to be what was long ago said of it by a Stirlingshire visitor, 'the skeleton of a departed country.'

Having landed the tourist in Lerwick, without being wrecked against the north pole, or lodged, like another Jonah, in the stomach of an ichthyosaurus, I shall leave him to select his own amusement, to examine Fort Charlotte, or gaze on the numerous boats that stud Brassay Sound, or take his ease in his inn, or go fishing for *podleys* or *silloks*, or any other occupation that may chance to hit his humor. He will not find our metropolis quite so large as London or Pekin, or so regularly built as Edinburgh or St. Petersburg. It has *one* street of considerable length, in the form of an amphitheatre, along the shore, with numbers of lanes, or *closses*, leading backwards to a road on an eminence above the town. The houses are built of grey and white sandstone: some of them are handsome, fitted up with every accommodation in modern style. But in viewing the position of the place, it will be seen at a glance that no architect had been consulted in planning the streets. The oddest angularities prevail, no order being observed. Backs are turned to fronts, gable ends to the street, projecting at angles of every degree. With the exception of those newly erected, the tenements appear as if they had dropped from the clouds, and as if every proprietor had made it his original study to be as unlike his neighbor as possible. Gas and stone pavement have been introduced. We have a court and town-house, a news-room, a bank, a prison, a masonic lodge, and a manufactory for straw plait. The utmost quiet reigns in the town, whose echoes are never awakened by steam-whistles, or mail-horns, or even the wheels of carriage, cart, or gig. The clattering of a shelly's feet is the only noise—except when we have drunken sailors—pedestrian, equestrian, or vehicular, that greet the ear.

Whilst you are enjoying yourself after your own fashion, allow me to revert to the descriptive sketch with which I set out, and which has suffered a little interruption by my account of the voyage. The absence of general vegetation is one of the first things that arrests the stranger's notice. Every thing looks brown, parched, and barren. Our indigenous trees are few, scarcely deserving the name, and never requiring a visit from the commissioners

of woods and forests. Indeed, thousands of the natives have no other idea of a tree than a log of fir, which they may have seen in a Norwegian clipper or a drifted shipwreck. They cannot understand how it is rooted in the earth and shoots out foliage. A phenomenon of this kind would be as new and marvellous to them as the icy ocean would be to the scorched negro of Central Africa. Dr. Niell mentions that a native Shetlander, who had spent his days in his own island, having occasion to visit Edinburgh, when trees were first pointed out to him on the coast of Fife, observed, that "they were very pretty;" but, added he with great simplicity, "What kind of grass is that on the top of them?" the term grass, or *girse*, being applied in Shetland to all herbs having green leaves. Trunks and branches are found in peat-mosses, showing that trees must have existed at one time. But they have vanished. Our groves are merely a few dwarf bushes of birch, willow, and mountain-ash, stunted and scattered over the bleak soil, and scarcely of height sufficient to hang a dog. If there be any other more commanding specimens of the genus *arbor*, they are, perhaps, some old plum or sycamore in one or two gardens, which, at the age of 100 years, may have attained the stature of forty or fifty feet. Except in these cases, we have nothing in the timber line suited for higher purposes than making a barber's pole, or the rafters of a cottar's shieling. We have no native coal, but abundance of peat; no cholera, but often rheumatism, catarrh, and dyspepsia; no Roman Catholics, but a few Methodists, Independents, and Anabaptists. Until the passing of the Reform Act in 1832, we were unknown in the parliamentary representation of the British empire; but since that time we have had the honor to return half-a-member. Our only musical instrument is the fiddle, for, like all northern nations, the Shetlanders are fond of dancing; but the Presbyterian discipline, true to its puritanical character, discourages these amusements, lest they should tend to foster idleness and vice. This I think is a mistaken rigor, for the effect of such prohibitions is to check innocent and healthful enjoyment, to induce a morose habit, and clap an extinguisher on some of the happiest associations of life. It is said to be a characteristic of the colder regions that the people are addicted to stimulating beverages, but I cannot accuse my countrymen of that.



On the contrary, they are remarkable for sobriety; and though Father Matthew has not yet paid us a visit, temperance societies have been established, the effect of which has been to diminish the sale of intoxicating liquors, and to cause some of our conscientious spirit-dealers to shut shop, and abandon the traffic altogether, from an honest conviction of its impropriety. We have benefit societies, but their advantages do not seem to be highly appreciated,—owing, perhaps, to the desultory habits and precarious occupation of the people, who would rather trust to the lottery of the sea and the fishing-boat with its immediate gains, than to a distant and doubtful reimbursement from a society. The only branch of this benevolent scheme that succeeds is the Fisherman's Fund, for the relief of widows, orphans, and invalids or aged persons. It was established nearly forty years ago, and is understood to have a capital of nearly 3000*l*. Though we scarcely require the services of the Irish apostle, we have much need of Macadam. Our roads are miserable. We have no regular highways or turnpikes, and, fortunately, no highwaymen. In many parishes there is not even a foot-path nor a sheep-track. The traveller must take the sun or the nearest shrub for his compass, and pilot his way over the dreary waste by *meaths* from hill to hill, and from *toon* to *toon*. There are no public conveyances, no carriages, no carts, no railroads, no bridges, no canals, no harbors, but only some open roadsteads, or winding creeks, called *voes*, which deeply indent all the larger islands, and afford great facilities for internal communication were the inhabitants provided with the means. It has been suggested that small steamboats, using peat for fuel, might be employed as a substitute for land conveyance both for passengers and the produce of the country; but I much fear there is neither capital nor enterprise for such an undertaking. In the absence of regular roads, wheeled carts are of little use; but in their stead, ponies with pack-saddles are employed. There are a few parishes—Tingwall, for example—where tolerable roads for *summer* are made; but you may judge of their quality for mail or stage-coach purposes, when you learn that during winter they are so broken up, people cannot go to church on foot without wading knee-deep in mud. In like manner, some of the *voes*, as that of Hillswick, afford safe anchorage for vessels, being

sheltered from every wind, and of sufficient capacity to contain the whole navy of Britain. The spade is almost the only implement used in husbandry, for with us agriculture is nearly as much in its infancy as when Noah stepped from the ark, or, to go a little further back with Dryden, "when Adam delved and Eve span." A plough is a rarer sight here than the constellation of that name. The laird and the minister may have one or two, drawn sometimes by a pair of oxen, sometimes by a quartette of ponies. The harrow is even more primitive in its structure and operation than the plough. It is guiltless of iron in any form, and so rude that, like Solomon's Temple, you might suppose no edge-tool had ever been lifted upon it in the making. It consists merely of two parallel bits of wood, about three feet long, with from eight to ten circular teeth in each piece, the whole frame-work being connected at the ends by a cross-bar.

In using them, the employment of animal labor is dispensed with, for they are drawn by a man, often by a woman, harnessed to them by a rope tied to each end of the parallel bars. Sometimes the land is too rough for a wooden harrow; instead of which, after the ground is delved and sown, a person takes a besom of heather, and sweeps mould, seed, and manure over head. This substitution of the human being for the brute is degrading enough, but it is not so looked upon by us. In former times, it was not uncommon to make women perform the work of horses even in more civilized parts of Scotland than our remote islands. When the foundation of Heriot's Hospital in Edinburgh was dug, not longer ago than 1632, the "softer sex" were compelled to do the severest part of the drudgery—carting away the rubbish! Among the disbursements in the treasurer's book for that year, belonging to the hospital, are mentioned the prices paid for "shakells to the wemeine's hands," also "loks and cheines for their waistes," "*item, ane quhip (whip) to the gentlewomen in the cairt*, 12*s.*," and "to the man that keipis them, 3*l*. 12*s.*" The money is Scottish, so that the price of iron, and leather, and the amount of wages in those days, must have been very small. Perhaps for the credit of Scotland, I ought to add the explanation given of these extraordinary facts, to show that in the seventeenth century females generally were not put to such servile and shocking work. The "*gentlewomen in the cairt*," and the

"sax women that drew the red," were doubtless hardened offenders of a particular class, upon whom every kind of church censure, such as the *jougs*, *sackcloth*, and the *catty-stool*, had been fruitlessly expended.

As Edinburgh had then no bridewells or houses of correction, it seems probable that the magistrates, whose jurisdiction extended even to hanging and drowning in the North Loch, had tried the effect of public exposure in the manner stated above, by employing these incorrigible culprits in "redding (clearing) the found" of the hospital. But in Shetland, as I have said, for a man or woman to do the work of a horse, is nothing more than a part of our agricultural system. Corn, peats, or other articles, are transported on the human back, in *easies* or *cubbies*—a sort of rude basket made of straw. Occasionally the pony is employed in carrying, and then the *creels* or heather baskets are used, which are balanced one on each side, by means of the *clibber* and *mazy*.

While our husbandry is in so primitive a condition, it may readily be supposed that the march of improvement has made but indifferent progress with us. But to compensate for this drawback, we have advantages which our richer neighbors in the more genial climes of the south do not possess. We have cheap land, cheap rents, cheap beef, cheap mutton, cheap bread, cheap poultry, cheap fish, cheap every thing. What would an English or a Lothian farmer say to getting a whole island to himself at the rate of eight shillings the statute acre, with plenty of women to labor it, at wages of sixpence a-day! Nay, in some of the islands this rent would be deemed extravagantly high, 1200 per cent. too dear! In Yell, for instance, an estate of 73,000 acres, nearly one-half in pasture, the rest arable and inclosed grass land, only produces an average rent of scarcely *eight-pence* per acre! Surely here is scope for Lord Brougham's agricultural schoolmaster to look abroad, and instruct our landowners and husbandmen in the virtues of guano. True it is, our soil is none of the best, partaking more or less of the quality of moss, mixed with clay or particles of the decayed rock on which it rests. The atmosphere, too, especially in winter, is uniformly moist, but temperate beyond what will be credited by those accustomed to the cold prevalent at that season in the interior of the three kingdoms. Snow rarely lies above a day

or two at a time; although we have occasionally snow-storms of two, or nearly three months' duration. A few years ago the clergyman of Yell noted the following in his memorandum-book on the 24th of December:—"This day, the turnips are as green as they were at Michaelmas; the rye-grass among bear-stubble measures from eight to ten inches of green blade; and among the last year's rye-grass the daisy is every where seen in bloom." Let the Carse of Gowrie, or the sheltered fields of Hampshire and Devonshire, match this if they can. Last Christmas, such was the mildness of the temperature, we could boast of our young gooseberries, and winter blossoms, as well as our more southerly neighbors. And then there are certain troublesome vermin, abundant enough in more favored climates, from which we are exempt. There are some of our islands to which neither the mouse nor the rat have yet found their way. The grouse or moorfowl is also a stranger to us, though common in Orkney and the Highlands of Scotland; and the reason perhaps is, that the heather with us is too stunted to afford them the shelter they require. It is not many years since justices of the peace were as rare as mice or moorfowl, for except the sheriff-substitute, there was not a magistrate of any kind in Shetland. Nay, it would appear we must have had a visit of St. Patrick to scare away certain loathsome reptiles, for as an eminent living naturalist observes in his tour, "The untravelled natives of Unst had never seen either frogs or toads, and indeed had no idea of the appearance or nature of these animals!" Our domestic cattle are abundant, but their diminutive size and price would astonish the dealers in Smithfield market. A good fattened cow ready for slaughter weighs from one-and-a-half to two-and-a-half hundred weight; so that a flesher could tuck her under his arm; and an alderman at one of your civic feasts would not feel alarmed were one of them served up entire in an ashet before him. Beef is reckoned extravagantly high if it exceed three-halfpence or two-pence the pound. A whole calf may be purchased for eighteenpence; and if the skin is re-sold it brings a shilling, leaving only sixpence as the price of the carcass. A ewe fit for the butcher will sell for four or five shillings, and a male lamb for about a third part of the sum. The native race of sheep are small sized, and scarcely weigh more than twenty or twenty-four pounds of mutton,

carrying a fleece of from one to one-and-a-half pounds of wool. They have small tails; and it is rare to see a ewe with horns. The practice is now getting in, where it can be safely adopted, of crossing the native breeds with black and white-faced rams, and where the pasture is sound, either of the crosses answer very well, as both mutton and wool are improved in quantity. But wherever the pasture is deep and wet, they are invariably found not to be so hardy, or to thrive so well, as the original breed. In some parishes their number is very great, and they form a sort of common property, or at least, the proprietor cannot always distinguish his own; for as all the tenants in these cases exercise an unlimited right of pasturage on the hills, or "scathold," as the tenure is called, except the few who drive their sheep into the same *cruiwe* or *pound*, no other person can possibly know the exact number belonging to each individual. My friend, the minister of Sandsting and Aithsting, whose parish, spiritually as well as pastorally, contains one of the best flocks in our islands, is very learned in his description of the character and habits of this animal, although the terms which it is necessary to employ may, perhaps, sound oddly to those whose knowledge of the English tongue is drawn exclusively from Johnson's *Dictionary*. In his account of his parish, he tells us, the sheep are of various colors, white, black, grey, as Shakspeare's goblins; *catmogged*, brown, or *moorit*, black and white in equal proportions, or *shilah* and piebald. Every neighborhood has a particular pasture, or *scathold*, on which his sheep are fed; and every person knows his own by their *lug-mark*, that is, one has a hole in the ear, another a slit or *rif*, another a *crook* or piece cut out of the ear behind or before, &c.; and it is a rule in the parish that no two persons are allowed to "lug-mark" their sheep in the same way. Each neighborhood has also a *cruiwe* into which they drive their sheep, for the purpose of smearing them, taking off the wool, marking the lambs, and keeping them tame. The mode of sheep-shearing here is rude and cruel, for the wool is not clipped off as in other places, but is torn from the animal's back by an operation called *roving*. For the most part two, and sometimes more persons, tear the wool from the poor tortured beast at one time; and though it may not sometimes occasion much pain, in general it is a troublesome and savage process.

The customs regarding the feeding and ownership of this animal are curious. When a stray sheep is found, the individual who finds it takes care of it for a year and a day. Proclamation is then made at different churches in order to discover the right proprietor; and if after that no one appears to claim it, it is sold, one-half of the price being allotted to the person who took charge of it, the other half to the poor of the parish in which it was found. The neighbors whose sheep pasture together are called *scat-brither*; and those who have a few pasturing in any place at a distance from their residence, or perhaps not in the parish, are called *out-scatholders*. A lamb may be grazed at the rate of one shilling and sixpence per annum; and a cow or ox for eight or ten shillings during summer: in winter the sum demanded for fodder is about the same. Pigs and ponies compose a material part of our domestic animal stock. Almost every family keeps one pig, many have two; and several keep large herds of swine, which are sent off to the hill or common pasture in summer, where they contrive to shift for themselves, their principal food being earth-worms and roots of plants; but occasionally they fall in with a more savory morsel in the shape of a young lamb or a sickly ewe, or birds' nests, of which they are as fond as a Chinese, or any other Oriental gourmand. The native breed is very small, with short, upright ears, and a long cartilaginous nose, with which he commits sad havoc when he steals a *raid* into the potato-field or the farm-yard, digging, and ploughing, and committing every species of destruction. When he puts on his winter clothing, an uglier animal cannot be conceived to exist. Next his body is a close coating of coarse wool, above which rises a profusion of long stiff bristles, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," and presenting a most formidable, *noli-me-tangere* appearance to every assailant, human or canine. Of the bristles and wool elastic ropes of great strength are made for *tethering* horses and cows. But, in spite of his revolting appearance, a Shetland pig, when well fed, would not discredit the board of an epicure. His pork is delicate, his ham delicious, and might contend for the premium of the old glutton monarch who proclaimed a reward for the discovery of a new pleasure. A considerable improvement both in appearance and size has been made on the native race in consequence of the introduction of a better spe-

cies, brought to our islands in some of the Greenland ships. A pig, in its different stages of existence, has almost as many distinctive names with us as a lion or a camel among the Arabs. When sucking, or in a state of infancy, he is known by the name of a *runny* or *grice*; one fed about the fire-side is a *patty*; one with young a *silik*; a boar is called a *gant*. The most prevalent distemper to which they are liable is the *gricifer*, which deprives them of the use of their hind legs, and is seldom curable. Of the pony little need be said. He is well known, for he is almost the only live inhabitant, except the fisherman, that visits foreign parts. He is of every color, white, black, brown, grey, dun, cream, chestnut, piebald, and of every size on a limited scale, between twenty-eight and forty-four inches. He is hardy, docile, and capable of showing high mettle. Like the hog, he undergoes a marked transition in the annual aspect of his "outer man," for when the shelly (as Dr. Hibbert remarks) "is in his winter or spring garb it is difficult to suppose that his progenitors were the same animals which travellers have described as prancing over the arid tracks of Arabia. The long shaggy hair with which he is clothed has more the appearance of a polar dress, or of some arctic livery specially dispensed to the quadruped retainers of the genius of Hialland." Instead of the sleek skin and handsome appearance which he displays with so much spirit in the summer months, in winter his exterior is uncouth, his symmetry disappears, all his motions are dull and languid. The general torpor of nature seems to freeze up his energies and paralyze his whole frame. His food is coarse and scanty; but, notwithstanding the privations he endures, he frequently lives to a good old age. I have known them live thirty years and more, and even at that age able to travel a pretty long journey in carrying *feals* from the hill to mix with manure for composts. No attention is paid to the breed, which consequently is degenerating; and this is to be regretted, for the best proportioned is always the one first sold, and fetches the best price. They might easily be improved, and were due care employed, I am convinced there would nowhere be found a finer race of animals. Their value is from twenty or thirty shillings to six pounds sterling; and their yearly export to England and Scotland forms a considerable traffic. At one time the Orkney traders were in the habit of

coming over and bartering linen for ponies; but this practice ceased when a regular packet communication was established between Lerwick and Leith. At that time, and until the introduction of steam-navigation connected us with the rest of the world, we had less intercourse with our neighbors the Orcadians than with any other part of Great Britain. A letter or parcel to the nearest of these islands had generally to be sent to Edinburgh, and thence was returned to its destination by a voyage across the Pentland Firth. Now, thanks to James Watt and the gallant Sovereign, *tout cela est changé*. We are, at least nine months in the year, within reach of civilization and fashion once a-week.

Having said a few words about cows, it would be an unpardonable omission to pass over the dairy and its management, which are always important matters in a Shetlander's household economy, and have even been sung in poetry and regulated by ancient laws. In the article of milk we have nothing to complain of; it is good in quality and yielded in greater quantity than could be expected from the size of the cow, which, when put on good feeding, will give thirteen or fourteen quarts per day, being more than Burns's "dawtet twal-pint hawkie" gave in the rich pastures of Ayrshire. It is in the proper management of the milk that we fail; and here our want of cleanliness, especially in the olden time, not only compelled the interference of the magistrate, but afforded a theme for the sarcastic wit of the traveller and the poet. In the parish of Sandsting the excellent and respected minister states that those farmers who keep four or more cows churn once every day in summer; but the quantity of butter is not in proportion to the frequent churning, for the cream is never properly gathered. An old but abominable fashion prevails, greatly injurious to the reputations of our housewives, for when the operation of churning is advanced to a certain stage a *heated stone* is dipped into the churn, and by this means the labor is shortened and an addition is made to the quantity, though not to the quality of the butter. Part of the curd thus becomes incorporated with the butter, which presents a white and yellow spotted appearance, resembling mottled soap or the grease-butter of Sir Robert Peel's tariff, with which the House of Commons was made so merry by the premier during the great corn-law debate. It must be confessed that by *very few* is attention paid to the

dairy, so that one of the ancient local acts would still require to be enforced, which ordains, "That no butter be rendered for payment of land-rent, or for sale, but such as is clear from *hairs, and claud and other dirt*." It is the custom for landlords to have part of their rents made payable in butter; and probably this regulation, added to the want of proper milk-houses and due attention to the milk-vessels, may help to account for the sad neglect of cleanliness in this department. Very little butter is sold; and no wonder, seeing our peculiar style of manufacture is no recommendation to the foreign market. The butter-milk is called *bleddick*, and into this is poured a quantity of boiling water, by which means the curd is separated from the *whey* or serum. The former is named *kirn*, and eaten with sweet milk; the latter is called *bland*, and used as drink instead of small-beer. It will keep for several months, when it acquires a strong acidity. The stigma of untidiness in regard to the dairy attached in former times to the Orcadians as well as to us, although our neighbors have now completely wiped it off (and why should not we?), for their butter is the finest that can be eaten, and commands a high price wherever it is known. The case, however, was not always so; and I have in my possession a curious poem entitled *The Character of Orkney*, printed in 1842 from a volume of miscellaneous verses in manuscript, preserved in the library of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh, wherein the author indulges his humor with more severity than justice, I am inclined to think, on the slovenly habits of the people in their persons, as well as in their food. On the articles of butter and cheese his coarse ribald wit is not surpassed by that of Butler, whose quaint style he seems to imitate, although he wrote in 1652, when Cromwell was in the north of Scotland. I shall give a short quotation slightly modifying the antiquated spelling:—

"A man may venture

In riding booties, and well pull'd up, to enter  
Their very dayries; which being now my theme,  
Sitt downe and supp a whin soure milk and  
creeme

While I discourse itt. Have you ever been  
Downe in a tanner's yard? and have you seen  
His lime-pits when the filthy muck and haire  
Of twenty hides is washt and scrapt off there?  
'Tis Orkney milk, in color, thickness, smell,  
Every ingredient—and it eats as well.  
Take from the bottome upp an handfull on't,  
And that's good Orkney butter—*—se upen't!*

This grease (for soe they trully call it) pleses  
The eye, the taste, the smelling, &c.  
They use a charme, too, with three heated  
stones.

Nine *Ave Maryes*, and seven ill-far'd groans,  
To fetch their nasty butter upp, which when  
They're dono the witches conjure down againe  
Through their own whems. Their punishment  
in this

Is well proportion'd to their wickedness.

Then of the aforesaid butter take and squeeze

A parcell 'twixt two rotten boards—that's cheese.

Judge, then, my friends, how much our lime-pits  
vary

In smell, taste, color, from an Orkney dairy."

The edge of this rough satire was, doubtless, whetted by the strong national English prejudices of the time. But whatever proximity to truth there might have been in it at the middle of the seventeenth century, the description is totally inapplicable now, and nothing, even in Shetland, comes near the overcharged picture of loathsome filth which this morose critic has drawn.

Before quitting the subject of our "hearths and homesteads," there are one or two other customs which ought not to pass unnoticed. Our principal articles of food are oats, bear (or *big*), and potatoes. Wheat has been attempted, but does not succeed; turnips, carrots, cabbages, and other esculents, are not cultivated to any extent in the open fields, although they thrive well enough in the gardens. Some families will plant as many as three thousand cabbages, which they use as food both for man and beast.

In raising the potato-crop, a different mode of culture is adopted here from that which prevails in other parts of the kingdom; and, as we wholly escaped the mysterious rot of last year, probably we may owe this fortunate exemption to our peculiar manner of husbandry. When preparing the field for the seed, the manure is not laid in the furrow and the cut seedling stuck into it. It is spread on the surface of the ground, and delved in with the spade. Sometimes the potato is planted in the furrow thus prepared, and covered up; and sometimes the earth is first delved and the seed dibbled in afterwards. The plan of spreading the manure on the surface instead of burying it in the drill, is recommended, I observe, by some of the thousand and one potato-doctors or agricultural theorists, as they are called, as an antidote to prevent the recurrence of the disease; and certainly the experiment is worth trying, and may plead our example in its favor.

The oats in general use here are the old

Scotch or grey-bearded kind, which is pleasant enough to the taste, but dark-colored, and from the very imperfect way of dressing it, the meal is never entirely freed from the chaff and dust. The way in which corn is here prepared for meal is accurately described by my reverend friend last mentioned. Every family has a small oblong kiln built in their barn, called a *cinny*, which will dry about a half barrel of oats at a time. This kiln, instead of an iron-plate floor, is furnished with ribs of wood; and these are covered with layers of oat-straw, called *gloy*, upon which the grain is laid. In an opening about a foot square in the end of the kiln, like an oven or boiler, a gentle fire is kept up till the grain is sufficiently dried. It is then taken off the ribs, put into a straw basket made for the purpose, called a *skeb*, and while warm, well rubbed under the feet, an operation which is intended to separate the beard and dust from the grain. It is next winnowed betwixt two doors, or in the open air, if there be a slight current, put into another straw basket called a *buddy*, and carried to the mill to be ground. When brought home from the mill, two sieves are made use of, a coarse and a finer, to separate the seeds from the meal; and it is twice sifted carefully before it is fit to be eaten. The larger seeds taken out with the coarse sieve in the first sifting are given to the cows; and the finer seeds taken out with the smaller sieve are reserved for *sowens*, a sort of pottage made from the sediment of the meal that rests at the bottom of the vessel in which the seeds are steeped or soaked in water. This is or was a kind of national food in Scotland, when foreign luxuries were not introduced in such abundance; and it is still prescribed to invalids, from its lightness of digestion. Sometimes corn is dried very hard in a pot; the meal prepared from this is called *burstane*, and is generally ground in the *quern* or hand-mill, a simple, primitive instrument, but now rarely found except in Shetland and the museums of antiquarian societies. It consists of two hard flat stones, hewn into a circular shape, the one laid above the other, and perforated with a large hole in the centre, through which the grain slowly filters, and is ground by the rapid motion of the upper stone, into which a wooden peg, sometimes a long shaft, is fixed and turned by the hand.

Our houses and cottages, it must be confessed, are poor and mean, without the

neatness and accommodation to be found in the dwellings of the same class in the other districts of the kingdom. In general they are mere huts. The landlords show an aversion to building farm-steadings, or if they have erected them once, tenant after tenant must be content to occupy them as they are, and when they become ruinous, he must either repair or build anew for himself.

Dr. Macculloch, when he visited the Western Isles, declared that he often could not distinguish the cottages in the remoter Hebrides from heaps of rubbish. He mentions that when conversing with one of the natives, he had supposed the interview took place on a dunghill, and was not a little surprised to learn that they were standing on the top of the house. Cottages in Shetland are not much in advance of those in the Hebrides, and have something of the Irish economy about them, contrived, like Goldsmith's chest of drawers, "a double debt to pay," by harboring the quadrupeds as well as the bipeds of the family. They are in general of a rude, comfortless description, being usually built of stone and turf, or with dry mortar. The rafters, joists, couples, &c. are nearly in their natural state, being chopped and moulded to fit by a hatchet. The luxuries of slating and ceiling are unknown. Over the bare rafters is laid a covering of *pones* or *divots* (sods), and sometimes *flaws*; and above these is a coating of straw, which is secured by ropes of the same material, or of heather, called *simnins*. The floor is the hardened earth, without carpets, boards, or any other artificial manufacture; and if the weather be wet, which it frequently is, the access is somewhat difficult, especially to those who have any regard for keeping their feet dry and clean. This becomes a difficult matter even in the interior, from the moistened compounds that strew the floor. The dunghill occupies a place as near the door as possible, that it may be enriched by the accumulations of every fertilizing substance; and frequently, before the door of the mansion can be reached, a passage must be made through the *byre* (cow-house), and perhaps other impediments unnecessary to specify. The furniture is homely, and contains nothing superfluous. It is generally so arranged as to supply the want of partitions, or divisions into rooms, the only apartments being a *but* and a *ben*, that is a kitchen and parlor. In the kitchen end of the house, in

addition to the family, there are generally assembled the household dogs and cats, a calf, a *patty* swine, and, perhaps, some half-dozen *caddy* lambs; the term being applied to winter lambs fed in the house, or to those which have lost their dams, and are reared on cow's milk. Glass windows are nearly as rare with us as they must have been with the Jews in the wilderness. When an opening has been left for a window, it is sometimes filled up with a bladder or untanned lamb-skin, stretched on a frame, an invention rather superior to the Irish plan of substituting rags and old hats. The cottages have scarcely yet got into the fashion of wearing chimneys, or even the humbler imitations called *lums*. Instead of these, the frugal inmates have from two to six holes in the roof, to admit light and allow the smoke to escape; and for the better promoting the latter evacuation, a piece of *feal* or *divot*, or two pieces of board joined at right angles, called a *skyle*, is placed on the weather side of the hole, and performs the office of a can or an *old wife* on your city chimneys. No doubt the *skyle* has the disadvantage of being immovable, and to shift or open and shut it might appear a task of some difficulty. But here necessity, it may be indolence, sharpens invention; for instead of mounting on the roof every time the wind changes, some have a long pole reaching down inside, by which this operation is performed; and the order for having this done is, "*Skyle the lum.*" These descriptions might be further extended, but I prefer giving a few more lines from the curious old poem already quoted, which I greatly fear are, in this respect, more applicable to us than to our Orcadian neighbors:—

"Wee have but little iron heere, or none,  
But they can make a lock and key of bone  
Will serve to keepe the flesh i' th' ambry, till  
It creeps out or informs us by the smell.  
'T is eatable then, when neither ratt nor mouse,  
Nor dog nor cat will touch 't, it serves the house.  
The proverbes say no carrion kills a crow,  
That heaven sends meat, the devill cooks — 't is  
so.

Would you behold a true representation  
Of the world's method ere it had creation?  
Looke, then, into an Orkney ambry, see  
How all the elements confounded bee  
In that rude chaos; here a mess of cream  
That's spilt with casting shoes in't, makes a  
streame

Of fair meanders, winding in and out,  
Bearing before itt every dirty clout  
The nurse has throwne there. Are they not to  
blame

That say wee never have got *clouted* cream?

There, att another end, runs a whole sea  
Of kaile, and in't a stocking cast away.  
Here broken eggs (it is no matter whether  
Rotten or sound, or both) have glued together  
The bread and candles, and have made o' the  
sudden,

By falling in amongst the meal, a pudding;  
And in the deluge it would make one swoond  
To see how many creatures there lie drown'd:—  
As fleas and lice, and rats and mice, and worms,  
Of all sorts, colors, ages, sexes, formes.  
Then in another corner you shall see,  
If you are quarter'd in the house with mee,  
A cog of sowings laid along, half gott  
Out o' the ambry into the nearest pott  
To meete the milk that's running towards itt  
From a crookt bowle, wherein the goodwife spit  
Butt yesterday; and into that there drops  
A bannock, whilst the wean greetes for the sopps.  
Their handes are ladles, and the tongs take out  
The flesh, and serve to stir the broth about.  
Those hands, that were not washt since that they  
spread

Muck, when the barley-field was manured;  
Butt the tongs from the pott return again  
Into the ash-heaps, but indifferent clean.  
My spruce, clean landlady, the other day  
Did call her maydens dirty sluts, they say,  
Because they were a putting in the creame  
To th' churne, b-fere the dog had lick't the same.  
Butt here's enough of this, you may conclude  
With me, the people here are somewhat rude."

As regards Orkney this picture of accumulated abominations is a libel, nor is its severity to be justified by any thing to be found among the lowest of our population. Forty years ago there certainly was greater want of tidiness and comfort than at present. Dr. Patrick Niell, an eminent naturalist, who visited the islands in 1804, says,—

"The greater part of the Shetland tenants appeared to me to be sunk into a state of the most abject poverty and misery. I found them even without bread—without any kind of food, in short, but fish and cabbage; living in many cases under the same roof with their cattle, and scarcely in cleaner apartments; their little agricultural concerns entirely neglected, owing to the men being obliged to be absent during the summer at the ling and tusk fishing."

The latter part of this representation is still true. Fishing and farming continue to be joint occupations, to the great detriment of the latter; but in other respects, improvement has taken place, chiefly through the liberal and enterprising spirit of some of our principal landowners. Farm-cottages are being built on a better plan, and a spirit of emulation is beginning to be excited. Among the landed proprietors who have given encouragement to this spirit, are Sir Arthur Nicholson, Bart.;

Messrs. Mouat, of Garth; Hay, of Lexfrith; Scott, of Melby; Edmondston, of Bunes; Bruce, of Simlister, whose mansion-house in Whalsey, built of granite, cost 20,000*l.*; Gifford, of Busta; Ogilvy, of Quarff; Bruce, of Bunavoe, and various others, whose fame may not have reached your great metropolis, but who are well known here for their public spirit and their hospitality. We have had improvers, too, in a smaller way, who have cultivated Scots barley and reared green peas. An old soldier, Mr. Jerome Johnson, who had been with General Abercromby in Egypt, and at Gibraltar and Minorca, on returning home at the close of the war, set himself to carry into effect the knowledge he had acquired in foreign parts. Commencing with the *kail-yard*, he gradually converted it into a neat, small garden, bearing shrubs, flowers, currants, onions, carrots, tobacco, &c.; and, as he owned a few acres of land, he became a zealous agriculturist, and had the honor of being the first that introduced the culture of the field turnip into Fetlar. It must be confessed, however, that the patriotism of our landlords has yet a wide sphere of action for its agricultural enterprise.

From the (Edinburgh) Torch.

#### THE LAST LINES OF POETS.

RALEIGH—COWPER—BYRON—L. E. L.—AND  
MICHAEL BRUCE.

"SIR WALTER hath been as a star at which the world have gazed," were the words of Yelverton, the attorney-general, on the solemn mockery of a trial, at which the gallant Raleigh was condemned to be executed; but had they known the fresh lustre which his noble bearing in his last moments was to throw over his varied career, even his bitterest enemies would have paused in their vindictive persecution. Calm and serene, he rose superior to all their malice; while his fearlessness of death was such, that the Dean of Westminster, mistaking its cause, reprehended his levity; but Raleigh "gave God thanks that he had never feared death, for it was but an opinion and an imagination; and as for the manner of death, he had rather die so than of a burning fever; and that some might have made shows outwardly, but he felt the

joy within. Not," he added, "but that I am a great sinner, for I have been a soldier, a seaman, and a courtier." Nor is his fortitude so surprising when we consider his eventful life. He had been familiar with death—he had faced it on the briny wave amid the ragings of the mighty deep, and in the tented field amid the flashings of the red artillery, and it had been his companion in the dark and gloomy dungeon; but it had ever found him firm and unshaken, and with a hope it could not destroy,—a hope that shone but the brighter, the darker the night by which he was surrounded, a hope that whispered of and pointed to a future.

"Give me my scallop shell of quiet,  
My staff of truth to walk upon,  
My scrip of joy—immortal diet;  
My bottle of salvation;  
My gown of glory, Hope's true gage,  
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage—  
Whilst my soul, like a quiet Palmer,  
Tavelleth towards the land of heaven."

The night before execution, after having taken a most tender and affectionate farewell of his wife, Raleigh next bade adieu to poetry, "wherein he had been a scribbler even from his youth." The verses, which breathe a spirit of the most unshaken fortitude, end thus,—

"Even such is Time, that takes on trust  
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,  
And pays us but with age and dust;  
Who in the dark and silent grave,  
When we have wandered all our ways,  
Shuts up the story of our days!  
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,  
My God shall raise me up, I trust!"

But these were not to be his last lines, although probably intended as such. We may suppose that, during their composition, his mind, busied with its subject, took no note of lesser matter; but, on their completion, the neglected candle, "dimly burning," caught his eye, when, with all his usual decision and spirit, he penned the following appropriate couplet:—

"Cowards fear to die; but courage stout,  
Rather than live in snuff, will be put out."

And Raleigh was "put out," but only to live again. The snuff cleared away, the candle burns ever the brighter; and Raleigh's death purged from his fame the dross which ever clings to mortal man, while his death-scene threw around it an additional—an immortal lustre.



How different, in every respect, from the bold adventurous hero, gay poet, and gallant courtier, was the gentle, sensitive, and melancholy bard of Olney! And what a contrast is afforded by their closing scenes! Raleigh—firm, collected, and courteous as ever, the centre of a dense crowd of Lords and Commons, smilingly observing, as he passed his finger along the edge of the fatal axe, "This is a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases"—met death like a soldier and a Christian. Cowper—in peace and retirement, his pillow smoothed by a few tried and tender friends—shrunk from the last dread change with a morbid religious terror that seemed to shut out every hope of salvation. Yet, how pure had been his life—how moderate his desires—how innocent his recreations—and still how trying his doubts and fears! In some "Lines on receiving his Mother's Picture"—after recalling his boyish days, and hesitating whether, so dear their recollection, he would not, if he could, restore them—he says, picturing her bliss and his trials,—

"Thou, with sails so swift! hast reached the shore

'Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar;  
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide  
Of life, long since, has anchored at thy side.  
But me, *scarce hoping to attain that rest*,  
Always from port withheld, always distressed—  
Me howling winds drive devious, tempest tossed,  
Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass lost;  
And day by day some current's thwarting force  
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course."

On leaving his beloved retreat at Weston—which he seems to have done with a presentiment that he would never see it again, as he, immediately before his departure, wrote with pencil the following distich on the window shutter of his bed-room:—

"Farewell, dear scenes, for ever closed to me;  
Oh! for what sorrows must I now exchange ye!"

Cowper repaired, for the benefit of the sea-air, to the coast, where he wrote his last poem, "The Castaway," in which the same feelings of despondency are but too visible. After picturing the fate of one

"Wash'd headlong from on board,"

with his strugglings for a long hour—to him a life-time—and his cries for help, where no help could come, till

"At length, his transient respite past,  
His comrades, who before  
Had heard his voice in every blast,  
Could catch the sound no more;

For then, by toil subdued, he drank  
The stifling wave, and then he sank;"

he thus finishes, applying the case of the Castaway to his own morbid state,—

"No voice divine the storm allay'd,  
No light propitious shone;  
When, snatch'd from all effectual aid,  
We perish'd, each alone;  
But I beneath a rougher sea,  
And whelm'd in deeper gulphs than he."

Thoughts too sacred to be lightly treated, too important to be summarily dismissed, must occur to us all as we read the last lines, so dark and hopeless, of a poet so gentle and pure,

"Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,  
And let us all to meditation."

Some twenty years after the author of "The diverting History of John Gilpin" had

"Slept the sleep that knows no waking,"

another, but very different, poet, then in the zenith of his fame, "the observed of all observers," gave to the world, in verse as bounding, fiery, and impetuous as the subject it treated of, the story of another horse and rider—Mazeppa and his "Tartar of the Ukraine breed." Had Byron never written any thing else, we would have thought less of him as a poet, but possibly more of him as a man: the "dark spirit" was never, however, long absent from him, and then he delighted and revelled in biting scorn, and wild profanity, and sensuality the grossest. But if his untamed and withering pride did pour forth all its gall and wormwood, think how bitter were the springs from which they flowed! Neglected in youth, with fiery passions and keen susceptibility, he ran his race of folly and of sin through all the length and the breadth of both London and Continental dissipation, and found with the Preacher, that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." Yet his indomitable mind was "scotched, not killed," and a brighter era seemed opening. Greece and its wrongs supplied a healthy stimulus to his jaded and sickened spirit; he started at the call of sacred liberty as the war-horse at the sound of the trumpet; and a glorious field wherein to bury past error lay before him. In January 1824 he arrived at Missolonghi, in Western Greece, to aid with person and purse the struggle for independence; but discord,

rapine, and cruelty met him at every hand. Still he was not to be discouraged; and he fought and labored on with a perseverance and determination too great for his weakened constitution. The noxious fens of Missolonghi, too, impregnated every breeze with death, and acted with double force on the frame of one so long accustomed to the clear skies and balmy zephyrs of Italy. The last lines he ever wrote would make it appear as if the old connexion between prophet and poet were not yet quite dissevered:

"Seek out, less often sought than found,  
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;  
Then look around, and choose thy ground,  
And take thy rest."

Surrounded by turbulent chiefs and an unbridled soldiery—who looked up to him as a master-spirit, and whose only bond of union he was—far from the halls of his fathers, and the scenes of his boyhood—self-exiled from his native land—died on the 19th day of April 1824, Charles Gordon Byron, in the thirty-seventh year of his age.

"Who lives that's not  
Depraved or depraves? who dies, that bears  
Not one spurn to their graves of their friends'  
gift?"

In the same year that Byron's star set at Missolonghi, dawned the promising glimmerings of genius in a sister poet, who was, like him, to perish in a foreign land and unhealthy clime, and that, too, in her thirty-seventh year. In 1824 Letitia Elizabeth Landon, better known as L. E. L., published the "Improvisatrice," which at once earned for her no mean niche in the poetic temple; and her subsequent efforts still further raised her name—displaying greater freedom and power, and a more natural style than are to be found in her earlier productions. Almost all L. E. L.'s poetry breathes a sad and melancholy tone, and her life was by no means a happy one; yet was she herself of a sweet and almost playful disposition. Having, in 1838, accompanied her husband, Mr. M'Lean, to Cape Coast in Africa, of which place he was Governor, she was one morning, about two months after her arrival, found dead in her room, with a bottle of prussic acid in her hand. This poison she had been in the habit of taking for spasms in the stomach, and an overdose is supposed to have been the cause of her death. While far from the land of her birth, her thoughts still

turned with affection to England and her friends there. The very night before her death, she wrote "Home" in a cheerful and affectionate strain, without one foreboding of that fate that was so soon to number her with the dead. Her last lines, too, breathe of hope and love—love for those she had parted from, and hope to meet with them again:—

"Yet strong the omen in my heart  
That says—we meet again."

An omen, alas! how bitterly falsified. Night after night, on her voyage to Africa, had she watched the North Star gradually sinking beneath the horizon, till at last it entirely disappeared.

"Thou lovely polar star, mine eyes  
Still turned the first on thee,  
Till I have felt a sad surprise,  
That none looked up with me.

But thou hast sunk upon the wave,  
Thy radiant place unknown;  
*I seem to stand beside a grave,  
And stand by it alone.*"

How eloquently do those last two lines now speak to us! But with L. E. L. they seem to refer merely to the loneliness she felt on the setting of the star, which was so closely linked in her mind with England: for, bidding it adieu, her thoughts revert to her friends there—to them it was still visible!

"Farewell! ah, would to me were given  
A power upon thy light!  
What words upon our English heaven  
Thy loving rays should write!

Kind messages of love and hope  
Upon thy rays should be;  
Thy shining orbit should have scope  
Scarcely enough for me.

Oh, fancy vain, as it is fond,  
And little needed too;  
My friends! I need not look beyond  
My heart to look for you."

At the early age of twenty-one, died Michael Bruce, a poet of high promise, of whom Scotland may well be proud. Short, however, as his life was, it was but little else save one long struggle of pinching poverty, which his delicate constitution was but ill able to endure. If at scarce a moment's notice, on L. E. L. the icy hand of death was laid, its approaches to Michael Bruce were gradual and slow, but not, on that account, the less sure. His principal poem, "Lochleven," ends with a brief re-

ference to himself, from which it is evident that he was, even then, aware that his days were numbered.

"Thus sung the youth, amid unfertile wilds  
And nameless deserts, unpoetic ground !  
Far from his friends he strayed recording thus  
The dear remembrance of his native fields,  
To cheer the tedious night ; while slow disease  
Preyed on his pining vitals, and the blasts  
Of dark December shook his humble cot."

His last poem, an "Elegy—written in Spring," is well known ;—as it was his last, so is it his best. After picturing "grim Winter" retreating to "Zembla's frozen shore," and the earth again donning her "robe of green," and putting forth her flowers, while

"All around  
Smiling, the cheerful face of Spring is seen ;"

he contrasts his own condition with the state of Nature, in the lines, with which we are all familiar :

"Now, Spring returns : but not to me returns  
The vernal joy my better years have known !  
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,  
And all the joys of life with health are  
down ;"

and then he takes farewell of the "blooming fields," and "cheerful plains," and of the "world and all its busy follies," in the following beautiful and affecting stanzas, which close with a hope that one so blameless in life might well cling to as his sheet-anchor :—

"Farewell, ye blooming fields ! ye cheerful  
plains !  
Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,  
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,  
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless  
ground.

There let me wander at the shut of eve,  
When sleep sits dewy on the laborer's eyes :  
The world and all its busy follies leave,  
And talk with Wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,  
When death shall shut these weary aching  
eyes ;  
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,  
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn  
arise."

From the British Quarterly Review.

## LETTERS OF ROYAL AND ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

*Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies of Great Britain, from the commencement of the twelfth century to the close of the reign of Queen Mary. By M. A. E. Wood. 3 vols. 8vo. Colburn, 1846.*

For some years past, there has been an evident increase among us of the antiquarian spirit ; and so widely is it now diffused, that even the gentler sex has not escaped its influence. Solomon, a long while ago, left it on record, that there was 'nothing new under the sun ;' but in our day things are altered. And that the sisterhood should be found hunting in the dark recesses of our national archives, disturbing the dust of centuries ; and, having dragged forth the torn, burnt, fading records of the past, peering into those strange collections of, to the uninitiated, unmeaning scratches, which comprise the epistolary communications of the earlier ages of our country, is, we think, in entire and eminent contradiction to the proverb. It certainly is a new feature in their history, and one well worthy of notice ; since researches of this nature call for the exercise of qualities, natural and acquired, in which they have generally had the credit of being most deficient. Is it possible that we have all this time been under-estimating the mental powers of mother Eve's daughters ? We really begin to think so, under the pressure of the accumulating evidence in their favor. For when we examine their productions, we discover that the patient investigation, the keen discrimination, the calm judgment, the learning even, that have long been deemed proper to the lords of creation, are not found wanting in these new occupants of the field of historical inquiry. Nor has stern science denied its hard-earned honors to a woman's brow.

Truly here is a change. Not only from the degraded position assigned to woman in other climes, and in the world's younger days ; of which there yet remains a miserable relic in the synagogue thanksgiving of the Jew,—that God has made him a man, and not a woman ! Nor yet from her condition of slavery, in the dark places of the earth ; where a treble portion of the original curse on fallen humanity has been, and is, her portion ; but even from, almost, our

own days, and in our own country, where among the middle classes, the *executive* of domestic affairs, the mere pie and pudding department, was held to comprehend her 'whole duty;' varied by cross-stitch, and tent-stitch, and back-stitch, and all the other stitches, whose name is Legion, invented for the especial behoof of busy fingers and idle heads. Slowly has her emancipation from the fetters that once bound her been accomplished. But it has been no less sure, and we will add, complete; for we have no sympathy with those restless spirits, who, in their new-fledged zeal for the 'rights of woman,' would fain have her plunged into the rough business cares and ostensible political strifes, which form the every-day life of men. Far from her be such a recognition of her equality with the more dominant half of our race. There is, we believe, after all, an essential difference in the minds of the two, which would still be apparent, though educated alike; and most deplorably would the one fulfil the duties of the other. While, as a matter of taste, for a woman to assume that prominent, leading part, in the affairs of life which these would assign to her, and which has ever, and in all countries, been peculiar to the rougher sex, would, in our humble estimation, be just as repulsive as that the latter should be inducted into feminine employments, and, Hercules-like, handle the distaff. The gentleness, the tenderness, the quick susceptibilities, all that constitutes the peculiar charm of her character, totally unfits her for that rude contact with the world that awaits the man, and which serves but to brace his more hardy system: rubbing off his angularities, and toning down the intenseness of his individuality; the natural product, perchance, of superior strength and more bounding energies. Not that we have any fears of our countrywomen being beguiled into this 'false position.' But, as from the far west, the phrase above quoted has been wasted to us, (a phrase which we must own we do not exactly understand,) and even echoed on our own shores by eloquent lips, we have thought it meet to take this opportunity of letting our gentle readers know that we have no intention of championing their new claims. Not even though they should seek to move our compassion by reminding us that our ungallant code still treats them, under certain circumstances, as legal nonentities! Right well may they be content to remain so, say we, since

this nonentity shields them from painful responsibilities, and still more painful duties. Their privileges, if they will take our word for it, are already sufficiently ample; and so far from any extension of them being required, it only remains for them to make good use of those they possess: though in our heart we are persuaded there is little need for our impertinent advice to this effect.

But, if utterly unfit for man's rough, stern cares, it does not follow that the peculiar qualities of woman's mind and heart should forbid a participation in his mental pursuits; and we rejoice to observe that this is becoming of less unfrequent occurrence, for we are fully convinced it has no necessary tendency to disqualify her for those domestic details which form her own province. The time for sneers at literary ladies is gone by; and they will, we doubt not, be found to the full as accomplished in household matters (how undignified the word looks!) as some of their ancestors, or neighbors, whose whole souls have been bound up in them; and whose acquirements are comprised within the narrow limits of scolding the maids, or superintending the interesting though inelegant operations of roasting joints and flourishing a broom. We chance to have enjoyed peculiar facilities for making our observations on this head; and, but that discretion ties our tongue, or rather controls our pen, we could support our position with such an array of facts as must convince the most skeptical. Nor will we be driven from it, even though some ill-natured masculine soul should be malicious enough to remind us of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter's pudding, in which *brandy* was, on the score of economy, compelled to do duty for an inadequate supply of the more innocent lacteal fluid. He shall never persuade us that Epictetus had any thing to do with so egregious a blunder, or that the lady's cookery would have been improved by her having less Greek.

But oh, this poring over dusty, damp-eaten manuscripts! We wish we could give some of the specimens of handwriting, as like Chinese as any thing else, with which Miss Wood has favored us in her sheet of autographs; in order to afford some idea of the unutterable toil and difficulty she has had to go through for the benefit of lazy folks, like ourselves, who can only relish antiquarian lore in Mr. Colburn's clear type and smooth page. It

would fairly have distracted us; ruined our temper, as well as our eyes. And then the orthography! Each fair penwoman had, we presume, her own private and particular rules on the subject, seeing general ones were lacking. It alone would have defied our skill and patience, even had it not been combined with what might aptly be termed 'the *wanderings* of a pen;' so vagaryish, so at 'its own sweet will' does the feathered implement appear to have been between these royal and noble fingers. No wonder that the writers so frequently apologize for their 'evil hand.' We ourselves have earned an unenviable celebrity for the production of illegible manuscript, (our dearest friend had the cruelty to term it *manuscratch*!) even when in the innocence of our heart we fondly deemed that we were tracing the very best of all possible pothooks and ladies. But never, never did we perpetrate such hieroglyphics as these. *A priori*, one would say they were unreadable—that nothing *could* be made of them. But our lady-editor knows better. In her hands they become faithful and eloquent records of the past, which stand out bright and clear to our view—like far-off objects, which, invisible to the unaided eye, are by the optician's skill, brought almost palpably within our reach.

The period which Miss Wood has selected for her research is one extending from the beginning of the twelfth to the middle of the sixteenth century: from the reign of Henry I. to that of Mary. The sources whence she has drawn her materials are our own inexhaustible public depositories, those of France, and the collections of private individuals.

The plan of publication is similar to that of Sir Henry Ellis's Letters illustrative of English History; and the preliminary notices and remarks that introduce each letter, to indicate the character of the writer and the circumstances under which it was written, reflect great credit on the accuracy, care, and diligence of the editor. They form a very important addition to the work, and the more so, that all the authorities are given with scrupulous fidelity. The collection is, of course, of an entirely miscellaneous character, exhibiting the female mind in the various relations of life, civil, religious, domestic, and social; so that the feelings, prejudices, customs, and modes of thought, of the various generations included, pass in complete review before us. And as events must always be

viewed in connexion with, and through these, publications of this nature can never be otherwise than most valuable materials for the historian; enabling him to *contemporize* himself (if one may coin a word) with the time of which he treats, and to regard the various transactions of the period on which he is engaged, from the same point of view as did those who were actors in them.

The earlier letters here presented to us, we must own, possess little interest for the reader, save that which is to be found in their antiquity. But, as the editor observes, their insertion was necessary to the design of the work; which was to present a continuous series of epistolary correspondence, exclusively feminine: a good idea, which she has well and thoroughly worked out. Among these, which include specimens of the correspondence of many of the queens of England, we must, however, notice a letter of Eleonora, mother of our Richard I., to Pope Celestine (A. D. 1192), as quite a curiosity, both from its extraordinary style, fierce invective, and great length, extending to nine printed pages! It must have been something new to the pontiff to receive such vehement remonstrances against his negligence and bad faith, in failing to exert himself for the liberation of the royal crusader, 'the most delicate youth,' as his mother terms him; as the following; which, though traced by the hand of another, Peter of Blois, must yet be regarded as the genuine and passionate sentiments of the almost frenzied 'Eleonora, by the *wrath* of God, Queen of England,' as she styles herself. After bitter lamentations over the death of her sons, Henry and Geoffrey, the captivity of Richard, the violence and cruelty of John, then ravaging his brother's dominions, she breaks out—

'Restore my son to me then, O man of God, if indeed thou art a man of God and not a man of blood; for know that if thou art sluggish in the liberation of my son, from thy hand will the Most High require his blood. Alas! alas! for us, when the chief shepherd has become a mercenary, when he flies from the face of the wolf, when he leaves the little sheep committed to him, or rather, the elect ram, (how very odd a phrase!) 'the leader, of the Lord's flock, in the jaws of the bloody beast of prey. . . . Though late, you ought to give your life for him for whom, as yet, you have refused to write or speak a single word. . . . You, . . . force me to despair. Cursed be he that trusteth in man. Where is now my refuge? Thou, O Lord my God. To

thee, O Lord, who considerest my distress, are the eyes of thine handmaid lifted up. Thou, O King of kings, and Lord of lords, look upon the face of thine anointed, give empire to thy son, and save the son of thine handmaid, nor visit upon him the crimes of his father, or the wickedness of his mother.'

Bold, and extraordinary language for that time! One could hardly have thought that a pope in the twelfth century might have been safely fulminated against after this manner. No wonder that in her last letter the queen should thus, beautifully, apologize for her violence. 'I beseech you, O father, let your benignity bear with that which is the effusion of grief, rather than of deliberation. I have sinned, and use the words of Job: I have said that which I would I had not said. But henceforth I place my finger on my lips, and say no more. Farewell.' We scarcely need say that this is at once tender and dignified.

The editor will perhaps forgive us if we say that there appears to us no anachronism (as she intimates in her note, page 20) in Eleonora's upbraiding Celestine with the non-fulfilment of his promise,—'the sons of Ephraim, who bent and sent forth the bow, have turned round in the day of battle.' The allusion being, not as Miss Wood supposes, to the sending of a bended bow—an ancient mode of announcing war—but to Psalm 78, 'like as the children of Ephraim, who, being armed and carrying bows, turned back in the day of battle.' And again: 'starting aside like a broken bow.' The pope's deceitfulness in promising, and then failing of the performance, being here intimated. Will she further excuse our suggesting that her emendation of *corrigit*, for '*corripit*' (in the original), is not at all required by the sense, 'he who corrects not,' &c. (page 23.) It would be too offensive to refer her to her dictionary for proof of this, but we may perhaps be allowed to present her with an instance of its use. 'Neque in ira tua *corripias* me'—neither *chasten* (or correct) me,' &c. Psalm 38th.

It is a trifling matter, but we do not like to see documents of this nature altered one hair's-breadth without the most urgent necessity. It suggests a doubt whether liberties have not been taken with the text elsewhere; and other equally needless, but more important alterations effected, which may (as this does *not*) affect the sense.

There is a fair proportion of mere business letters in these volumes; but though

not particularly attractive in themselves, they are yet interesting as evidence both of the habits of their writers, and of the abilities to manage their own concerns, possessed by our countrywomen in the olden time. They manifest an amazing competency for this; we can scarcely imagine our modern noblewomen equal to them, albeit some, if report be true, are eminent in railway speculations. It is amusing to find royal and noble ladies, not only arranging state affairs, (we might instance the letter of Eleanor of Castile to her son, Edward I., as a model for a business letter—clear, curt, and to the point,) but showing so intimate an acquaintance with the various details in the management of their estates, as one would have supposed proper and peculiar alone to their stewards. Nay, surely, in those days it must have been—every woman her own steward! so deep do they seem in the mysteries of corn, and cattle, and rent, and every imaginable and unimaginable item about a property. Jane Basset's letters to her step-mother, Lady Lisle, for whom she acted as *chargé d'affaires*, are entertaining specimens. She seems to have been a spirited damsel, if we may judge from the complaints of Sir John Bond, to whom the young lady appears to have been exceedingly distasteful. He was associated with her in her charge; and what little liking he might have for her at first, 'it pleased Heaven to decrease on further acquaintance.' For after, at Michaelmas, 1535, simply announcing her arrival and establishment in the house, he thus writes Lady Lisle, in the January after—

'Touching Mistress Jane Basset, I wot not what to say. Her sisters cannot please her; your ladyship hath commanded to deliver unto her such things as I thought *was* necessary for her,' (the grammar in these old letters is really delightful, it is *so* bad, enough to make Lindley Murray's hair stand on end!) 'yet she will not be pleased. I have delivered unto her two feather-beds, and three pairs of sheets, with all that longeth thereto; also she hath two cows, one horse, with other things; also she hath a greyhound lyeth upon one of the beds, day and night,' (scarcely tidy of Mistress Jane,) 'but it be when she holdeth him in her hands, and that is every time when she goeth to the doors.'

But it was 'diamond cut diamond;' the lady was not to be ruled by Sir John. She set him at nought, and added to her other offences that of buying a third cow,

when her right of pasturage only extended to two! Thus writeth *she* to my Lady Lisle—

‘Jesus.

‘Honorable Lady,—My duty remembered. &c., advertising you that I have received (your) amiable letters, by the which I perceive the contents of your mind. First, I have received the stuff of Sir John Bond by a bill, and will do my diligence in it according unto your mind, God willing. I have received your beds, both flock and feathers, with cushions and coverlets, as he received them, by his saying; but God knows in what case they be; some of them be not able to hide the handling of them to be carried unto the wind. . . . . And in my next letter, I will write unto you an inventory of every thing that I have received, and in what case that every thing standeth, God willing. There is much as yet that I have not received; and as for your cattle in the park, there is three heifers, and three kine, which kine I have, I thank you. One (heifer) the vicar will deliver me for the cow he sold at Allhallows'-tide, and the other heifer he will sell, as he saith. He hath spoken unto the parson to have the tithing-calf ready.

‘You shall perceive that your miller hath been with me making his moan; except that the water be stopped in time, the mill shall stand still, which will be to the great hindrance of all your tenants, and others also. The vicar and John Davy saith it must be made; but there is no setting forth in it as yet. . . . The miller hath done his good will, and doth daily, unto his great pain; but it is not one man's work, as you know. Write you unto me in your letter of this matter; for if you write any thing unto them that it please them not, it shall be hid long enough from me because I shall not call on them. There is but few letters that cometh unto me from you but is opened before it cometh unto my hands, and sometimes it shall be drowned in Bacus Lane, an if it be not pleasure unto all parties. Write you unto them by parables, as though you knew nothing of this, because of the saving of my writer harmless of displeasure.\* . . . .

‘I pray you to commend me unto my brothers and sisters, all in general, as well as though I had rehearsed them by name. And thus I leave you and all yours in the keeping of Jesu.’

This pious commendatory conclusion is common to almost all the letters, varied with ‘God have you in his keeping,’ ‘Give you long life,’ ‘The Trinity preserve you with long life and increase of honor,’ &c. In these matters, there was certainly more of the form of piety then, than now; and forms, it may be observed, are valuable as

\* Jane Bassett could not write.

usually tending to preserve the spirit they enshrine. Whether the spirit animated *this* form, it would, perhaps, not be prudent too curiously to inquire. And yet its air of simplicity and goodness is very pleasing, were it only as record of that habit of bringing our Christian faith to bear upon the common business and friendly intercourse of life in which it must have originated. Quaint as it is, and unthinkingly written, as we doubt not it might often be, there is yet something striking and monitory in the old devout preamble to testamentary documents; and in their *first* bequest of man's body to the dust, whence it sprang, and his spirit to God who gave it.

Poachers, it would appear, were a plague not unknown to our landed ancestors; who, if they could have had their own way, would have put into execution some rather more stringent game-laws than those which we find so intolerable now-a-days. At least, we must thus judge if we allow a *lady* to be their spokeswoman. The Countess Dowager of Oxford, writing to Cromwell (A. D. 1534), regrets that certain circumstances should have prevented his doing her the favor of putting these unwelcome intruders to the torture, in order to make them confess their guilt, as the Lord Chancellor was obliging enough to do for her mother! The aggravation of the case must certainly be taken into account; still though the lady *was* obliged, by this sudden intrusion of ‘hunters,’ to cut short a friendly visit to Mr. Secretary, we must say that to us, of the nineteenth century, it sounds a *little* strange that one of the softer sex should indicate such a remedy for the evil. That patrician fingers should trace the characters recommending torture, because some deer had been killed! Nay, that a *woman* could thus coolly write of wrenching sinews, and tearing muscle, to wring confession of *any* offence! ‘Say not that the former days were better than these.’ We need not wonder at the pitiless cruelty of *men* to their fellow-men, when woman's heart was thus steeled. It is hard to conceive of such a state of public opinion and feeling, as must prevail where sentiments so revolting as these could exist in the mind of a high-born matron; and be so quietly and naturally expressed, as though the horrid procedure were the merest thing of course. Thank heaven for the softening influence of modern refinement.

Who does not retain a lively recollection of Henry VIII.'s favorite, Suffolk, the ac-

complished and chivalrous Brandon; who, in allusion to his romantic love-match with Mary, sister to Henry, and widow of the French king, Louis XII., bore on his shield, at the celebrated Field of the Cloth of Gold, the whimsical but right sensible quatrain—

"Cloth of gold do not despise,  
Though thou art matched with cloth of frieze.  
Cloth of frieze be not too bold,  
Though thou art matched with cloth of gold."

Some dozen letters, together with the prefixed notices, (which we must again remark as doing the greatest credit to the editor's zeal and pains,) give us the whole story, which is as interesting as it is romantic. The outlines of the sketch will be sufficiently familiar, but the filling up of the picture gives it its great charm.

Betrothed when quite young to the Emperor Charles V., then Prince of Castile, the match was subsequently broken off; and Mary, whose affections had become engaged to Charles Brandon, was sought in marriage by Louis of France, who had fallen in love with her from a portrait that had been sent out to him—a union that could not have been particularly attractive, under any circumstances; seeing the royal suitor was both old and sickly. Nevertheless, it was not one to be rejected for such trifles; neither is it always in the power of 'kings' daughters' to refuse the bestowal of their hand, merely because their heart cannot accompany it. There were political reasons for it, and so youth and beauty were sacrificed to age and decrepitude. Some letters passed between them before the ceremony of their marriage took place, and it must have cost the poor princess an effort, to write to her future magnificent but unloved spouse—

'The thing which I now most desire and wish, is to hear good news of your health and good prosperity. . . . It will please you, moreover, my lord, to use and command me according to your good and agreeable pleasure, that I may obey and please you by the help of God. . . . I have . . . heard what my cousin the Duke de Longueville has told me from you, in which I have taken great joy, felicity, and pleasure; for which, and for the honor which it has pleased you to do to me, I hold myself ever indebted and obliged to you, and thank you as cordially as I can. And because by my cousin you will hear . . . the very singular desire that I have to see you, and to be in your company, I forbear to write to you a longer letter, praying for the rest,

sire, our Creator to give you health and long life.'

Poor soul! Louis, however, treated his reluctant bride with respectful attention and affection. The marriage was solemnized by proxy, in September, 1514, and the same day he wrote to urge her immediate presence in France; whither she set out, in October, and was received with great splendor. The king anticipated the desired interview, by riding forth, under pretence of hunting, to meet her as she approached Abbeville; and when they met, kissed her, and 'whispered to her five or six good honest words.' Brandon, who followed her, as ambassador, informs his master that 'there was never queen in France that had demeaned herself more honorably and wisely; . . . and as for the king, there was never man that set his mind more upon woman than he does on her, because she demeans herself so winning unto him.' And she herself writes to Henry—'How lovingly the king, my husband, dealeth with me, the lord chamberlain . . . can clearly inform your grace.'

But in yielding to her brother's wishes on this occasion, it appears that Mary had, as the price of her acquiescence, stipulated that after Louis's death she should be permitted to marry as she pleased; and Henry, who was aware of her affection for Suffolk, had given her a pledge to that effect. A permission of which she was at liberty to avail herself sooner, we should imagine, than she anticipated; for her antique spouse only survived their union eighty-two days! Still, though she had Henry's promise, she doubted its fulfilment; for very soon after her becoming a widow, we find her thus addressing him:—

"Sire, I beseech your grace that you will keep all the promises that you promised me when I took my leave of you by the water-side. Sire, your grace knoweth well that I did marry for your pleasure at this time, and now, I trust, that you will suffer me to marry as me liketh for to do. . . . Sire, an if your grace will have granted me married in any place saying whereas my mind is, I will be there whereas your grace, nor no other, shall have any joy of me; for I promise your grace you shall hear that I will be in some religious house, the which, I think, your grace would be very sorry of, and all your realm.'

Doubtful of Henry's keeping faith with her, and alarmed by rumors of a design to marry her into Flanders, the young queen,



after being greatly distressed and harassed in various ways, at last took the matter into her own hands, and settled it by a private marriage with Suffolk; a step which plunged them into considerable embarrassment, owing to the difficulty of concealing it from Henry, whose anger was much to be dreaded. In this dilemma they made a friend of Wolsey; who, after giving the duke a hearty scolding, and telling him that the king was 'so *incholed*,' that he did not know how to help them, suggests that a large bribe out of the princess's dower might be the most acceptable peace-offering. And the queen, dear, silly 'woman-kind!' lays all the blame upon herself; assuring her irate brother, that she had put it to Suffolk, either to marry her in four days or lose her for ever.

'Whereby I know well that I constrained him to break such promises as he made your grace. . . . And now your grace knoweth the both offences of the which *I have been the only occasion*. I most humbly, and as your most sorrowful sister requiring you to have compassion on us both, and to pardon our offences, and that it will please your grace to write to me, and to my lord of Suffolk, some comfortable words.'

Bless her innocent heart! But we can scarcely forgive Brandon for following it up in the same style, and, Adam-like, screening himself behind his Eve, when it comes to his turn to make his apologies. And yet his letter to his incensed master affords touching evidence of the sincerity and strength of their attachment. 'She said that . . . an she went into England she should go into Flanders, to the which she said that she would rather be torn to pieces than ever she would come there, and with that *wept*. I never saw woman so weep . . . and so I granted thereunto, and so she and I was married.'

We are too much in the habit of regarding historical personages as we do figures in an historical painting: they seem as utterly removed beyond the circle of our sympathies. But how such life-like scenes and details do away with all this! A chord of our common nature is struck, and we feel that heart sounds in unison with heart. We feel that we are all bound in one common bond of humanity with those whose 'thick, small, dust' has, ere this, half-effaced the perishing records of their mortality. Their hopes, their fears, and cares

are ours; and they stand before us, 'bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh.'

'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin!'

But the much desired pardon was at length obtained—bought, we should say, by the sacrifice of the whole of the queen's dower, and some of her French property beside; and 'cloth of gold and cloth of frieze,' as the story-books say, lived happily ever after. Occasionally, it must be said, somewhat inconvenienced by the heavy price at which they purchased their happiness. We will venture to engage, it was never regretted!

Charles, the emperor—the monk, again saw his betrothed at the court of England, the wife of him for whom she had dared so much. Surely he too had loved her; for amid festivities that celebrated his visit to our shores, we are told that he was too much moved to share in them, but sat, silently and moodily, apart.

The system of wardship which existed in the 'good old times' is well known to have been an oppressive one. But it has generally been considered as one chiefly, if not altogether, confined to the higher classes, the nobility and gentry; so that we were scarcely prepared for such an illustration of it as that which these volumes afford us.

'Pleaseth your good lordship,' says Mrs. Joanna Creke, to Cromwell, 'to understand that fourscore years past, the abbot of St. Albans, that then was in those days, had wrongfully my husband's grandfather to his ward; when he was fourteen years old, the abbot sold him to a fishmonger of London, and he kept him two years.'

She goes on to narrate the subsequent fate of this child, to whom the abbot at length made sundry gifts, as acknowledgment of, and amends for, the injuries he had done him. But, unjustly acquired, and harshly exercised as had been the power of this guardian, the curious part of it is, that his authority seems to have been regarded as heritable, by his successors; for this strange statement is but the preamble to the poor woman's petition that Cromwell would protect *her* children from a similar fate, with which they were threatened. She entreats his assistance, 'or else the abbot that now is will do my children wrong; for he will not show his records, but doth say he will have my son to his ward, and I am not able to go to the law with him.' So help

had she none, unless my lord privy seal's interference could avail her. It is *some* improvement on such a state of things, even to be in the lord chancellor's hands!

Widows were almost as unfortunately circumstanced, as the king would occasionally marry them, according to *his* pleasure rather than their own. So that we find one noble lady applying, as usual, to Cromwell, for redress in a case of this sort, concerning one who appears to have been sent for the purpose of making himself agreeable to her, and of whom 'of all creatures alive, she could not find in her heart to make a husband.' Her hope is, that the king 'will be so much good and gracious lord to give me liberty to marry, if ever it be my chance, such one as I may find in my heart to match me unto.' A wish so moderate, that we trust my Lady Audelay had it gratified.

But of all the busy lady scribblers of that busy-sixteenth century, commend us to Margaret of Scotland, as the most interminable. From our very heart we pity Harry the Eighth for those everlasting *begging* letters, produced by the unwearied hand, and inexhaustible brain, and particularly empty exchequer, of his royal sister. The stereotyped plague of 'poor relations' seems to have fallen on his head with a vengeance. She deluges him with missives; it is a positive hailstorm of paper petitions—two, three, four, and even five printed pages long, and most of them in her own eminently 'evil hand.' No wonder that her requests were treated, as she often complains, with so little regard; and that she occasionally got snapped at in reply. 'But still, despite negligence and rebuffs, she kept on her undaunted course; perpetually backing her demands with intimations of the damaged respectability that would accrue to Henry, were she denied this, that, and the other—money or goods, as the case might be. She persecuted him from a pure desire to uphold the family credit! It was well for him that those were not the days of Rowland Hill and pennypostages, else (supposing that possible) she had worried him still more extensively.

But her position was a distressing one, and it was rendered worse by her own imprudence and disreputable conduct. Widowed at an early age, by the death of her husband at the disastrous Flodden Field, she very soon found herself guardian of the infant prince, and regent of his turbulent kingdom. An anxious and perilous posi-

tion, which she did not long endure *alone*; for within a year of James's death, she espoused a Douglas, Earl of Angus; and by so doing, raised a storm in the country which was not easily laid, and from which she suffered severely. Many and varied were the difficulties into which it brought her,—she had even to contend with actual poverty; and in all her troubles, her appeals for assistance to her brother, and his minister, Wolsey, are incessant. 'I am at great expenses,' she writes to the former, '... and my money is near hand wasted; if you send not the sooner other succors of men, or money, I shall be super-expended, which were to my dishonor.' And again, two months after, she puts it more strongly: 'I pray you to send me some money, as you think necessary; for it is not *your* honor that I or my children should want.' During the commotions to which the question of the regency gave birth—whether she or Albany should have it—we find this vigorous-minded woman unweariedly at work; scheming, plotting, acting, till at length, touched by her distress, Henry sent for her into England; promising to provide for her there. By stratagem she got out of Scotland; and after a tedious detention by illness at Harbottle, she set out for London, where she remained some time with her brother. But even here, she was so much pressed by poverty as to have to beg Wolsey to borrow money for her of the king, till her own rents, &c., should be paid her, being loth to speak to him about it herself. She remained nearly two years in England, and then, finding things rather quieter at home, returned thither; being met on the borders by an escort of nobles and soldiers, to the number of three thousand. She entered Edinburgh, June, 1517, and seemed satisfied with her reception, except in one particular—that there was an attempt to prevent her having access to her son, the young king, which was a severe trial to her maternal feelings. It has been said that her widowhood was a brief one. But her attachment to Angus, so hastily and imprudently gratified, was not destined to be a lasting one. Jealousy, and dissatisfaction with his assuming a right to interfere in the disposal of her revenues, made her as vehement against him as she had been for him, and she seems early to have contemplated a divorce, as the best means of getting rid of him and his impositions: while, as usual, the want of money, added its irritating influence to her chafed spirit. In one of her

long, worrying letters to her brother, (for she had eminently the gift of tediousness in her compositions,) she makes heavy complaints of the earl.

'Also, please you to wit that I am sore troubled with my Lord of Angus, since my last coming into Scotland, and every day more and more, so that we have not been together this half-year. Please your grace to remember that, at my coming now into Scotland, my Lord Dacres and Master Magnus made a writing betwixt me and my Lord of Angus for the surety of me that he might *not have no power to put away nothing*' (what a droll conjunction of negatives!) 'of my conjunct seoffment without my will, which he hath not kept, and the Bishop of Dunkeld . . . and others his kinsmen, caused my Lord of Angus to deal right sharply with me, to cause me to break the bond that he made to me, which I would not do . . . with much more evil than I shall cause a servant of mine to show your grace, which is too long to write.'

She had *some* mercy it seems. 'And I am so minded that, an I may by law of God, and to my honor, to part with him, for I wit well he loves me not, as he sheweth to me daily.' She certainly had sufficient ground of complaint, seeing he had taken her house, and withheld her living from her; and we entirely concur in the justice of her remark, that to do *that* was not the way to gain her good will. She reminds Lord Dacres of the empty promises that Henry had made her, and adds pointedly, 'but it must be deed that will help me.' It was just this *deed* that she found it so hard to get. And no wonder; for with her quarrels, and cares, and fickleness, she must have been a troublesome suppliant to her 'dearest brother the king.'

We cannot, of course, trace her through all her ever-varying circumstances, or even through the turnings and windings of her most diplomatic mind. But when her representations of its being essential to Henry's credit to assist her failed of their effect, it is amusing to notice how her woman's wit supplied her with a more cogent argument. She had two parties to deal with—her brother of England, and the Duke of Albany, the head of the French party; and she dexterously played off the one against the other. Well knowing how distasteful it would be to the English government that the French interest should have any ascendancy in Scotland, she intimates her decided preference for English help, *if it was to be had*; but failing this, she should be obliged to throw herself on the adverse fac-

tion. Adroitly taking credit to herself 'for having, out of regard to her brother's pleasure, refused the liberal offers of pecuniary assistance made to her in the name of the King of France, she reminds Surrey (in a letter of seven printed pages!) of the ill-will she had brought upon herself from some of the Scottish lords, for this preference of his master's interest. 'And this I get for the king's grace my brother's sake;' whereon she builds a fresh argument for Henry's assistance.

'Wherefore his grace should help me and defend me, and let them wit that his grace knoweth this, *but not by my rehearse*! and that he is not contented that such things should be laid to my charge for his sake; and send to me plainly, and ask if they have done thus to me, and that he marvels that I will not advertise his grace of these doings, saying that he will defend me, and that he will not let me be wronged; and this being done, it will cause the governor to pass away for fear.'

There is something very droll and girlish, in this prompting of what her brother should do and say. To a *man*, it was, no doubt, somewhat provoking to have his patience tried day after day by such diffuse, rambling communications.

Angus, meanwhile, had been sent into France, to see if banishment would mend his manners and morals; both of which, as the queen deemed, were grievously in fault. Thence he repaired to England, and sought, by offers to serve the English interest, to induce Henry to favor his return to his native land. Of this Margaret seems to have been much afraid, from the earnest remonstrances against it which she addressed to her brother; as usual, enforcing her plea by threatening what she would do if it were not granted. Angus, however, *did* come, and his wife, whose shameless affections had been gained by another, Henry Stewart, took measures for procuring a divorce; which she at length obtained, the sentence being pronounced March 11th, 1526. On the 2nd of April, she owned that she had secretly married her favorite—whether before or after her legal separation from the earl does not appear: and in March, 1527, we find this profligate woman (for so must we term her) seeking, in the same way, a release from her third husband! The cool, collected manner in which she deals with the matter is revolting. Again and again does she complain to Henry and the Duke of Norfolk, of the

delay that she experienced in the pronouncing the sentence after it had been obtained; entreating the former to use his influence in procuring that this should be done: with misplaced piety assuring him that, 'with the grace of God,' she should never have such a trouble again! Her last letter to him is dated 12th May, 1541, when death had been busy in the royal house of Scotland. In the succeeding November, that 'hand that cannot spare' was laid on her also: and were we adherents of that faith which teaches that the departed spirit may be helped by the prayers of the living, over the ashes of this true Tudor should we breathe an especial 'on whose soul may God have mercy.'

Her numerous and very voluminous letters will not be without value in the illustration of that period of Scottish history to which they refer; while her character might well form a study for the historical biographer. The editor informs us that she has assigned to herself this task, and promises us its results, in the form of a memoir of Queen Margaret. We may perhaps venture here to express our expectation of its being well done.

The reign of Henry VIII. is rich in female correspondence. The ladies of that age seemed determined to make the most of their newly-acquired accomplishment; and much expenditure of goose quills and ink was its consequence. Politics, polemics, physic, and cookery—nothing came amiss to them. It has a strange look to see the name of Thirlby, one well-known in the ecclesiastical records of Mary's reign, in connexion with a receipt for making marmalade. His fair correspondent had, it appears, been favored by him with directions for making the desired sweetmeat; but having forgotten them, she begs him to write to her of the thing he taught her, 'how many pounds of sugar must go to how many pounds of quinces, barberries, and damascenes, or plums. For,' says she, 'I have clean forgotten how many pounds of the one and of the other. Now the time of quinces is come, I would fain be doing.' Thirlby, we presume, was eminent in such matters, as she begs him not only to write to her of this, but of any thing more that he might be pleased to teach her.

But the most amiable picture of domestic life in the sixteenth century is afforded us by the extracts from the correspondence between Lady Lisle, her husband, and step-

children; and bad taste though it may be, these parts of the work are, we think, far more interesting than those which may claim our regard in the light of historical documents. We must plead guilty to the charge of preferring character and manners to facts. The lady Honor, Viscountess Lisle, a daughter of Sir Thomas Grenville, was twice married: first, to Sir John Basset, of Umpberleigh, in Devonshire, who left her with a numerous family of children, including step-daughters; and, secondly, to Arthur Plantagenet, Viscount Lisle, son of Edward IV., by whom she acquired another batch of step-children, comprising two families, his own daughters, and Sir John Dudley, his step-son. So that five different families were united in hers. To her husband, Lord Lisle, she seems to have been tenderly attached; and her letters, addressed to him during a brief absence, are charming from their simplicity and sprightliness, and the affection that breathes throughout them; while their style is such, that, a few quaintnesses excepted, they might, with their modernized orthography, pass for the genuine effusions of much later times. She seems to have possessed, in an eminent degree, that fluency and facility of expression in epistolary correspondence which is generally considered so peculiarly a woman's endowment. Nor was she less skilled in more masculine acquirements, if we may judge from the manner in which she acquitted herself in some intricate business matters entrusted to her by Lord Lisle. 'The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her,' says Solomon, when describing a good wife; and this test of good wifeship Lady Lisle may well abide; for such was the confidence reposed in her by her lord, that when, during his lieutenancy of Calais, he had got into some difficulty, through a thoughtless promise to Cromwell, she was dispatched into England to remedy the mischief, as well as to attend to some other of his concerns that required both tact and patience in their management. Lord Lisle had imprudently engaged to make over to Cromwell (whether as a *bribe* or not does not appear; most likely it was, for this was too common a way of doing business with him), a certain estate at Painswick, which formed his wife's jointure, and which, after her death, was to revert to Sir John Dudley, whose mother had originally possessed it. And on the minister's refusing to release him from his engagement, the affair was put into Lady Lisle's hands, as the

party most interested, to make the best she could of so bad a business. To England she went, and her letters, during this absence, are delightful transcripts of her character, while, at the same time, they evidence the minute attention which she gave to the involved and troublesome objects of her journey. ('Surely,' she says, 'I lose no time, but am up every day three hours before day.') First, there was my lord's folly in the matter of Painswick to be remedied; secondly, a private and particular quarrel of her own with the Earls of Bridgewater and Hertford, touching certain property of Sir John Basset's, to be adjusted; thirdly and lastly, my lord wanted an increase of his salary as governor of Calais, and seems to have thought better of his lady's abilities than his own in the seeking of it. In this she failed, and met with rather a rough repulse from the lord privy seal, (whose influence was then at its height,) of whom, in communicating the disappointment to her spouse, she says—'but how he handled me and shook me up I will not now write, nor it is not to be written. Howbeit, he made me plain answer that your annuity should be no more but £200. I trust the king will be better lord unto you, or else I should be sorry.' The affair of Painswick was settled, but not much to her advantage. She had, however, the satisfaction of entirely recovering the property of the Bassets, which made some amends for her want of success in the other two affairs.

The terms of affection in which she addresses her lord, are such as evidently come from the heart. There is a piquancy about these antique endearments which is lacking in our more elegant, modern ones, and a warmth and genuineness that at once finds its response. Her first letter, describing the voyage to Dover, is altogether charming.

'**MINE OWN SWEET HEART**—This shall be to advertise you that I have had a goodly and fair passage, but it was somewhat slow, and long ere I landed; for this night at ten of the clock I landed. I thank God I was but once sick in all the way, and after that I was merry and well, and should have been much merrier if I had been coming towards you, or if you had been with me. Your absence, and my departure, maketh heavy, also that I departed at the stair at Calais so hastily, without taking my leave of you accordingly, made me very sorry. . . .

'This letter I began yesternight at supper-time . . . and because it was in the night late,

they looked not for me, so that there was no provision here ready for me; but while the supper was in dressing, I told to John Nele, Marks, John Smith, and Lamb, whom I had at supper, merry tales; and then John Nele promised me to come again in the morning for a token and letter to your lordship, but, contrary to his promise he went his way at three of the clock in the morning, giving me no warning thereof, which I assure you *have* made me not a little sorry, for that I fear you should conceive any unkindness or displeasure towards me, thinking me so negligent that I would not write to you. The counsel and company of John Nele did me much ease, and caused us to come to land much sooner than we should have done, but he did me not so much pleasure that way, but he have done me much more displeasure by this means. I beseech your lordship to be good lord to Asheston, the gunner, for I assure you he is an honest man, and I think he loveth your lordship as well as any man in Calais. Lamb had a very evil chance, and ran his ship against the pier; I think John Nele *have* showed you thereof, but I was out of the ship ere that time. The said Lamb will take no money of me for passage, not for the ship; but he have taken of me two crowns for himself, which I gave him for the passage. He saith you shall agree with his owner. I gave him the two crowns because he had loss by the breaking of his bowsprit and fore part of the ship. And thus, good sweetheart, I bid you most heartily farewell; praying to Almighty God to send me good speed in my suit, that I may have a short end, and return to you shortly again, for I shall think every hour ten till I be with you again.

'From Dover the 7th day of November,

'By her that is both your and her own,

'HONOR LISLE.

'I pray you show Mistress Minshaw that William, her son, was not sick in all the way.'

We have given this letter almost entire, for in our opinion nothing can be more beautiful. The easy grace of the style, the minute narration of incident, the overflowing love, and its slightly (for it is but slightly) antiquated cast, (bad grammar included,) are perfectly fascinating. There is every thing that there ought to be in such a letter; and if, as it is said, a woman must be judged by her letters, very high indeed must be our estimation and admiration of Lady Lisle. There are, we imagine, few of the well-born and well-educated women of *this* century, who would acquit themselves, as correspondents, better and more agreeably than this fond wife of the sixteenth. But her affection for her husband was *then* remarkable. We are told that Sir Francis Brian, addressing her lord,

adds that, it was unnecessary to write to her as well as to him, because, 'though they be two bodies, they are but one soul.'

In a few days after, she again writes to her 'own sweet good lord,' her 'good heart-root,' as she elsewhere styles him, concerning her dispute with the Earl of Bridgewater; and, after detailing her proceedings in the matter, she expresses her hope to finish it ere long:—

'For fain would I be with you, notwithstanding you promised me that after my departing, you would dine at ten of the clock every day, and keep little company, because you would mourn for mine absence; but I warrant you, I know what rule you keep and company well enough since my departing, and what thought you take for me, whereof you shall hear at my coming home. . . . From London . . . by her . . . which had much rather die with you there, than live here. . . . I pray you make no man privy to my letter; for this quarrel I make you is but fantasy.'

But if we were to yield to our inclination, we might go on quoting my Lady Lisle by the half hour, so perfectly to our taste is her fluent correspondence. In reply to the one above, Lord Lisle excuses himself for having broken his promise to dine daily at 'ten of the clock;' he had been too much engaged to 'mourn by day,' but 'in the night,' he says, 'I swear by God I sleep not an hour together for lack of you.' What a burst of affection also is here:—

'And when you write that you never longed so sore for me as you now do, I assure you, my good heart-root, your desire in that behalf can be no vehementer than mine is; for I know that I am here at great charge, and think that small profit will rise on it, as far as I can perceive, which maketh me not a little heavy; for I can neither sleep, nor eat, nor drink, that doth me good, my heart is so heavy, and full of sorrow, which I know well will never be lightened till I be with you.'

The conclusion of her history is sorrowful. On sundry charges preferred against him, Lord Lisle was recalled from his deputyship, and committed to the Tower; and his affectionate wife, separated from him, was also placed in custody, with most mean and inadequate provision for one who had been accustomed to more than the ordinary magnificence of those in her station. Her daughters were removed from her, and she was neither permitted to see nor speak to them. In this miserable condition—beautifully illustrative of the *good olden times*—

she remained two years; at the conclusion of which her lord received his acquittal, not only from Henry, but from a mightier than he,—that grim monarch, before whom the prison doors fly open, and who wrests his prey from the very fangs of the captor! And when this tender and faithful wife, released from her own durance in France, hastened to our English shores, in the fond hope of greeting his liberation, it was to find him an inhabitant of a still more

'distant land;  
Beyond the expanse of earth, and utmost sky,  
Beyond the far horizon's mistiest verge,—  
Where beat no waves of time upon the strand.'

The joy of deliverance had been too much for him; and he had sunk under it. Of Lady Lisle two notices occur subsequently on the patent roll of Henry VIII.; but beyond this nothing further is known of her history.

Her peculiar talent seems also to have been possessed by her daughters; whose school-girl letters, here given us, are models of well-bred, girlish, sprightliness. But that want of space forbids it, we should have yielded to the temptation to transfer some of them to our page. As it is, we must content ourselves with indicating them, and referring the reader to Miss Wood's volumes. We must, for the same reason, deal in the same way with some other of these letters; which might well have claimed our attention. One, in particular from Anne Boleyn to Henry VIII., on her receiving the appointment of maid of honor to Queen Catharine; which exhibits her character in the most unfavorable point of view, as too clearly manifesting the very unworthy nature of her designs and expectations, even at that period. The appointment, she receives as indicative of the king's feelings towards her; acknowledges it as such, and avows her own reciprocation of them. Further on, we find her fiercely reproaching Wolsey for forsaking her interest, and telling him, 'For the future I shall rely on nothing but the protection of Heaven, and the love of my dear king, which alone will be able to set right again those plans which you have broken and spoiled, and to place me in that happy station which God wills, the king so much wishes,' &c.

This needs no comment.

The few notices that occur of her much injured mistress, can but have the effect of deepening the sympathy with which her

wrongs must ever be regarded. The sufferings of her after life, of which her cruel separation, even unto death, from her child seems to have been the one most bitterly felt, were but in accordance with the annoyances and distress that marked her residence in an English court, during the days of her early widowhood. Both Henry VII. and her Spanish friends seem agreed to harass and neglect her. Nor was the Princess Mary much less to be pitied. It is not a little painful to read the abject submissions and supplications with which she was forced to pursue her tyrannical father and king, ere he could be induced to restore her to favor, and forgive her the sin of being her mother's daughter! for *that* was the 'head and front of her offending.' Of her character the editor of these letters seems inclined to take a somewhat more favorable view than that which has so long been popular among the Protestants of England; without running into the opposite extreme, as some would do, by way of balancing the excessive opprobrium under which she has lain. Certainly, the various documents that have of late years come to light, would dispose us to such a judgment; and to pronounce that her virtues were her own, and her faults chiefly those of her faith and times. We would not here be misunderstood as the apologist of Mary. The *woman* may well claim our compassion. As a child, she was oppressed and injured by him whom nature pointed out as her protector; in more mature life, she was persecuted for her religious creed, and forbidden, by her brother and sovereign, the exercise of its worship; and subsequently, during her joyless rule, she sunk under ill health, conjugal neglect, and national disasters. Nevertheless, as a queen, certain acts of her reign (for which, as the ostensible head of her government, she must stand charged, whether their blame really rests with her or not) must ever call forth our deep abhorrence. Even here, however, we must bear in mind the state of public feeling and opinion of the day; the recklessness of human life and suffering which was common to all, and which admitted, as we have seen, that a woman, nobly born and bred, should suggest *torture* for some pitiful deer-stealing out of her park. We must bear this in mind, or we shall fail in rightly estimating the precise amount of Mary's *personal* guilt in the revolting persecution that bears her name.

We must do Miss Wood the justice to

say, that she has presented the public with a work as entertaining and interesting, as it is valuable. It is an important contribution, not only to our historical knowledge, but also towards an acquaintance with the minds, manners, habits of thought, and education (using the word in its larger sense) of our countrywomen of other days; and the more we know of them, the better we like them. While there is something inexpressibly touching in this familiar intercourse, (for what acquaintance can be more intimate than that derived from a person's letters?) with generations passed away; in having those, whose very dust is now indistinguishable amid the kindred earth to which, centuries ago, it was consigned, thus brought before us in all the freshness and vividness of to-day—so like ourselves!

The present is, we believe, the editor's first appearance as a candidate for literary distinction; and we have pleasure in congratulating her on the very creditable manner in which she has acquitted herself, in an undertaking so tedious and laborious as must have been the collection, illustration, and modernizing of these letters. The modernizing we would generally rather dispense with; but many of these would have been utterly unintelligible to any but the antiquarian reader, had this process not passed upon them. There are some words and names which she has found it impossible to make out with certainty; and we fancy that we could help her to a better guess at a few of them than she has herself given us. For instance, judging from the connexion, we would suggest that Kirkbyshire (page 352, vol. ii.) was not Kirkby East, in Lincolnshire, but one of the many places of that name in Yorkshire. 'Hayllom' we should be disposed to think referred to that part of Yorkshire, which from a very early period has been known by the name of Hallamshire, rather than, as she conjectures, to Hayham; excepting its being 'in the Wolds,' may render our reading an improper one. We are uncertain whether they are confined to the East Riding. And the word "laif," in a letter of queen Margaret (page 8, vol. ii.) is evidently not *love*, as she renders it, but *lave*, the *rest*; so the Scotch ballad—

'Whistle o'er the *lave* (or *rest*) o't.'

But, considering the materials she had to deal with, we may rather be surprised that

there are so few instances of the kind, than that we should have been able to point out these, which we do with all deference to the lady's own judgment. We must, in concluding our notice of them, again repeat our expression of the pleasure and interest with which we have perused her volumes.

From the Literary Gazette.

#### JESSE'S ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

*Anecdotes of Dogs.* By Edward Jesse, Esq., author of "Gleanings in Natural History," &c. 4to, pp. 336. London, R. Bentley.

To sit down on our stool to review this delightfully illustrated book is something like getting into the saddle to go out with the hounds. We look around, and there are all the animals as lively as spring. For a whipper-in, no one could be more *au fait* than Mr. Jesse, who seems to be quite familiar and intimate, as it were, with every dog in the pack, knowing as much of their breeds, habits, and characters, as if he were himself of the same genus, the very son of a dog. Then the tail-pieces are so *apropos*, and the whole got up in so good a style, that we feel our admiration for the whole species increase as we contemplate their variety and beauty; as our veneration for their intellect is greatly augmented whilst we read these true stories of their humanity, courage, sagacity, and general talent, not to say genius. Man, indeed, ought to love dogs, in return for the affection they display towards man. Yet Mr. Jesse is not quite sure whether or no they are the reclaimed descendants of the wolf, though he inclines to consider them a distinct race, and unquestionably no connexion with Reynard the Fox. Thus, says he:—

"We dismiss the fox as an alien to the dog, or at all events as a distinct species. Then comes the claim of the wolf as the true original of the dog. Before considering this, let us revert to the question of what constitutes a species. Mr. Hunter was of opinion that it is the power of breeding together and of continuing to breed with each other; that this is partially the case between the dog and the wolf is certain, for Lord Clanbrassil and Lord Pembroke proved the fact beyond a doubt above half a century ago, and the following epitaph in the garden at Wilton House is a curious record of the particulars:—

Here lies Lupe,  
Whose grandmother was a wolf,  
Whose father and grandfather were dogs, and whose  
Mother was half wolf and half dog.  
She died on the 14th of October, 1782,  
Aged 12 years.

Conclusive as this fact may appear, as proving the descent of the dog from the wolf, it is not convincing, the dog having characters which do not belong to the wolf. The dog, for instance, guards property with strictest vigilance, which has been entrusted to his charge; all his energies seem roused at night, as though aware that that is the time when depredations are committed. His courage is unbounded, a property not possessed by the wolf; he appears never to forget a kindness, but soon loses the recollection of an injury, if received from the hand of one he loves, but resents it if offered by a stranger. His docility and mental pliability exceed those of any other animal; his habits are social, and his fidelity not to be shaken; hunger cannot weaken, nor old age impair it. His discrimination is equal, in many respects, to human intelligence. If he commits a fault, he is sensible of it, and shows pleasure when commended. These, and many other qualities which might have been enumerated, are distinct from those possessed by the wolf. It may be said that domestication might produce them in the latter. This may be doubted, and is not likely to be proved; the fact is, the dog would appear to be a precious gift to man from a benevolent Creator, to become his friend, companion, protector, and the indefatigable agent of his wishes. While all other animals had the fear and dread of man implanted in them, the poor dog alone looked at his master with affection, and the tie once formed was never broken to the present hour."

The preliminaries of the family tree being settled, our author proceeds to tell us anecdotes of wolf-dogs, Newfoundlands, collies, St. Bernards, bloodhounds, terriers, spaniels, poodles, Esquimaux, greyhounds, pointers, pugs, turnspits, foxhounds, beagles, mastiffs, and bulldogs; all in that gossiping, light-reading manner, which is calculated to make a performance of the sort so popular. Let it be our task to unkenel a few samples of these anecdotes, choosing such as we think may be either new or least known, and, by way of criticism, add a few analogous specimens from our own canine budget. We pass at once to the colley, of which Mr. Jesse relates:—

"A lady of high rank has a sort of colley, or Scotch sheep-dog. When he is ordered to ring the bell, he does so; but if he is told to ring the bell when the servant is in the room whose duty it is to attend, he refuses, and then the following occurrence takes place. His mistress says, 'Ring the bell, dog.' The dog looks at the servant, and then barks his bow



bow, once or twice. The order is repeated two or three times. At last the dog lays hold of the servant's coat in a significant manner, just as if he had said to him, 'Don't you hear that I am to ring the bell for you?—come to my lady.' His mistress always has her shoes warmed before she puts them on; but during the late hot weather, her maid was putting them on without their having been previously placed before the fire. When the dog saw this, he immediately interfered, expressing the greatest indignation at the maid's negligence. He took the shoes from her, carried them to the fire, and after they had been warmed as usual, he brought them back to his mistress with much apparent satisfaction, evidently intending to say—if he could—'It is all right now.'

And again :—

"At Albany, in Worcestershire, at the seat of Admiral Maling, a dog went every day to meet the mail, and brought the bag in his mouth to the house. The distance was about a half a quarter of a mile. The dog *usually* received a meal of meat as his reward. The servants having on *one day only* neglected to give him his accustomed meal, the dog on the arrival of the next mail buried the bag, nor was it found without considerable search."

[By the way, the word "*usually*" spoils this story; for if the reward were not constant, the revenge for the omission of *one day only* could not be accounted for.] The Newfoundland has always been noted for remarkable intelligence; and Mr. Jesse tells :—

"Extraordinary as the following anecdote may appear to some persons, it is strictly true, and strongly shows the sense, and I am almost inclined to add reason, of the Newfoundland dog. A friend of mine, while shooting wild fowl with his brother, was attended by a sagacious dog of this breed. In getting near some reeds by the side of a river, they threw down their hats, and crept to the edge of the water, when they fired at some birds. They soon afterwards sent the dog to bring their hats, one of which was smaller than the other. After several attempts to bring them both together in his mouth, the dog at last placed the smaller hat in the larger one, pressed it down with his foot, and thus was able to bring them both at the same time.

"A gentleman had a pointer and Newfoundland dog which were great friends. The former broke his leg, and was confined to a kennel. During that time, the Newfoundland never failed bringing bones and other food to the pointer, and would sit for hours together by the side of his suffering friend.

"During a period of very hot weather, the Mayor of Plymouth gave orders that all dogs found wandering in the public streets should

be secured by the police, and removed to the prison-yard. Among them was a Newfoundland dog belonging to a ship-owner of the port, who, with several others, was tied up in the yard. The Newfoundland soon gnawed the rope which confined him, and then, bearing the cries of his companions to be released, he set to work to gnaw the ropes which confined them, and had succeeded in three or four instances, when he was interrupted by the entrance of the jailor.

"A gentleman, from whom I received the anecdote, was walking one day along a road in Lancashire, when he was *accosted*, if the term may be used, by a terrier-dog. The animal's gesticulations were at first so strange and unusual, that he felt inclined to get out of its way. The dog, however, at last, by various significant signs and expressive looks, made his meaning known, and the gentleman, to the dog's great delight, turned and followed him for a few hundred yards. He was led to the banks of a canal which he had not before seen, and there he discovered a small dog struggling in the water for his life, and nearly exhausted by his efforts to save himself from drowning. The sides of the canal were bricked, with a low parapet wall rather higher than the bank. The gentleman, by stooping down, with some difficulty got hold of the dog and drew him out, his companion all the time watching the proceedings. It cannot be doubted but that in this instance the terrier made use of the only means in his power to save the other dog, and this in a way which showed a power of reasoning equally strong with that of a human being under a similar circumstance."

To match this we may as well here relate the following yet more wonderful fact. A dog was one day accidentally run over by a "shay-cart" in Portland-street, and had his leg broken; which being witnessed by a humane surgeon living near, he took the creature up, and dressed the limb carefully with splints, &c., and restored him to his grieved master, with whom he was a mighty favorite. As he got better he was from time to time carried to the doctor's to have his wound dressed. By and by he got well enough to limp there by himself, and finally, when quite restored, the habit had grown so confirmed with him, that he used every now and then to make a grateful and friendly call by way of acknowledging the service which had been done him. Such was the state of affairs, when one evening his well-known scratch and tapping at the surgery door was heard more *impatiently* than was wont, and when it was opened to him he walked in with a companion dog who had got a severe hurt on his leg, and was accordingly brought and recommended as a *patient*, for similar bandages and lotions to

those he had found effectual in his own dilapidated case.

Mr. Jesse goes on with other instances of sagacity :—

"A vessel was driven by a storm on the beach of Lydd, in Kent. The surf was rolling furiously. Eight men were calling for help, but not a boat could be got off to their assistance. At length a gentleman came on the beach accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the attention of the noble animal to the vessel, and put a short stick into his mouth. The intelligent and courageous dog at once understood his meaning, and sprang into the sea, fighting his way through the foaming waves. He could not, however, get close enough to the vessel to deliver that with which he was charged, but the crew joyfully made fast a rope to another piece of wood, and threw it towards him. The sagacious dog saw the whole business in an instant—he dropped his own piece, and immediately seized that which had been cast to him; and then, with a degree of strength and determination almost incredible, he dragged it through the surge and delivered it to his master. By this means a line of communication was formed, and every man on board saved. \* \* \*

"An intelligent correspondent, to whom I am indebted for some sensible remarks on the faculties of dogs, has remarked that large-headed dogs are generally possessed with superior faculties to others. This fact favors the phrenological opinion that size of brain is evidence of superior power. He has a dog possessing a remarkably large head, and few dogs can match him in intelligence. He is a cross with the Newfoundland breed, and besides his cleverness in the field as a retriever, he shows his sagacity at home in the performance of several useful feats. One consists in carrying messages. If a neighbor is to be communicated with, the dog is always ready to be the bearer of a letter. He will take orders to the workmen who reside at a short distance from the house, and will scratch impatiently at their door when so employed, although at other times, desirous of sharing the warmth of their kitchen fire, he would wait patiently, and then entering with a seriousness befitting the imagined importance of his mission, would carefully deliver the note, never returning without having discharged his trust. His usefulness in recovering articles accidentally lost has often been proved. As he is not always allowed to be present at dinner, he will bring a hat, book, or any thing he can find, and hold it in his mouth as a sort of apology for his intrusion. He seems pleased at being allowed to lead his master's horse to the stable."

We regret that Mr. Jesse does not appear to have seen the wonderful dogs which were exhibited some year or two ago in the Quadrant, one of which beat us at dominos,

as recorded in our faithful chronicle at the time; and both of them performed feats of sagacity which could not be explained by any process short of human reasoning powers. Learned dogs have been in numbers, but these French scholars (something like Spanish pointers in form) were the most marvellous ever witnessed. Not that London dogs are destitute of a sort of cockney ability. We knew one who was accustomed to go almost every day with a penny in his mouth to the baker's and buy a roll for his own consumption. One day the baker's man, in a joke, gave him a roll, hot as fire, just out of the oven, which he instantly dropt, seized his money off the counter, and from that day *changed his baker*. He never would go back again to that shop, but spent his penny like a good steady customer with a better behaved tradesman.

Of a colley we have the following from Mr. Jesse :—

"The owner of a sheep-dog having been hanged some years ago for sheep-stealing, the following fact, among others respecting the dog, was authenticated by evidence on his trial. When the man intended to steal any sheep, he did not do it himself, but detached his dog to perform the business. With this view, under pretence of looking at the sheep with an intention to purchase them, he went through the flock with the dog at his heel, to whom he secretly gave a signal, so as to let him know the individuals he wanted, to the number of ten or twenty out of a flock of some hundreds. He then went away, and, at the distance of several miles, sent back the dog by himself in the night-time, who picked out the individual sheep that had been pointed out to him, separated them from the flock, and drove them before him by himself, till he overtook his master, to whom he relinquished them."

These creatures do such acts on the Scottish mountains in regard to the guidance and direction of flocks, that they are utterly incredible without being seen, and nearly incredible when they are. The waving of a shepherd's arm at a distance far beyond the sound of voice is sufficient to regulate all their movements: and you may see them a mile or two miles off, on top of hills, obeying every gesture of their master, pointing out various and complex operations. We saw a colley once in Perthshire taking a flock of sheep to Falkirk Tryst, or Fair: and as the road was dusty, he chose to indulge his charge occasionally with a bit of green walk and nibble. To accomplish this, where he observed a gap in a hedge, he bounded into the field and ran on to the

farther extremity on his route; if he found an opening there, he returned and drove the sheep into the pasture to pick up a little on their way—if not, he occupied the gap, and resolutely denied them entrance, driving them, with barking, along the turnpike road.

Mr. J. affirms that the greyhound, if kindly treated, is as sensible as other dogs; not so the pug. But the pointer is one of the most sagacious—and his action in sporting is highly eulogized. On Monday we saw a water-spaniel which was so fond of duck-shooting, that when very hungry his owner threw him down a piece of meat, and at the same moment took up his gun to go upon the deck of the yacht; and the animal left his food untouched to leap upon deck to see the piece discharged. This fellow liked also a sport of his own, which consisted in catching crabs in the water and giving them a crunch betwixt his jaws, which spoilt their swimming for ever after he had dropt their mangled shells. This species is closely allied in acuteness to the Newfoundlanders: of whom Mr. J. farther relates:—

“A Newfoundland dog of the true breed was brought from that country, and given to a gentleman who resided near Thames Street, in London. As he had no means of keeping the animal, except in close confinement, he sent him to a friend in Scotland by a Berwick smack. When he arrived in Scotland, he took the first opportunity of escaping, and though he certainly had never before travelled one yard of the road, yet he found his way back to his former residence on Fish Street Hill, but in so exhausted a state that he could only express his joy at seeing his master, and then died. So wonderful is the sense of these dogs, that I have heard of three instances in which they have voluntarily guarded the bed-chamber doors of their mistresses, during the whole night, in the absence of their masters, although on no other occasion did they approach them.”

We will not swear to the truth of the following, but we heard it on the spot, at Limehouse, near unto Blackwall. A dog attached to the yard of a leading shipbuilder there was stolen by a sailor, and concealed on board a vessel bound for India and China. In the Chinese seas the vessel was attacked by pirates, and, after a sharp battle, driven ashore and destroyed. Almost the entire crew perished; but what was the astonishment in the building yard when, months after, the dog made his appearance, having, by some means or other, found his way back from China and dark pirates to

the neighborhood of white-bait banquets on the banks of the Thames! Two more anecdotes from our author, and two more of our own, and we have done with the dogs:

“A mastiff belonging to a tanner had taken a great dislike to a man, whose business frequently brought him to the house. Being much annoyed at his antipathy, and fearful of the consequences, he requested the owner of the dog to endeavor to remove the dislike of the animal to him. This he promised to do, and brought it about in the following manner, by acting on the noble disposition of the dog. Watching his opportunity, he one day, as if by accident, pushed the dog into a well in the yard, in which he allowed it to struggle a considerable time. When the dog seemed to be getting tired, the tanner desired his companion to pull it out, which he did. The animal on being extricated, after shaking himself, fawned upon his deliverer, as if sensible that he had saved his life, and never molested him again; on the contrary, he received him with kindness whenever they met, and often accompanied him a mile or two on his way home.”

In the following anecdote, we have the dog in the character of a groom:—

“The extraordinary sense of a dog was shown in the following instance. A gentleman, residing near Pontipool, had his horse brought to his house by a servant. While the man went to the door, the horse ran away, and made his escape to a neighboring mountain. A dog belonging to the house saw this, and of his own accord followed the horse, got hold of the bridle, and brought him back to the door.”

In the next, the dog is a physician:—

“During a very severe frost and fall of snow in Scotland, the fowls did not make their appearance at the hour when they usually retired to roost, and no one knew what had become of them; the house-dog at last entered the kitchen, having in his mouth a hen, apparently dead. Forcing his way to the fire, the sagacious animal laid his charge down upon the warm hearth, and immediately set off. He soon came again with another, which he deposited in the same place, and so continued till the whole of the poor birds were rescued. Wandering about the stack-yard, the fowls had become quite benumbed by the extreme cold, and had crowded together, when the dog, observing them, effected their deliverance: for they all revived by the warmth of the fire.”

The dog of the succeeding anecdote was a church-goer, and sound Protestant:—

“It is a curious fact that dogs can count time. I had, when a boy, a favorite terrier,

which always went with me to church. My mother, thinking that he attracted too much of my attention, ordered the servant to fasten him up every Sunday morning. He did so once or twice, but never afterwards. Trim concealed himself every Sunday morning, and either met me as I entered the church, or I found him under my seat in the pew."

"And here is a good Catholic of a dog, and unconvertible :

"Mr. Southey, in his 'Omniana,' informs us, that he knew of a dog which was brought up by a Catholic, and afterwards sold to a Protestant ; but still he refused to eat anything on a Friday."

The following dogs were sentimental dogs :—

"Dogs have been known to die from excess of joy at seeing their masters after a long absence. An English officer had a large dog, which he left with his family in England, while he accompanied an expedition to America, during the war of the Colonies. Throughout his absence, the animal appeared very much dejected. When the officer returned home, the dog, who happened to be lying at the door of an apartment into which his master was about to enter, immediately recognized him, leaped upon his neck, licked his face, and in a few minutes fell dead at his feet. A favorite spaniel of a lady recently died on seeing his beloved mistress, after a long absence."

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From Fraser's Magazine.

## PAST AND PRESENT CONDITION OF BRITISH POETRY.

### PART II. AND CONCLUSION.

Hogg has told an amusing anecdote of Wordsworth at Mount Rydal. It chanced one night while the bard of Kilmeny was at the Lakes with Wordsworth, Wilson, and De Quincey, that a resplendent arch, something like the aurora borealis, was observed across the zenith, from the one horizon to the other. The splendid meteor became the subject of conversation, and the table was left for an eminence outside where its effect could be seen to greater advantage. Miss Wordsworth, the poet's sister, who accompanied them, expressed a fear lest the brilliant stranger might prove ominous, when Hogg, thinking he was saying a good thing, hazarded the remark

that it was neither more nor less "than joost a treeumphant aitch raised in honor of the meeting of the poets." Miss Wordsworth smiled, and Wilson laughed and declared the idea not amiss. But when it was told to Wordsworth he took De Quincey aside, and said loud enough to be heard by more than the person he was addressing, "Poets ! poets ! what does the fellow mean ? Where are they ?" Hogg was a little offended at the time, but he enjoyed it afterwards ; and we have heard him tell the story in his own "slee" and inimitable manner, and laugh immoderately as he told it. Poor James Hogg ! REGINA has reason to remember James ; nor was the poet of "Kilmeny" forgotten when dead, by the great poet of the *Excursion*. There is nothing more touching in poetry since the time of Collins than Wordsworth's extempore verses on the shepherd's death. He knew his claims to be called a poet, and time will confirm his judgment and make the Rydal Aurora a story merely to amuse.

Poets, where are they ? Is poetry extinct among us, or is it only dormant ? Is the crop exhausted, and must the field lie fallow for a time ? Or is it that, in this commercial nation of ours, where every thing is weighed in Rothschild's scales of pecuniary excellence, that we have no good poetry because we have no demand for it ? We falter while we think it is so. Poets we still have, and poetry at times of a rich and novel, but not a cultivated flavor. Hardly a week elapses that does not give birth to as many different volumes of verses as there are days in a week. But then there is little that is good ; much that *was* imagination, and much that might have passed for poetry when verse was in its infancy among us. Much of that clock-work tintinabulum of rhyme—that cuckoo kind of verse which palls upon the mind and really disgusts you with verse of a higher character. But now we look, and justly too, for something more. Whilst we imitate others, we can no more excel than he that sails by others' maps can make a new discovery. All the old dishes of the ancients have been new heated and new set forth *usque ad* — But we forbear. People look for something more than schoolboy commonplaces and thoughts at second-hand, and novelties and nothing more, without a single grain of salt to savor the tun of unmeaningness which they carry with them. It is no easy matter to become a poet,—

"*Consules sunt quotannis, et novi proconsules,  
Solus aut rex aut poeta non quotannis nascitur;*"

or, as the old water-poet phrased it,—

"When Heaven intends to do some mighty  
thing  
He makes a poet, or at least—a king."

South was of opinion that the composition of an epigram was the next great difficulty to an epic poem.

"And South beheld that master-piece of man."

Coxcombs who consider the composition of a song an easy matter should set themselves down, as Burns says, and try. Ask Tommy Moore how many days and nights he has given to a single stanza in an Irish melody? Ask Sam Rogers how long he has spent over the composition of a couplet in *An Epistle to a Friend*; or Wordsworth how long he has labored with a sonnet; or Bowles—yes, ask the Vicar of Bremhill, if he does not owe the bright finish of his verse as much to pains as happiness? Dryden toiled for a fortnight over his *Alexander's Feast*, and yet he wrote with ease—not the ease of the mob of gentlemen ridiculed by Pope, but with great fluency of idea and great mastery of expression. Good things are not knocked off at a heat—for a long jump there must be a very long run, and a long preparatory training too. There is no saying "I will be a poet." Only consider not the long apprenticeship alone, but the long servitude which the muse requires from those who would invoke her rightly.

"In a poet no kind of knowledge is to be overlooked; to a poet nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful and whatever is dreadful must be familiar to his imagination; he must be conversant with all that is awfully vast or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, the meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety, for every idea is useful for the enforcement or decoration of religious truth, and he who knows most will have most power of diversifying his scenes and of gratifying his reader with remote allusions and unexpected instruction."\*

Every one remembers (poets themselves perhaps excepted) the long course of study and preparation which Milton laid down for himself before he stripped for the *Par-*

\* *Rasselas*.

*adise Lost*. And yet one would hardly think, on first reflection, that any course of preparation was necessary for the poet of *Comus* and *Lycidas*, and the *Hymn on the Nativity of Christ*. But Milton fully understood the height of his great argument, and how unequalled with every lengthened preparation he must be to record it rightly. But people (not poets) start epics nowadays without any kind of consideration. No subject is too great for them. *Satan*, *Chaos*, *The Messiah*, *The Omnipresence of the Deity*, *the Fall of Nineveh*, *The World before the Flood*. One shudders at the very idea of subjects so sublime taken up as holyday recreations by would-be poets, without the vision and the faculty divine, or any other merit (if merit it may be called) than the mere impudence of daring:—

"When will men learn but to distinguish spirits,  
And set true difference 'twixt the jaded wits  
That run a broken pace for common hire,  
And the high raptures of a happy muse,  
Borne on the wings of her immortal thought,  
That kicks at earth with a disdainful heel,  
And beats at heaven's gates with her bright  
hoofs?"—BEN JONSON

Benjamin West, the painter, trafficked with subjects of the same sublime description. And in what way? "Without expression, fancy, or design;" without genius and without art. People forget, or choose to forget, that *subject* alone is not sufficient for a poem. Look at Burns's "Mouse," or Wordsworth's "Peter Bell," or Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler," or Gainsborough's "Cottager" with a dish of cream. It is the treatment which ennobles. But there is no driving this into some people's ears. Big with the swollen ambition of securing a footing on the sun-bright summits of Parnassus, they plume themselves on borrowed wings and bladders of their own, and after a world of ink, a world of big *ideas*, and a copied invocation, they struggle to ascend, and pant and toil to the end of an epic in as many books as the *Iliad* or the *Aeneid*. Would that your Robert Montgomerys, your Edwin Atherstones, and sundry such who understand the art of sinking in the low profound—would that they would reflect for five minutes on what an epic poem really is! And what it is, and ought to be, glorious John Dryden tells us in a very few words. "A heroic poem," he says, "truly such, is undoubtedly the greatest work which the soul of man is capable to perform." And so it is.

"A work," says Milton, "not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapors of wine: but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases."

And yet Murray and Moxon are troubled once a-week, at the least, with the offer of a new epic, for a certain sum—so run the terms—or, in case of declining that, for half profits. As if epics were blackberries, and men sought fame as Smith O'Brien seeks reputation—by an impertinent folly of their own! But "Fools rush in," and there will still be poetasters—Blackmore and his brethren—in spite of critics, hard words, and something harder still—contemptuous neglect.

Few live to see their fame established on a firm and unalterable foundation. The kind criticisms of friends conspire at times to give a false position to a poem, or the malice of enemies unite to obtain for it one equally undeserved. Who now reads Hayley? How many are there in the position of Gascoigne and Churchyard as described by old Michael Drayton?—

"Accounted were great meters many a day,  
But not inspired with bravefire; had they  
Lived but a little longer they had seen  
Their works before them to have buried  
been."

That "lived but a little longer!" It is well they didn't. How will it be with the poets of the past generation two hundred years from this? They cannot possibly go down "complete." There must be a weeding. Fancy Sir Walter Scott in twelve volumes, Byron in ten, Southey in ten, Moore in ten, Wordsworth in six—to say nothing of Campbell in two volumes, Rogers in two, and Shelley in four. The poets of the last generation form a library of themselves. And if poetry is multiplied hereafter at the same rate, we shall want fresh shelves, fresh patience, and a new lease of life, for threescore and ten of scriptural existence is far too short to get acquainted with the past and keep up our intimacy with the present. The literature of the last fifty years is a study of itself—Scott's novels, Scott's poetry, Scott's Miscellanies, and Scott's Life! Then of the present, there are the daily papers, the weekly journals, the monthly magazines, the quarterly reviews, all of which we are expected to have a fair passing acquaintance

with. There is Mr. Dickens's last book on the table, which I have not as yet had time to read, and old Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* by its side, coaxing me to renew a youthful acquaintance with its pages; and there are *Tristram Shandy*, and *Humphrey Clinker*, and dear delightful *Amelia*, which I fain would read again, but cannot, I fear, for want of time. Only observe the dust on that fine Froissart on my shelves, and that noble old copy of Ben Jonson's works in folio, with a mark, I could swear, in the third act of the *Alchemist* or the *Silent Woman*. There is no keeping pace with the present while we pay any thing like due attention to the past. I pity that man who reads Albert Smith who never read *Parthenissa*; but perhaps he pities me because I am indifferently up in the writer he admires. How people are cut off from the full literary enjoyments of this life who never read "Munro his Expedition," or the Duchess of Newcastle's Life of the Duke her husband, or Tom Brown, or Ned Ward, or Roger L'Estrange, or Tom Coryat, or "the works sixty-three in number" of old John Taylor, the sculler on the Thames!

We wish for poets who will write when Nature and their full thoughts bid them, and are not exacting when we look for more than one sprig of laurel to grace a garland. We have already enough of would-be poets—Augustus Cæsar, King James I., Cardinal Richelieu, the great Lord Clarendon, the celebrated Lord Bolingbroke, the famous Lord Chatham; but poetry is what old George Chapman calls it,—a flower of the sun, which disdains to open to the eye of a candle.

"No power the muses' favor can command.

What Richelieu wanted Louis scarce could  
gain,

And what young Ammon wish'd, and wish'd  
in vain."

Your "rich ill poets are without excuse."\* "Your verses, good sir, are no poems, they'll not hinder your rising in the state."† "Tis ridiculous for a lord to print verses; 'tis well enough to make them to please himself, but to make them public is foolish."‡ People affect to think that the same talents and application which raised Lord Mansfield to the highest honor

\* Lord Roscommon.

† Ben Johnson.

‡ Selden's *Table-Talk*.

of the gown, would, had they been turned to the study of poetry, have raised him to as high a position in the catalogue of our poets. 'Tis pretty enough when told in verse—

“How many an Ovid was in Murray lost;”

yet we are inclined to think that there is very little in it, and that Wordsworth is nearer the mark, who says of self communing and unrecorded men,—

“Oh, many are the poets that are sown  
By nature; men endowed with highest gifts,  
The vision and the faculty divine,  
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse.”

But this one word “accomplishment” implies a good deal more than mere dexterity and ease—culture and the inspiring aid of books,

“Pauses, cadence, and well-vowell'd words,  
And all the graces a good ear affords.

For words are in poetry what colors are in painting, and the music of numbers is not to be matched or done without. Look at Donne. Would not Donne's Satires, which abound with so much wit, appear more charming if he had taken care of his words and of his numbers? Whereas his verse is now—if verse it may be called—

“A kind of hobbling prose,  
Which limps along and tinkles in the close.”

There goes much more to the composition of even a third-rate poet than rhymesters at first are willing to allow, for to nature, exercise, imitation, study, art must be added to make all these perfect,—*οὐτε φύσις ἁπλῆ γίνεται τέχνης ἄνευ, οὐτε παν τέχνη μὴ φύσιν κεκτεμένη*—Without art nature can never be perfect, and without nature art can claim no being.

One of Boswell's recorded conversations with the great hero of his admiration was on the subject of a collection being made of all the poems of all the English poets who had published a volume of poems.

“Johnson told me,” he says, “that a Mr. Coxeter, whom he knew, had gone the greatest length towards this, having collected about 500 volumes of poets whose works were little known; but that upon his death Tom Osborne bought them, and they were dispersed, which he thought a pity, as it was curious to see any series complete, and in every volume of poems something good may be found.”

This was a kindly criticism, uttered in

the good nature of an easy moment, hardly applicable to the volumes of verse we see published now. Surely there are many put forth without a redeeming stanza or passage to atone for the dry desert of a thousand lines through which the critic is doomed to wander in quest of beauties which he fain would find. Surely Coxeter's collection contained a very large number of one-idea'd volumes! We could have helped him from our own shelves to a very fair collection of verse printed before 1747, when this “curious” collector died, full of the most trivial nothingnesses. For a little volume of verse of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, said to be unique, or nearly so, Mr. Miller has been known to give twenty guineas or more, and think himself lucky that he has been let off thus easily. Some of these twenty-guinea volumes we have had the curiosity to look into. Poetry there is none; nothing more, indeed, than the mere similitude of verse. Songs, differing from sonnets because the lines are shorter, and sonnets, only to be recognized as such from the fourteen lines which the writer, in compliance with custom, has prudently confined them to.

“Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;  
It is the rust we value, not the gold.”

It is curious, however, to see any collection complete; and Mr. Miller is to be praised for his unceasing endeavors to make his collection of English poetry (literally so called) as complete as possible.

The poet of the *Irish Melodies* made an observation when at Abbotsford, too curious to be passed over in a paper of this description, when we consider the merit of the remark itself, the rank of the poet who made it, and the reputation of the poet who responded to its truth:—

“Hardly a magazine is now published,” said Moore, “that does not contain verses which, some thirty years ago, would have made a reputation.”

Scott turned with a look of shrewd humor on his friend, as if chuckling over his own success, and said,—

“Ecod, we were in the luck of it to come before these fellows!” and added, playfully flourishing his stick as he spoke, “we have, like Boabdil, taught them to beat us at our own weapons.”

There cannot be a doubt but that the poetry of the present day is of that mediocre level of description which neither pleases nor offends; and that much of it, if pub-

lished sixty years ago, or even thirty years ago, would have secured for more than one writer a high reputation at the time, and possibly a place in Chalmers' collected edition of our *British Poets*. Such a reputation as Miss Seward achieved, or Hayley, or Oram, or Headley, or Hardis :—

"Fame then was cheap, and the first comers sped;  
And they have kept it since by being dead."

DRYDEN.

There was a time when a single poem, nay, a decent epigram, procured a niche for its writer in the temple of our poetry; but these times are gone by, inundated as we now are with verses of one particular level of merit, as flat as the waste of Cumberland, and equally unprofitable; so that the poet, ambitious of a high reputation in our letters, must make it upon something that is completely novel; and there, as Scott remarked, will rest the only chance for an extended reputation.

Poetry has become an easy art, and people have been taught to pump for poetry without a Gildon or a Bysshe to aid their labors. Wakley can laugh in the House of Commons at the poetry of Wordsworth, and treat the senators who surround him with a happy imitation of the great poet of his time. Verse has become an extempore kind of art, a thing to be assumed when wanted; and O'Connell can throw off at a heat a clever parody upon Dryden's famous epigram; as if, like Theodore Hook, he had served an apprenticeship to the art of happy imitation. That the bulk of the so-called poetry of the present day—"nonsense, well tuned and sweet stupidity"—is injurious to a proper estimation of the true-born poets who still exist, there cannot be a doubt; that it is injurious, moreover, to the advancement of poetry among us, is, I think, equally the case. Poetry in the highest sense of the word, was never better understood, though never, perhaps, less cultivated than it is now. Criticism has taken a high stand; and when the rage for rhyme has fairly exhausted itself, nature will revive among us, and we shall have a new race of poets to uphold, if not to eclipse, the glories of the old. There are many still among us to repeat without any kind of braggart in their blood :—

"O if my temples were distain'd with wine,  
And girt in girlonds of wilde yvie twine,  
How could I reare the Muse on stately stage,  
And teach her tread aloft in buskin fine,  
With quaint Bellona in her equipage."

SPENSER.

When poetry was all but extinct among us, Cowper and Burns came forward to revive the drooping Muse, and show us, unmistakeably enough, that men and studies may decay, but Nature never dies.

There is little reason to suppose that the great poet of the *Excursion* is likely to remain more than a few years among us; for though, thank God, in health and vigor, and as fond of poetry as ever, he has outlived by the period of an apprenticeship, the threescore years and ten, the Scriptural limitation of the life of man. When Wordsworth dies, there will be a new Session of the poets for the office of poet-laureate. To whom will the lord-chamberlain assign the laurel, honored and disgraced by a variety of wearers? To whom will the unshorn deity assign it? There may be a difference of opinion between the poet's God and the court lord-chamberlain; there have been differences heretofore, or else Shadwell and Tate, Eusden and Cibber, Whitehead and Pye, had never succeeded to the laurels of famous Ben Jonson and glorious John Dryden. Who are your young and our rising poets likely to become claimants, and to have their case considered by Phœbus Apollo in the new session he must summon before very long?

"A session was held the other day,  
And Apollo himself was at it, they say;  
The laurel that had been so long reserved,  
Was now to be given to him best deserved."

And,

"Therefore, the wits of the town came thither,  
'Twas strange to see how they flock'd together;  
Each strongly confident of his own way,  
Thought to carry the laurel away that day."

How Suckling would put them forward, we must leave to the fancy of the reader. We can do very little more than enumerate the names of candidates likely to be present on the occasion. We can conceive their entry somewhat after the following manner. A herald, followed by an attendant with a tray of epics from *Nineveh* at twelve shillings to *Orion* at a farthing, and the authors arranged pretty nearly as follows :—Atherstone first (as the favorite poet of Lord Jeffrey's later lubrications); Robert Montgomery, 2; Heraud, 3; Read, 4; Horne, 5; and Ben Disraeli, 6. To the epic portion of the candidates the dramatists will succeed, fresh from Sadler's Wells and the Surrey, and led by Talfourd and Bulwer, and followed by Mr. Marston, Mr. Trowton, Mr. Henry Taylor, Sir



Coutts Lindsay, Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Spicer; Jerrold representing comedy, without a fellow to rival or support him. Then will follow the ballad-writers; Macaulay by himself, and Smythe and Lord John Manners walking like the Babes in the Wood together. To the trio will succeed Alfred Tennyson and Robert Browning, Monckton Milnes, Charles Mackay, and Coventry Patmore, followed by a galaxy of ladies for the gallery, led by Mrs. Norton and Miss Barret; with Camilla Toulmin, with a bunch of flowers; Frances Brown, with a number of the *Athenæum*; Eliza Cook, with Mr. Cayley's commendation; Miss Costello, with a Persian rose; and Mrs. Ogilvy, with her quarto volume of minstrelsy from the North. We can fancy Apollo's confusion at the number; and should in some measure be inclined to abide by his opinion, should he give the laurel at the end, as Suckling has made him, to an alderman of London:

"He openly declared that 't was the best sign  
Of good store of wit to have good store of coin;  
And without a syllable more or less said,  
He put the laurel on the alderman's head.

At this all the wits were in such a maze,  
That for a good while they did nothing but gaze  
One upon another, not a man in the place  
But had discontent writ in great in his face."

"Only," and how admirable the wit is:—

"Only the small poets clear'd up again,  
Out of hope, as 'twas thought, of borrowing;  
But sure they were out, for he forfeits his crown,  
When he lends any poet about the town."

"O rare Sir John Suckling!"

Is Alfred Tennyson a poet? His merits divide the critics. With some people he is every thing, with others he is little or nothing. Betwixt the extremes of admiration and malice, it is hard to judge uprightly of the living. The zeal of his friends is too excessive to be prudent, the indifference of his enemies too studied to be sincere. He is unquestionably a poet, in thought, language, and in numbers. But the *New Timon* tells us he is not a poet; Peel tells us that he is, and gives him a pension of 200*l.* a-year to raise him above the exigencies of the world. But the satirist has dropped his condemnation from the third edition of his poem, and the pension still continues to be paid. Is it, therefore, deserved? We think it is, not from what Mr. Tennyson has as yet performed, but what he has shown himself capable of perform-

ing. His poems are, in some respects, an accession to our literature. He has the right stuff in him, and he may yet do more; but unless it is better than what he has already done, he had better withhold it. His admirers—and he will never be without "the few"—will always augur well of after-performances (though never realized) from what has gone before, and attribute to indolence and a pension what from fear and inability he was unable to accomplish. His detractors, on the other hand, will have little to lay hold of; they may flatter themselves with having frightened him into silence, but their liking for his verses will warm as they grow older. He has nothing, however, to fear, if he writes nobly from himself, and the Muse is willing and consenting. Great works—

"A work t'outwear Seth's pillars, brick and  
stone,  
And (Holy Writ excepted) made to yield to  
none."—Dr. DONNE.

appear too rarely to raise expectation that this or that person is likely to produce one. It is near 200 years since Milton began to prune his wings for the great epic of his age and nation; and what has our poetry produced since then in any way approaching what Milton accomplished? Much that is admirable, and much that will live as long as Milton himself, but nothing of the same stamp, for though Scott may affect to speak of *Manfred* as a poem wherein Byron "matched Milton upon his own ground," yet we all of us pretty well know otherwise; and that the Muse of Byron is as inferior to *Paradise Lost*, as the *Farmer's Boy* to *The Seasons*; or any of the great dramatists of the age of Shakspeare to Shakspeare himself.

Before Mr. Tennyson tries the temper of the public for a third time (which we hope he will do, and before very many years go by), it behoves him to consider the structure of his verse and the pauses of his numbers a little more maturely than he has hitherto done. It behoves him, moreover, to rub off a few affectations of style, the besetting sin of too many of his verses, and too often mistaken, by the young especially, for one of the marks of originality, and not for what it is—one of its peculiarities; and what is more, a very bad peculiarity both in matter and in manner. Coleridge understood the deficiencies of Mr. Tennyson's Muse when he uttered the following capital criticism upon him:—

"I have not read through all Mr. Tennyson's poems, which have been sent to me; but I think there are some things of a good deal of beauty in that I have seen. The misfortune is, that he has begun to write verses without very well understanding what metre is. Even if you write in a known and approved metre, the odds are, if you are not a metrist yourself, that you will not write harmonious verses; but to deal in new metres without considering what metre means and requires is preposterous. What I would, with many wishes of success, prescribe to Tennyson—indeed without it he can never be a poet in art—is to write for the next two or three years in none but one or two well-known and strictly-defined metres; such as the heroic couplet, the octave stanza, or the octo-syllabic measure of the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*. He would probably thus get imbued with a sensation, if not a sense, of metre without knowing it, just as Eton boys get to write such good Latin verses by canning Ovid and Tibullus. As it is, I can scarcely scan some of his verses."\*

This is something more than a clever criticism on the Muse of Mr. Tennyson; it is a most admirable piece of advice, and deserves to be remembered. Tennyson, and Browning, and Miss Barrett, should act upon it forthwith; they would improve their numbers very materially by such an exercise of their ears. Coleridge's own poetry is a lasting exemplification of the rhythmical charms of English verse. He never offends you—he always pleases:—

"His musical finesse was such,  
So nice his ear, so delicate his touch,"

that every verse he wrote will satisfy the ear and satisfy the fingers.

A second critic of distinction who has passed judgment on Mr. Tennyson is Mr. Leigh Hunt, always an agreeable and not unfrequently a safe critic to abide by:—

"Alfred Tennyson," writes Mr. Hunt, "is of the school of Keats; that is to say, it is difficult not to see that Keats has been a great deal in his thoughts; and that he delights in the same brooding over his sensations, and the same melodious enjoyment of their expression. In his desire to communicate this music he goes so far as to accent the final syllables in his participles passive, as *pleachéd*, *crownéd*, *purple-spikéd*, &c., with visible printer's marks, which subjects him but erroneously to a charge of pedantry; though it is a nicety not complimentary to the reader, and of which he may as well get rid. Much, however, as he reminds us of Keats, his genius is his own. He would have written poetry, had his precursor written none; and he has also a vein of

metaphysical subtlety, in which the other did not indulge, as may be seen by his verses entitled 'A Character,' those 'On the Confessions of a Sensitive Mind,' and numerous others. He is also a great lover of a certain home kind of landscape, which he delights to paint with a minuteness that in 'The Moated Grange' becomes affecting; and, in 'The Miller's Daughter,' would remind us of the Dutch school, if it were not mixed up with the same deep feeling, varied with a pleasant joviality. Mr. Tennyson has yet given no such evidence of sustained and broad power as that of 'Hyperion,' nor even of such gentler narrative as the 'Eve of St. Agnes,' and the poem of 'Lamia,' and 'Isabella,' but the materials of the noblest poetry are abundant in him."\*

This is criticism in full accordance with the kindlier sympathies of our own nature; but much of the weight and value of it must depend on the rank the reader is willing to assign to Mr. Keats. It is, however, intended as a very high encomium: Mr. Hunt appropriating a place in our poetry to Keats which I am afraid he will find very few willing to concede to him.

Our poetry is in a very sorry kind of plight if it has to depend upon Tennyson and Browning for the hereditary honors of its existence. The *Examiner* will tell us "No!" The *Athenæum* will do the same; papers remarkable for the vigor of their articles, the excellence of their occasional criticism, and the general asperity of their manner. A page out of every ten in Herrick's "Hesperides" is more certain of an hereafter than any one dramatic romance or lyric in all the "Bells and Pomegranates" of Mr. Browning. Not but what Mr. Browning is a poet. He is unquestionably a poet; but his subject has not unfrequently to bear the weight of sentiments which spring not naturally from it, and his numbers at times are overlaid with affectation, the common conceit of men who affect to tell common things in an uncommon manner. He clogs his verses; moreover, with too many consonants and too many monosyllables, and carries the sense too frequently in a very ungraceful manner from one line to the other. Here is a passage from the seventh number of his "Bells and Pomegranates," which it really is a torture to read:—

"But to-day not a boat reached Salerno,  
So back to a man  
Came our friends, with whose help in the vine-  
yards  
Grape harvest began:

\* Table-Talk, p. 222.

\* Book of Gems, p. 274.

In the vat half-way up in our house-side,  
 Like blood the juice spins,  
 While your brother all bare-legged is dancing  
 Till breathless he grins,  
 Dead-beaten, in effort on effort  
 To keep the grapes under :  
 For still when he seems all but master,  
 In pours the fresh plunder  
 From girls who keep coming and going  
 With basket on shoulder,  
 And eyes shut against the rain's driving,  
 Your girls that are older,—  
 For under the hedges of aloe,  
 And where, on its bed  
 Of the orchard's black mould, the love-apple  
 Lies pulpy and red,  
 All the young ones are kneeling and filling  
 Their laps with the snails  
 Tempted out by the first rainy weather,—  
 Your best of regales,  
 As to-night will be proved to my sorrow,  
 When, supping in state,  
 We shall feast our grape-gleaners—two dozen,  
 Three over one plate,—  
 Macaroni so tempting to swallow  
 In slippery strings,  
 And gourds fried in great purple slices,  
 That color of kings,—  
 Meantime, see the grape-bunch they've brought  
 you !  
 The rain-water slips  
 O'er the heavy blue bloom on each globe  
 Which the wasp to your lips  
 Still follows with fretful persistence—  
 Nay, taste while awake,  
 This half of a curd-white smooth cheese-ball,  
 That peels, flake by flake,  
 Like an onion's each smoother and whiter !  
 Next sip this weak wine  
 From the thin green glass flask, with its stopper,  
 A leaf of the vine,—  
 And end with the prickly-pear's red flesh,  
 That leaves through its juice  
 The stony black seeds on your pearl teeth  
 . . . Scirocco is loose !  
 Hark ! the quick pelt of the olives  
 Which, thick in one's track,  
 Tempt the stranger to pick up and bite them,  
 Though not yet half black !  
 And how their old twisted trunks shudder !  
 The medlars let fall  
 Their hard fruit ; the brittle great fig-trees  
 Snap off, figs and all ;  
 For here comes the whole of the tempest !  
 No refuge but creep  
 Back again to my side or my shoulder,  
 And listen or sleep."

This may be poetry, but it is poetry in the raw material ; for the numbers are those of a scranell pipe, and such as Cadmus alone could pronounce when in the state of a serpent. This which follows is the mere twaddle of a Cockney at Calais or Cologne :—

*"Home-Thoughts from Abroad.*

"Oh, to be in England,  
 Now that April's there,  
 And who wakes in England

Sees, some morning, unaware,  
 That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf  
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf.  
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough  
 In England—now !

And after April, when May follows,  
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows—  
 Hark ! where my blossom'd pear-tree in the hedge  
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover  
 Blossoms and dew-drops, at the bent spray's edge.  
 That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song  
 twice over,  
 Lest you should think he never could re-capture  
 The first fine careless rapture !

And though the fields are rough with hoary dew,  
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew  
 The buttercups, the little children's dower,  
 Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower !"

This is very inferior to Ambrose Philips, who acquired the distinction of Namby Pamby for similar verse, *e. g.* his "Lines to Cuzzoni," which Charles Lamb had got by heart. Here is something infinitely better, and by a living poet, one of the props our poetry depends on, and a member of parliament withal—Mr. Richard Monckton Milnes :—

*"The Violet Girl.*

"When fancy will continually rehearse  
 Some painful scene once present to the eye,  
 'Tis well to mould it into gentle verse,  
 That it may lighter on the spirit lie.

Home yestern eve I wearily returned,  
 Though bright my morning mood and short my way,  
 But sad experience in one moment earned,  
 Can crush the heap'd enjoyments of the day.

Passing the corner of a populous street,  
 I mark'd a girl whose wont it was to stand,  
 With pallid cheek, torn gown, and naked feet,  
 And bunches of fresh violets in each hand.

There her small commerce in the chill March  
 weather  
 She plied with accents miserably mild ;  
 It was a frightful thought to set together  
 Those blooming blossoms and that fading child.

Those luxuries and largess of the earth,  
 Beauty and pleasure to the sense of man,  
 And this poor sorry weed cast loosely forth  
 On Life's wild waste to struggle as it can !

To me that odorous purple ministers  
 Hope-bearing memories and inspiring glee,  
 While meanest images alone are hers,  
 The sordid wants of base humanity.

Think after all this lapse of hungry hours,  
 In the disfurnish'd chamber of dim cold,  
 How she must loathe the very smiling flowers  
 That on the squalid table lie unsold !

Rest on your woodland banks and wither there,  
Sweet preluders of spring! far better so,  
Than live misused to fill the grasp of care,  
And serve the piteous purposes of woe.

Ye are no longer Nature's gracious gift,  
Yourselves so much and harbingers of more,  
But a most bitter irony to lift  
The veil that hides our vilest mortal sore."

*Si sic omnia dixisset!* This is poetry in all languages; it is like mercury, never to be lost or killed.

There is a passage in one of Lady Mary Wortley Montague's letters to her daughter which still continues to excite a smile on the lips of every reader,—

"The study of English poetry is a more important part of a woman's education than it is generally supposed. Many a young damsel has been ruined by a fine copy of verses, which she would have laughed at if she had known it had been stolen from Mr. Waller. I remember, when I was a girl, I saved one of my companions from destruction, who communicated to me an epistle she was quite charmed with. As she had naturally a good taste, she observed the lines were not so smooth as Prior's or Pope's, but had more thought and spirit than any of theirs. She was wonderfully delighted with such a demonstration of her lover's sense and passion, and not a little pleased with her own charms that had force enough to inspire such elegancies. In this triumph I showed her that they were taken from Randolph's poems, and the unfortunate transcriber was dismissed with the scorn he deserved."\*

The reason assigned for the study of English poetry by English ladies, is truly characteristic of Lady Mary and of the female mind. A lady is to read through every volume of verse, and remember what she reads, to see that her lover writes his own valentine. Ye gods, should one swear to the truth of a song! If a woman will marry a poet, she had better go through the course of study Lady Mary recommends. Not that she is safe to secure a poet to herself after a very long life of study. How few read Randolph, and yet he is a very fine poet. Lady Mary might have taken a copy of verses from Randolph to every female writer of the day, and passed them off for the production of a young, a handsome, and a rising writer, and no one would have set her right, or detected the imposition that was passed upon her. We are afraid we must recom-

mend the study of our early English poets to English ladies on some other ground than the chance detection of a lover pleading his passion in the poetry of another under pretence of its being his own. Not that we have any particular predilection for "romancical ladies," as the dear old Duchess of Newcastle calls them, or girls with their heads stuffed full of passionate passages; but we should like to see a more prevalent taste for what is good, for poetry that is really excellent; and this we feel assured is only to be effected by a careful consideration of our elder poets, who have always abundance of meaning in them. It is no use telling young ladies that Mr. Bunn's poetry is not poetry, but only something that looks very like it, and reads very unlike it. The words run sweetly to the piano; there is a kind of pretty meaning in what they convey, and the music is pleasing. What more would you want? Why every thing. But then, as we once heard a young lady remark with great good sense and candor (and her beauty gave an additional relish to what she said), these unmeaning songs are so much easier to sing. Your fine old songs, so full of poetry and feeling, require a similar feeling in the singer, and young ladies are too frequently only sentimental, and not equal to the task of doing justice to passionate poetry conveyed in music equally passionate, and where they can do justice to it they refuse because it is not fashionable to be passionate, and it really disturbs and disorders one to be so, and in mixed society, "above all."

It cannot be concealed that we have never been so well off for lady-poets as we are at present. Only run the eye over Mr. Dyce's octavo volume of *Specimens of British Poetesses*, and compare the numerical excellencies of the past with the numerous productions of the present day! A few specimens of the elder poetesses—such as the "Nocturnal Reverie," and "The Atheist and the Acorn," both by the Countess of Winchelsea, it would be very difficult to surpass, or even, perhaps, to equal; but in the general qualifications for poetry, both natural and acquired, the ladies, since Charlotte Smith, far surpass their female predecessors. Mrs. Norton is said to be the Byron of our modern poetesses. "She has very much of that intense personal passion," says the Quarterly Reviewer, "by which Byron's poetry is distinguished from the larger grasp and

\* Letters by Lord Wharfedale, 2d edit. iii. 44.

deeper communion with man and Nature of Wordsworth. She has also Byron's beautiful intervals of tenderness, his strong, practical thought, and his forcible expression." This is high praise. "Let us suggest, however," says the *Athenæum*, "that, in the present state of critical opinion, the compliment is somewhat equivocal, it being hard to decide whether it implies a merit or a defect." If Mrs. Norton is an eminently thoughtful writer, Miss Barrett is still more so. She is the most learned of our lady-writers, reads Æschylus and Euripides in the originals with the ease of Porson or of Parr, yet relies upon her own mother-wit and feelings when she writes,—

"Nor with Ben Jonson will make bold  
To plunder all the Roman stores  
Of poets and of orators."

If Mrs. Norton is the Byron, Mrs. Southey is said to be the Cowper of our modern poetesses. But it would be idle to prolong comparisons. Whatever we may think of our living poets, we have every reason to be proud of our living poetesses.

We will conclude with an anecdote. A charming article appeared about six years ago in the *Quarterly Review*, entitled "Modern English Poetesses." It was written, we believe, by the late Henry Nelson Coleridge, and is full of cautious but kindly criticism. The conclusion is worth quotation:—

"Meleager bound up his poets in a wreath. If we did the same, what flowers would suit our tuneful line?"

1. Mrs. Norton would be the *Rose*, or, if she like it, *Lova Lies a Bleeding*.

2. Miss Barrett must be *Greek Valerian* or *Ladder to Heaven*, or, if she pleases, *Wild Angelica*.

3. Maria del Occidente is a *Passion-Flower* confessed.

4. Irene was *Grass of Parnassus*, or sometimes a *Roman Nettle*.

5. Lady Emeline is a *Magnolia Grandiflora*, and a *Crocus* too.

6. Mrs. Southey is a *Meadow Sage*, or *Small Teasel*.

7. The classical nymph of Exeter is a *Blue Bell*.

8. V. is a *Violet*, with her leaves heart-shaped.

9. And the authoress of 'Phantasmion' is *Heart's Ease*."

The complimentary nature of the criticism drew a world of trouble upon John Murray, the well-known publisher of the *Quarterly*. He was inundated with verse. Each of the nine in less than a week of-

fered him a volume,—some on easy terms, some at an advanced price. He received letters, he received calls, and, worse still, volumes of MS. verse. But the friendly character of the criticism was not confined in its influence to the nine reviewed; parcels of verse from all parts of the country were sent to receive an *imprimatur* at Albemarle Street. Some were tied with white tape, some were sewn with violet riband, and a few, in a younger hand, with Berlin wool. "I wished," Mr. Murray has been heard to relate, "ten thousand times over that the article had never been written. I had a great deal of trouble with the ladies who never appeared before; and, while I declined to publish for the *Nine*, succeeded in flattering their vanity by assuring them that they had already done enough for fame, having written as much or more than Collins, Gray, or Goldsmith, whose reputations rested on a foundation too secure to be disturbed." This deserves to be remembered.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

VICTOR HUGO.

THE novelist, the dramatist, the lyrist, is now a peer of France. The bold defender of the liberty of the stage, the spirited pleader before the Tribunal de Commerce, sits on the benches of the *noblesse viagère*: the author of the interdicted drama,\* of the supposed offence against the family of Orleans, is installed among the constitutional nominees of Louis Philippe. Long life to him at the Luxembourg—the Baron Victor Hugo! Whether he will attempt in the upper chamber the ambitious rôle of his friend and brother bard, De Lamartine, in the lower, remains to be seen. We trust that he will not avail himself of his position as a senator to press those Rhenane, and (he must pardon us) insane pretensions which produced that marvellous political paper from the tourist; otherwise we shall be compelled to part company, and to range ourselves, with hostile look intent, against one with whom, admiring him as we do, we would fain continue upon terms of cordial intimacy. It is not, however, in the arena of political controversy that we are now to seek him; so let us have no unfriendly an-

\* "Le Roi s'amuse."

tipications. We resume the pen to fulfil an engagement made to our readers to increase their acquaintance with the bard whom we introduced in a former paper; and it now devolves upon us to exhibit him in the exercise of his art upon other subjects than those, the admirable treatment of which has justly earned for him the title of Historical Poet *par excellence*. There is no lack of variety in Victor. Few are the children of song in whom will be found a greater diversity of matter, a more free and facile multiformity of style. *Ennui* is a state of feeling he is never likely to produce in his readers; for want of transitions and novelty none will cast him aside. Besides the materials of history,—wars, revolutions, politics,—in his dealings with which we have already displayed something of his spirit, abundant are the subjects which engage his muse—which his taste selects, his imagination embellishes, his sympathy associates itself with, and his voice interprets. Into the feeling-fraught heart of humanity he enters, and inly dwells; with beauty-breathing nature he respire; with calm-inducing, thought-suggesting, love-fostering nature he meditates, and quickly feels. Gentle, domestic affections; home, parents, children, friends; the love of infancy, and the reverence for age; kindly cheerfulness and chastened sorrow; a calm, meditative melancholy dwelling upon recollections of early hopes and dreams gone by—these are among the feelings which occupy him, who at other times, with the eye at once of poet, patriot, and sage, regards the changing scenes and actors in the great drama of nations. Pensive, serene, peaceful, glides among homely haunts, by the household hearth, amid the fields, the hamlets, and the woods, the verse that elsewhere rolls its mighty stream around kings and conquerors, triumphs and trophies, and shattered thrones, and contending factions. To him may be applied in their comprehensiveness the words of one with whom he, Frenchman though he be, has much in common:

"Not love, not war, nor the tumultuous swell  
Of civil conflict, nor the wrecks of change,  
Nor duty struggling with affections strange,  
Not these *alone* inspire the tuneful shell:  
But where untroubled peace and concord dwell,  
There also is the Muse not loth to range,  
Watching the blue smoke of the elmy grange  
Skyward ascending from the twilight dell.  
Meek aspirations please her, lone endeavor,  
And sage content, and placid melancholy."

WORDSWORTH.

An intent and earnest perusal of Victor Hugo will reveal this disposition, of which probably few English readers would suspect a poet of a nation they are too accustomed to regard as the pattern of frivolity. We confidently recommend such study to all who desire the gratification of delicate taste, and deep and truthful feeling, contenting ourselves with producing here a few specimens of the versatility of Hugo's powers. We have seen that he can build the lofty rhyme in the shape of Ode Historical. In many an effusion of less pretension, he exhibits not less excellence; in many a happy strain of individual sentiment, in some delicious ballads. His lays of love have a surpassing delicacy and tenderness; his verses, which respect personal emotions and experience, be they enjoyments or regrets, mourn they or exult, have an intensity communicating itself by a charm that attests the truth of the feeling, and the felicity of the expression. Imparting his own emotions he seems but to be the echo of yours. It is thus that the true poet is known and approved—he is *felt*: he speaks for the incapable man; his language is your feeling, clothed as you would clothe it, had Heaven but willed to endow you with that glorious "art divine of words;" and your heart leaps with gratitude to the interpreter of that, which, beating in your breast and crowding your brain, had never found freedom and expression but for him whose magic voice sets open the gates, and liberates thought from its silent chamber, and struggling, fluttering, panting passion from its cage. So is it, in many a strain of personal intensity, that Byron has made himself the voice of the burning longings of the heart; so that Campbell has breathed the breath of delicate passion in verse of such sensible fragrance, that, as you read, you inhale a rich atmosphere of which you had dimly dreamed, but never tasted before. These are they that relieve the burdened heart from its incapability, and give form and vocality to the vague, the bodiless, and the unexpressed. What the spirit has dreamed, what the soul has imagined and felt, has at length been told to it—to itself, better than itself yet knew; the wondrous, the all-expressive, the *very* words it has never been able to devise for its emotions, *they* have been spoken; and the "Eureka!" of the philosopher was not more joyous, or more sincere, than the recognition which the heart at such moments makes of the long-desired, the at-last discovered. Hear

the Victor in a mournful mood,—a plaintive but subdued strain, wherein, many a listening ear will catch the tones which, soothing sorrow by the faithful expression they yield to it, are the favorite music of melancholy :—

*Regret.*

Yes, Happiness hath left me soon behind !

Alas, we all pursue its steps ! and when  
We've sunk to rest within its arms entwined,  
Like the Phœnician virgin,\* wake, and find  
Ourselves alone again.

Then, through the distant future's boundless  
space

¶ We seek the lost companion of our days :  
"Return, return !" we cry ; and lo, apace  
Pleasure appears ! but not to fill the place  
Of that we mourn always.

I, should unhallowed Pleasure woo me now,  
Will to the wanton sorc'ress say, "Begone !  
Respect the cypress on my mournful brow,  
Lost Happiness hath left regret—but *thou*  
Leavest remorse, alone."

Yet, haply lest I check the mounting fire,  
O friends, that in your revelry appears !  
With you I'll breathe the air which ye respire,  
And, smiling, hide my melancholy lyre  
When it is wet with tears.

Each in his secret heart perchance doth own  
Some fond regret 'neath passing smiles concealed :—

Sufferers alike together and alone  
Are we :—with many a grief to others known,  
How many unrevealed !

Alas ! for natural tears and simple pains,  
For tender recollections, cherished long,  
For guileless griefs, which no compunction stains,  
We blush ;—as if we wore these earthly chains  
Only for sport and song !

Yes, my blest hours have fled without a trace :  
In vain I strove their parting to delay ;  
Brightly they beamed, then left a cheerless space,  
Like an o'erclouded smile, that in the face  
Lightens, and fades away.

There is a graceful melancholy, at once kindly and dignified—a deep but not a morose mournfulness, which pleases us greatly in this unpretending composition. There is a polish, and a finish too : excellencies observable in many of the smaller poems of our author, and in which he strikes us as bearing a peculiar similarity to our own elegant and tasteful Campbell.

On a former occasion we expressed our admiration of Hugo's powers as a descriptive poet ; asserting our opinion, that in

delineations of natural scenery he is without a rival in the poetical literature of his country. We shall only so far qualify that praise as to say, that if fault is to be found with his landscapes, it is that they are occasionally too crowded. The richness of resource with which he accumulates image upon image is sometimes indulged to an excess, which may be thought to impair the general effect. Yet, for ourselves, we confess that even in those instances we have experienced in the perusal that species of pleasing bewilderment which every one must have felt when, in some gorgeous prospect, rich with the wonders, the graces, and the sportive caprices of Nature, the demands made upon the eye are too numerous to be satisfied,—fail (if failure it can be called), by the very abundance of beauty. For examples of our author's descriptive powers applied to external nature, we specially refer the reader to a poem in the *Chants du Crépuscule*, entitled "Au bord de la Mer," containing a magnificent picture, and furnishing a conspicuous instance of Victor's *diffuse* style : to two pieces in the *Feuilles d'Automne*, under the titles of "Pan," and "Bièvre ;" and to a portion of a long narrative in the *Rayons et Ombres*, "Ce qui se passait aux Feuillantes vers 1813." In these particularly, and in some delightful verses "à Virgile," in the *Voix Intérieures*, will be found that richness and truthfulness of description, that intimacy with and enjoyment of Nature, which distinguish in a remarkable degree the poetical character of our favorite—in so great a degree, that there are really few pages of Victor's volumes (some of the historical poetry excepted) in which the reader will not be made sensible, by prompt and vivid metaphor, striking simile and illustration, that he is in the hands and under the guidance of one whose study has been the book of Nature since first he looked upon its pages, who has mastered his subject with the mastery of love, and treasured it in heart and mind,—a store from which he can draw inexhaustibly, and with all the freedom, vigor, and boldness, of one who, knowing that he hath the knowledge, knoweth also how to employ it.

There is, however, a form of poetical power which, perhaps, may be most properly termed *allusive description* (readers of Milton cannot be unacquainted with its exercise) ; and which, not so exclusively respecting scenery—understanding that word as applied to the mere components of a

\* Europa.

landscape—consists in presenting an idea of a region, a country, or (if you like) a more confined locality, either by the designation of some prevailing quality which at once conveys the spirit, the influence of the whole to the reader's mind, reflects the light and shade that form the color of the scene, or by grouping together, in more or less quantity, the separate objects of association and interest which, at once heightening and heightened by the attractions of external nature, giving and receiving charm, make up a more complete picturesque than is within the reach even of that art,—

“Which morning, noontide, even,  
Do serve with all their changeful pageantry.”

For the antiquarian and man of art are the remains and monuments of a country; for the painter its landscapes; for the historian its annals; for the romancer and the lover of grotesque lore its traditions, fables, superstitions, legends; for the commentator on life and character, its manners, tastes, and tone: but *all* of these are for the poet. Of other men, each appreciates in his own department; but the poet alone combines and exhibits in masterly portraiture the whole of which their respective subjects are parts. Thus, he compels and seizes the spirit that eludes the grasp of others: thus, he brings into presence before his readers that national existence which is composed of a people's past and present, its aspect and its associations, its history and romance, its tone of feeling and popular characteristics, its works of art, its riches of nature—scenery, and soil, and clime. Victor Hugo abounds in this allusive description; and of its two modes of bringing scenes before the eyes we select some few examples, which the reader, taking the author's volumes in his hand, will have no difficulty in multiplying. Sometimes this presentation of the scene is effected by an epithet, the beauty or the vivid truthfulness of which is instantaneously felt and acknowledged; and in this our Victor is most happy, as—

“*Le volcan de la Sicile blonde,*”

wherein you see the yellow surface of that land of the golden ear, the granary of old Rome,—

“*De noirs Escurials, mystérieux séjour.*”

You recognise the resort of Philip the dark-souled, up among the gloomy sierra of Guadarama.

“*Le Nil, le Rhin, le Tibre; Austérité rayonnante,  
Eylau, froid et brumeux.*”

You behold that immortal sun peering over and blazing upon Moravian uplands; you behold, too, that wintry scene of horror on the inhospitable plain of Prussian-Poland. In

“*L'Arabie infranchissable,*”

you feel that a single word has spread out the desert before you. And be it remarked, by the way, that, in that excellent test of a poet, the degree in which he possesses, and the manner in which he exercises a sway over epithets, the author in question will bear the closest and nicest criticism. Pages of commendation might be written, and pages filled with instances showing how rich is his command, and how graceful and judicious his employment of this most expressive quality of his native language.

At another time, the poet's power in bringing either a single scene, or the grand national features and historical associations of a country, to the knowledge and appreciation of his readers, is shown in a few rapid and off-hand touches—sufficient,—rapid and off-hand as they are—to place the individual spot, or the succession of views, the whole picturesque character of the land, indeed, before them. Look at this *tableau* of the renowned Christian and Moslem fortresses on the banks of the glorious stream that reaches from its Swabian springs to

“The vast encincture of that gloomy sea,  
Whose waves the Orphean lyre forbade to meet  
In conflict.”

It is from a piece in the *Orientales*, entitled “*Le Danube en colère,*” a piece finely conceived, indeed, but spoilt by sundry extravagancies, such as this undoubted genius sometimes permits himself to run into. Old Father Danube is chiding these his unruly children for their ever-recurring hostilities:

Ye daughters mine! will naught abate  
Your fierce interminable hate?  
Still am I doomed to rue the fate  
That such unfriendly neighbors made?  
The while ye might, in peaceful cheer,  
Mirror upon my waters clear  
Semlin! thy Gothic steeples drear,  
And thy bright minarets, Belgrade!

Now, here you have the spot under your eye, with all the conflicting interest that peculiarly attaches to it. Here are the broad glassy river, the confronting battlements, the territorial approximation, the more than territorial separation of Chris-



tianity and Islamism. The stanza contains at once the picture of the place and its history, its aspect and its associations. Look, again, at this grand and delicious view of a land dear to the soul of Victor, this moving panorama of Iberian scenery. A few bold dashes, and the spell of the country is upon you. Its romance of olden time, its historic grandeur, its *romance of modern war*; the drear, and wild, and sublime features of its external nature; its wide-lying cities, its long and melancholy tracts, its glorious monumental remains, are seen in—ay, and something of the character of its singular people is transparent through—the vigorous, the beautiful, the most musical verses which we attempt to render. The lines afford, also, an excellent example of that felicity of illustration which we numbered among our author's accomplishments. The poem of which they form the close is occupied with the sweetness and innocent joyousness of childhood, and pleads for, and exhorts to indulgence for its free and sportive sallies. "As for me," exclaims the poet,—

For me, whate'er my life and lot may show,  
Years blend with gloom or cheered by memory's  
glow,

Turmoil or peace; ne'er be it mine, I pray,  
To be a dweller of the peopled earth,  
Save 'neath a roof alive with children's mirth,  
Loud through the livelong day.

So, if my hap it be to see once more  
Those noble scenes my footsteps trod before,  
An infant follower in Napoleon's train;  
Rodrigo's holds, Valencia and Leon,  
And both Castilles, and mated Arragon;  
Ne'er be it mine, O Spain!

To pass thy plains with cities sprent between,  
Thy stately arches flung o'er deep ravine,  
Thy palaces, of Moor's or Roman's time;  
Or the swift windings of thy Guadalquivir,  
Eave in those gilded cars, where bells for ever  
Ring their melodious chime."

But they whose favor is dear to us as the light of our eyes, are, doubtless, desirous to hear a love-lay of our boasted bard. They shall surely have one, if they will but permit us first to select a few felicitous specimens; some small gems, but sparkling, even amidst an atmosphere of brilliancy. Here, for instance, is a sweet transparency, a veil of soft light, a gleam from an open corner of heaven, such as Campbell was wont to shed in liquid verse. Here it is, clothing you with beauty:—

"La lune au jour est tiède est pâle,  
Comme un joyeux convalescent:

Tendre, elle ouvre ses yeux d'opale,  
D'où la douceur du ciel descend!"

The pale-faced moon in the noor-day sky  
Shines with a mild-reviving glow:  
Softly unclosing her opal eye,  
Shedding the sweetness of heav'n below.

From the same piece, and what a noon-tide effect!—

"Tout vit, et se pose avec grâce,  
Le rayon sur le seuil ouvert,  
L'ombre qui fuit sur l'eau qui passe,  
Le ceil bleu sur le côteau vert."

How graceful the picture! the life, the repose!  
The sunbeam that plays on the porch-stone  
wide;  
And the shadow that fleets o'er the stream that  
flows,  
And the soft blue sky with the hill's green side.

In the following there appears to us something of the expression which Collins, his fancy dwelling on the dim and mysterious, knew so well to throw into a line,—a word:—

"Chênes, vous grandirez au fond des solitudes,  
Dans les lointains brumeux à la clarté des soirs."

Nor is this fine stroke of personification unlike the effect of the magician's wand, swayed by that bold yet tender, that most—perhaps, in all the immortal throng of Britain's bards—*most* picturesque of poets:

Where are the hapless shipmen?—disappeared,  
Gone down, when witness none, save Night,  
hath been.

Ye deep, deep waves, of kneeling mothers feared,  
What dismal tales know ye of things unseen!  
Tales, that ye tell your whispering selves be-  
tween

The while in crowds to the flood-tide ye pour;  
And this it is that gives you, as I ween,  
Those mournful voices, mournful ever more,  
When ye come in at eve to us that dwell on  
shore.

Here is a magnificent image:—

"Oh, regardez le ciel! cent nuages mouvans,  
Amonceles là-haut sous le souffle des vents,  
Groupent leurs formes inconnues;  
Sous leurs flots par momens flamboie un pâle  
éclat,  
Comme si tout-à-coup quelque géant de l'air  
Tirait son glaive dans les nues!"

See, where on high the vapping masses piled  
By the wind's breath in groups grotesque and  
wild,

Present strange shapes to view;  
Now darts a ghastly flash from out their shrouds,  
As though some air-born giant 'mid the clouds  
Sudden his falchion drew!"

Was Milton floating in the brain of Victor?—

"Millions of flaming swords drawn from the thighs  
Of mighty cherubim."

Here a simile, expressed with what simple solemnity, bringing to the active spirit a scene how pensive and religious, how melancholy, shadowy, and dim!—

"C'était une humble église au cintre surbaissé,  
L'église où nous entrâmes,  
Où depuis trois cents ans avaient déjà passé  
El pleuré bien des âmes.  
Elle était triste et calme à la chute du jour,  
L'église où nous entrâmes,  
L'autel sans serviteur, comme un cœur sans amour  
Avait éteint ses flammes."

A peine on entendait flotter quelque soupir,  
Quelque basse parole,  
Comme en une forêt qui vient d'assoupir  
Un dernier oiseau vole."

It was a humb'le church, w'th arches low,  
The church we entered there,  
Where many a weary soul since long ago  
Had passed, with plaint or prayer.

Mornful and still it was at day's decline,  
The church we entered there,  
As in a loveless heart, at the lone shrine,  
The fires extinguished were.

Scarcely was heard to float some gentlest sigh,  
Scarcely some low-breathed word,  
As in a forest full'n asleep, doth fly  
One last, belated bird.

Here, again, how touching an application!—

"The leaves that in the lonely walks were spread,  
Starting from off the ground beneath his tread,  
Coursed o'er the gar'en plain;  
Thus, sometimes, 'mid the soul's deep sorrowings  
Our thoughts a moment mount on wounded wings,  
Then, sudden, fall again."

Reader! intelligent, susceptible, and tasteful as thou doubtless art, tell us now in confidence, are not these the touches of a true poet? Do you not acknowledge in such the exquisite hand of a master? of one who, whether he strike the chords of the great world-music or the more interior ones of the human instrument, has the skill—power possessed by the mighty alone—to thrill either lyre with responsive vibrations to the tones of the other?

But the love-ditty? Anon, anon, sweet lectress! There are, really, so many of  
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exceeding tenderness and beauty, of such earnest passion, such graceful and attractive melancholy, that to say we present you with the best, would be an assertion we should fear to hazard; lest feminine discernment—quick and critical in these matters, at all events—should dispute our choice and reverse our judgment, and from such decision there would be no appeal. We pray you, therefore, sweetest Adriana, to kindly affection the lay we here select; accepting the *concelti* (if such indeed they be) for the sake of the devotion and utter abandon of the passion-stricken:—

"Since every thing below  
Doth, in this mortal state,  
Its tone, its fragrance, or its glow,  
Communicate;

Since all that lives and moves  
Upon this earth, bestows  
On what it seeks and what it loves  
Its thorn or rose;

Since April to the trees  
Gives a bewitching sound,  
And sombre night to griefs gives ease  
And peace profound;

Since day-spring on the flower  
A fresh'ning drop confers,  
And the frank air on branch and bower  
Its choristers;

Since the dark wave bestows  
A soft caress, imprest  
On the green bank to which it goes  
Seeking its rest;

I give thee at this hour,  
Thus fondly bent o'er thee,  
The best of all the things in dow'r  
That in me be.

Receive,—poor gift, 'tis true,  
Which grief not joy, endears,—  
My thoughts, that like a shower of dew,  
Reach thee in tears.

My vows untold receive,  
All pure before thee laid!  
Receive of all the days I live  
The light or shade!

My hours with rapture fill'd  
Which no suspicion wrongs;  
And all the blandishments distill'd  
From all my songs.

My spirit, whose essay  
Flies fearless, wild, and free;  
And hath, and seeks to guide its way  
No star but thee."

\* "Cleave the dark air, and seek no star but thee."—DARWIN.  
A monosyllable line, be it observed, remarkable for melodious expression.

My pensive, dreamy Muse,  
Who, though all else should smile,  
Oft as thou weep'st with thee would choose  
To weep the while.

Oh, sweetest mine ! this gift  
Receive ;—'tis thine alone ;—  
My heart, of which there's nothing left  
When Love is gone !

Yet a little more *colin-maillard* among  
Victor's crowd of fair forms. We snatch  
at them "quite promiscuously ;" we stretch  
out our hands, and they are filled. Pause,  
then, yet a moment with us, ere we pro-  
ceed to touch the ballad-poetry of our au-  
thor, and admire such beauty and such  
happiness of expression as these :—

"Ferait fuir le sommeil, le plus craintif des an-  
ges ;"

"Par la blanche colombe aux rapides adieux."

"Cette tente d'un jour qu'il faut sitôt ployer,"

spoken of mortal life.

We cannot doubt but that you will ap-  
prove and enjoy sentiments so ennobling,  
so cheering, so calming, couched in such  
beautiful form as here they lie :—

"L'auguste Piété, servante des proscrits."

"Cet linge, qui donne et qui tremble,  
C'est l'aumône aux yeux de douceur,  
Au front crédule, et qui ressemble  
A la Foi dont elle est la sœur."

*Au front crédule !* How sweetly ex-  
pressive of unsuspecting innocence ! the  
purity, the "whiteness of the soul," patent  
in the calm, clear, and candid brow !—

"Le soir, au seuil de sa demeure,  
Heureux celui qui sait encore  
Ramasser un enfant qui pleure,  
Comme un avare un sequin d'or !"

Beautiful as a proverb of Palestine or of  
Persia ! Shall we go on ? It would be as  
easy as agreeable to prolong this occupa-  
tion. We might continue to gratify the  
reader of taste with admirable passages,  
striking and original expressions, taking  
the jewels from out their rich *entourage*.  
We might, we say, continue to present to  
notice single lines of fine effect and signi-  
ficance, as—

"Doux comme un chant du soir, for comme un  
choc d'armures ;"

or vigorous and impetuous, graceful and  
flowing numbers as these :—

"David ! comme un grand roi qui partage à des  
princes

Les états paternels provinces par provinces,  
Dieu donne à chaque artiste un empire divers :  
Au poète le souffle épars dans l'univers,  
La vie et la pensée et les foudres tonnantes  
Et le splendide essaim des strophes frissonnantes,  
Volant de l'homme à l'ange, et du monstre à la  
fleur ;

La forme au statusire ; au peintre la couleur ;  
Au doux musicien, rêveur limpide et sombre,  
Le monde obscur des sons qui murmure dans l'om-  
bre."

We purposely refrain from giving any  
thing but the original, that you may the  
better appreciate these noble lines. Verily,  
with such command of language and such  
resounding march of versification, we, for  
ourselves, shall begin to believe in the pos-  
sibility of a French Dryden—a "glorious  
John," and eke—of Paris.

Shall we go on ? we say. No ; for  
when should we have done with so pleasing  
an employment ? Yet this one little curios-  
ity we must commend to our loving coun-  
trymen and dearly beloved Cockneys,—this  
designation of time and locality to the na-  
tivity of

"Ce pédant qu'on appella Ennui ;"

whom the wicked Frenchman, with true  
national raillery, calls

"Ce docteur, né dans Londres un Dimanche en  
Décembre."

But since we must perforce take this hit  
at the hands of Victor, we e'en beg leave  
to pass on the fun ; and, accordingly, des-  
patch this compliment to America, with  
our best bow to President Polk and his  
swaggering statisticians :—

"Peuple à peine essayé, nation de hasard,  
Sans tige, sans passé, sans histoire, et sans art."

Thus it is that our friend disposes of the  
grandiloquent Jonathan :—

"Many persons, whose opinion is of  
weight, have said that the author's odes  
are not odes : be it so. Many others will  
say (with less reason) that his ballads are  
no ballads at all : granted also. Let folks  
give them any other appellation they  
choose : the author agrees to it before-  
hand." So says Victor himself, in one of  
his prefaces to the *Odes et Ballades* ; and  
it must be confessed that his ballad is al-  
most as great a novelty in that class of  
French poetry, as in its own department  
was his ode. Into his effusions of high

lyrical effort the poet has poured a flood of song, drawn from other sources of inspiration than such as supplied the greater and the lesser classical copyists,—the pure imitators and the mixed herd of imitators of imitation. A bolder grasp of measures, a more ample sweep of language, a greater freedom of thought, a finer play of imagination, and an immeasurably deeper intensity of feeling by the introduction into that heretofore cold and formal style, that distant, and, so to say, objective life, of a pervading passion, a natural earnestness of sentiment, a vivid personality of emotion,—these have been the contributions of Victor Hugo to the Ode of France; endowments of which there was so much need, qualities whose absence was so felt, that the contemplation of the otherwise well-executed compositions became as distasteful to the poetic student as to the lonely husband in his Spartan halls was the aspect of the fair proportioned statues, wanting the tenderness and the fire, the melting and kindling glance of vitality :—

Ἐμὸρφῶν δὲ κολοσσῶν  
Ἐχέται χάρις ἀνδρὶ  
Ὀυράτων δ' ἐν ἀχνηταῖς  
Ἐρρεῖ πᾶσ' Ἀφροδίτα. —ÆSCH. *Agam.*

So great and so novel in their character are, we again repeat, the merits of our author with reference to the higher lyrical poetry of his country. Without claiming for him so high a meed of praise, we can hardly regard his productions under the head of ballads as forming a less striking contrast with their predecessors *ejusdem nominis*. Although a taste for antiquarian research, and a tendency to reproduce the characteristics of the olden times of their history, have now been for some time conspicuous in the literature of our accomplished neighbors, it was not a little startling to hear a young poet announce, twenty years ago, that his ballads were an “endeavor to give some idea of what might be the poems of the first troubadours of the middle ages,—of those Christian rhapsodists who had nothing in the world but their sword and their guitar, and who went about from château to château, requiting hospitality with songs.” This was certainly a novel announcement, and a bold one; for if, on one part, from “liberal” France was to be expected nothing but contempt for those dark ages of knightly courtesy and religious enthusiasm; or from the remnants of imperial France, only that in-

difference which it manifested to every thing but the *souvenirs* of its own achievements; the sympathies of the Restoration, on another hand, would revert rather to the pure “classic” glories of Louis XIV., or, at furthest, to the Causades and Candales, and the Gabrielles of his father and his grandfather. To avow, therefore, before a Parisian public a mediæval flight of imagination, was rather a daring attempt at reaction in poetic sympathies; albeit the essay was made during the restoration of an ancient dynasty, and under the blessed rule of a “*roi chevalier*.” We might dispute the successful realization of the author’s design, but we are content to take them under the name he has given them in his first volume—Ballads; and embracing in our notice others which come under the same head, without pretending to the same purpose, shall endeavor to give our readers a notion of Hugo’s ability in this department. One, and a splendid one, among those which profess a troubadour character—*La Fiancée du Timbalier*—is known to the readers of FRASER by the admirable translation in “The Relics of Father Prout.” We select another, as excelling by its touching simplicity, and as presenting—if not exactly a specimen of what the troubadours themselves would have sung—at all events, a coloring of imagination drawn from those times of popular credence with their countless and picturesque superstitions. Few can fail to be struck, we think, with the beautiful picture contained in the sixth stanza :—

#### *The Grandmother,*

“Mother of our own dear mother, good old grandam, wake and smile!  
Commonly your lips keep moving when you’re sleeping all the while:  
For between your pray’r and slumber scarce the difference is known;  
But to-night you’re like the image of Madonna cut in stone,  
With your lips without a motion or a breath—a single one.  
Why more heavily than usual dost thou bend thine old grey brow?  
What is it we’ve done to grieve thee, that thou’lt not caress us now?  
Grandam, see! the lamp is paling, and the fire burns fast away;  
Speak to us, or fire and lamp-light will not any longer stay,  
And thy two poor little children, we shall die as well as they.  
Ah! when thou shalt wake and find us, near the lamp that’s ceased to burn,

Dead, and when thou speakest to us, deaf and  
silent in our turn—  
Then, how great will be your sorrow! then you'll  
cry for us in vain;  
Call upon your saint and patron for a long, long  
time and fain,  
And a long, long time embrace us, ere we come  
to life again!

Only feel how warm our hands are; wake, and  
place thy hands in ours  
Wake, and sing us some old ballad of the wan-  
d'ring troubadours.  
Tell us of those knights whom fairies used to  
help to love and fame,  
Knights who brought, instead of posies, spoils  
and trophies to their dame,  
And whose war-cry in the battle was a lady's  
gentle name.

Tell us what's the sacred token wicked shapes  
and sprites to scare!  
And of Lucifer—who was it saw him flying  
through the air?  
What's the gem that's on the forehead of the  
King of Gnomes display'd?  
Does Archbishop Turpin's psalter, or Roland's  
enormous blade,  
Daunt the great black King of Evil?—Say, which  
makes him most afraid?

Or thy large old Bible reach us, with its pictures  
bright and blue,—  
Heav'n all gold; and saints a-kneeling; and the  
infant Jesus too,  
In the manger with the oxen; and the kings;  
and soft and slow  
O'er the middle of the pages guide our fingers as  
we go,  
Reading some of that good Latin, speaks to God  
from us, you know.

Grandam, see! the light is failing,—failing; and  
upon the hearth  
And around the blackened ingle leaps the shadow  
in its mirth.  
Ha! perhaps the sprites are coming!—yes, they'll  
soon be at the door;—  
Wake, oh, wake! and if you're praying, dearest  
grandam, pray no more:  
Sure, you do not wish to fright us, you who  
cheered us aye before!

But thine arms are colder, colder; and thine eyes  
so closed are;—  
'Twas but lately you did tell us of another world  
afar;  
And of heav'n you were discoursing, and the  
grave, where people lie,—  
Told us life was short and fleeting, and of death,  
that all must die.  
What is death? dear grandam, tell us what it is,—  
you don't reply!"

Long time did those slender voices moan and  
murmur all alone:  
Still the aged dame awaked not, though the gold-  
en morning shone.  
Soon was heard the dismal tolling of the solemn  
funeral bell,  
Mournfully the air resounded: and, as silent eve-  
ning fell,

One who pass'd that door half-open'd those two  
little ones espied,  
With the holy book before them kneeling at the  
lone bedside.

To quit troubadours and *trouvères*, Pro-  
vençals or Picards, here is a snatch from  
the *Romancer General*. Who, native or  
foreign, has ever ventured to compete with  
Lockhart in the handling of a Spanish  
ballad? The following "*Romance Mau-  
resque*" stands in the middle of the *Orien-  
tales*; Spain is a ground that Victor de-  
lights to tread over again. We place the  
English version of this, one of the many  
ballads on the infants of Lara, beside  
that of our author, and we think the  
Frenchman must here cede the palm. His  
version is gallant and easy in parts, but it  
wants the total spirit and the dash of Lock-  
hart's bounding lines; it has not the reso-  
lute compression, the masterly abruptness  
of the Scot's handiwork:—

VICTOR HUGO.

*"Romance Mauresque."*

"Don Rodrigue est à la chasse,  
Sans épée et sans cuirasse,  
Un jour d'été, vers midi,  
Sous la feuillée et sur l'herbe  
Il s'assied, l'homme superbe,  
Don Rodrigue le hardi.

La haine en sen le dévore,  
Sombre il pense au bâtard maure  
A son neveu Mudarra,  
Dont ses complots sanguinaires,  
Jadis ont tué les frèr-s  
Les sept infans de Lara.

Pour le trouver en campagne,  
Il traverserait l'Espagne  
De Figùère à Setuval,  
L'un des deux mourrait sans doute,  
En ce moment sur la route  
Il passe un homme à cheval.

'Chevalier, chrétien ou maure,  
Qui dors sous la sycamore,  
Dieu te guide par la main!'  
'Que Dieu répande ses grâces  
Sur toi, l'écuyer qui passes,  
Qui passes par le chemin!'

'Chevalier, chrétien ou maure,  
Qui dors sous la sycamore,  
Parmi l'herbe du vallon,  
Dis ton nom, afin qu'on sache  
Si tu portes le panache  
D'un vaillant ou d'un félon.'

'Si c'est là ce qui t'intrigue,  
On m'appelle Don Rodrigue,  
Don Rodrigue de Lara;

Doña Sanche est ma sœur même ;  
Du moins, c'est à mon baptême,  
Ce qu'un prêtre déclara.

J'attends sous ce sycamore,  
J'ai cherché d'Albe à Zamore  
Ce Mudarra le bâtard,  
Le fils de la renégate,  
Qui commande une frégate  
Du roi maure Aliatar.

Certe, à moins qu'il ne m'évite,  
Je le reconnaitrais vite ;  
Toujours il porte avec lui  
Notre dague de famille ;  
Une agate au pommeau brille,  
Et la lame est sans étui.

Oui, par mon âme chrétienne,  
D'une autre main que la mienne ;  
Ce mécréant ne mourra ;  
C'est le bonheur que je brigue. —  
'On t'appelle Don Rodrigue,  
Don Rodrigue de Lara ?

Eh bien ! seigneur, le jeune homme  
Qui te parle et qui te nomme,  
C'est Mudarra le bâtard.  
C'est le vengeur et le juge,  
Cherche à présent un refuge !'  
L'autre dit ; 'tu viens bien tard !'

'Moi, fils de la renégate,  
Qui commande une frégate  
Du roi maure Aliatar ;  
Moi, ma dague et ma vengeance,  
Tous les trois d'intelligence,  
Nous voici !' 'Tu viens bien tard !'

'Trop tôt pour toi, Don Rodrigue,  
A moins qu'il ne te fatigue  
De vivre. Ah ! la peur t'émeut,  
Ton front pâlit ; rends, infâme,  
A moi ta vie, et ton âme  
A ton ange, s'il eu veut.

Si mon poignard de Tolède  
Et mon Dieu me sont en aide,  
Regarde mes yeux ardents ;  
Je suis ton seigneur, ton maître,  
Et je t'arracherais, traître,  
Le souffle d'entre les dents !

Le neveu de Doña Sanche,  
Dans ton sang enfin étanche  
La soif qui le dévora ;  
Mon oncle, il faut que tu meures,  
Pour toi plus de jours ni d'heures !'  
'Mon bon neveu, Mudarra.

Un moment ! afin que j'aie  
Chercher mon fer de bataille. —  
'Tu n'auras d'autres délais,  
Que celui qu'ont eu mes frères ;  
Dans les caveaux funéraires,  
Où tu les as mis, suis-les !

Si jusqu'à l'heure venue,  
J'ai gardé ma lame nue,  
C'est que je voulais, bourreau,  
Que, vengeant la renégate,  
Ma dague au pommeau d'agate,  
Éût ta gorge pour fourreau. —'

LOCKHART.

## "The Vengeance of Mudarra."

"To the chase goes Rodrigo with hound and with hawk,  
But what game he desires is revealed in his talk,—  
'Oh, in vain have I slaughter'd the infants of Lara,  
There's an heir in his halls—there's the bastard Mudarra !  
There's the son of the renegade—spawn of Mahoun :  
If I meet with Mudarra, my spear brings him down !'

While Rodrigo rides on in the heat of his wrath,  
A stripling, armed *cap-à-pied*, crosses his path ;  
'Good morrow, young squire !' 'Good morrow, old knight !'  
'Will you ride with our party and share our delight ?'  
'Speak your name, courteous stranger,' the stripling replied,  
'Speak your name and your lineage, ere with you I ride !'

'My name is Rodrigo,' thus answered the knight,  
'Of the line of old Lara, though barr'd from my right ;  
For the kinsman of Salas proclaims for the heir  
Of our ancestors' castles and forestries fair  
A bastard—a renegade's offspring—Mudarra,  
Whom I'll send, if I can, to the infants of Lara.'

'I behold thee—disgrace to thy lineage !—with joy,  
I behold thee, thou murderer !' answered the boy :  
'The bastard you curse, you behold him in me ;  
But his brothers' avenger that bastard shall be !  
Draw ! for I am the renegade's offspring, Mudarra ;  
We shall see who inherits the life-blood of Lara !'

'I am armed for the forest chase, not for the fight ;  
Let me go for my shield and my sword,' cries the knight.  
'Now the mercy you dealt to my brothers of old,  
Be the hope of that mercy the comfort you hold !  
Die ! foeman to Sancha ; die ! traitor to Lara !'  
As he spake, there was blood on the spear of Mudarra."

And now for a painful confession. Among some pieces at the end of the volume of the *Orientales* is an awful ballad, "La Légende de la Nonne," which would have gladdened the soul of Monk Lewis, and—better than his own "Cloud-kings and Water-kings"—better than Southey's "Old Women of Berkeley" and "Painters of Florence"—better than Sir Walter's contributions to that collection—would, with its grim German conception, clothing itself in the fierce colors of Spanish passion and the dark light of Spanish scenery, its reckless rapidity of verse contrasting with the solemn horror of the tale, its bizarre *refrain* ring-

ing ever and anon amid the recounted crime and the recorded punishment—would, we say, have made the fortune of the *Tales of Wonder*. We confess, with confusion of face, that it has baffled our powers of “oversetting.” Our limits forbid us to extract it, with its four-and-twenty stanzas of eight lines a-piece; but we freely offer a couple of uncut copies of REGINA to whoever shall worthily execute its traduction. But let him who attempts it beware what he is about. It well-nigh drove us to an act of the last desperation. For the life of us, we could not succeed in rendering, with safe gravity, the singular *refrain*,—which, by the bye, while perfectly in character with the land of the *toreador*, is decidedly of the northern ballad, by its want of connexion with the current of the story,—

“Enfans, voici des bœufs qui passent,  
Cachez vos rouges tabliers.”

To alter it would be to take the tale into another country, and thus destroy one-half of its effect.

To console ourselves for our incapacity in the terrible line, we have had recourse to the pathetic. Under the unassuming title of “Guitare,” Victor slips into our hand a bit of ballad poetry of that rich and rare quality, in which exquisite Art vindicates to itself the grace and charm of Nature. Listen and judge:—

“’Twas Gastibelza, ranger bold,  
And thus it was he sung,—  
‘O who doth here Sabina know,  
Ye villagers among?  
Dance on the while! On Mount Falou  
Die the last streaks of day;—  
The wind that ’thwart the mountain comes  
Will witch my wits away.

Doth any my señora know,  
Sabina, bright and brown?  
Her mother was the gipsy old  
Of Antequera’s town:  
Who shriek’d at night in the great tow’r,  
Like to the owl grey.—  
The wind that ’thwart the mountain comes  
Will witch my wits away.

Dance on! the goods the hour bestows  
Were meant for us to use;  
O she was fair; her bright black eye  
Made lover’s fancy muse  
Now to this greybeard with his child  
Give ye an alms, I pray!—  
The wind that ’thwart the mountain comes  
Will witch my wits away.

The queen beside her had been plain,  
When, on the bridge at eve,

At fair Toledo, you beheld  
Her lovely bosom heave,  
’Neath bodice black, and chaplet old  
Upon her neck that lay.—  
The wind that ’thwart the mountain comes  
Will witch my wits away.

The king unto his nephew said,  
Beholding her so fair,  
‘But for a kiss, a smile of her,  
But for a lock of hair,  
Trust me, Don Ray, I’d give broad Spain,  
I’d give Peru’s rich sway!’—  
The wind that ’thwart the mountain comes  
Will witch my wits away.

I know not if I loved this dame,  
But this I know and own,  
That for one look from out her soul  
Right gladly had I gone,  
’Neath bolt and chain to work the oar,  
For ten long years to stay.—  
The wind that ’thwart the mountain comes  
Will witch my wits away.

One summer’s day, one sunny day,  
She with her sister came,  
To sport her in the rivulet,  
That bright and beauteous dame!  
I saw her young companion’s foot,  
I saw her knee, i’fay—  
The wind that ’thwart the mountain comes  
Will witch my wits away.

When, simple shepherd, I beheld  
That fresh and fair donzel,  
Methought ’twas Cleopatra’s self,  
Who led,—as legends tell,—  
Captive the Cæsar of Almaine,  
That might not say her nay.—  
The wind that ’thwart the mountain comes  
Will witch my wits away.

Dance, villagers, the night draws down!  
Sabina,—wo the hour!—  
Did sell her love, did sell her all,  
Sold heart and beauty’s dow’r,  
For Count Saldaña’s ring of gold,  
All for a trinket gay.—  
The wind that ’thwart the mountain comes  
Will witch my wits away.

Now let me lean on this old seat,  
For I am tired, perdy.  
I tell you with this Count she fled,  
Beyond the reach of me.  
They went by the Cerdaña road,  
Whither, I cannot say.—  
The wind that ’thwart the mountain comes  
Will witch my wits away.

I saw her pass my dwelling by,  
’Twas my last look for aye!  
And now I go grieving and low,  
And dreaming all the day;  
My sword’s hung up, my heart’s afar  
Over yon hills astray.—  
O the wind that ’thwart the mountain comes  
Hath witch’d my wits away.”

And now, adieu, Victor! Peer though

thou be, forget not thine other designation : for all the green-braided badge of thy new order, see that thou discard not the Muse's livery : and, in the intervals of senatorial session, give us yet another of those delightful volumes of thine, with their quaint, fantastic, arabesque, crepuscular, enigmatical titles.

## TRAVELLING LETTERS, WRITTEN ON THE ROAD.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

### XII.

TO ROME BY PISA AND SIENA.

THERE is nothing in Italy, more beautiful to me, than the coast-road between Genoa and Spezzia. On one side : sometimes far below, sometimes nearly on a level with the road, and oftenskirted by broken rocks of many shapes : there is the free blue sea, with here and there a picturesque felùca gliding slowly on ; on the other side, are lofty hills, ravines besprinkled with white cottages, patches of dark olive woods, country churches with their light open towers, and country houses gaily painted. On every bank and knoll by the way side, the wild cactus and aloe flourish in exuberant profusion ; and the gardens of the bright villages along the road, are seen, all blushing in the summer-time with clusters of the Belladonna, and are fragrant in the autumn and winter with golden oranges and lemons.

Some of the villages are inhabited, almost exclusively, by fishermen ; and it is pleasant to see their great boats hauled up on the beach, making little patches of shade, where they lie asleep, or where the women and children sit romping and looking out to sea, while they mend their nets upon the shore. There is one town, Camoglià, with its little harbor on the sea, hundreds of feet below the road : where families of mariners live, who, time out of mind, have owned coasting-vessels in that place, and have traded to Spain and elsewhere. Seen from the road above, it is like a tiny model on the margin of the dimpled water, shipling in the sun. Descended into, by the winding mule-tracks, it is a perfect miniature of a primitive sea-

faring town ; the saltiest, roughest, most piratical little place that ever was seen. Great rusty iron rings and mooring-chains, capstans, and fragments of old masts and spars, choke up the way ; hardy rough-weather boats, and seamen's clothing, flutter in the little harbor or are drawn out on the sunny stones to dry ; on the parapet of the rude pier, a few amphibious-looking fellows lie asleep, with their legs dangling over the wall, as though earth or water were all one to them, and if they slipped in, they would float away, dozing comfortably among the fishes ; the church is bright with trophies of the sea, and votive offerings, in commemoration of escape from storm and shipwreck. The dwellings not immediately abutting on the harbor are approached by blind, low archways, and by crooked steps, as if in darkness and in difficulty of access they should be like holds of ships, or inconvenient cabins under water ; and every where, there is a smell of fish, and seaweed, and old rope.

The coast-road whence Camoglià is described so far below, is famous, in the warm season, especially in some parts near Genoa, for fire-flies. Walking there, on a dark night, I have seen it made one sparkling firmament by these beautiful insects ; so that the distant stars were pale against the flash and glitter that spangled every olive wood and hill-side, and pervaded the whole air.

It was not in such a season, however, that we traversed this road on our way to Rome. The middle of January was only just past, and it was very gloomy and dark weather ; very wet besides. In crossing the fine Pass of Bracco, we encountered such a storm of mist and rain, that we travelled in a cloud the whole way. There might have been no Mediterranean in the world, for any thing we saw of it there, except when a sudden gust of wind clearing the mist before it, for a moment, showed the agitated sea at a great depth below, lashing the distant rocks, and spouting up its foam furiously. The rain was incessant ; every brook and torrent was greatly swollen ; and such a deafening leaping, and roaring, and thundering of water, I never heard the like of in my life.

Hence, when we came to Spezzia, we found that the Magra, an unbridged river on the high-road to Pisa, was too high to be safely crossed in the Ferry Boat, and were fain to wait until the afternoon of next day, when it had, in some degree, sub-



sided. Spezzia, however, is a good place to tarry at; by reason, firstly, of its beautiful bay; secondly, of its ghostly Inn; thirdly, of the head-dress of the women, who wear, on one side of their head, a small doll's straw hat, stuck on to the hair; which is certainly the oddest and most roguish head-gear that ever was invented.

The Magra safely crossed in the Ferry Boat—the passage is not by any means agreeable, when the current is swollen and strong—we arrived at Carrara, within a few hours. In good time next morning, we got some ponies, and went out to see the marble quarries.

They are four or five great glens, running up into a range of lofty hills, until they can run no longer, and are stopped by being abruptly strangled by Nature. The quarries, or “caves,” as they call them there, are so many openings, high up in the hills, on either side of these passes, where they blast and excavate for marble: which may turn out good or bad: may make a man's fortune very quickly, or ruin him by the great expense of working what is worth nothing. Some of these caves were opened by the ancient Romans, and remain as they left them to this hour. Many others are being worked at this moment; others are to be begun to-morrow, next week, next month; others are unbought, unthought of; and marble enough for more ages than have passed since the place was resorted to, lies hidden every where: patiently awaiting its time of discovery.

As you toil and clamber up one of these steep gorges (having left your pony soddening his girths in water, a mile or two lower down) you hear, every now and then, echoing among the hills, in a low tone, more silent than the previous silence, a melancholy warning bugle,—a signal to the miners to withdraw. Then, there is a thundering, and echoing from hill to hill, and perhaps a splashing up of great fragments of rock into the air; and on you toil again until some other bugle sounds, in a new direction, and you stop directly, lest you should come within the range of the new explosion.

There were numbers of men, working high up in these hills—on the sides—clearing away, and sending down the broken masses of stone and earth, to make way for the blocks of marble that had been discovered. As these came rolling down from unseen hands into the narrow valley, I could

not help thinking of the deep glen (just the same sort of glen) where the Roc left Sinbad the Sailor; and where the merchants from the heights above, flung down great pieces of meat for the diamonds to stick to. There were no eagles here, to darken the sun in their swoop, and pounce upon them; but it was as wild and fierce as if there had been hundreds.

But the road, the road down which the marble comes, however immense the blocks! The genius of the country, and the spirit of the institutions, pave that road, repair it, watch it, keep it going! Conceive a channel of water running over a rocky bed, beset with great heaps of stone of all shapes and sizes, winding down the middle of this valley; and *that* being the road—because it was the road five hundred years ago! Imagine the clumsy carts of five hundred years ago, being used to this hour, and drawn, as they used to be, five hundred years ago, by oxen, whose ancestors were worn to death five hundred years ago, as their unhappy descendants are now, in twelve months, by the suffering and agony of this cruel work! Two pair, four pair, ten pair, twenty pair, to one block, according to its size; down it must come, this way. In their struggling from stone to stone, with their enormous loads behind them, they die frequently upon the spot; and not they alone; for their passionate drivers, sometimes tumbling down in their energy, are crushed to death beneath the wheels. But it was good five hundred years ago, and it must be good now; and a railroad down one of these steeps (the easiest thing in the world) would be flat blasphemy.

When we stood aside to see one of these cars drawn by only a pair of oxen (for it had but one small block of marble on it), coming down, I hailed, in my heart, the man who sat upon the heavy yoke, to keep it on the neck of the poor beasts—and who faced backward: not before him—as the very Devil of true despotism. He had a great rod in his hand, with an iron point; and when they could plough and force their way through the loose bed of the torrent no longer, and came to a stop, he poked it into their bodies, beat it on their heads, screwed it round and round in their nostrils, got them on a yard or two, in the madness of intense pain; repeated all these persuasions, with increased intensity of purpose, when they stopped again; got them on, once more; forced and goaded

them to an abrupt point of the descent; and when their writhing and smarting, and the weight behind them, bore them plunging down the precipice in a cloud of scattered water, whirled his rod above his head, and gave a great whoop and hallo, as if he had achieved something, and had no idea that they might shake him off, and blindly mash his brains upon the road, in the noon-tide of his triumph.

Standing in one of the many studiî of Carrara that afternoon—for it is a great workshop, full of beautifully finished copies in marble, of almost every figure, group, and bust, we know—it seemed, at first, so strange to me that those exquisite shapes, replete with grace, and thought, and delicate repose, should grow out of all this toil, and sweat and torture! But I soon found a parallel to it, and an explanation of it, in every virtue that springs up in miserable ground, and every good that has its birth in sorrow and distress. And, looking out of the sculptor's great window, upon the marble mountains, all red and glowing in the decline of day, but stern and solemn to the last, I thought, my God! how many quarries of human hearts and souls, capable of far more beautiful results, are left shut up and mouldering away, while pleasure-travellers through life, avert their faces, as they pass, and shudder at the gloom and ruggedness that conceal them!

The then reigning duke of Modena, to whom this territory in part belonged, claimed the proud distinction of being the only sovereign in Europe who had not recognized Louis Philippe as King of the French! He was not a wag, but quite in earnest. He was also much opposed to railroads; and if certain lines in contemplation by other potentates, on either side of him, had been executed, would have probably enjoyed the satisfaction of having an omnibus plying to and fro, across his not very vast dominions, to forward travellers from one terminus to another.

Carrara, shut in by great hills, is very picturesque and bold. Few tourists stay there; and the people are nearly all connected, in one way or other, with the working of marble. There are also villages among the caves, where the workmen live. It contains a beautiful little Theatre, newly-built; and it is an interesting custom there to form the chorus of laborers in the marble quarries, who are self-taught and sing by ear. I heard them in a comic opera, and in an act of "Norma;" and they ac-

quitted themselves very well; unlike the common people of Italy generally, who (with some exceptions among the Neapolitans) sing vilely out of tune, and have very disagreeable singing voices.

From the summit of a lofty hill beyond Carrara, the first view of the fertile plain in which the town of Pisa lies—with Leghorn, a purple spot in the flat distance—is enchanting. Nor is it only distance that lends enchantment to the view; for the fruitful country, and rich woods of olive-trees through which the road subsequently passes, render it delightful.

The moon was shining when we approached Pisa, and for a long time we could see, behind the wall, the leaning Tower, all awry in the uncertain light; the shadowy original of the old pictures in school-books, setting forth "The Wonders of the World." Like most things connected in their first associations with school-books and school-times, it was too small. I felt it keenly. It was nothing like so high above the wall as I had hoped. It was another of the many deceptions practised by Mr. Harris, Bookseller, at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, London. *His Tower* was a fiction, but this was reality—and, by comparison, a short reality. Still it looked very well, and very strange, and was quite as much out of the perpendicular as Harris had represented it to be. The quiet air of Pisa too; the big guard-house at the gate, with only two little soldiers in it; the streets, with scarcely any show of people in them; and the Arno, flowing quaintly through the centre of the town; was excellent. So I bore no malice in my heart against Mr. Harris (remembering his good intentions) but forgave him before dinner, and went out, full of confidence, to see the Tower next morning.

I might have known better, but, somehow, I had expected to see it, casting its long shadow on a public street where people came and went all day. It was a surprise to me to find it in a grave retired place, apart from the general resort, and carpeted with smooth green turf. But the group of buildings clustered on and about this verdant carpet, comprising the Tower, the Baptistery, the Cathedral, and the Church of the Campo Santo, is perhaps the most remarkable and beautiful in the whole world; and from being clustered there, together, away from the ordinary transactions and details of the town, they have a singularly venerable and impressive character.

It is the architectural essence of a rich old city, with all its common life and common habitations pressed out and filtered away.

SIMONDI compares the tower, to the usual pictorial representations in children's books, of the Tower of Babel. It is a happy simile, and conveys a better idea of the building than chapters of labored description. Nothing can exceed the grace and lightness of the structure; nothing can be more remarkable than its general appearance. In the course of the ascent to the top (which is by an easy staircase), the inclination is not very apparent; but, at the summit, it becomes so, and gives one the sensation of being in a ship that has heeled over, through the action of an ebb-tide. The effect upon the low side, so to speak—looking over from the gallery, and seeing the shaft recede to its base—is very startling; and I saw a nervous traveller hold on to the Tower involuntarily, after glancing down, as if he had some idea of propping it up. The view within, from the ground—looking up, as through a slanted tube—is also very curious. It certainly inclines as much as the most sanguine tourist could desire. The natural impulse of ninety-nine people out of a hundred, who were about to recline upon the grass below it, to rest and contemplate the adjacent buildings, would probably be not to take up their position under the leaning side, it is so very much aslant.

The manifold beauties of the Cathedral and Baptistery need no recapitulation from me; though in this case, as in a hundred others, I find it difficult to separate my own delight in recalling them, from your weariness in having them recalled. There is a picture of St. Agnes, by Andrea del Sarto, in the former, and there are a variety of rich columns in the latter, that tempt me strongly.

It is, I hope, no breach of my resolution not to be tempted into elaborate descriptions, to remember the Campo Santo; where grass-grown graves are dug in earth brought more than six hundred years ago, from the Holy Land; and where there are, surrounding them, such cloisters, with such playing lights and shadows falling through their delicate tracery on the stone pavement, as surely the dullest memory could never forget. On the walls of this solemn and lovely place, are ancient frescoes, very much obliterated and decayed, but very curious. As usually happens in almost any

collection of paintings, of any sort, in Italy, where there are many heads, there is, in one of them, a striking accidental likeness of Napoleon. At one time, I used to please my fancy with the speculation whether these old painters, at their work, had a foreboding knowledge of the man who would one day arise to wreak such destruction upon art: whose soldiers would make targets of great pictures, and stable their horses among triumphs of architecture. But the same Corsican face is so plentiful in some parts of Italy at this day, that a more commonplace solution of the coincidence is unavoidable.

If Pisa be the seventh wonder of the world in right of its Tower, it may claim to be, at least, the second or third in right of its beggars. They waylay the unhappy visiter at every turn, escort him to every door he enters at, and lie in wait for him, with strong reinforcements, at every door by which they know he must come out. The grating of the portal on its hinges is the signal for a general shout, and the moment he appears, he is hemmed in, and fallen on, by heaps of rags and personal distortions. The beggars seem to embody all the trade and enterprise of Pisa. Nothing else is stirring, but warm air. Going through the streets, the fronts of the sleepy houses look like backs. They are all so still and quiet, and unlike houses with people in them, that the greater part of the city has the appearance of a city at day-break, or during a general siesta of the population. Or it is yet more like those backgrounds of houses in common prints, or old engravings, where windows and doors are squarely indicated, and one figure (a beggar of course) is seen walking off by itself into illimitable perspective.

Not so Leghorn (made illustrious by SMOLLER's grave) which is a thriving, business-like, matter-of-fact place, where idleness is shouldered out of the way by commerce. The regulations observed there, in reference to trade and merchants, are very liberal and free; and the town, of course, benefits by them. Leghorn has a bad name in connection with stabbers, and with some justice it must be allowed; for, not many years ago, there was an assassination club there, the members of which bore no ill-will to any body in particular, but stabbed people (quite strangers to them) in the streets at night, for the pleasure and excitement of the recreation. I think the president of this amiable society,

was a shoemaker. He was taken, however, and the club was broken up. It would, probably, have disappeared in the natural course of events, before the railroad between Leghorn and Pisa, which is a good one, and has already begun to astonish Italy with a precedent of punctuality, order, plain dealing, and improvement—the most dangerous and heretical astonisher of all. There must have been a slight sensation, as of earthquake, surely, in the Vatican, when the first Italian railroad was thrown open.

Returning to Pisa, and hiring a good-tempered Vetturino, and his four horses, to take us on to Rome, we travelled through pleasant Tuscan villages and cheerful scenery all day. The roadside crosses in this part of Italy are numerous and curious. There is seldom a figure on the cross, though there is sometimes a face; but they are remarkable for being garnished with little models in wood, of every possible object that can be connected with the Saviour's death. The cock that crowed when Peter had denied his Master thrice, is usually perched on the tip-top; and an ornithological phenomenon he generally is. Under him is the inscription. Then, hung on to the cross-beam, are the spear, the reed with the sponge of vinegar and water at the end, the coat without seam for which the soldiers cast lots, the dice-box with which they threw for it, the hammer that drove in the nails, the pincers that pulled them out, the ladder which was set against the cross, the crown of thorns, the instrument of flagellation, the lantern with which Mary went to the tomb (I suppose), and the sword with which Peter smote the servant of the high-priest,—a perfect toy-shop of little objects, repeated at every four or five miles, all along the highway.

On the evening of the second day from Pisa, we reached the beautiful old city of Siena. There was what they called a Carnival, in progress; but, as its secret lay in a score or two of melancholy people walking up and down the principal street in common toy-shop masks, and being more melancholy, if possible, than the same sort of people in England, I say no more of it. We went off, betimes next morning, to see the Cathedral, which is wonderfully picturesque inside and out, especially the latter—also the market-place, or great Piazza, which is a large square, with a great broken-nosed fountain in it: some quaint gothic houses: and a high

square brick tower; *outside* the top of which—a curious feature in such views in Italy—hangs an enormous bell. It is like a bit of Venice without the water. There are some curious old Pallazzi in the town, which is very ancient; and without having (for me) the interest of Verona, or Genoa, it is very dreary and fantastic, and most interesting.

We went on again, as soon as we had seen these things, and going over a rather bleak country (there had been nothing but vines until now; mere walking-sticks at that season of the year,) stopped, as usual, between one and two hours in the middle of the day, to rest the horses; that being a part of every Vetturino contract. We then went on again, through a region gradually becoming bleaker and wilder, until it became as bare and desolate as any Scottish moors. Soon after dark, we halted for the night, at the osteria of La Scala: a perfectly lone house, where the family were sitting round a great fire in the kitchen, raised on a stone platform three or four feet high, and big enough for the roasting of an ox. On the upper, and only other floor of this hotel, there was a great wild rambling sala, with one very little window in a by-corner, and four black doors opening into four black bedrooms in various directions. To say nothing of another large black door, opening into another large black sala, with the staircase coming abruptly through a kind of trap-door in the floor, and the rafters of the roof looming above: a suspicious little press skulking in one obscure corner: and all the knives in the house lying about in various directions. The fire-place was of the purest Italian architecture, so that it was perfectly impossible to see it for the smoke. The waitress was like a dramatic brigand's wife, and wore the same style of dress upon her head. The dogs barked like mad; the echoes returned the compliments bestowed upon them; there was not another house within twelve miles; and things had a dreary, and rather a cut-throat, appearance.

They were not improved by rumors of robbers having come out, strong and boldly, within a few nights; and of their having stopped the mail very near that place. They were known to have waylaid some travellers not long before, on Mount Vesuvius itself, and were the talk at all the roadside inns. As they were no business of ours, however (for we had very little wish us to lose) we made ourselves merry on the

subject, and were very soon as comfortable as need be. We had the usual dinner in this solitary house; and a very good dinner it is, when you are used to it. There is something with a vegetable or some rice in it, which is a sort of short-hand or arbitrary character for soup, and which tastes very well, when you have flavored it with plenty of grated cheese, lots of salt, and abundance of pepper. There is the half fowl of which this soup has been made. There is a stewed pigeon, with the gizzards and livers of himself and other birds stuck all round him. There is a bit of roast beef, the size of a small French roll. There are a scrap of Parmesan cheese, and five little withered apples, all huddled together on a small plate, and crowding one upon the other, as if each were trying to save itself from the chance of being eaten. Then there is coffee; and then there is bed. You don't mind brick floors; you don't mind yawning doors, nor banging windows; you don't mind your own horses being stabled under the bed: and so close, that every time a horse coughs or sneezes, he wakes you. If you are good humored to the people about you, and speak pleasantly, and look cheerful, take my word for it you may be well entertained in the very worst Italian Inn, and always in the most obliging manner, and may go from one end of the country to the other (despite all stories to the contrary) without any great trial of your patience any where. Especially, when you get such wine in flasks, as the Orvieto, and the Monte Pulciano.

It was a bad morning when we left this place; and we went, for twelve hours, over a country as barren, as stony, and as wild, as Cornwall in England, until we came to Radicofani, where there is a ghostly, goblin inn: once a hunting-seat, belonging to the Dukes of Tuscany. It is full of such rambling corridors, and gaunt rooms, that all the murdering and phantom tales that ever were written, might have originated in that one house. There are some horrible old Palazzi in Genoa; one, in particular, not unlike it outside: but there is a windy, creaking, wormy, rustling, door-opening, foot-on-staircase-falling character about this Radicofani Hotel, such as I never saw, any where else. The town, such as it is, hangs on a hill-side above the house, and in front of it. The inhabitants are all beggars; and as soon as they see a carriage coming, they swoop down upon it, like so many birds of prey

When we got on the mountain pass, which lies beyond this place, the wind (as they forewarned us at the inn) was so terrific, that we were obliged to take my other half out of the carriage, lest she should be blown over, carriage and all, and to hang to it, on the windy side (as well as we could for laughing) to prevent its going, heaven knows where. For mere force of wind, this land-storm might have competed with an Atlantic gale, and had a reasonable chance of coming off victorious. The blast came sweeping down great gullies in a range of mountains on the right: so that we looked with positive awe at a great morass on the left, and saw that there was not a bush or twig to hold by. It seemed as if, once blown from our feet, we must be swept out to sea, or away into space. There was snow, and hail, and rain, and lightning, and thunder; and there were rolling mists, travelling with incredible velocity. It was dark, awful, and solitary to the last degree; there were mountains above mountains, veiled in angry clouds; and there was such a wrathful, rapid, violent, tumultuous hurry, every where, as rendered the scene unspeakably exciting and grand.

It was a relief to get out of it, notwithstanding; and to cross even the dismal dirty Papal Frontier. After passing through two little towns; in one of which, Acquapendente, there was also a "Carnival" in progress: consisting of one man dressed and masked as a woman, and one woman dressed and masked as a man, walking ankle-deep, through the muddy streets, in a very melancholy manner; we came, at dusk, within sight of the Lake of Bolsena, on whose bank there is a little town of the same name, much celebrated for malaria. With the exception of this poor place, there is not a cottage on the banks of the lake or near it (for nobody dare sleep there); not a boat upon its waters; nor a stick or stake to break the dismal monotony of seven-and-twenty watery miles. We were late in getting in, the roads being very bad from heavy rains; and, after dark, the dulness of the scene was quite intolerable.

We entered on a very different, and a finer scene of desolation, next night, at sunset. We had passed through Montefiascone (famous for its wine,) and Viterbo (for its fountains): and after climbing up a long hill of eight or ten miles extent, came suddenly upon the margin of a solitary lake: in one part very beautiful, with a luxuriant wood; in another, very barren, and shut in

by bleak volcanic hills. Where this lake flows, there stood, of old, a city. It was swallowed up one day; and in its stead, this water rose. There are ancient traditions (common to many parts of the world) of the ruined city having been seen below, when the water was clear; but however that may be, from this spot of earth it has vanished. The ground came bubbling up above it; and the water too; and here they stand, like ghosts on whom the other world closed suddenly, and who have no means of getting back again. They seem to be waiting the course of ages, for the next earthquake in that place; when they will plunge below the ground, at its first yawning, and be seen no more. The unhappy city below is not more lost and dreary, than these fire-charred hills and stagnant water, above. The red sun looked strangely on them, as with the knowledge that they were made for caverns and darkness; and the melancholy water oozed and sucked the mud, and crept quietly among the marshy grass and reeds, as if the overthrow of all the ancient towers and house-tops, and the death of all the ancient people born and bred there, were yet heavy on its conscience.

A short ride from this lake brought us to Ronciglione; a little town like a large pig-sty, where we passed the night. Next morning at seven o'clock we started for Rome.

As soon as we were out of the pig-sty we entered on the Campagna Romana; an undulating flat (as you know) where few people can live; and where, for miles and miles, there is nothing to relieve the terrible monotony and gloom. Of all kinds of country that could, by possibility, lie outside the gates of Rome, this is the aptest and fittest burial-ground for the Dead City. So sad, so quiet, so sullen; so secret in its covering up of great masses of ruin, and hiding them; so like the waste places into which the men possessed with devils used to go and howl, and rend themselves, in the old days of Jerusalem. We had to traverse thirty miles of this Campagna; and for two-and-twenty we went on and on, seeing nothing but now and then a lonely house, or a villanous-looking shepherd: with matted hair all over his face, and himself wrapped to the chin in a frowsy brown mantle: tending his sheep. At the end of that distance, we stopped to refresh the horses, and to get some lunch, in a common malaria-shaken, despondent little public-house, whose every inch of wall and beam, inside, was (accord-

ing to custom) painted and decorated in a way so miserable that every room looked like the wrong side of another room, and, with its wretched imitation of drapery, and lop-sided little daubs of lyres, seemed to have been plundered from behind the scenes of some travelling circus.

When we were fairly off again, we began, in a perfect fever, to strain our eyes for Rome; and when, after another mile or two, the Eternal City appeared, at length, in the distance, it looked like—I am half afraid to write the word—like LONDON!!! There it lay, under a thick cloud, with innumerable towers, and steeples, and roofs of houses, rising up into the sky, and high above them all, one Dome. I swear, that keenly as I felt the seeming absurdity of the comparison, it was so like London, at that distance, that if you could have shown it me, in a glass, I should have taken it for nothing else.

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### XIII.

#### ROME.

We entered the Eternal City, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, on the thirtieth of January, by the Porta del Popolo, and came immediately—it was a dark muddy day, and there had been heavy rain—on the skirts of the Carnival. We did not, then, know that we were only looking at the sag end of the masks, who were driving slowly round and round the Piazza, until they could find a promising opportunity for falling into the stream of carriages, and getting, in good time, into the thick of the festivity; and coming among them so abruptly, all travel-stained and weary, was not coming very well prepared to enjoy the scene.

We had crossed the Tiber by the Ponte Molle, two or three miles before. It had looked as yellow as it ought to look, and hurrying on between its worn-way and miry banks, had a promising aspect of desolation and ruin. The masquerade dresses on the fringe of the Carnival, did great violence to this promise. There were no great ruins, no solemn tokens of antiquity, to be seen;—they all lie on the other side of the city. There seemed to be long streets of commonplace shops and houses, such as are to be found in any European town; there were busy people, equipages, ordinary walkers to and fro; a multitude of chattering stran-

gers. It was no more *my* Rome: the Rome of any body's fancy, man or boy: degraded and fallen and lying asleep in the sun among a heap of ruins: than the Place de la Concorde in Paris is. A cloudy sky, a dull cold rain, and muddy streets, I was prepared for, but not for this: and I confess to having gone to bed, that night, in a very indifferent humor, and with a very considerably quenched enthusiasm.

Immediately on going out next day, we hurried off to St. Peter's. It looked immense in the distance, but distinctly and decidedly small, by comparison, on a near approach. The beauty of the Piazza in which it stands, with its clusters of exquisite columns, and its gushing fountains,—so fresh, so broad, and free, and beautiful—nothing can exaggerate. The first burst of the interior, in all its expansive majesty and glory: and, most of all, the looking up into the Dome: is a sensation never to be forgotten. But, there were preparations for a Festa; the pillars of stately marble were swathed in some impertinent frippery of red and yellow; the altar, and entrance to the subterranean chapel: which is before it: in the centre of the church: were like a goldsmith's shop, or one of the opening scenes in a very lavish pantomime. And though I had as high a sense of the beauty of the building (I hope) as it is possible to entertain, I felt no very strong emotion. I have been infinitely more affected in many English cathedrals when the organ has been playing, and in many English country churches when the congregation have been singing. I had a much greater sense of mystery and wonder, in the Cathedral of San Mark at Venice.

When we came out of the church again (we stood nearly an hour staring up into the dome: and would not have "gone over" the Cathedral then, for any money,) we said to the coachman, "Go to the Coliseum." In a quarter of an hour or so, he stopped at the gate, and we went in.

It is no fiction, but plain, sober, honest Truth, to say: so suggestive and distinct is it at this hour: that, for a moment—actually in passing in—they who will, may have the whole great pile before them, as it used to be, with thousands of eager faces staring down into the arena, and such a whirl of strife, and blood, and dust, going on there, as no language can describe. Its solitude, its awful beauty, and its utter desolation, strike upon the stranger, the next moment, like a softened sorrow; and never in his life, per-

haps, will he be so moved and overcome by any sight, not immediately connected with his own affections and afflictions.

To see it crumbling there, an inch a year; its walls and arches overgrown with green; its corridors open to the day; the long grass growing in its porches; young trees of yesterday, springing up on its ragged parapets, and bearing fruit: chance produce of the seeds dropped there by the birds who build their nests within its chinks and crannies; to see its Pit of Fight filled up with earth, and the peaceful Cross planted in the centre; to climb into its upper halls, and look down on ruin, ruin, all about it; the triumphal arches of Constantine, Septimus Severus, and Titus; the Roman Forum; the Palace of the Cæsars; the temples of the old religion, fallen down and gone; is to see the ghost of old Rome, wicked, wonderful old city, haunting the very ground on which its people trod. It is the most impressive, the most stately, the most solemn, grand, majestic, mournful sight, conceivable. Never, in its bloodiest prime, can the sight of the gigantic Coliseum, full and running over with the lustiest life, have moved one heart, as it must move all who look upon it now, a ruin. God be thanked: a ruin!

As it tops the other ruins: standing there, a mountain among graves: so do its ancient influences outlive all other remnants of the old mythology and old butchery of Rome, in the nature of the fierce and cruel Roman people. The Italian face changes as the visitor approaches the city; its beauty becomes devilish; and there is scarcely one countenance in a hundred, among the common people in the streets, that would not be at home and happy in a renovated Coliseum to-morrow.

Here was Rome indeed at last; and such a Rome as no one can imagine in its full and awful grandeur! We wandered out upon the Appian Way, and then went on, through miles of ruined tombs and broken walls, with here and there a desolate and uninhabited house: past the Circus of Romulus, where the course of the chariots, the stations of the judges, competitors, and spectators, are yet as plainly to be seen as in old time: past the tomb of Cecilia Metella: past all inclosure, hedge, or stake, wall or fence: away upon the open Campagna, where on that side of Rome, nothing is to be beheld but Ruin. Except where the distant Apennines bound the view upon the left, the whole wide prospect is one field

of ruin. Broken aqueducts, left in the most picturesque and beautiful clusters of arches; broken temples; broken tombs. A desert of decay, sombre and desolate beyond all expression; and with a history in every stone that strews the ground.

On Sunday the Pope assisted in the performance of High Mass at St. Peter's. The effect of the Cathedral on my mind, on that second visit, was exactly what it was at first, and what it remains after many visits. It is not religiously impressive or affecting. It is an immense edifice, with no one point for the mind to rest upon; and it tires itself with wandering round and round. The very purpose of the place is not expressed in any thing you see there, unless you examine its details—and all examination of details is incompatible with the place itself. It might be a Pantheon, or a Senate House, or a great architectural trophy, having no other object than an architectural triumph. There is a black statue of St. Peter, to be sure, under a red canopy, which is larger than life, and which is constantly having its great toe kissed by good Catholics. You cannot help seeing that: it is so very prominent and popular. But it does not heighten the effect of the temple, as a work of art; and it is not expressive—to me at least—of its high purpose.

A large space behind the altar, was fitted up with boxes, shaped like those of the Italian Opera in England, but in their decoration much more gaudy. In the centre of the kind of theatre thus railed off, was a canopied dais with the Pope's chair upon it. The pavement was covered with a carpet of the brightest green: and what with this green and the intolerable reds and crimsons, and gold borders of the hangings, the whole concern looked like a stupendous Bon-bon. On either side of the altar was a large box for lady strangers. These were filled with ladies in black dresses and black veils. The gentlemen of the Pope's guard, in red coats, leather breeches, and jack-boots, guarded all this reserved space with drawn swords, that were very flashy in every sense; and from the altar all down the nave, a broad lane was kept clear by the Pope's Swiss guard, who wear a quaint striped surcoat, and striped tight legs, and carry halberds like those which are usually shouldered by those theatrical supernumeraries, who never *can* get off the stage fast enough, and who may be generally observed to linger in the enemy's camp after the open country, held by the opposite forces,

has been split up the middle by a convulsion of Nature.

I got upon the border of the green carpet, in company with a great many other gentlemen, attired in black (no other passport is necessary), and stood there at my ease, during the performance of mass. The singers were in a crib of wire-work (like a large meat-safe or bird-cage) in one corner; and sang most atrociously. All about the green carpet there was a slowly moving crowd of people: talking to each other: staring at the Pope through eye-glasses: defrauding one another, in moments of partial curiosity, out of precarious seats on the bases of pillars: and grinning hideously at the ladies. Dotted here and there were little knots of friars (Francescani, or Capuccinni, in their coarse brown dresses and peaked hoods) making a strange contrast to the gaudy ecclesiastics of higher degree, and having their humility gratified to the utmost, by being shouldered about, and elbowed right and left, on all sides. Some of these had muddy sandals and umbrellas, and stained garments: having trudged in from the country. The faces of the greater part were as coarse and heavy as their dress; their dogged, stupid, monotonous stare at all the glory and splendor, having something in it half miserable and half ridiculous.

Upon the green carpet itself, and gathered round the altar, was a perfect army of cardinals and priests, in red, gold, purple, violet, white, and fine linen. Stragglers from these went to and fro among the crowd, conversing two and two, or giving and receiving introductions, and exchanging salutations; other functionaries in black gowns, and other functionaries in court-dresses, were similarly engaged. In the midst of all these, and stealthy Jesuits creeping in and out, and the extreme restlessness of the youth of England, who were perpetually wandering about, some few steady persons in black cassocks, who had knelt down with their faces to the wall, and were poring over their missals, became unintentionally a sort of human man-traps, and with their own devout legs tripped up other people's by the dozen.

There was a great pile of candles lying down on the floor near me, which a very old man in a rusty black gown with an open-work tippet, like a summer ornament for a fire-place in tissue-paper, made himself very busy in dispensing to all the ecclesiastics: one apiece. They loitered about with these



for some time, under their arms, like walking-sticks, or in their hands like truncheons. At a certain period of the ceremony, however, each carried his candle up to the Pope, laid it across his two knees to be blessed, took it back again, and filed off. This was done in a very attenuated procession, as you may suppose, and occupied a long time. Not because it takes long to bless a candle through and through, but because there were so many candles to be blessed. At last they were all blessed; and then they were all lighted; and then the Pope was taken up, chair and all, and carried round the church.

I must say, that I never saw any thing, out of November, so like the popular English commemoration of the fifth of that month. A bundle of matches and a lantern would have made it perfect. Nor did the Pope, himself, at all mar the resemblance, though he has a pleasant and venerable face; for, as this part of the ceremony makes him giddy and sick, he shuts his eyes when it is performed: and having his eyes shut, and a great mitre on his head, and his head itself wagging to and fro as they shook him in carrying, he looked as if his mask were going to tumble off. The two immense fans which are always borne, one on either side of him, accompanied him, of course, on this occasion. As they carried him along, he blessed the people with the mystic sign; and as he passed them, they knelt down. When he had made the round of the church, he was brought back again, and if I am not mistaken, this performance was repeated, in the whole, three times. There was certainly, nothing solemn or affecting in it: and certainly very much that was droll and tawdry. But this remark applies to the whole ceremony, except the raising of the Host, when every man in the guard, dropped on one knee instantly, and dashed his naked sword on the ground; which had a fine effect.

The next time I saw the cathedral, was some two or three weeks afterwards, when I climbed up into the ball; and then, the hangings being taken down, and the carpet taken up, but all the framework left, the remnants of these decorations looked like an exploded cracker.

The Friday and Saturday having been solemn Festa days, and Sunday being always a *dies non* in carnival proceedings, we had looked forward, with some impatience and curiosity, to the beginning of

the new week: Monday and Tuesday being the two last and best days of the carnival.

On the Monday afternoon, at one or two o'clock, there began to be a great rattling of carriages into the court-yard of the hotel; a hurrying to and fro of all the servants in it; and, now and then, a swift shooting across some doorway or balcony, of a straggling stranger in a fancy dress: not yet sufficiently well used to the same, to wear it with confidence, and defy public opinion. All the carriages were open, and had the linings carefully covered with white cotton or calico, to prevent their proper decorations from being spoiled by the incessant pelting of sugar-plums; and people were packing and cramming into every vehicle as it waited for its occupants, enormous sacks, and baskets-full of these confetti, together with such heaps of flowers, tied up in little nosegays, that some carriages were not only brimful of flowers, but literally running over: scattering, at every shake and jerk of the springs, some of their abundance on the ground. Not to be behind-hand in these essential particulars, we caused two very respectable sacks of sugar-plums (each about three feet high) and a large clothes-basket full of flowers to be conveyed into our hired barouche, with all speed. And from our place of observation, in one of the upper balconies of the hotel, we contemplated these arrangements with the liveliest satisfaction. The carriages now beginning to take up their company, and move away, we got into ours, and drove off too, armed with little wire masks for our faces; the sugar-plums, like Falstaff's adulterated sack, having lime in their composition.

The Corso is a street a mile long; a street of shops, and palaces, and private houses, sometimes opening into a broad piazza. There are virandas and balconies, of all shapes and sizes, to almost every house—not on one story alone, but often to one room or another on every story—put there in general with so little order or regularity, that if, year after year, and season after season, it had rained balconies, hailed balconies, snowed balconies, blown balconies, they could scarcely have come into existence in a more disorderly manner.

This is the great fountain-head and focus of the Carnival. But all the streets in which the Carnival is held, being vigilantly kept by dragoons, it is necessary for carriages, in the first instance, to pass, in line, down another thoroughfare, and so come

into the Corso at the end remote from the Piazza del Popolo; which is one of its terminations. Accordingly, we fell into the string of coaches, and, for some time, jogged on quietly enough; now crawling on at a very slow walk; now trotting half a dozen yards; now backing fifty; and now stopping altogether: as the pressure in front obliged us. If any impetuous carriage dashed out of the rank and clattered forward, with the wild idea of getting on faster, it was suddenly met, or overtaken, by a trooper, on horseback, who, deaf as his own drawn sword to all remonstrances, immediately escorted it back to the very end of the row, and made it a dim speck in the remotest perspective. Occasionally, we interchanged a volley of confetti with the carriage next in front, or the carriage next behind; but, as yet, this capturing of stray and errant coaches by the military, was the chief amusement.

Presently, we came into a narrow street, where, besides one line of carriages going, there was another line of carriages returning. Here the sugar-plums and the nose-gays began to fly about, pretty smartly; and I was fortunate enough to observe one gentleman attired as a Greek warrior, catch a light-whiskered brigand on the nose (he was in the very act of tossing up a bouquet to a young lady in a first-floor window) with a precision that was much applauded by the by-standers. As this victorious Greek was exchanging a facetious remark with a stout gentleman in a doorway—one-half black and one half white, as if he had been peeled up the middle—who had offered him his congratulations on this achievement, he received an orange from a house-top, full on his left ear, and was much surprised, not to say discomfited. Especially, as he was standing up at the time; and in consequence of the carriage moving on suddenly, at the same moment, staggered ignominiously, and buried himself among his flowers.

Some quarter of an hour of this sort of progress, brought us to the Corso; and any thing so gay, so bright, and lively as the whole scene there, it would be difficult to imagine. From all the innumerable balconies: from the remotest and highest, no less than from the lowest and nearest: hangings of bright red, bright green, bright blue, white and gold were fluttering in the brilliant sunlight. From windows, and from parapets, and tops of houses, streamers of the richest colors, and drape-

ries of the gaudiest and most sparkling hues, were floating out upon the street. The buildings seemed to have been literally turned inside out, and to have all their gaiety towards the highway. Shop-fronts were taken down, and the windows filled with company, like boxes at a shilling theatre; doors were carried off their hinges, and long tapestried groves, hung with garlands of flowers and evergreens, displayed within; builders' scaffoldings were gorgeous temples, radiant in silver, gold, and crimson; and in every nook and corner, from the pavement to the chimney-tops, where women's eyes could glisten, there they danced, and laughed, and sparkled, like the light in water. Every sort of bewitching madness of dress was there. Little preposterous scarlet jackets; quaint old stomachers, more wicked than the smartest boddices; Polish pelisses, strained and tight as ripe gooseberries; tiny Greek caps, all awry, and clinging to the dark hair, Heaven knows how; every wild, quaint, bold, shy, pettish madcap fancy had its illustration in a dress; and every fancy was as dead forgotten by its owner, in the tumult of merriment, as if the three old aqueducts that still remain entire, had brought Lethe into Rome, upon their sturdy arches, that morning.

The carriages were now three abreast; in broader places four; often stationary for a long time together; always one close mass of variegated brightness; showing, the whole street-full, through the storm of flowers, like flowers of a larger growth themselves. In some, the horses were richly caparisoned in magnificent trappings; in others they were decked from head to tail, with flowing ribbons. Some were driven by coachmen with enormous double faces: one face leering at the horses: the other cocking its extraordinary eyes into the carriage: and both rattling again, under the hail of sugar-plums. Other drivers were attired as women, wearing long ringlets and no bonnets, and looking more ridiculous in any real difficulty with the horses (of which, in such a concourse, there were a great many) than tongue can tell, or pen describe. Instead of sitting in the carriages, upon the seats, the handsome Roman women, to see and to be seen the better, sit in the heads of the barouches, at this time of general license, with their feet upon the cushions—and oh the flowing skirts and dainty waists, the blessed shapes and laughing faces, the free, good-humored,

gallant figures that they make! There were great vans, too, full of handsome girls—thirty, or more together, perhaps—and the broadsides that were poured into, and poured out of these fairy fire-ships, splashed the air with flowers and bonbons for ten minutes at a time. Carriages, delayed long in one place, would begin a deliberate engagement with other carriages, or with people at the lower windows; and the spectators at some upper balcony or window, joining in the fray, and attacking both parties, would empty down great bags of confetti, that descended like a cloud, and in an instant made them white as milers. Still, carriages on carriages, dresses on dresses, colors on colors, crowds upon crowds, without end. Men and boys clinging to the wheels of coaches, and holding on behind, and following in their wake, and diving in among the horses' feet to pick up scattered flowers to sell again; maskers on foot (the drollest, generally) in fantastic exaggerations of court-dresses, surveying the throng through enormous eyeglasses, and always transported with an ecstasy of love, on the discovery of any particularly old lady at a window; long strings of Policinelli, laying about them with blown bladders at the ends of sticks; a wagon-full of madmen, screaming and tearing to the life; a coach-full of grave Mamelukes, with their horse-tail standard set up in the midst; a party of gipsy-women engaged in terrific conflict with a shipful of sailors; a man-monkey on a pole, surrounded by strange animals with pigs' faces, and lions' tails, carried under their arms, or worn gracefully over their shoulders; carriages on carriages, dresses on dresses, colors on colors, crowds upon crowds, without end. Not many actual characters sustained, or represented, perhaps, considering the number dressed, but the main pleasure of the scene consisting in its perfect good temper; in its bright, and infinite, and flashing variety; and in its entire abandonment to the mad humor of the time—an abandonment so perfect, so contagious, so irresistible, that the steadiest foreigner fights up to his middle in flowers and sugar-plums, like the wildest Roman of them all, and thinks of nothing else till half-past four o'clock, when he is suddenly reminded (to his great regret) that this is not the whole business of his existence, by hearing the trumpets sound, and seeing the dragoons begin to clear the street.

How it ever is cleared for the race that takes place at five, or how the horses ever go through the race, without going over the people, is more than I can say. But the carriages get out into the by-streets, or up into the Piazza del Popolo, and some people sit in temporary galleries in the latter place, and tens of thousands line the Corso on both sides, when the horses are brought out into the Piazza—to the foot of that same column which, for centuries, looked down upon the games and chariot-races in the Circus Maximus.

At a given signal, they are started off. Down the live lane, the whole length of the Corso, they fly like the wind: riderless, as all the world knows: with shining ornaments upon their backs, and twisted in their plaited manes: and with heavy little balls stuck full of spikes, dangling at their sides, to goad them on. The jingling of these trappings, and the rattling of their hoofs upon the hard stones; the dash and fury of their speed along the echoing street; nay, the very cannon that are fired—these noises are nothing to the roaring of the multitude: their shouts: the clapping of their hands. But it is soon over—almost instantaneously. More cannon shake the town. The horses have plunged into the carpets put across the street to stop them; the goal is reached; the prizes are won (they are given, in part, by the poor Jews, as a compromise for not running foot-races themselves); and there is an end to that day's sport.

But if the scene be bright, and gay, and crowded, on the last day but one, it attains, on the concluding day, to such a height of glittering color, swarming life, and frolicsome uproar, that the bare recollection of it makes me giddy at this moment. The same diversions, greatly heightened and intensified in the ardor with which they are pursued, go on until the same hour. The race is repeated; the cannon are fired; the shouting and clapping of hands are renewed; the cannon are fired again; the race is over; and the prizes are won. But, the carriages: ankle-deep in sugar-plums within, and so beflowered and dusty without, as to be hardly recognizable for the same vehicles that they were, three hours ago: instead of scampering off in all directions, throng into the Corso, where they are soon wedged together in a scarcely-moving mass. For the diversion of the Moccoletti, the last gay madness of the Carnival, is now at hand; and sellers of little tapers, like what are called Christmas candles in England,

are shouting lustily on every side, "Moccoli, Moccoli! Ecco Moccoli!"—a new item in the tumult; quite abolishing that other item of "Ecco Fióri! Ecco Fior—r—r!" which has been making itself audible over all the rest, at intervals, the whole day through.

As the bright hangings and dresses are all fading into one dull, heavy, uniform color in the decline of the day, lights begin flashing here and there: in the windows, on the house-tops, in the balconies, in the carriages, in the hands of the foot passengers: little by little: gradually, gradually: more and more: until the whole long street is one great glare and blaze of fire. Then, every body present has but one engrossing object; that is to extinguish other people's candles, and to keep his own a-light; and every body, man, woman, or child, gentleman or lady, prince or peasant, native or foreigner, yells and screams, and roars incessantly, as a taunt to the subdued, "Senza Moccoco, Senza Moccoco!" (Without a light! Without a light!) until nothing is heard but a gigantic chorus of those two words, mingled with peals of laughter.

The spectacle, at this time, is one of the most extraordinary that can be imagined. Carriages coming slowly by, with every body standing on the seats or on the box, holding up their lights at arms' length, for greater safety; some in paper shades; some with a bunch of undefended little tapers, kindled altogether: some with blazing torches; some with feeble little candles; men on foot, creeping along, among the wheels, watching their opportunity, to make a spring at some particular light, and dash it out; other people climbing up into carriages, to get hold of them by main force; others, chasing some unlucky wanderer, round and round his own coach, to blow out the light he has begged or stolen somewhere, before he can ascend to his own company, and enable them to light their extinguished tapers; others, with their hats off, at a carriage-door, humbly beseeching some kind-hearted lady to oblige them with a light for a cigar, and when she is in the fullness of doubt whether to comply or no, blowing out the candle she is guarding so tenderly with her little hand; other people at the windows, fishing for candles with lines and hooks, or letting down long willow-wands with handkerchiefs at the end, and flapping them out, dexterously, when the bearer is at the height of his triumph; others, biding their time in corners, with

immense extinguishers like halberds, and suddenly coming down upon glorious torches; others, gathered round one coach, and sticking to it; others, raining oranges and nosegays at an obdurate little lantern, or regularly storming a pyramid of men, holding up one man among them, who carries one feeble little wick above his head, with which he defies them all! Senza Moccoco! Senza Moccoco! Beautiful women, standing up in coaches, pointing in derision at extinguished lights, and clapping their hands, as they pass on, crying, "Senza Moccoco! Senza Moccoco!" low balconies full of lovely faces and gay dresses, struggling with assailants in the streets; some repressing them as they climb up, some bending down, some leaping over, some shrinking back—delicate forms and bosoms—graceful figures—glowing lights, fluttering dresses, Senza Moccoco, Senza Moccoco, Senza Moc-co-lo-o-o-o!—when in the wildest enthusiasm of the cry, and fullest ecstasy of the sport, the Ave Maria rings from the church steeples, and the Carnival is over in an instant, put out like a taper, with a breath!

There was a masquerade at the theatre at night, as dull and senseless as a London one, and only remarkable for the summary way in which the house was cleared at eleven o'clock: which was done by a line of soldiers forming along the wall, at the back of the stage, and sweeping the whole company out before them, like a broad broom. The game of the Moccoletti (the word, in the singular, Moccoletto; is the diminutive of Moccoco, and means a little lamp or candle-snuff) is supposed by some to be a ceremony of burlesque mourning for the death of the Carnival: candles being indispensable to Catholic grief. But whether it be so, or be a remnant of the ancient Saturnalia, or an incorporation of both, or have its origin in any thing else, I shall always remember it, and the frolic, as a brilliant and most captivating sight: no less remarkable for the unbroken good humor of all concerned, down to the very lowest (and among those who scaled the carriages, were many of the commonest men and boys) than for its innocent vivacity. For, odd as it may seem to say so, of a sport so full of thoughtlessness and personal display, it is as free from any taint of immodesty as any general mingling of the two sexes can possibly be; and there seems to prevail, during its progress, a feeling of general, almost childish, simplicity and confidence,

which one thinks of with a pang, when the Ave Maria has rung it away, for a whole year.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

### THE LITERATURE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

*Lives of Men of Letters and Science who Flourished in the Time of George III.*  
By HENRY LORD BROUGHAM, with portraits. London: Colburn.

LORD BROUGHAM has resumed his memoirs of the eminent writers of England; and every lover of literature will feel gratified by this employment of his active research and of his vigorous pen.

One of the most striking distinctions of English public life from that of the Continent, is in the condition of statesmen after their casual retirement from power. The Foreign statesman seems to exist only in office. The moment that sees him "out of place," sees him extinguished. He is lost as suddenly to the public eye, as if he were carried to the tomb of his ancestors. He retires to his country-seat, and there subsides into the garrulous complainant against the caprices of fortune, or buries his calamities in the quiet indulgence of his appetites; smokes away his term of years, subsides into the lean and slippered pantaloon, occupies his studies with the *Court Gazette*, and his faculties with cards; and finally deposited in the family vault, to continue the process of mouldering which had been begun in his arm-chair, to be remembered only in an epitaph. France, at the present day, alone seems to form an exception. Her legislature affords a new element in which statesmanship in abeyance can still float: the little vessel is there at least kept in view of mankind; if it makes no progress, it at least keeps above water; and, however incapable of reaching the port by its own means, the fluctuations of the national surge, sometimes so powerful, and always so contemptuous of calculation, may at some time or other carry the craziest craft into harbor. But the general order of continental ministers, even of the highest rank, when abandoned by the monarch, are like men consigned to the dungeon. They go to their place of sentence at once. The man who to-day figured in the highest robe of power, to-morrow wears the prison

costume. His rise was the work of the royal will—his fall is equally the work of the royal will. Having no connexion with the national mind, he has no resource in the national sympathies. He has been a royal instrument: when his edge becomes dull, or the royal artificer finds a tool whose fashion he likes better, the old tool is flung by to rust, and no man asks where or why; his use is at an end, and the world and the workman, alike, "knoweth it no more."

But, in England, the condition of public life is wholly different. The statesman is the creation of the national will, and neither in office, nor in opposition, does the nation forget the product of its will. The minister is no offspring of slavery, no official negro, made to be sold, and, when sold, separated from his parentage once and for ever. If he sins in power, he is at worst but the Prodigal Son, watched in his career, and willingly welcomed when he has abjured his wanderings. Instead of being extinguished by the loss of power, he often more than compensates the change, by the revival of popularity. Disencumbered of the laced and embroidered drapery of office, he often exhibits the natural vigor and proportion of his faculties to higher advantage; cultivates his intellectual distinctions with more palpable success; refreshes his strength for nobler purposes than even those of ambition; and, if he should not exert his renewed popularity for a new conquest of power, only substitutes for place the more generous and exalted determination of deserving those tributes which men naturally offer to great abilities exerted for the good of present and future generations.

We must allude, for the national honor, to this characteristic of English feeling, in the changes of public men. On the Continent, the hour which deprived a statesman of office, at once deprived him of every thing. All the world ran away from him, as they would from a falling house. The crowded antechamber of yesterday exhibited nothing to-day but utter solitude. The fallen minister was a leper; men shrank from his touch: the contagion of ill-luck was upon him: and every one dreaded to catch the disease. It was sometimes even worse. The loss of power was the ruin of fortune. The Dives had been suddenly transformed into the Lazarus; the purple and fine linen were "shreds and patches," and not even the dogs came to administer to his malady.

But, among us, the breaking up of a cabinet often only gives rise to a bold and brilliant opposition. It is not like the breaking up of a ship, where the wreck is irreparable, and the timbers are shattered and scattered, and good for nothing; it is often more like the breaking up of a regiment in one of our colonies, where the once compact mass of force, which knew nothing but the command of its colonel, now takes, each man his own way, exhibits his own style of cleverness; instead of the one manual exercise of musket and bayonet, each individual takes the axe or the spade, the tool or the ploughshare, and works a new fertility out of the soil, according to his own "thews and sinews."

The moral of all this is that the distinguished author of these Memoirs is now devoting himself to a career of literature, to which even his political services may have been of inferior utility. He is recalling the public memory to those eminent achievements, which have so powerfully advanced the mental grandeur of our era; and, while he thus gives due honor to the labors of the past, he is at once encouraging and illustrating the nobleness of the course which opens to posterity. But Lord Brougham's influence cannot be contented, we should hope, with merely speculative benefits; it is for him, and for men like him, to look with interest on the struggles of literary existence at the hour; to call the attention of government and the nation to the neglects, the narrowness, and the caprices of national patronage; to demand protection for genius depressed by the worldliness of the crowd; to point out to men of rank and wealth a path of service infinitely more honorable to their own taste, and infinitely more productive to their country, than ribands and stars; than the tinkling of a name, than pompous palaces, or picture galleries of royal price; to excite our nobles to constitute themselves the true patrons of the living genius of the land, and disdain to be content with either the offering of weak regrets, or the tribute of worthless honors to the slumberers in the grave. A tenth part of the sums employed in raising obelisks to Burns, would have rescued one-half of his life from poverty, and the other half from despair. The single sum which raised the monument to Sir Walter Scott in Edinburgh, would have saved him from the final pressure which broke his heart, elastic as it was, and dimmed his intellect, capable as he still

was of throwing a splendor over his native soil.

This neglect is known and suffered in no other province of public service. The soldier, the sailor, the architect, the painter, are all within sight of the most lavish prizes of public liberality. Parliament has just given titles and superb pensions to the conquerors of the Sikhs. The India Company has followed its example. We applaud this munificent liberality in both instances. Two general officers have thus obtained the peerage, with £7000 and £5000 a-year. They deserved these rewards. But the whole literary encouragement of the British empire, with a revenue of fifty-two millions sterling, is £1200, little more than the tenth part of the pensions allotted to those two gallant men. £1200 for the whole literary encouragement of England! There can be no greater scandal to the intellectual honor of the country. The pettiest German principality scarcely limits its literary encouragement to this sum. We doubt whether Weimar, between literary offices and pensions, did not give twice the sum annually. But named in competition with the liberality of the leading sovereigns, it is utterly mean. Louis XIV., two hundred years ago, allotted 80,000 francs a-year to his forty members of the Academy, a sum equivalent in *that day*, and in *France*, to little less than £5000 a-year in our day, and in England. Frederick II. gave pensions and appointments to a whole corps of literary men. At this moment, there is scarcely a man of any literary distinction in Paris, who has not a share in the liberal and wise patronage of government, either in office or public pension.

But if we are to be answered by a class, plethoric with wealth and rank; that literature ought to be content with living on its own means; must not the obvious answer be—Is the author to be an author, down to his grave? Is there to be no relaxation of his toil? Is there to be no allowance for the exhaustion of his overworked faculties? for the natural infirmities of years? for the vexations of a noble spirit compelled to submit to the caprices of public change? and with its full share of the common calamities of life, increasing their pressure at once by an inevitable sense of wrong, and by a feeling that the delight of his youth must be the drudgery of his age? When the great Dryden, in his seventieth year, was forced, in the bitterness of his heart, to

exclaim, "Must I die in the harness!" his language was a brand on the common sense, as well as on the just generosity, of his country. We now abandon the topic with one remark. This want of the higher liberality of the nation has already produced the most injurious effects on our literature.

All the great works of our ancestral literature were the works of leisure and comparative competence. All the great dramatic poetry of France was the work of comparative competence. Its writers were not compelled to hurry after the popular tastes; they followed their own, and impressed its character upon the mind of the nation. The plays of Racine, Corneille, Molière, and Voltaire, are nobler trophies to the greatness of France than all the victories of Louis XIV., than Versailles, than all the pomps of his splendid reign. Louis Philippe has adopted the same munificent policy, and it will be followed by the same honor with posterity. But, in England, the keeping of a stud of race-horses, the building of a dog-kennel, or the purchase of a foreign picture, is ignominiously and selfishly suffered to absorb a larger sum than the whole literary patronage of the most opulent empire that the sun ever shone upon. We recommend these considerations to Lord Brougham: they are nobler than politics; they are fitter for his combined character of statesman and philosopher: they will also combine with that character another which alone can give permanency to the fame of any public man—that of the philanthropist. His ability, his knowledge of human nature, and his passion for public service—qualities in which his merits are known to Europe—designate him as the founder of a great system of public liberality to the enterprise of genius. And when party is forgotten, and cabinets have perished; when, perhaps, even the boundaries of empire may have been changed, and new nations rise to claim the supremacy of arts and arms; the services of the protector of literature will stand out before the eye with increased honor, and his name be rescued from the common ruin which envelopes the memory of ostentatious conquerors and idle kings.

The present volume contains biographies of Johnson, Adam Smith, Lavoisier, Gibbon, Sir Joseph Banks, D'Alembert. We shall commence with the lives less known to the generality of readers than those of our great moralist and great political econ-

omist, reserving ourselves for sketches of their career, as our space may allow.

Lord Brougham commences his life of Sir Joseph Banks by a species of apology, for placing in the ranks of philosophers a man who had never written a book. But no one has ever doubted that a man may be a philosopher, without being an author. Some of the greatest inventions of philosophy, of science, and of practical power, have been the work of men who never wrote a book. In fact, the inventor is generally a man of few words; his disciples, or rivals, or imitators, are the men of description. The inventor gives the idea, the follower gives the treatise; but the inventor is the philosopher after all. The question, however, with Sir Joseph Banks is, whether he was any more an inventor than a writer. It does not appear that he was either. Of course, he has no right to rank among men of science. But he had merits of his own, and on those his distinctions ought to have been placed. He was a zealous, active, and influential friend of philosophers. He gave them his time, he received them in his house, and he assisted their progress. He volunteered to be the protector of their class; he sympathized with their pursuits; and while adding little or nothing to their discoveries, he assisted in bringing those discoveries before the world. He loved to be thought the patriarch of British science; and, like the patriarch, he retained his authority even when he was past his labor. If he filled the throne of science feebly, none could deny that he filled it zealously. The true definition of him was, an English gentleman occupying his leisure with philosophical pursuits, and encouraging others of more powerful understanding to do the same.

Sir Joseph Banks was of an old and wealthy family, dating so far back as Edward III.; first settled in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and afterwards in the county of Lincoln. He was born in London in January, 1743. At the age of nine he was sent to Harrow, and at thirteen to Eton, where the tutors observed, as has happened in many other instances, that he was fonder of play than of books. In about a twelvemonth, however, he became studious, though not to the taste of his schoolmasters. The origin of this change was described by himself in a letter to Sir Edward Home, as accidental. One afternoon he had been bathing with some of the Eton

boys, and, on returning to dress himself, found that they had left him alone. Walking down a green lane, whose sides exhibited the wild-flowers of the season, the thought occurred to him, how much more natural and useful would be the knowledge of plants, than of Greek and Latin. From this time he devoted himself to the study of botany, though still continuing that of the classics. On returning to his father's house, he found a copy of Gerard's *Herbal*, which fixed his taste. He now added to his collecting of plants that of butterflies and other insects. Lord Brougham mentions that his father was one of Banks's associates at this period, and that they employed themselves together in natural history.

Natural history has been so frequently the pursuit of studious triflers, that it is difficult to exempt it from the charge of trifling. To gather plants which have been gathered a thousand times before, to ascertain their names from a herbal, and classify them according to its list, seems to be little more than a grave apology for playing the fool. A determination to gather all the butterflies and blue-bottles within the limits of the realm, certainly has nothing that can dignify it with the name of scientific pursuit. The collecting of pebbles and shells, or even the arranging of animals in the cases of a museum, are accomplishments of so easy an order, and of so little actual use, that they serve for little else than to wile away the time. But this trifling assumes a more important shape when it rises to the acquisition of actual knowledge; when, instead of classifying plants, it develops their medicinal virtues, and, instead of embalming animals, it examines their structure, as throwing light on the conformation or diseases of man.

But Sir Joseph Banks was fortunately relieved from subsiding into this soporific, by circumstances which forced him into vigorous and useful exertion. An approaching transit of Venus had been long looked to, as giving an opportunity for ascertaining the distance of the sun from the earth. It was recommended, that observations on this phenomenon should be made from different stations on the globe. Accordingly, in 1761, the British government sent out two observers, one to the Cape, and the other to St. Helena. The French government at the same time sent out three—to Pondicherry, Siberia, and the Mauritius. But the weather was unfavorable,

and the observations were to be regarded as a failure. But there was a second transit in 1769, and the leading powers of Europe sent out observers; England sending a vessel to the South Seas, an observer to India, and two to Hudson's Bay. Captain Wallace having lately made several discoveries in the Pacific, public attention had been strongly drawn to that hitherto scarcely known portion of the globe. The celebrated Captain Cook was appointed commander, and Sir Joseph Banks, stimulated by an honorable zeal and a rational desire of knowledge, obtained leave from his friend, Lord Sandwich, to join the expedition. He took with him Dr. Solander, the botanist, and two draughtsmen.

On the 25th of August, 1768, Cook's vessel, the *Endeavor*, sailed from Plymouth Sound, and the first point of land at which they touched was the Terra del Fuego, the southern extremity of the American continent. There they encountered such severity of cold, that, although it was the summer of those regions, Banks and Solander, in one of their botanical excursions, had nearly shared the fate of three of their attendants, who perished from the intensity of the cold. The effect of this excess of low temperature has been often felt and often described. It was a general torpor of the frame, producing an almost irresistible propensity to sleep. Every exertion was painful, and the strongest desire was to lie down in the snow and give way to slumber. Solander, who had acquired his experience in botanizing among the Swedish mountains, warned the party of their danger. "Whoever," said he, "sits down, will sleep; whoever sleeps will wake no more." Yet he himself was one of the first to yield; he insisted on lying down, fell asleep before he could be brought to the fire which Banks had kindled, and was restored with difficulty. His companion had felt a similar inclination, but resisted it, by the greater energy of youth, and probably of a more vigorous mind.

Cook then sailed for Otaheite, which he reached in April. The contrast of the luxurious climate with the inclement region which they had left behind them, was doubly striking to men who, for upwards of half a year, had seen nothing but the ocean or the deserts of Cape Horn. They now proceeded vigorously to the chief purposes of their voyage. The captain and his officers prepared their instruments to observe the transit, while Banks and his botanical at-



tendants ranged the island, made themselves acquainted with its natural productions, and conciliated the natives. The effect of his intelligence and intrepidity was conspicuous on an occasion which might have involved the scientific fate of the expedition. The quadrant, though under charge of a sentinel, had been stolen by the adroitness of some of the natives. But without it no observation could be taken. Banks volunteered to go in search of it into the woods, made himself master of it, and conveyed it in safety to the observatory: though followed by parties of the natives, and occasionally compelled to keep them at bay by exhibiting his pistols.

The transit was successfully observed, but it took six hours for the operation. As the period approached, even the crew had felt the strongest anxiety for its success. The state of the sky was reported every half hour during the night before, and their spirits rose and fell as the report gave its answer, clear or cloudy. But at dawn the sky was brilliant, and the day passed without a cloud. Four other observations had been simultaneously made, in Siberia, Lapland, Hudson's Bay, and California. The general result gave the sun's distance at nearly ninety-four millions of miles.

The next object of the voyage was a search for the great southern continent, which the philosophers of the day had conceived to exist, as a "necessary balance" to the mass of land in the northern hemisphere. But conjectural philosophy is often at fault, and necessary as this terrestrial balance was asserted to be, no "great" southern continent has yet been found. For a while, even Cook's sagacity seems to have been deceived by the mountains of New Zealand, which had been discovered, in 1620, by Tasman. Cook sailed round it, and explored its shores for six months. He then, on his homeward voyage, examined the east coast of New Holland. Of course, it is not the intention of this paper to trace a career so well known as that of the celebrated navigator. We refer to its incidents, merely as connected with Sir Joseph Banks. They had run about thirteen hundred miles of the coast, when, after having received some alarm from the neighborhood of coral reefs, the vessel suddenly struck. It was Cook's sagacious habit, nightly, to give all his orders and precautions before he went to rest; and thus, after having done all that prudence could do, he undressed, went to bed, and such was

the composure of his mind that he instantly fell asleep. But immediately on the vessel's striking, the captain was on deck, and giving his orders with his characteristic coolness. The light of the moon showed the sheathing boards of the ship floating all round, and at last her false keel. Their fate appeared imminent, but it was only when the day broke, that they became fully sensible of their forlorn condition. The land was at eight leagues' distance. There were no intermediate islets on which the crew might be saved, and the boats were wholly insufficient to take them all at once. To lighten the ship was their first object. Guns, ballast, stores, every thing was thrown over. After two tides they were enabled to get the ship afloat. To their great relief, the leak did not seem to gain upon them, though to keep it down required the labor of the men night and day. At length a midshipman fortunately suggested an expedient which he had once seen adopted at sea. This was to draw under the ship's bottom a sail, to which were fastened oakum, flax, and other light substances. The sail thus covered the leak, and enabled the ship to swim. On pursuing their voyage, and reaching a river, in which they attempted to repair the ship, they found that her preservation, in the first instance, was owing to the extraordinary circumstance of a large fragment of rock which had stuck into the vessel, and thus partially stopped up the leak. In this most anxious emergency Sir Joseph Banks and his party exhibited all the coolness and intrepidity which were required; and in the subsequent account of the voyage, received from Cook himself well-merited praises.

Another peril likely to be attended with still more certain ruin, now assailed the crew. The scurvy began to make its appearance. The devastations of this dreadful disease, in the early history of our navigation, fortunately now appear almost fabulous. It was a real plague; it seemed almost to dissolve the whole frame; teeth fell out, limbs dropped off, and the sufferer sank into a rapid, and, as it was once thought, an inevitable grave. It is a remarkable instance of the powers which man possesses to counteract the most formidable evils, that this terrible disease is now scarcely known. It has been overpowered solely by such simple means as fresh meat and vegetables, and a drink medicated with lemon-juice. Simple as those expedients are, they have saved the lives of thousands

and tens of thousands of the sea-going population of England.

But new hazards, arising alike from the imperfect condition of the vessel and their ignorance of the coast, continued to pursue them. Never was a voyage attempted with greater difficulties to surmount, or achieved with more triumphant success; after having explored two thousand miles of this perilous coast, Cook took possession of it in the name of his king, giving it the title of New South Wales.

At length he arrived at Batavia, where, on laying up his ship to repair, it was discovered that their preservation throughout this long voyage had been little less than miraculous, her planks having been in many instances worn "as thin as the sole of a shoe." But their trials were not yet over: the marsh fever quickly laid up the crew; the captain, Banks, and Solander, were taken seriously ill. They set sail from this pestilential island as soon as possible; but before they reached the Cape, three-and-twenty had died, including Green the astronomer, and the midshipman whose suggestion had saved the ship. At length, on the 12th of July, 1771, they cast anchor in the Downs, and Cook and his companions were received with national acclamation.

The triumph of the navigation was naturally due to Cook, but the most important part of the knowledge which had been communicated to the empire was due to the labours of Banks. It was from his journals that the chief details of the habits, manners, and resources of the natives were derived. The vegetable, mineral, and animal products of the Society Islands, and of New Holland, New Zealand, and new Guinea, had been explored, and a vast quantity of general intelligence was obtained relative to countries which now form an essential portion of the British empire. The novelty of those possessions has now worn off, their value has made them familiar. We are fully acquainted with their products, however we may be still ignorant of their powers. But, at the period of this memorable voyage, the Southern Hemisphere was scarcely more known than the hemisphere of the moon. Every league of the coast of New Holland, and the islands of the Great Southern Ocean, abounded with natural perils, heightened by the necessary ignorance of the navigator. Even to this day, many a fearful catastrophe attests the difficulties of the navigation; the coral rocks were a phenomenon wholly new to nautical

experience; and, in all the modern improvements of nautical science, full room is left for wonder, at the skill, the intelligence, and the daring, which carried Cook and his companions safe through the perils of this gigantic navigation.

A new expedition was soon demanded at once by the curiosity of the people and the interests of science. The dream of a great southern continent was still the favorite topic of all who regarded themselves as philosophers in England, although Cook had sailed over an unfathomable ocean, in the very tract where he ought, according to this adventurous theory, to have found a continent. Sir Joseph Banks again gallantly volunteered to join the expedition which was equipped for the discovery. His large fortune enabled him to make unusual preparations; but such was his zeal, that he even raised a loan for the purpose. He engaged Zoffani, the painter, with three assistant draughtsmen. He selected two secretaries, and nine attendants, instructed in the art of preserving plants and animals; he also provided books, drawings, and instruments. But his natural ambition was suddenly thwarted by the opposition of Sir Hugh Palliser, controller of the navy. For whatever reason—and it is now difficult to imagine any, except some jealousy too contemptible to name—so many obstructions were thrown in the way, that Banks relinquished the pursuit, and turned his attention to a voyage to Iceland. His suite, seamen and all, amounting to forty persons, reached the island in 1772, examined its chief natural phenomena, Hecla and its hot springs, and furnished his historian, Von Troil, with the materials for the most accurate history of this outpost of the northern world.

On his return to England, he commenced the career, natural to an opulent man of a cultivated mind, but yet so seldom followed in England by individuals of even higher means than his own. He fitted up a large house in Soho Square with all the preparatives for a life of literary association—a copious library, collections of natural history, and philosophical instruments. He held frequent conversazioni, gave dinners, and easily and naturally constituted himself the leader of the men of science in London. In Lincolnshire, where his chief property lay, he performed the part of the liberal and hospitable country gentleman on a large scale; while in London, he was the first person to whom scientific foreigners were

introduced, and the principal patron and protector of ingenious men.

On the resignation of Sir John Pringle as President of the Royal Society, Sir Joseph Banks was placed in the chair, in 1778, almost by acclamation. He had some obvious qualifications for the office, but he as obviously wanted others. His opulence, his hospitality, and his zeal for science, were valuable, and are nearly indispensable in the president of a body which concentrates the chief intellectual force of the community. But his favorite pursuit, botany, has never deserved the name of a science, and inevitably bears a character of triviality in the eyes of the mathematician and the philosopher. The distinction given to a comparatively young man, known to the world only as a voyager, and a collector of plants and animals, not unnaturally tended to breed scoffing among the professors of the severe sciences. The feeling spread, and the opportunity for its expression was soon found. Dr. Hutton, the mathematical professor at Woolwich, happened to be secretary for foreign correspondence. His residence at Woolwich was said to produce some inconvenience in his intercourse with the president; and the council passed a resolution, in 1783, recommending that "the foreign secretary should reside in London." The secret history of this transaction is, that Hutton was one of the mathematical party; though we cannot distinctly ascertain whether he had actually gone so far as to sneer at the president. Upon this, Hutton resigned the office; to accept which, the emolument could not have been his object, the salary being but £20 a-year—a sum that cannot be mentioned without a sense of disgrace to a society reckoning among its members some of the wealthiest men of England.

Hutton's resignation, or rather dismissal, produced an open war in the society. The mathematicians ranged themselves on the Huttonian side; the cultivators of natural history, and the cultivators of nothing, ranged themselves on the side of the president. The mathematicians were headed by Horsley, afterwards the bishop—a man whom Lord Brougham characterizes as extremely arrogant, of violent temper, and intoxicated with an extravagant sense of his own scientific merits, which his noble biographer pronounces to be altogether insignificant, heading this charge with the unkindest cut of all, namely, that he was "a priest." Horsley was certainly no great

mathematician, as his publication of the *Principia* unluckily shows; but the picture is high-colored, which represents him as a hot-tempered, loud-tongued, bustling personage—a sort of bravo of science and theology, who took up the first opinion which occurred to him, scorned to rectify it by any after-thought, and plunged from one absurdity into another, for the sake of consistency. The eloquence of his attacks upon the chair, of whose possession he was supposed to be foolishly ambitious, was vaunted a good deal by his partisans. But, as the only evidence of his rhetoric in these squabbles ever quoted, is one sentence, it is like the pretension to wit on the strength of a single pun, and may be easily cast aside. This boasted sentence was uttered, in threatening the secession of the mathematical party. "The president will then be left with his train of feeble amateurs, and that toy (the mace) upon the table—the ghost of the Society in which Philosophy once reigned, and Newton officiated as her minister."

Horsley's theology was too nearly on a par with his mathematics—he *was* harsh and headlong. The fortunate folly of Priestley in challenging the English clergy to a trial of strength in the old arena of Unitarianism, gained him an opportunity of crushing an antagonist whose presumption was in proportion to his ignorance. Accordingly, the Unitarian was speedily put *hors-de-combat*, and Horsley was rewarded with a mitre.

The president had long felt that the purpose of this violent lover of parallelograms was, to unseat him. The question was therefore brought to a decision, in the shape of a resolution "approving of Sir Joseph Banks as president, and resolving to support him in his office." This resolution was carried by 119 to 43.

Honors began now to gather upon him. In 1788 he had been made a baronet. In 1795 he received the order of the Bath, then generally restricted to soldiers and diplomatists. In two years after, he was called to the Privy Council. On the death of the Duke of Ancaster he was chosen recorder of Boston; but, though often solicited to stand an election, he was never a member of Parliament. Though professing himself a Tory, he seems never to have taken any active part in politics, preserving a curious practical neutrality in Lincolnshire, and giving his interest to Mr. Pelham, a Whig, and Mr. Chaplin, a Tory. This,

which his noble biographer curiously seems to consider as a happy proof of the absence of all party feelings, we should be apt to look upon as a proof of a degenerate wish to consult his own ease, and of a sluggish neutrality discreditable to the character of an Englishman.

However, he had more honorable distinctions. In the furious Revolutionary war—a war of principles and passions, not less than of public interests, the president of the Royal Society largely exerted his interest with both governments, to alleviate the sufferings of scientific men who happened to fall into the hands of the belligerents, and to effect the restoration of scientific property captured by our ships of war. In 1802 he was chosen one of the foreign members of the Institute of France: and his letter of thanks, a little too ardent in its gratitude, was said to have involved the baronet in some vexations peculiarly felt by his courtly temperament. He was instantly attacked for his Gallican panegyric, by a portion of the Royal Society. Cobbett, who was then looking out for a victim, and whose loyalty was at that period peculiarly glowing, flew at him like a tiger-cat; and, last and most dreaded of all, he was said to have received at Windsor some of those frowns, which to a courtier are a total eclipse of the sun. But the nation soon had higher things to think of than a slip of the President's pen, or a little betrayal of his vanity. Napoleon ascended the throne; and, when the thunderbolts began to fall, the squibs and crackers flung from hand to hand of little men are of necessity forgotten.

His latter years were signalized by acts of unequivocal public service. He is designated by Lord Brougham, and no one can have a better right to be informed of the fact, as the real founder of the African Association.—His lordship also regards him as the real founder of the colony of Botany Bay.—He was the first to suggest the transfer of the tropical fruits to the West India islands.—British horticulture owed him great services.—And the British Museum, during forty-two years of his trusteeship, was the object of his peculiar care, and finally received the bequest of his excellent library and of all his collections.

His career, however, was now, by the course of nature, drawing to its close. Yet, he had lived seventy-eight years in this anxious and disappointing world, in opulence, in peace, and in public estimation. But his lot had been singularly fortunate.

Few men are without their share of those troubles which characterize the general condition of human nature. Sir Joseph Banks had his trial, in physical suffering. In the first portion of his life he had been remarkable for robust health and activity; but, from about his fortieth year, he suffered severely from attacks of gout, which increased so much, that for his last fourteen years he was scarcely able to walk. His robust mind, however, enabled him to encounter his disease by increased and extreme temperance. He gave up all fermented liquors and animal food. He seems to have derived considerable benefit from D'Huissou's medicine. But his hour was come; and on the 19th of June, 1820, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, he died—just one year after his honored and royal friend, George III.

Thus passed through the world one of those men who are among the most useful in their generation. It would be idle to pronounce him a genius, a discoverer, or a profound philosopher. But he served an important purpose in society; he suggested philosophical enterprise, he protected the honorable ambition of men whose career, without that protection, might have closed in obscure suffering; he gave the philosophy and literature of his time a leader, and formed it into a substantial shape. In this spirit he employed his life; and he accomplished his purpose with the constancy and determination of a sagacious and systematic mind. He might not be a pillar of the philosophical temple of his country, nor its architrave; but he performed the office of the clamp—he bound together the materials of both pillar and architrave, and sustained the edifice alike in its stateliness and in its security.

Lord Brougham's biography of D'Alembert commences with a brief dissertation on the interest which the mind takes in the study of mathematics. This study he regards as superior in gratification to every other, from its independence of external circumstances. In all other studies, he observes truly, that a large portion of the researches must depend upon facts imperfectly ascertained from the reports of others, and upon knowledge impeded by the capricious chances of things; while in pure science, the principles, the premises, and the conclusions, are wholly within our own power.

In a passage exhibiting the affluence of the noble lord's language, he says, "The

life of a geometrician may well be supposed an uninterrupted calm, and the gratification which is derived from its researches, is of a pure and also of a lively kind—whether he contemplates the truth discovered by others, with the demonstrative evidence on which they rest, or carries the science further, and himself adds to the number of the interesting truths before known. He may be often stopt in his researches by the difficulties that beset his path; he may be frustrated in his attempts to discover relations, depending on complicated data, which he cannot unravel or reconcile; but his study is wholly independent of accident, his reliance is on his own powers. Contestation and uncertainty he never can know; a stranger to all controversy, above all mystery, he possesses his mind in unruffled peace. Bound by no authority, regardless of all consequences as of all opposition, he is entire master of his conclusions as of his operations, and feels even perfect indifference to the acceptance or objection of his doctrines, because he confidently looks forward to their universal and immediate admission the moment they are comprehended."

All this is strikingly expressed, yet it is after all but a showy hypothesis. That pure mathematics have nothing to do with external existence, may be easily granted; but that mathematicians are exempt from controversy, is no more a matter of experience than that all mathematical assertions are self-evident. The history of science is a direct contradiction of this halcyon hypothesis. The bitterest controversies, and the most ridiculous too, have been raised on mathematical opinions. Universal experience tends strongly to the proof, that no exclusive exertion of the mind is more fatal to its general vigor, more apt to narrow its range of conception; more distinctly operative, by its very exclusiveness, and by its making minute truths the especial object of the mind, in rendering it incapable of those loftier and broader truths on which depend all the great concerns of society, all the efficient progress of civilization, and all the nobler growth of human powers—than the mere study of mathematics. A spider drawing his web out of his own fibres, and constructing his little lines and circles in his dusty corner, is the fittest emblem of the mere mathematician. In this language, we acknowledge the use of the science; we protest only against its pretence of superiority. Every man's experience of college

studies may supply him with examples; but we have room but for one, and that of a sufficiently high order.

When Napoleon assumed the French throne, in his ambition of being regarded as the universal patron of science, he appointed the author of the *Mécanique Céleste* a member of his privy council. But La Place, then and since, the first scientific name of France, was found utterly inadequate to even the almost sinecure duties of his office. Napoleon soon found that he could make no use of him. He accordingly consulted him no longer. "I found his mind," said he, "like his book, full of *infiniments petits*." Or if we look for further illustration among the French geometers—the only men among whom the trial can be made, from their opportunities of power in the Revolution—there was not one of them who exhibited any qualification for the higher duties of public life. Bailly, Condorcet, and their tribe, proved themselves utterly feeble, helpless, and trifling, where manliness, activity, and intelligence of mind were required. The Savans were swept away like a swarm of mice, or crushed like musquitoes, when they dared to buzz in the presence of the public. That they were first-rate mathematicians there can be no question; that they quarrelled about their mathematical theories with the bitterness, and not a little in the style of village gossips, is equally certain; and that, though the Encyclopedists had chiefly died off before the Revolution, their successors and imitators were extinguished by their preposterous combination of an avarice of power, and of an inadequacy to exertion, is a fact written unanswerably in the history of their trifling career, and of their early scaffolds. The ridiculous figure made in politics by the first astronomer of France, at this moment, only strengthens the conclusion.

The life of D'Alembert is, however, one of the happiest illustrations of the use to which science may be applied, in raising an obscure individual into public fame. Yet, it is not to be forgotten, that D'Alembert's European celebrity commenced only when he had laid aside the exclusive study of mathematics, and devoted himself to general literature, and, shaking off the dust of his closet, he became a man of the world.

Jean le Rond d'Alembert was born in November, 1717, and was exposed as a foundling near the church of St. Jean le Rond in Paris, and thus called by the name of the parish. The commissary of the dis-

trict, taking pity upon the infant's apparently dying condition, instead of sending it to the hospital, where it would have inevitably died, gave it to be nursed by the wife of a poor glazier. In a few days, however, a person named D'Estouches, a commissary of artillery, came forward, acknowledged the child, and made provision for its support. The habits of foreign life are generally so scandalous, that they can scarcely be alluded to without offending our sense of delicacy. The mother of this infant was an unmarried woman, living in the very highest circles of Paris, the sister of Cardinal Tencin, archbishop of Lyons. This woman thus added to her vice the cruelty of exposing her unfortunate offspring to die of cold and hunger in the streets. It does not appear that her profligacy, though notorious, ever affected her position in society. Her coteries were as gay, her circle was as complete, and her rank as high, as ever. In the Paris of those days, "throwing the first stone" was unheard of; its reaction would have been an avalanche; there was no scandal where there was no concealment; there was no crime where there was no conscience; and thus danced the world away, until the scourge of a higher power swept the whole noblesse of France into beggary and exile.

D'Alembert seems to have taken his surname from that of his nurse, and was sent, when twelve years old, to the College of La Nation, then in the possession of the Jansenists. There he learnt mathematics. On leaving the college, he returned to the glazier's house, there had one room for his bedroom and study, lived on the family fare, supported himself on a pension of £50 a-year left to him by his father, and in that house lived for forty years. He once made an abortive attempt to study the law and medicine, but soon grew weary of both, and returned to mathematics, for which he had a decided predilection. His application to this study, however, by no means pleased the homely sense of his old nurse. "You will never be any thing better than a philosopher," was her usual saying. "And what's a philosopher?—a fool, who wears out his life, to be spoken of after he is dead."

But D'Alembert had evidently a passion for science; and in his twenty-third year he sent to the Academy of Sciences an analytical paper, which attracted general notice. This was followed by his admission into the society, at the unusually early age

of twenty-four. From this period, he proceeded for eighteen years, constantly furnishing the academy with papers, which added greatly to its reputation and his own. In a note on the presumed discovery of Taylor's Theorem by D'Alembert, the noble biographer alludes to what he regards as a similar event, the discovery of the "Binomial Theorem" by himself. We must acknowledge, that we cannot easily comprehend how any student, within the last hundred years, could have had this "discovery" to make—the Binomial Theorem being one of the very first which meets the eye of the algebraist, in Newton's and every other treatise on analysis. It seems to us very like an English reader's "discovery" of the alphabet, or, at least, of the recondite art of spelling words of two syllables. But D'Alembert was at length to find, that if he was to obtain either fame or fortune, he must seek them in some other road. At this period, infidelity had become the distinction of all who arrogated to themselves intellectual accomplishment. The power of the crown, and the power of the clergy, had hitherto made its expression dangerous; but the new liberalism of the throne having enfeebled its power, the reign of the libeller, the rebel, and the skeptic openly commenced. The opulence of the clergy increased the bitterness of their enemies; and the blow which was intended to lay the throne in the dust, was nominally aimed at religion. Voltaire had commenced this crusade half a century before; but the arch-infidel lived beyond the dominion of France, possessed an independent income, had acquired the reputation of the wittiest man in Europe, and had established a species of impunity by the pungency of his perpetual sneers. During this period, French infidelity had been silent through fear, but it was not the less virulent, active, and general. It appeared in the result, that almost the whole of the French higher orders were either deists or total unbelievers. All the literary men of France followed the example of Voltaire, and a scoff at religion was always accepted as an evidence of wit. France loves extremes; and, as the popular literature of Paris is now plunged in impurity, fifty years ago it was characterized by outrageous blasphemy. The only religion which France knew, was certainly not calculated to repress the evil. Its fantastic exhibitions and grim formalities were equally obnoxious to the human understanding. Its persecu-

ting spirit insulted the growing passion of the people for liberty; while its fierce dogmas, contrasting with its ridiculous traditions, supplied the largest materials at once for horror and ridicule.

At length the storm broke forth. The infidelity which had danced and smiled, and made *calembourgs* and scoffed, in the full-dress circles of the nobles; made its appearance in the streets and highways, in rags and riot, with the axe for the pen, and blood for the ink, and trampled the whole polished race of scoffers in the mire of Revolution.

The *Encyclopédie* was the great text-book of the literary faction, and Diderot and D'Alembert were the editors of its first seven volumes—D'Alembert writing the preliminary discourse upon the progress of the sciences. But the latter mixed caution with his courage; for on the issue of the government prohibition of the work, he abandoned the editorship, and left it to Diderot.

At length, in 1752, the King of Prussia, who, with all his fame, had the weakness of being emulous of French flattery, offered him an appointment at Berlin, with an allowance of five hundred pounds a-year, and the reversionary office of president of the academy. But this royal offer he refused, on the ground of his reluctance to quit Paris, and the fear that the employment would be inconsistent with his freedom. At this period his fixed income seemed to be about seventy pounds a year; yet, when we suffer ourselves to be astonished at the apparent magnanimity of the refusal, we are to remember that this sum, a hundred years ago, and in Paris, would be about equivalent to two hundred pounds a-year in England at the present day; that, like all Frenchmen, he hated Germany; that Frederic's dealings with Voltaire gave by no means a favorable specimen of his friendship; and that, to a Frenchman of that day, Paris was all the world. But, ten years after, the Empress Catharine made him the much more tempting offer of the tutorship of her son, afterwards the unfortunate Emperor Paul. The salary was to be magnificent, no less than four thousand pounds a-year; still he refused the offer, and preferred remaining in Paris.

Whether we are to applaud his magnanimity, or blame his habits, on this occasion, may fairly be a question. The possession of the four thousand pounds a-year, even if it were limited to the period of tuition,

would have made him opulent; and his opulence would undoubtedly have given him the means of extensive benevolence, of relieving private distress, of assisting his less fortunate literary brethren, of promoting public objects, and ultimately, perhaps, of founding some valuable institution which might last for ages. But D'Alembert, and men like him, seem to live only for themselves. It would have cost him an absence from Paris for a certain period to have obtained this power of public good; and he preferred living without it, and haunting, night after night, the coteries of the old blue-stockings who kept open house for the evening gossipry of the capital.

Nothing can form a stronger contrast to the general passion of the French character for change, than its devotion to the same coterie for half a century together. In the middle of the eighteenth century two houses in Paris were especially the rendezvous of the talkers, idlers, and philosophers of Paris. That some of those visitants were men of remarkable ability, there can be no doubt. But this perpetual haunting of the same coffee-cups, this regularity of trifling, this wretched inability to remain at home for a single evening, is so wholly irreconcilable with our English sense of domestic duties, of the attachment of parents to their families, and of the exercise of the natural affections, that we find it utterly impossible to attach any degree of respect to the perpetual loungee at another's fireside. Madame Geoffrin had now succeeded to Madame de Tencin, as the receiver of the coterie. Madame du Deffand held a kind of rival, but inferior, coterie. The former had a house, the latter had only a lodging; the former was good-humored, amiable, and kind—the latter satirical and cold; but both were clever, and, at all events, both received the gossips, wise and foolish, of Paris. At the lodging of Madame du Deffand, D'Alembert met Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, a species of companion to Madame. She was the illegitimate daughter of a woman of fashion, as D'Alembert was the son. The circumstance was too common in Parisian high life, to involve any censure on the parents, or any disgrace on the children; but it may have produced a degree of sympathy, which suddenly rose to its height by their taking a lodging together! Those things, too, were so frequent in France, that, except the laugh of the moment, no one seems to have taken notice of the connection; and they continued to carry

it on, as well received as ever, and holding their evening coterie with undiminished applause.

"No one," observes the noble biographer, "whispered a syllable of suspicion, respecting a connection which all were fully convinced could be only of the most innocent kind." This French credulity is too simple for our credence. That a he and she philosophic pair should have lived in the same apartments for a dozen years with perfect innocence, may have been the case in Paris; but the story would not be believed in any less immaculate region on the face of the earth. The plain truth seems to be, that the general looseness of Parisian society saw nothing gross in the grossest connection. Even where they affected virtue, they palpably preferred their having an evening lounge open to them, to any consideration grounded on common propriety and a sense of shame.

But the philosopher was a dirty fellow after all, and it only does credit to his noble biographer's sense of propriety to admit, that "his conduct must seem strange to all men of right and honorable feelings." In fact, the philosopher seems to have lent his aid very zealously to a correspondence carried on by his sensitive fellow-lodger! with a view to a marriage with a Spanish Marquis Mora. Among other proofs, he went every morning to the post-office to receive the Spaniard's letters for the lady. "I confess," says Lord Brougham, "I am driven, how reluctantly soever, to the painful conclusion, that he lent himself to the plan of her *inveigling* the Spaniard into a marriage." And this was not the only instance of his by-play. Mademoiselle professed also to have fallen in love with a M. Guibert, known as a military writer. Guibert exhibited his best tactics, in keeping clear of the lady. "All this time, she continued," says his lordship, "to make D'Alembert believe, that she had no real passion for any one but himself." No one can easily suppose that they were not connected in a plan of obtaining for her a settlement in life by marriage. But, if this marriage-intrigue was in every sense, and on all sides, contemptible, what are we to think of the nature of the connection existing between this sensitive lady and D'Alembert, living for years under the same roof? The whole matter would be too repulsive for the decorums of biography, if it were not among the evidences of that utter corruption of morals, and callousness of feeling, which were final-

ly avenged in the havoc of the Revolution.

D'Alembert's income had been increased by his appointment to the office of secretary to the Academy, in 1772. Unfortunately for his literary fame, it became a part of his duty to write the *éloges* of the deceased members, an office which he fulfilled with equal diligence and unproductiveness; for, of those unfortunate performances he wrote no less than eighty-three. But the French are fond of fooleries of this kind; a few sounding sentences with them are biography; a few rambling sketches fill up the outline to their taste; and the whole forms a specimen of that eloquence which men are content to admire on the other side of the Channel.

At length his career drew to a close. Towards his sixty-fourth year, his health began to decline. It had never been robust, though his habits had been temperate; but feebleness of stomach, and an organic disease, predicted the approach of his dissolution. He died on the 29th of October, 1783, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. Notwithstanding his feebleness of body, his intellectual vigor remained—thus adding one to the many proofs of the distinct natures of mind and body. In his intervals of ease, he continued to occupy himself with mathematical investigations. With a deplorable want of feeling, he talked with levity of his approaching departure, an event awful to the best, and, to the wisest, solemn in proportion to their wisdom. He died in the fullness of that scientific reputation which he deserved, and of that literary reputation which he did not deserve; but, by the combination of both, ranking as the most distinguished intellectual name of Europe in his day.

The life of a later philosopher, the unfortunate Lavoisier, gives Lord Brougham an opportunity of rendering justice to an eminent foreigner, and of vindicating the claims of his own still more memorable countrymen, Black and Watt. Chemistry is especially the science of the eighteenth century, as geometry was of the seventeenth. It is a characteristic of that great, however slow, change, which is now evidently in progress through Europe, that those sciences which most promote the comforts, the powers, and the progress of the multitude, obviously occupy the largest share of mental illustration. Of all the sciences, chemistry is that one which contributes most largely to the dominion of man over nature. It is the very handmaid of Wisdom, instructing



us in the properties of things, and continually developing more and more the secrets of those vast and beneficent processes by which the physical frame of creation is rendered productive to man. It must thus be regarded as the most essential instrument of our physical well-being. It takes a part in all that administers to our wants and enjoyments. Our clothing, our medicine, our food; the cultivation of the ground, the salubrity of the atmosphere; the very blood, bone, and muscle of man, all depend on chemical evolutions. But it has its still loftier secrets; and the experimental philosopher is constantly stimulated and delighted by his approach to at least the borders of discoveries which promise to give a nobler insight into the laws of matter; to exhibit more fully the mechanism formed and moved by the Divine hand; and to develop the glories of the universe on a scale continually enlarging, and continually more luminous.

A matchless source of interest in this most effective and essential of all the science is, that it seems capable of an infinite progress. The chemical philosopher cannot even conceive any limit to its variety, multitude, or utility of purpose. The more he discovers, the more he finds is still to be discovered. Every new property awakens him to the existence of some other property, more capacious and more profound. Every difficulty mastered, only leads him towards some deeper and more tempting problem. And, in addition to the ardor derived from this triumph of our intellectual ambition—as if all the incentives that can act upon man were expressly accumulated upon this pursuit—there is no science in which the actual triumphs are more directly connected with personal opulence. The invention of a new acid or alkali might create unbounded wealth. The discovery of a new principle of the most vulgar use—for tanning leather, for extracting oils, for strengthening soap, for purifying tallow, might place the discoverer in possession of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. But a loftier ambition may still find its field in this science. A chemical discovery might change the face of the world. Gunpowder had already changed the whole form of European society. A chemical discovery might give us the power of managing at our will the storm and the lightning, of averting the pestilence, or of insuring the fertility of the soil, and the regularity of the seasons. The Divine intention in

placing us here, was evidently the perpetual exercise of the human understanding. For that purpose were given the wants, and the remedies of the wants, of man; for that purpose all sciences are perhaps inexhaustible; but of all, the most palpably inexhaustible, the most teeming with immediate results, and the most remedial as to human necessities, is Chemistry—fitted by its extent to supply the largest proportion of human objects, by its power to excite the most eager inquiry, and by its richness to reward the intelligent labor of man, to the last ages of the world.

Antoine Laurent Lavoisier was born in Paris in 1743, the son of one of the "farmers-general." As the office was nearly hereditary, and was proverbially connected with great opulence, the son of the rich functionary was highly educated. But science soon attracted all his study, and, devoting himself especially to chemistry, he made himself conspicuous among the leading philosophers of his time.

At the age of twenty-two, he presented to the Academy of Sciences an analysis of gypsum. At twenty-five he was admitted a member of the Academy, an unusually early age. In his next year he succeeded his father in his lucrative office. He then married the daughter of another farmer-general, and having made this provision for a life of luxury or public employment, with all that political ambition might offer in the old *régime* of France, he collected his books about him, shut himself up in his study, and gave up his time, fortune, and energy to the advancement of science.

After occupying himself for a brief period with geology, he commenced his chemical career by refuting the theories alike of Margraff and Stahl on the conversion of water into earth. The chemistry of the gases had made rapid progress in England; and the names of Black, Priestley, and Cavendish, had already attracted the attention of scientific Europe. Lavoisier followed in their track by a series of experiments in the calcination of metals, pursued with remarkable intelligence and industry. The biographer observes that he was now on the verge of two dazzling discoveries—the composition of the atmosphere, and the identity of the diamond with carbon. But he stopped short, and left the glory to more fortunate investigators.

We hasten from the controversies to which the claim of priority in those distinguished discoveries gave rise, and come to

the more authentic services of Lavoisier. He was appointed by the minister to superintend the royal manufacture of gunpowder, which his chemical knowledge enabled him greatly to improve. He next, by appointment of the National Assembly, drew up his laborious and valuable memoir on the *Territorial Wealth of France*. He was now appointed one of the commissioners of the treasury, and introduced an unexampled regularity into the public accounts. He aided the formation of the metrical system, the security of the assignats against forgery, and seems to have born an active part in every public matter in which practical science was concerned. In the mean time he employed himself in scientific agriculture, and set apart a tract of land on his estate for experimental farming. His style of living in Paris was at once rational and splendid. His house was open twice a-week for the reception of distinguished persons, both foreigners and natives, and especially if they brought with them the recommendation of scientific ability. With the finest philosophical apparatus in the possession of any individual in France, he was constantly carrying on experiments on his own account, or performing them for others whose means could not meet their expense. This conduct, united to remarkable amiability of manners, made him popular, and placed him at the head of French science in his day. But the evil time had come when opulence was to be a crime, and virtue was to be no longer a safe-guard. The democratic triumvirate of 1794 issued an order for the seizure of twenty-seven individuals who had been farmers-general before the revolution. The true charge was the crime of being opulent. The popular and ridiculous charge was, their having mixed deleterious ingredients with the tobacco. Lavoisier having received information that the order was about to be executed, fled, and remained for some days in concealment. On understanding that his flight might injure the other prisoners, and as his father-in-law was among them, he, with a rash reliance on the public justice, yet with manly generosity, returned to Paris, and gave himself up to his oppressors. The course of the Revolution had been so palpably that of general plunder, that he had long expected the loss of fortune, and proposed, in case of ruin, to begin the world again, and live by the profession of medicine.

But, by a furious act of violence, he was condemned to die. He asked only a few

days to complete some experiments which were going on during his imprisonment. The scoffing answer of this merciless tribunal was, that the Republic had no need of philosophers; and on the day after this sentence, the 8th of May, 1794, he was hurried to the guillotine with no less than one hundred and twenty-three other victims, who all died within a few hours.

On this melancholy and desperate atrocity of republicanism, Lord Brougham makes the following remark, which, though natural in the lips of any human being, has double force as coming from one who has seen the operation of the revolutionary spirit on so large a scale, and during so extended a portion of his public career.

"The lustre," he observes, "which the labors of Lavoisier had shed over the scientific renown of France, the valuable services which he had rendered her in so many important departments of her affairs, the virtues which adorned his character and made his philosophy beloved as well as revered, were all destined to meet the reward with which the tyranny of *vulgar faction* is sure to recompense the good and the wise, as often as the *base unlettered multitude* are permitted to bear sway, and to place in the seat of dominion their idols, who *dupe to betray*, and finally punish them."

Lord Brougham justly reprobates the suspicious silence of the celebrated Carnot on this occasion, and the still more scandalous apathy of Fourcroix, who had been the pupil and panegyrist of the great chemist during many years. He acquits him of the deadly imputation, that he had even been instrumental in sending his master to the guillotine. But he praises, in contradistinction, M. Hallé, who had the honest courage to proclaim Lavoisier's public services before the dreadful tribunal, while he consigns the pulpit to perpetual scorn. He was murdered in his fifty-first year.

Lord Brougham's French predilections do credit to his sense of cosmopolitanism; but he appears to us somewhat more disposed to conciliate the jealousy of his very irritable French *confrères*, than to deal rigorous justice. No man deserves the reputation of science but a discoverer. To know all that has been hitherto known on a subject, deserves the character of diligence; to promote the progress of a science by largeness of expenditure, or steadiness of exertion, deserves the praise of liberality and labor; but the man who adds to the science by original invention, who

enlarges its boundaries, and detects new principles, is the man alone to whom the name of genius can be applied. Lavoisier was, unquestionably, an important minister of science; he possessed singular assiduity, unwearied zeal, and remarkable sagacity. What these could do, he did; what knowledge could accomplish, he performed; but the inventors were of another country, and of a higher order, and he must be content with the honors due to imitation. Yet he had considerable happiness in the difficult art of communicating his knowledge. His *Treatise on Chemistry*, though now superseded by subsequent arrangements, is singularly clear; and no great teacher of chemistry has hitherto given the world a more striking example of exactness in detail, and clearness in conception.

His cruel death, too, may be almost said to have continued his services to society. It proved, with irresistible force, the true character of Infidel Revolution. It showed a noble-minded and benevolent man the victim of revolutionary rage; an intelligent, studious, and retired man, obnoxious to the rabble love of ruin; a mild, generous, and patriotic man, the instant prey of revolutionary government, which boasted of its superiority to the vices of kings, of its homage to intellect, and of its supreme value for the virtues of private life. Yet it murdered Lavoisier without a moment's hesitation or a moment's remorse, and flung the first philosopher of France into a felon's grave.

The biography of Adam Smith gives Lord Brougham an opportunity of pouring out, at the distance of nearly half a century, that knowledge of Political Economy which first brought him into notice. His *Colonial Policy*, a remarkable performance for a student of eighteen, exhibited in miniature the principles and propensities which his long career has been expended in maturing and moulding. Adam Smith was the idol of all Scottish worship in the last century; and his originality of conception, the weight of his subject, and the clearness of his judgment, made him worthy of the elevation.

Adam Smith's birth was of a higher order than is often to be found in the instance of men destined to literary eminence. He was the son of a comptroller of the customs, who had been private secretary to Lord Loudoun, secretary of state, and keeper of the great seal.

An accident in infancy had nearly deprived the age of its first philosopher, even

if it had not trained him to be hanged. At three years of age he was stolen by travelling tinkers, a race resembling the gypsies, and which in that day formed a numerous population in Scotland. But a pursuit being speedily set on foot, he was fortunately recovered. He was well educated, and, after the routine of school, was sent to Glasgow for three years, where he obtained an Exhibition to Balliol College. At Oxford he remained for seven years, chiefly addicted to mathematics—a study, however, which he subsequently wholly abandoned. He had been intended for the Church of England; but whether from dislike of its discipline, or from disappointment in his views, he retired to Scotland, to take his chance of employment in its colleges. In 1748 he settled in Edinburgh, and, for three years, read a course of lectures on rhetoric. His contemporaries, then obscure, became, in some instances, conspicuous; for among them were Hume, Robertson, and Wedderburne. In 1751, Smith was elected to the professorship of Logic in the University of Glasgow, which he soon after exchanged for that of Moral Philosophy.

Thus far we run on smoothly with Lord Brougham; but when he comes to discuss religion, we must occasionally doubt his guidance. For example, in speaking of Smith's lectures on Natural Theology, he denounces the jealousy of those who regard it as other than "the very foundation essential to support its fabric." From this opinion we totally dissent. It is perfectly true that natural religion and revelation are consistent with each other, as must be presumed from their being the work of the same Divine Wisdom. But their foundations are wholly distinct. Why did the Jew believe the Mosaic revelation? Simply and solely, because it was delivered to him with such evidences of supernatural origin, in the thunders of Sinai, and substantiated at subsequent periods by miracle and prophecy, that he must receive it as divine. Why did the early converts receive Christianity? Simply on the same direct evidence applied to their senses. No apostle sent them to examine their notions of the Godhead, or left them to inculcate the doctrines of the gospel by their reason. But he declared his doctrine as a new truth, and gave proof of its truth being divine, by working wonders palpably beyond the power of man. Of course, unless man knew what was meant by the power of the Deity, he could not have comprehended the sim-

plest communication of the apostle. But we are speaking of the foundation of a belief—not the intelligibility of a language. We are entitled to go further still, and say, that the first idea of the being of a God was itself a revelation—a much plainer solution of the extraordinary circumstance, that so lofty and recondite a conception should have existed in the earliest and rudest ages of society, than to suppose that the antediluvian shepherd, or the postdiluvian hunter, should have ever thought of tracing effects and causes up to that extreme elevation, where a pure and suprema Spirit creates and governs the whole. We are entitled even to doubt whether the idea of Spirit was ever *naturally* conceived in the mind of any human being, difficult as is the conception to a creature surrounded with materiality, with every thought derived from his senses, and with the total incapacity of defining to this hour, or even imagining, the nature of Spirit. It will be fully admitted, that when the idea was once communicated, its reality was substantiated by the frame of nature, by the regularity, the extent, and the beneficence of the great physical system. But the origin was revelation. Lord Brougham quotes Tillotson; but the archbishop had earned his mitre by other means than the vigor of his understanding, and often trifles like other men.

In 1759, Smith published his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*—a work of skill and invention, but which has long since fallen into disuse with the intelligent world. It, however, had the rare good fortune of attracting the notice of an individual, possessed at once of the taste to honor, and the will to befriend, a man of original ability. The volume fell into the hands of the celebrated Charles Townsend, who proposed that the author should take charge of the young Duke of Buccleuch, whose mother, the dowager-duchess, he had married. Nothing in the life of Townsend was more honorable to him than this choice, not only for its judgment but for its rarity. The generality of men in possession of affluence think only of themselves, and would value the most common-place gratification more highly than the encouragement of the obscure genius, which wanted only that encouragement to shed a new lustre on its generation. The man of power in general feels its possession the primary object of his patronage, and sees no purpose in the immense opportunity given to him by his rank, but to obtain adherents, and make his

power impregnable. Though there may be exceptions, such is the rule; and with this recollection of the established course of things, we give all honor to the memory of the man, without whose patronage the world would probably have lost the ablest work of its century, the immortal *Wealth of Nations*.

In 1763, Smith was appointed tutor to the young nobleman, resigned his professorship, and went with his pupil to France. After a residence of a year and a half at Toulouse, he travelled in Switzerland, and then, returning to Paris, spent ten months there. His French residence was peculiarly fortunate. It rubbed off the rust of his seclusion; it introduced him to the best society of courtly life; and it brought him into direct intercourse with that whole circle of active intellect and novel philosophy, which made the Parisian coteries at once the most bustling and brilliant of Europe. However the horrid profligacy of the court, and the contemptuous infidelity of high life, might have either disgusted the morals, or startled even the skepticism of the stranger, there can be no doubt of the interest which he felt in the society of such men as Turgot, Necker, D'Alembert, and Quesnay. Smith, some fifteen or twenty years before, had drawn up a sketch of the principles which he afterwards developed in his *Wealth of Nations*. Political economy was then beginning to take a form in French science. Whether it ever deserved the name of science, or will ever deserve it, may be a grave question. It depends upon such a multitude of facts, and the facts themselves vary so perpetually, the "principles" derived from those facts are so feeble and fluctuating, and common experience so provokingly contradicts, from day to day, the most labored conclusions, that every new professor has a new theory, and every new theory turns the former into ridicule, itself to be burlesqued by the next that follows. This at least is known, that Fox declared his suspicion of the whole, saying, that it was at once too daring to be intelligible, and too indefinite to be reducible to practice. Even in our day, no two authors on the subject agree; all the successful measures of revenue and finance have been adopted in utter defiance of its dogmas; while all the modern attempts to act upon what are called its principles, have only convulsed commerce, shaken public credit, and substituted fantastic visions of prosperity for the old substantial wealth of England. No occupation

could have been fitter for the half-frivolous, half-faction spirit of France. A revolution in revenue was openly regarded as the first step to revolution in power; the political economists indulged themselves in a philosophic conspiracy, and vented their sneers against the government, under pretext of recognizing the rights of trade. It took but a little more than twenty years to mature this dexterous contrivance, and the meek friends of free trade had the happiness of seeing France in a blaze.

Smith, on his return, shut himself up in his study in Kirkcaldy for ten years. His friends in vain attempted to draw him from his solitude to Edinburgh: he steadily, we may almost say magnanimously, refused; and at the end of the tenth year, in 1776, he explained the mystery, by the publication of the two quarto volumes of his *Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*. The work was received with general congratulation; it was regarded as a new science, although it is well-known, as stated in the introduction to the biography, that many others had previously discussed the same subjects. Smith's views, however, were so much more comprehensive, his division so much more distinct, and his remarks so much more practical, that he deserved all the credit of the architect who combines in beauty and utility the beams and pillars which he finds scattered on the ground. And here we advert to the obvious benefit of that patronage which had been extended to this very able man by Townsend. The annuity which had been settled on him as tutor, had enabled Smith to give up the whole of his time, and the whole powers of his mind, during those ten years, to this great work. During nearly twenty years of lecturing, on the other hand, in which his pen was necessarily employed without ceasing, he seems to have published but one work, *The Theory of Moral Sentiments*. That he constantly formed ingenious conceptions, may be easily admitted; but that he wanted either time or inclination to complete them, is evident from the fact, that he never suffered them to appear in print, and that one of his dying directions was, that they should be destroyed by his executors.

He was now a man of fame, and to enjoy it came up to London, where he resided for two years in the midst of the best society, political and literary, to be found in England. He was now to be a man of

fortune as well as of fame; he was appointed a commissioner of the customs in Scotland. He returned to Edinburgh, and commenced the agreeable life of a man at once distinguished, and opulent to the full extent of his simple desires, in a society whose names are still regarded as the lights of Scotland. He lived hospitably, and entertained good society, but he wrote no more; he was growing old, and Lord Brougham evidently thinks that the duties of his office exhausted his spirits and occupied his time. But those duties always partook largely of the nature of a sinecure; and there is every reason to doubt whether they could have worn down a man of regular habits, and who had been trained to the routine of daily business by an apprenticeship of a quarter of a century. The greater probability is, that Smith felt that he had done enough for fame; that, knowing the world, he was unwilling to expose himself to the caprices of critical applause; and that he even felt how inadequate the early theories which found admirers in the lecture-room, might be to sustain a character already brought into full publicity by his own volumes. The fact is certain, that he produced nothing more. In July, 1790, he died, at the age of sixty-seven. It was his custom to give a supper on the Sunday evening to a numerous circle of friends. How far this entertainment, which was more consistent with the latitude of his Paris recollections, was reconcilable with the decorums of Scotland, we cannot say. But on one evening, after having destroyed his manuscripts, finding himself not so well as usual, he retired to bed before supper, and as he went, said to his friends, "I believe we must adjourn this meeting to some other place." He died in a very few days afterwards.

Lord Brougham has obviously expended his chief labor on the life of this favorite philosopher, of whom, fifty years ago, every Scottish economist was a devoted pupil. Times are changed, yet this intelligent biographer has given a very ample and accurate, so far as we can judge, analysis of the *Inquiry*. But he would have greatly increased the obligations of the reader, by giving some portion of his treatise to the questions which modern artifice has devised, and modern infatuation has adopted.

An interesting "memoir" of Johnson commences the volume; but the topic would lead us too far. The biographer gives that literary Samson full applause for

the strength of his understanding, the boldness of his morality, and the pungency of his wit. Rather to our surprise, he pours out an eloquent panegyric on Boswell. That we are indebted to this versatile personage for one of the most amusing and instructive collections of reminiscences in the history of authorship, will be readily conceded. But this is the first time of our hearing a demand that we should pay him any more peculiar homage. But Lord Brougham is himself the head of a school: his *ipse dixit* demands acquiescence, and none can doubt that, if he is singular in his dogmas, he deserves attention for the vigor of his advocacy.

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#### MARVELS IN MARINE NATURAL HISTORY.

OUR readers are aware, from well-authenticated narratives, that the sea is wonderfully abundant in all sorts of creatures, from the Rorqual, of upwards of a hundred feet in length, to the living food upon which the microscopical vorticella preys. But there are some objects rather difficult to swallow, the descriptions of which, though given by persons of credit and reputation, have usually been regarded as downright figments. This is, perhaps, rather too hard, since, were the spear of Ithuriel applied, the shell of fiction and exaggeration which envelopes them broken away, and the monsters reduced to their proper dimensions, many of them might be found actually to exist. Pliny has been sneezed at for many assertions which modern research has proved to be correct. To be sure, there seems some dynamical condition wanting in his story of Caligula's galley being stopped by a remora, despite of the efforts of four hundred lusty rowers—a fact which happened in his own remembrance; nor is he very clear, though quoting Licinius Macer, in showing that lampreys are of one sex only, and rear their families by means of serpents which are sily allured to their haunts. Still, no man ought to doubt what Ovid has moved and Pliny has seconded, that the golden scarus, finding himself entrapped in a net, and, knowing that his big head had no chance with the meshes, dexterously making a stern-board, tries back with his tail; and

should a comrade on the outside espy the exertions, he forthwith swims to the rescue, claps his mouth to the caudal fulcrum, and heaves with a will. Should the escape be effected, the scarus may range about the bay, browse at his pleasure, and turn in comfort; for both Aristotle and Oppian bear witness that he feeds on herbs, chews the cud, and sleeps as soundly as a ground-tier butt. The ancients seem, however, to have studied the habits of fishes with more interest than the moderns have done, and to have tamed them in their ponds even, as Philemon Holland renders it, to the wearing of 'ear-rings.' Some tightish yarns are spun upon this topic, and though we may reasonably doubt of the shell of a tortoise being sufficient for the roof a dwelling-house, that its right foot kept in a locker will deaden the vessel's way through the water, the dolphin's leap over the ship's mast-head, and that oysters have a special virtue against the venom of the sea-hare; yet there is no question that the tunny and sword-fish suffer to madness from the persecution of the apparently insignificant assilo, or sea-cæstrus, and that a fish actually lays its eggs in a weed nest, and sits on them. The artifice used by the *Cancer phalangium* to ensnare its prey, has been recently noted. This contrivance consists in the insect dressing itself up, as it were, in the fragment of a *fucus* (the narrow-leaved variety of Hudson's *ciliatus*), which it seems to cut off, and to attach to the long hairs of its body and legs by means of a glutinous substance; thus imitating a perfect plant of that *fucus* so accurately, as to deceive the casual spectator.

Such matters, however, are not amenable to our present inquiry; nor are whales, sword-fish, grampuses, and such "small deer" our object. Having other fish to fry, we take a loftier, or rather a deeper range, and shall hand up all we know about mer-men, mer-maids, krakens, sea-serpents, and barnacles; the which, though duly recorded as having been seen from time to time, somehow or other contrive to elude our hundreds of cruisers and thousands of merchantmen. The worthy bishop Pontopidan properly observes that "swimmers and divers see strange forms in the deep recesses of the sea, which hardly any other eyes have beheld;" and he thinks that if the ocean were drained, there would then be a goodly exhibition of uncommon and amazing marine monsters. This, of course, was a consummation which he could only

long for; but grappling boldly with known "facts," he forthwith introduces us to various wonders of the creation, and vouches for the truth of what he advances under evidence enough to satisfy any reasonable man. When an Italian *Cicerone*, in leading a gaping T. G. round a church, is asked whether a miracle he may be relating is really credible, his reply is *sta scritto nei libri!* On the same principle our yarns are submitted to the belief of our readers, since every thread in them is "written in books."

Among the marvels of marine Natural History, the Mer-men and Mer-maids may claim the priority of description, inasmuch as they have been immemorially objects of grave attention. Poets, painters, historians, heralds, navigators, and indeed all sorts of men, women, and children, have dwelt with avidity on the numerous and various tales respecting these curious compounds. The gravest of the ancients talked of mer-folk, and knew well what they were, otherwise we had never heard of their sirens, and nereids, and tritons, and other attendants upon Neptune:

Prima hominis facies, et pulchro pectore virgo  
Pube tenus: postrema immani corpore piatrix  
Delphinum caudas utero commissa luporum.

Pliny, indeed, vouches for the existence of these creatures, declaring that he was able to produce many right worshipful Roman knights of credit to support the assertion; he instances a mer-man near Cadiz, which used to board their galleys at night, and mer-maids, it appears, were common enough in those days. But we have the testimony of later writers than Pliny to establish the existence of the half-human half-fish natives of the deep. Isaac de Larrey, in his *Histoire d'Angleterre*, informs us that, in the year 1187, such a monster was caught on the coast of Suffolk, and kept for half a year. It bore so near a conformity with man, that nothing but the want of speech prevented their learning his whole story. One day it took the opportunity of making its escape, and plunging into the sea, was never more heard of. When the Dutch dykes were breached by the sea, in 1430, a mer-maid was washed into the mud, and being taken to Edam, was dressed in woman's apparel, and taught to spin. It fed like a *frow*, but could never be brought to offer at speech, although it lived several years at Haarlaem. Well attested accounts of various others about this time counte-

nance the necessity which prompted the King of Portugal to resort to law against the Grand-Master of St. Jago, in order to determine which party the monsters belonged to: besides, who could doubt the *Havmand* and *Havfrue* of the North Sea, after the asseverations of the Norwegian fishermen as to their existence?

In approaching towards our own times, the details are clenched with increased intrepidity of assertion. Thus, in 1682, the apostolic missionary, Merolla da Sorrento, being on the coast of Congo, discovered that the mer-maid is to be found throughout the river Zaire; and he further tells us, that from the middle upwards it has some resemblance of a woman, as in its breast, nipples, hands, and arms, but downwards it is altogether a fish, ending in a long tail forked: its head is round, its eyes full, its mouth large, and its face like that of a calf. The Portuguese call it *peixe molker* (the woman-fish;) and Merolla, to whom we shall have an eye in future, adds—'I have eat of this divers times, and it seems to be well relished, and not unlike swine's flesh, which its entrails likewise resemble.' Should any one doubt after this, let them listen to another of his stories:

'The Captain of a certain ship having been in a great storm, drove into one of these ports to repair his damage; his passengers going ashore to look about them, discovered at a distance a sort of sea-monsters like unto men, and that not only in their actions, for they saw them plainly gather a great quantity of a certain herb, with which they planged themselves into the sea. Having observed what sort of herb this was, the passengers gathered several bundles of it likewise, and laid the same upon the shore: the sea-monsters returning, and finding it ready gathered to their hands, took it up and plunged into the sea as before. But, O, the great example of gratitude that reigns even in the deeps! These creatures, knowing themselves to have been obliged, forthwith drew from the bottom of the sea a great quantity of coral and other marine products, and carrying them ashore, laid them in the same place where they had found the herbs. This being repeated several times, the passengers thought these creatures endeavored to exceed them in benefits; and therefore, as a great rarity, scarce to be paralleled even in rational animals, they resolved, if possible, to take them. For this purpose they procured a net from the ship, and pitched it in a proper place; but though their design succeeded so far as to take them, yet could not they hold them, they showing them another human trick, which was by lifting up the net and making their escape, never appearing thereafter as long as the ship staid!'

Now, unless Merolla bangs Tom Pepper, this tale must be believed to the very letter; indeed, should it not be true, Pinto is only a type of him. But ought a writer to be questioned who is well corroborated? Another missionary, Dos Santos, only two years afterwards, enjoyed feasting upon mer-maids on the coast of Eastern Ethiopia; and Padre Cavazzi not only describes the *pesce donna* in 1690, but Labat gives its effigies—and a queer creature it is, if implicit confidence can be placed on the likeness. Mr. Matcham swears they were regularly cut up and sold by weight in the fish-markets at Mombaza; and in the year 1700, John Brand gathered additional notices about them in the Orkneys. He relates that, about two or three years before his visit, there was a boat passing with several gentlemen in it, and by the way, in the Voe of Quarf, through which they went, there appeared something unto them with its head above the water, which, as they could discern, had the face of an old man, with a long beard hanging down; and it neared them sufficiently to enable them all to get a firm glimpse of his features. Where there are mer-men there also mer-maids may be looked for, and we will let Mr. Brand continue his narrative in his own terms:—

‘About five years since a boat at the fishing drew her lines, and one of them, as the fishers thought, having some great fish upon it, was with greater difficulty than the rest raised from the ground, but when raised, it came more easily to the surface of the water, upon which a creature like a woman presented itself at the side of the boat; it had the face, arms, breast, shoulders, &c., of a woman, and long hair hanging down the back, but the nether part from below the breasts was beneath the water, so that they could not understand the shape thereof; the two fishers who were in the boat, being surprised at this strange sight, one of them unadvisedly drew a knife, and thrust it into her breast, whereupon she cried, as they judged, ‘Alas!’ and the hook giving way, she fell backward and was no more seen: the hook being big, went in at her chin and out at the upper lip.’

Here, then, we have an *authentic* instance of the animal’s crying out on being stabbed; and the noted mer-man seen at the Diamond Rock off Martinique, was distinctly heard to blow its nose. The mer-maid seen in 1809, at Caithness, by the Rev. David Mackay, minister of Reay, his daughter, and others, was observed to be very adroit in its actions, and when the

waves dashed the hair, which was of a sea-green shade, over her face, the hands were immediately employed to replace it. It also rubbed its throat, which was slender, smooth, and white, and it frequently extended its arms over its head, as if to frighten a bird that hovered over it. Sir John Sinclair afterwards saw this very mer-maid, or one of the same family. Now, in face of these facts, your disagreeable matter-of-fact men will still intrude their incredulity, and they offer to explain many of the appearances by summoning manatees and seals to their aid. To be sure we have seen seals look oddly enough when on guard, with their heads peering above the waves, and have even known a whole boat’s crew, officer and all, deceived; but who ever heard of the seal with a comb in one flipper and a looking-glass in the other, as good old Guillim depicts the mer-maid in his Display of Heraldry? Seals, to be sure, are partial to hearing music, but Shakspeare makes Oberon bear testimony to the musical powers of the sea-maids. Explanations are cruelly sober: according to Sir Humphrey Davy, a very Palæphatus in his way, the Caithness phenomenon proved to be a stout young traveller, who had been bathing at the spot and time when the sea nymph was seen—but he positively denied the green hair and fishy tail. The said traveller, however, was not aware of the perils of bathing in waters frequented by mer-maids, or he never would have disported there; we, together with thousands of others, could have told him of what befel a Tunisian youth, off the Goletta, in 1820, and if this had not scared him, nothing would. But incredulity received a shot between wind and water in 1822, when a real-earnest mer-maid was brought from Batavia and exhibited in London, where it eventually became a ward of the Lord Chancellor. The height of this creature was rather more than two feet, and it was shrivelled and dried like a mummy. Its head was the size of a baboon’s, and thickly covered with strong black hair; the nose bore a close resemblance to the human form, so likewise did the chin, lips, fingers, nails, and teeth, which were full and perfect. The resemblance to the human form ceased immediately under the breasts, and beneath them were placed two horizontal fins, below which came the fishy tail. This carried conviction with the million; but Sir Everard Home and others, not perceiving why any animal should be furnished with two sets of stomach gear, investigated



the matter more closely, and, after some trouble, discovered that it was a dexterous junction of a monkey and a salmon. The manner in which the union was effected was so ingenious, and the whole object so nicely cemented, as almost utterly to elude detection by the common forms of examination.

Thus blown upon, the mer-maids lost all credit, insomuch that the sages of the Penny Cyclopædia would not even admit of the name being enrolled. Alas for tritons, sirens, satyrs, fauns, ægipans, *et hoc genus omne!* Let us therefore turn to the Kraken or Korvon, for which Linnæus formed a genus under the name of *Microcosmus*.

The notion that the ocean is the abode of most gigantic and marvellous creatures, has long and very naturally had a rooted possession of the human mind, as is testified by the leviathan of the Scriptures, the many mile fish of the Talmud, and some of the marine monsters of the classical writers. The professed naturalists are to be sure rather cautious of committing themselves, and Oppian simply says, '*In mari multo latent*;' but Pliny certainly does admit of whales with a back of four acres in extent in the Indian seas, yet thinks it no great wonder, since there are to be found in those regions locusts of four cubits in length. In later times the belief in oceanic monstrosities assumed the garb of philosophic inquiry; and the Scandinavian writers were successful in teaching, that a huge sea-animal, called the kraken, appears on the surface of the waters in calm weather, floating like an island, and stretching forth enormous pellucid tentacula, or arms, so vast as to resemble the masts of ships. Paulinus describes it '*forma refert cancerum keracleoticum*;' Bartholinus calls it *hafgufa*; and Olaus Magnus—*de piscibus monstrosis*—confirms what is advanced: but dear old Pontoppidan, that prince of Norwegian bishops, may be said to give the veritable epitome of all the accounts, authenticated by the substance of his own inquiries: and thus he lucubrates:—

'Our fishermen unanimously affirm, and without the least variation in their accounts, that when they row out several miles to sea, particularly in the hot summer days, and by their situation (which they know by taking a view of certain points of land) expect to find 80 or 100 fathoms water, it often happens that they do not find above 20 or thirty, and sometimes less. At these places they generally find the greatest plenty of fish, especially cod and

ling. Their lines, they say, are no sooner out than they may draw them up with the hooks all full of fish; by this they judge that the kraken is at the bottom. They say this creature causes those unnatural shallows mentioned above, and prevents their sounding. These the fishermen are always glad to find, looking upon them as the means of their taking abundance of fish. There are sometimes twenty boats or more got together, and throwing out their lines at a moderate distance from each other; and the only thing they then have to observe is, whether the depth continues the same, which they know by their lines, or whether it grows shallower by their seeming to have less water. If this last be the case, they find that the kraken is raising himself nearer the surface, and then it is not time for them to stay any longer; they immediately leave off fishing, take to their oars, and get off as fast as they can. When they have reached the usual depth of the place, and find themselves out of danger, they lie upon their oars, and in a few minutes after they see this enormous monster come up to the surface of the water; he there shows himself sufficiently, though his whole body does not appear, which, in all likelihood, no human eye ever beheld, [excepting the young of this species, which shall afterwards be spoken of;] its back or upper part, which seems to be in appearance about an English mile and a half in circumference, [some say more, but I choose the least for greater certainty,] looks at first like a number of small islands, surrounded with something that floats and fluctuates like sea-weeds. Here and there a larger rising is observed like sand-banks, on which various kinds of small fishes are seen continually leaping about till they roll into the water from the sides of it; at last several bright points or horns appear, which grow thicker and thicker the higher they rise above the surface of the water, and sometimes they stand up as high and as large as the masts of middle-sized vessels. It seems these are the creature's arms, and, it is said, if they were to lay hold of the largest man-of-war, they would pull it down to the bottom. After this monster has been on the surface of the water for a short time, it begins slowly to sink again, and then the danger is as great as before; because the motion of his sinking causes such a swell in the sea, and such an eddy or whirlpool, that it draws every thing down with it, like the current of the river Male.'

This, according to some very shrewd hydrographers, is the cause of so many reported islands which gain insertion on the charts, and can never be rediscovered; and they moreover account for the floating islands said to have been observed in the North Sea, erroneously supposed to have been made by the Devil to tease sailors, and therefore called *soe-trollden*, or sea-mischief. Now there have been certain followers of

St. Thomas who object to the accounts of the kraken, for very inadequate reasons, alledging, that if such a creature had been created, it would have multiplied in the course of time, and by its occasional occurrence would ere this have dispelled all doubts concerning its existence. The only way of replying to such hypercritic doubters is, by demanding whether krakens may not be even less prolific than we know animals of extraordinary magnitude to be? As to the supercilious sneer of the commentator, who would like to see what the power of a kraken would be upon a three-decker, he is perhaps unacquainted with the strength of fishes, a strength which may, for aught we know, augment in mathematical ratio with size. If such be the actual condition, Lord help a first-rate in the terrible tentacula above-mentioned; for the force which a smaller creature can exert upon occasion, is strikingly depicted by the worthy Bishop in an anecdote, with which every voracious bird ought to be made acquainted, as a caution how he uses his claws. It so happened that one day, 'an eagle, standing on the bank of a river, saw a fine salmon, as if it were just under him; he struck, instantly, one of his talons into the root of an elm just by, and partly hanging over the other, he struck into the salmon, which was very large, and in his proper element, which doubled his strength; so that he swam away, and split the eagle to his neck, making literally a spread eagle of him,' a creature, as the learned Prelate properly observes, 'otherwise known only in heraldry.'

Similar futile arguments have been applied, and with equal propriety, to the fact of no mariners having seen dead krakens; or at least making no record in their log-books of such an occurrence. But this is a shallow argument against their existence; for who will say, because the body of a dead ass is rare, that there are no asses? By a law of Nature, large animals produce but few young; and it is a singular and rather unaccountable fact in natural history, that scarcely a creature of rank is ever found lying dead which had not come to its death by some violent means. But, as if to shame and silence the opposition-declainers, there is actually an attested instance of the defunct body of a kraken having been found upon the Norwegian coast. The details of this important incident were carefully drawn up by the Reverend Mr. Friis; and the Reverend Mr. Friis was a worshipful consistorial assessor,

minister of Bodoen, in Nordland, and vicar of the College for promoting Christian Knowledge. This gentleman then is surely worthy of belief! From the narrative which he drew up, it seems that in the year 1680, a kraken [perhaps a young and careless one] came into the water that runs between the rocks and cliffs in the parish of Alstahong, though its usual habit is to keep several leagues from land. It happened that its extended long arms, or antennæ, caught hold of some trees standing near the water, which might easily have been torn up by the roots; but besides this, as it was found afterwards, he entangled himself in some openings or clefts in the rock, and therein he stuck so fast, and hung so unfortunately, that he could not work himself out, but perished and putrified on the spot. The carcass, which was a long while decaying, and filled a great part of that narrow channel, made it almost impassable by its intolerable stench.

Much stress is placed by the sceptics on the fact that Krantz, the missionary, who wrote the History of Greenland, sneered at the whole story: but Krantz repeats many little traits with such animation as to show that he was not a 'whole-hog' infidel; and it is to him that we are indebted for the interesting particular of the kraken's alluring little fishes by the emission of a delicious exhalation. Besides, what is Mister Krantz, after all, arrayed against the battalion of brother-authors on the subject! See how Knud Leems, the learned professor of Laplandic, and one of the most exact of the modern ichthyologists, see how he describes this mighty but unwieldy mass of animated substance, in a book which was annotated by no less a man than Ernest Gunner, the learned and scientific Bishop of Drontheim. Now, in a sage discussion of this tenor, it may be necessary to quote Leems at length, in his description of a *fish* whose form and magnitude of body, he asserts, is so unusual, that the sea does not produce a similar prodigy:—

'The said fish is very seldom seen above the water, as delighting in the depths, where quiet and almost immovable it is said to hide itself, environed with an incalculable number of every kind of fish. When the fisherman, searching the sea in order to find a fishy bottom, arrives by accident at the place where this monster is skulking in the bottom below, he thinks, from the great number of fish he has met there, that he has found a place that is the most fit for fishing; but when the monster that lies hid, troubled with the plummet that

is let down, begins to move and gradually get up, which is easily ascertained from the space that is between the bottom and the boat becoming gradually less, he finds that it was not a bottom as is believed, but an immense fish that was hid below. Meantime the fisherman is not solicitous about getting away, knowing that this monster is very slow in moving, and advances so slowly, that scarcely within the space of two hours he can rise from the bottom to the surface of the sea. Yet is he not altogether negligent of his situation, finding by the plummet that the monster, gradually emerging, is now at no great distance from the boat. And, without delay, the fisherman having just got away, he begins to appear above the water with huge and monstrous claws, of a variety of sizes and shapes, giving the idea of a wood, thick with different trees stripped of their bark; at first erect in the air, but soon after complicated. The species of this monster, how horrid it is and deformed, scarcely can those who have seen it express with words. The inhabitants of Finmark and Nordland call this monster *Kraken*; elsewhere through Norway, especially among those of Carmsund, in the diocese of Christiansand, it is called *Brygden*.

Here, then, is evidence sufficiently circumstantial, one would think, to stagger the most incredulous skeptic as to the existence of the stupendous kraken; and such of our readers as place implicit confidence therein, must never be at a loss for a topic to excite astonishment.

The accounts of the kraken leave us in no doubt as to its nature, for it is by no means analogous either to the whale tribe, or any kind of fishes; it is assuredly, on the contrary, one of the mollusca order or family of worms peculiar to the sea. There is a very large skate-built fish among the queer marine animals represented on the map of Iceland drawn up by Andreas Vel-leius, in 1585, and thus described—'*Skautubvalur*, tota cartilaginea; raix aligno modo simlis; sed infinitis modis maior. Insulæ speciem, cum apparet, præ se fert, alis naves evertit.' 'Tis true that, though we have sailed for it, and seen comely specimens of the *Sepia octopus*, armed with a dreadful apparatus of holders and emboli for fastening upon and conveying their prey to the mouth, we never fell in with the colossal cuttle-fish, with suckers the size of pot-lids and arms the thickness of a mizen-mast, such as snapped up three men belonging to Captain Magnus Den, 'homme respectable et véridique.' Yet very large specimens of this order may exist; and from some possible optical illusion, arising from a peculiar state of the atmosphere, occa-

sioning that double-shadow which the Teutones designate *doppel-ganger*, may have given birth to the tales of the kraken. There are those who would recognize the kraken and Job's leviathan as cognates, while others—lugging in Jonas—imagine the Cetus tribe capacious enough to account for all, under certain allowances; but surely no *credible* description of the inert mass we have described, which merely floats in the calmest weather, and has so little motion as hardly to vary the apparent dimensions of the islet knobs it exposes above water, can at all refer to a fierce animal which might be hooked; to say nothing of his terrible teeth, squamose armor, smoking nostrils, hard heart, power, nor comely proportion. Still less can we hand out the whale, which no more resemble Isaiah's crooked serpent of a leviathan, than it does Billingsgate dock full of peterboats. Our own sublime poet has treated the matter; but it is clear, from the 'scaly rind' in which the anchor was to bite, in the following passage, that Milton—whatever he thought of the kraken—did not suppose leviathan and whale were at all convertible terms:

'Or that sea beast

Leviathan, which God, of all his works,  
Created hugest, that swim the ocean stream:  
Him, haply slum'ring on the Norway foam,  
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff  
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,  
With fixed anchor in its scaly rind  
Moors by his side under the lee, while night  
Invests the sea.'—

Shakspeare could not have been thinking of the lazy passive kraken, when Oberon commands Puck, who could put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, to go on an errand, and be back again

'Ere the leviathan can swim a league.'

On these grounds we are inclined to look to the *sepia* tribe for a prototype of the kraken, especially since monstrous specimens of the Cephalopod have been recorded for ages. Athenæus, followed by Kircher, mentions some pretty sizable ones as frequenting the Sicilian seas; and Ælian may be referred to for more. The ancients were wont to designate such creatures as polypi, on account of their multiplicity of limbs; and from their accounts of the acetabula, or suckers, with which the arms of the great polypus were furnished, it is evident that it must have been nearly allied to a family of animals at present distinguished as *sepix*.

Pliny describes one class as the many-foot *ozæna*, so called on account of its head diffusing a strong odor, the which induces the lampreys to approach it: this is also an attribute of the kraken, according to the reluctant testimony of Krantz. The whole of this tribe were dreaded by the mariners of yore, and no wonder, for Pliny relates that they cruelly assailed men when overboard, by catching them in their horrid claws, as if going to wrestle with them, and then setting the suckers to work, the victim soon died in the odious clasp. On the authority of Trebius Niger, one of the train of Lucius Lucullus, the proconsul of Bætica, he records the story of a very thievish polypus, which used to rob the stewes, or repositories of sea-fish, on the beach of Carteia, in the bay of Gibraltar: the head of the monstrous fellow was equal in size to a cask capable of containing fifteen amphoræ; its arms measured thirty feet, and were so thick that a man could hardly clasp one of them, and were moreover covered with great suckers or fasteners, as large as basins that would hold four or five gallons each. The reader may like this story in the quaint transfusion of Doctor Holland, the industrious translator of Pliny:—

‘The rest which mine author hath related as touching this fish may seem rather monstrous lies and incredible, than otherwise; for he affirmed, that at Carteia there was one of these polypi, which used commonly to go forth of the sea, and empty into some of their open cisterns and vaults among their ponds and stewes, wherein they keep great sea-fishes, and otherwhiles would rob them of their salt-fish, and so goes his waies againe: which he practised so long, that in the end he got himselfe the anger and displeasure of the immeasurable filching; whereupon they staked up the place and empalled it round about, to stop all passage thither. But this thief gave not over his accustomed haunt for all that, but made meanes by a certain tree to clamber over and get to the fore-said salt-fish; and never could he be taken in the manner, nor discovered, but that the dogges by their quick scent found him out and baied at him; for as he returned one night toward the sea, they assailed and set upon him on all sides, and therewith raised the foresaid keepers who were affrighted at this so sudden alarm, but more at the strange sight which they saw. For first and foremost this polype fish was of an unmeasurable and incredible bignesse: and besides, he was besmeared and beraied all over with the brine and pickle of the foresaid salt-fish, which made him both hideous to see to, and stinke withall most strongly. Who would ever have looked for a polipe there, or taken knowledge of him by

such marks as these? Surely they thought no other, but that they had to deale and encounter with some monster: for with his terrible blowing and breathing that he kept, he drave away the dog, and otherwhiles with the end of his long stringed winding feet he would lash and whip them; sometimes with his stronger clawes like armes he rapped and knocked them well and surely, as it were with clubs. In summe, he made such good shift for himselfe, that hardly and with much adoe they could kill him, albeit he received many a wound with trout-speares which they lanced at him. Wel, in the end his head was brought and shewed to Lucullus for a wonder, and as it was a good round hogshhead or barrel that would take and containe fifteen amphores; and his beards (for so Trebius tearmed his clawes and long-stringed feet) carried such a thickness and bulke with them, that hardly a man could fathome one of them with both his armes, such knockers they were, knobbed and knotted like clubs, and withall thirty feet long. The concavities within them, and hollow vessels like great basons, would hold four or five gallons apeece; and his teeth were answerable in proportion to the bignesse of his bodie. The rest was saved for a wonder to be seene, and weighed 700 pounds weight.’

The well-known tale of Baron Munchausen may be dismissed as barely credible; but surely this of Pliny must have been based in fact; and, together with recent stories of gigantic cephalopods—under the several names of squid, sepia, calamary, cuttle-fish, or pour-control—may have awakened the idea of a modern French naturalist, who is inclined to suppose that the destruction of the Ville de Paris, a three-decker taken by Rodney during the American War, together with nine other ships which went to her assistance on seeing her signal of distress, was owing, not to the hurricane which seemed to occasion the disaster, but to a group of colossal cuttle-fishes which happened at that very time to be prowling about the ocean beneath these unfortunate vessels.

The exact naturalists have, however, treated the subject gravely, although their conclusions, drawn from apparently authentic evidences, have been branded as resulting from unworthy credulity. Pennant, in his British Zoology, speaking of the eight-armed squid, says he has been well-assured from persons of undoubted credit, that in the Indian seas this species has been found of such a size as to measure two fathoms in breadth across the central part, while each arm has measured nine fathoms in length: and that the natives of the Indian Isles, when sailing in their canoes,

always take care to be provided with hatchets, in order to cut off immediately the arms of such of those animals as happen to fling them over the sides of the canoe, lest they should pull it under water. The sober-minded Dr. Schwediauer, in his account of ambergris, read to the Royal Society in 1783, makes mention of the tentaculum of the sepia octopodia, nearly twenty-seven feet long, which yet did not seem to be entire. This description certainly countenances the evidence brought forward by Olaus Magnus, and other writers, on the subject; and bears out Shaw in pronouncing that 'the existence of some enormously large species of the cuttle-fish in the Indian and northern seas can hardly be doubted; and though some accounts may have been much exaggerated, yet there is sufficient cause for believing that such species very far surpass all that are generally observed about the coast of the European seas.' The tragic narrative which tells the loss of three of Captain Den's men, has obtained general credit; and its recorder, Denys Montfort, further mentions, that at St. Malo there is an *ex-voto* picture, deposited in the chapel of St. Thomas by the crew of a vessel, in remembrance of their wonderful preservation from a similar attack off the coast of Angola—'*Leur combat terrible et le pressant danger qui les avoit menaces dans ce desastreux moment.*' An enormous cuttle-fish suddenly threw his arms across the vessel, and was on the point of dragging it to the bottom, when the combined efforts of the sailors succeeded in cutting off the tentacula of their dreadful opponent with swords and hatchets.

We have seen and admired the elaborate mechanism of some pretty large creatures of this tribe, but they were pigmies in comparison with the above; though with their hideous bodies, goggle eyes, stringy arms, and spotted complexion, they cannot but prove awkward companions for swimmers to encounter. Mr. Baker, in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1785, states that the squid can, 'by spreading its arms abroad like a net, so fetter and entangle the prey they enclose when they are drawn together, as to render it incapable of exerting its strength, for, however feeble these branches or arms may be singly, their power united becomes surprising.' Indeed the close hugging of its arms, and strong adhesion of its suckers, must render the efforts of unarmed prey unavailing, either for resistance or escape. The horror excited from

the embrace of such a monster, may be imagined, and nothing but presence of mind and decisive promptness can avail the human victim; the only mode of extricating himself, provided both arms are not yet clasped, is, by ripping open the body of the animal with a sharp knife, or severing the arms of his formidable enemy—the which, in such abhorrent company and under water, is not of easy accomplishment. On the shores of the Lesser Syrtis we heard some odd stories of these creatures, but knowing the well-founded dread of the divers, we considered that their fears perhaps exaggerated the dimensions and destructive attributes of the horrid polypi. Since that time, however, those parts have been visited by Sir Grenville Temple, who states how highly dangerous they are to bathers; 'an instance of this,' he continues, 'occurred two years since; a Sardinian captain, bathing at Jerbeh, felt one of his feet in the grasp of one of these animals; on this, with his other he tried to disengage himself, but this limb was immediately seized by another of the monster's arms; he then, with his hands, endeavored to free himself, but these also, in succession, were firmly grasped by the polypus, and the poor man was shortly after found drowned, with all his limbs strongly bound together by the arms and legs of the fish; and it is extraordinary, that where this happened, the water was scarcely four feet in depth.' To this sad anecdote we will append a more fortunate case, which befel Mr. Beale, the well-known cetologist, on a South Sea whaling voyage in 1831. He relates it thus:

'While upon the Bonin Islands, searching for shells upon the rocks, which had just been left by the receding sea-tide, I was much astonished at seeing at my feet a most extraordinary-looking animal, crawling towards the surf, which had just left it. I had never seen one like it under such circumstances before; it therefore appeared the more remarkable. It was creeping on its eight legs, which, from their soft and flexible nature, bent considerably under the weight of its body, so that it was lifted by the efforts of its tentacula only a small distance from the rocks. It appeared much alarmed at seeing me, and made every effort to escape, while I was not much in the humor to endeavor to capture so ugly a customer, whose appearance excited a feeling of disgust, not unmixed with fear. I however endeavored to prevent its career, by pressing one of its legs with my foot, but although I made use of considerable force for that purpose, its strength was so great that it several times

quickly liberated its member, in spite of all the efforts I could employ in this way on wet slippery rocks. I now laid hold of one of the tentacles with my hands, and held it firmly, so that the limb appeared as if it would be torn asunder by our united strength. I soon gave it a powerful jerk, wishing to disengage it from the rocks to which it clung so forcibly by its suckers, which it effectually resisted; but the moment after, the apparently enraged animal lifted its head, with its large eyes projecting from the middle of its body, and letting go its hold of the rocks, suddenly sprang upon my arm, which I had previously bared to my shoulder, for the purpose of thrusting it into holes in the rocks to discover shells, and clung with its suckers to it with great power, endeavoring to get its beak, which I now could see between the roots of its arms, in a position to bite!

'A sensation of horror pervaded my whole frame when I found this monstrous animal had affixed itself so firmly upon my arm. Its cold slimy grasp was extremely sickening, and I immediately called aloud to the captain, who was also searching for shells at some distance, to come and release me from my disgusting assailant; he quickly arrived, and taking me down to the boat, during which time I was employed in keeping the beak away from my hand, quickly released me by destroying my tormentor with the boat-knife, when I disengaged it by portions at a time. This animal must have measured across its expanded arms about four feet, while its body was not larger than a large clenched hand. It was of that species of *sepia* which is called by the whalers *rock-squid*.'

Diminutive as this squid was, in comparison with those of which we have been talking, Mr. Beale would have found it a still uglier costomer in the water. The anecdote is interesting, and exhibits a lively picture of a naturalist in distress.

While passing the octopods, it is impossible to overlook the order of the radiated tribes in parts having a reigning definite number. Professor E. Forbes, whose elegant work on Echinoderms evinces both knowledge and taste, lucidly remarks that 'the name of *five-finger*, commonly applied to the starfishes, is founded on a popular recognition of the number regnant. It has long been noticed. Among the problems proposed by that true-spirited but eccentric philosopher, Sir Thomas Brown, is one, "Why, among sea stars, Nature chiefly delighteth in five points?" \* \* \* Among the lower and the typical orders we find this number regulating the number of parts. Every plate of the Sea-Urchin is built up of pentagonal particles. The skeletons of the digestive, the aquiferous, and the tegu-

mentary systems, equally present the quinary arrangement; and even the cartilaginous framework of the disk of every sucker is regulated by this mystic number.' The common sea-egg is as wonderful as a world!

On the whole, we are greatly inclined to believe that the first-rates of the cuttle-fish tribe have given birth to the story of the kraken, since the various descriptions of both those enormous inhabitants of the vasty deep, though often vague and indefinite, are yet sufficiently in keeping to warrant the inference. Scrupulous readers may choose to slue up their noses, and question the actuality of either of the creatures here brought before them; and they may superciliously remind us, that credulity readily adopts what cannot easily be disproved. On this head we have very little to say in reply; being bound to confess that the various stories we have examined, are involved in the shades of ignorance and mystery, the obstacles to truth; resting only on the uncorroborated testimony of incompetent witnesses. Therefore, though it would be rather temerarious to deny the existence of such prodigies, we cannot consent to receive the narratives as established facts.

The other fish shall be served up in our next.

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From the Metropolitan.

## BEHIND THE SCENES;

OR,

### THE INVISIBLE DRAMAS OF HUMAN LIFE.

Be this, or aught  
Than this, more secret now designed, I haste  
To know.

Milton—*Paradise Lost*.

ON the sixth floor of a magnificent house of the Chaussée d'Antin in Paris, there resided some years ago, a young man of the name of Mark Anthony Riponneau. He was a stout fresh-colored young fellow, of about five-and-twenty years of age, endowed by nature with a round, good-humored-looking countenance, a pair of light blue eyes set rather far apart, a nose slightly *retroussé*, furnished with a pair of nostrils of most amazing width, and a couple of large projecting lips of a most decided cherry-colored hue. In short, all the separate elements which united form a true visage of

happiness and content were there, had not a low forehead and a thick shock of black *thatch*, so stiff and so strong that it could be likened only to the bristles of a hair-brush, imparted to his physiognomy a mean and envious appearance, denoting more of pig-headed obstinacy than of firmness or intelligence. Mark Anthony was a clerk in the office of the Minister of Finance, with a salary of about 1800 francs a-year; and with this sum he was obliged to content himself, though he was far from being content. Employed in the Budget of the State, he had learned all the illusions, and in his position as clerk in a government office, the constant association with men of influence and wealth, and the sight of that ever-flowing tide of money which rolled unceasingly through his hands, succeeded in completely disgusting him with his own situation in the world. Mark Anthony, as I have said before, received a salary of about 1800 francs a-year; he had no other resources for increasing his income to look forward to; so that each expense he was obliged at any time to incur was invariably foreseen, calculated, and arranged beforehand. Thus, by dint of strict sobriety and occasionally "supping small," he was enabled to appear at all times tolerably well dressed; and, by dint of great circumspection in his movements, he maintained his coats in a state of decent preservation, when, upon the shoulders of a gesticulator, they would long since have been worn completely threadbare. Riponneau never permitted himself the slightest movement of arm or limb out of the bounds of the strictest moderation, or even to draw a breath of greater magnitude than its fellows, until disencumbered of every garment liable to be damaged by a too great freedom of action. But it must be said that, during these moments, he amply indemnified himself for his previous six or eight hours' confinement; and it was by a piece of pantomime, both elaborate and extraordinary, that he would in general accompany the following exclamations:—

"To have but a miserable 1800 francs, and to feel within one's self the germs of every noble thought."

These germs of every noble thought, be it stated, properly speaking, as consisting in a desire for all the luxurious pleasures of the world.

"Ah!" Mark Anthony would continue, "to be poor, and to see in front of one there, on the first floor of that noble man-

sion, a certain Monsieur and Madame de Crivelin. They are rich—all smile on them; the world flatters them—they are happy."

Here Master Riponneau would give a mighty stamp upon the floor.

"If I were only as this M. Donen, who occupies the entire second floor of our house, what a different use I should make of his fortune from what he does! But what matters it? He is happy in his own way, since, being able to live every where, he confines himself to his own rooms; whilst with me, I must deprive myself of every thing. Besides, had he no fortune, he would have glory, consideration. Thunder and lightning, how happy he is!"

Riponneau would accompany this passage of his griefs with a clattering of the feet perfectly terrific.

Then would come fresh exclamations; first upon the hosier who occupied the shop on the right; then upon the confectioner on the left, and upon all the lodgers in the house, one after the other; for, with the exception of our friend Riponneau and one or two others, the house was tenanted by persons of wealth and consideration. Lacqueys, dogs, and horses, swarmed in the court-yard; from the kitchens exhaled the most appetizing fumes. On the staircases, when descending in the morning to procure the milk for his breakfast, Mark Anthony would encounter a host of pretty chambermaids in snowy aprons, perfumed from the essences of their mistresses' toilets. Then he would run up against the jolly red-faced cooks hurrying on their different missions. His boots, blackened with great difficulty by his own hands, paled before the mirror-like brilliancy of the varnished shoes even of the valets-de-chambre. The happiness of the master insulted him through the servant.

Then, in the evening would come the delicious strains of the concerts, the murmurs of the balls, and the sounds of dancing feet; and sometimes, through an open window, would peep a beautiful head, fair or dark, crowned with a garland of flowers—a light and graceful figure, radiant in the folds of the many-colored silk, or veiled in the mazy vapors of muslin; at one time, the gentle languor of unoccupied happiness; at another, the ardent fever of pleasure. All these things surrounded Mark Anthony with a burning atmosphere of desires, in the midst of which he incessantly gravitated—opening his chest to this balmy air, his

lips to these divine phantoms—unable to seize any thing, grasping at emptiness, embracing shadows, and finally reaching those transports of impotent rage under the influence of which he would stamp the floor with his feet, beat the walls of his little apartment with violent blows of his clenched fists, and perform sundry other interesting pantomimic acts of an equally edifying and curious description.

One evening, when the exasperation of our friend Riponneau had reached a fearfully turbulent height, he heard a gentle knock at the door of his apartment, and almost immediately there entered the room a man of about sixty years of age, enveloped in the folds of a robe-de-chambre of wadded India silk drawn in round the waist by a heavy silken cord. The features of this unexpected guest were expressive and intellectual. Under a forehead, the height of which was in appearance increased by the baldness of the entire of the fore and upper parts of the head, there sparkled a pair of vividly bright grey eyes, through which pierced a glance of hidden raillery; while, as if in compensation for their too sarcastic expression, the entire of the lower portion of the face, and especially the mouth, around which played a gentle and melancholy smile, were of almost feminine grace and beauty.

"My neighbor," said he to Riponneau, in a low and musical tone of voice, "every one is master of his own apartment. I have not been present at the taking of the Bastille, nor assisted at the revolution of July, not to recognize this great political principle. But all liberty has its bounds, otherwise it encroaches on that of others. You have the liberty of crying out, but in a certain degree only, for I have the liberty of sleeping; and if your liberty infringes on mine, it becomes tyranny, and mine slavery, which is contrary to the principles of the two revolutions of which I have just now spoken to you."

Mark Anthony felt a strong desire to get into a passion, but his neighbor did not give him time, and continued as follows:

"Besides, it is not for myself that I complain; I live willingly in silence or in uproar; but I speak to you on the part of your little neighbor, Mademoiselle Juana, the seamstress, whom I saw come in this evening looking so pale and ill, and her eyes red with tears and the fatigue of work. The poor child is gone to bed, hoping to sleep, as she has told me. Well, my dear neigh-

bor, for her sake, for the sake of that poor girl, do not study your characters quite so loudly."

"Eh!" said Mark Anthony.

"Besides, continued the neighbor, in the same gentle tone, "I have seen Talma, and believe me, my dear sir, that it was not by means of fierce gesticulations and loud cries that he produced his greatest effects. Look here, in Manlius, for instance, he but raised his finger thus, and looked half round while he repeated these two verses:

*C'est moi qui, prevanant leur attente frivole  
Renversai les Gaulois du haut du Capitole.*

And the applause throughout the entire house was always deafening. Believe me, monsieur, good declamation. . . ."

"But, monsieur," interrupted Riponneau, "I am not a comedian."

"Ah, bah!" said the old neighbor, "you are then an avocat?"

"No, no," replied Riponneau.

"You are too young for a deputy. What are you, then, if I may ask without being thought impertinent?"

Mark Anthony hesitated for a moment, and at length replied:—

"I am poor, monsieur; the happiness of the rich afflicts me, and I amuse myself in my own way."

The neighbor regarded Riponneau with an expression of interest; there was perceptible on the features of the old man a struggle between sarcasm and benevolence. Benevolence carried the day. He took a chair, and, with that air of mild authority which is the prerogative of old age and experience, he said to Riponneau:—

"Ah! you are poor, and consequently unhappy. Let us have a few moments' conversation together, neighbor. You know that liberality is even found amongst the poor, and I who am happy should like to bestow upon you a little of that of which you stand in need. I desire to share some of my happiness with you."

"And how, might I ask, neighbor, can you manage that? for, if I am not mistaken, you live alone."

"Yes."

"You work from morning till night."

"Yes."

"You rarely stir out."

"Rarely."

"In what, then, consists your happiness? and what could you give me?"

"Nothing; but yet I should consider that I had done much for you could I but re-



move a certain something from your heart. It is envy that is gnawing there, that is withering away all the pleasures of your youth, as the worm at the head of the tender sapling."

"Me envious!" said Mark Anthony, coloring.

"We'll see, young man. Are you married?"

"No."

"Have you a mistress?"

"No."

"Have you no family who . . .?"

"I am an orphan."

"Are you in debt?"

"No."

"No wife, *ergo*, no children; no mistress, *ergo*, no rivals; no family, *ergo*, no ties; no debts, *ergo*, no bailiffs. In a word, you are exempt from all the plagues of humanity. If, then, you are unhappy, that not coming from exterior causes independent of your being, your misfortune proceeds from an interior cause inherent in nature. This cause is envy."

"Well, and supposing that were to be the case," said Riponneau, "supposing I envied the happiness of every living thing round me, where would be the harm of that?"

"The harm is in suffering that which is foreign to your nature, which is, moreover, profoundly unreasonable."

"Bah!" exclaimed Riponneau, "it is not unreasonable to desire fortune."

"It is unreasonable to desire the chagrins, the despair, the perpetual uneasiness, the incessant torments, which accompany it."

"Commonplaces all these, my dear neighbor; the empty condolences of the poor man with his fellow; the insolent derision of the rich man when it is he who uses similar language."

The old man reflected for some moments, and, after a silence of considerable duration, he said to Mark Anthony:—

"Come now, answer me sincerely,—Whom do you envy amongst those who surround you? In whose place should you wish to be?"

"In whose place?" cried Mark Anthony. "Why there is not a single person in the neighborhood who is not happier than I am; and since, as far as wishing goes, the field is open, and as we rob no one by taking in imagination the goods of others, think you that I should not much rather be in the position of the Crivelins than in my own?"

"Indeed?"

"Why, hang it! last week I did not close an eye all night from the noise of the *fête* which they gave. The most magnificent equipages encumbered the streets; the most celebrated names were announced by stentorian lungs at the doors of their saloons. Those who entered burned with impatience to reach the wished-for goal; those who were leaving regretted their departure; and upon the staircase, up and down which I passed at least ten times during the night, I heard upon all sides nothing but such expressions as—'What amiable people! what gaiety! it is easy to see that they are happy!' And others said—'Their daughter is going to be married to the young Count de Formont. What a beautiful marriage that will be; youth, beauty, fortune, rank, and station on both sides. They are happy, but they deserve it.'"

"Ah!" said the old gentleman, "so you heard all this on the staircase, eh?"

"Yes, certainly I did."

"Well, if you had gone into the drawing-rooms you would have heard and seen still more. On all sides joy, laughter, felicitations, and upon the features of M. and Madame de Crivelin that air of satisfaction and happiness which the sight of the happiness we confer on others ever affords; and on all sides assurances of friendship and esteem, and the devotion of the Count de Formont, and the repressed joy of Adèle de Crivelin, and their furtively exchanged glances, and the gentle and benevolent smiles of the old people when they would surprise some of these glances and think of their early days; and the pride of the father, and the exulting love of the mother, delighted with her daughter's success. All this, I say, formed a charming picture. It was the same at midnight, at one o'clock in the morning, at three, at five even; but at daybreak the curtain fell, the play was over, and the drama of real life commenced."

"Ah, bah!" said Mark Anthony, I suppose the Crivelins are deeply involved, and, like many others, hide their ruin under an appearance of luxury and splendor."

"No."

"Perhaps madam is no better than she should be?"

"She is the very best of wives and mothers."

"Some fault on their daughter's part?"

"She is an angel of purity and virtue."

"Well, then, what on earth can it be?"

"A good action—nothing but a good action—forgotten for these last fifteen years, and which has all at once presented itself to them under the form of a hideous, yellow, dissipated looking rascal, a low thief, who has rubbed off the dirt of his tatters upon the silk damask of those gilded sofas which an hour previously had sustained the light forms of the young and beautiful dancers."

"I don't understand you."

"Listen to me, then. This man, clad in a dirty suit of cast-off livery, had remained all night in the antechamber. Amongst the crowd of servants he had escaped the observation of the domestics of the house; but as the saloons began to thin, and the antechambers also in consequence, they began to remark his presence there, and looked on him, it must be said, with a very suspicious eye; but the rogue was by no means disconcerted with this demonstration, and only stretched himself out more at his ease on the benches. At length came the moment when the last guests had taken their departure, and our ragged friend still remained at his post. They ended by asking him whom he was waiting for.

"I am waiting for my master, M. Eugene Ligny."

"There is no such person here," they replied.

"I tell you that he is here; ask your master, he'll soon find him."

"The domestics grew angry, our ragged friend loud; and M. de Crivelin appeared at the door of the antechamber to inquire the cause of the disturbance.

"It is this man, sir," replied the valet de chamber, 'who refuses to leave the house on the pretence that he is waiting for his master.'

"And what is his master's name?"

"The person I seek," said the unknown lacquey, 'is named Eugene Ligny, and I shall not stir a peg until I have spoken to him.'

"Scarcely had he pronounced these words, when M. de Crivelin started back as if he had received a dagger in his heart; he turned deadly pale, and fixed his eyes with an expression of mute terror on the countenance of his strange visitor; then, with difficulty concealing his emotion, he gave orders to his domestics to retire, and invited the man to follow him.

"Petty annoyances generally come in the train of great catastrophes. A house in which one has just given a ball to upwards

of 500 persons is seldom in order; the doors having been taken off their hinges and removed for the convenience of the dancers, left the apartments open to all eyes. M. and Madame de Crivelin had kept but their own bedchamber and that of their daughter secluded from the general invasion. It was now broad daylight; Madame de Crivelin was in the hands of her femme de chamber, when her husband came to beg that she would retire to her daughter's bedroom for a few moments, and let him have their chamber for an interview of the greatest importance.

"Ah," said she laughing, 'I would lay a wager now that it is M. de Fôrmont who pursues you. But I suppose lovers don't require any sleep. Cannot you put him off to some more seasonable hour?'

"No, it is not that, it is—for mercy-sake retire until I come for you.'

"But what is the matter, then?" cried Madame de Crivelin; 'you are pale—ill—what is it?'

"Nothing, my love, nothing; but I beg of you to leave us.'

"Madame de Crivelin retired, but carried with her a feeling of uneasiness and anxiety which she in vain endeavored to control, and which soon gained also upon her daughter; for Adèle was not yet asleep, and seeing her mother enter her room pale and anxious, she questioned her, and began to tremble in her turn. Here, then, were these two poor women enclosed in the narrowest corner of their splendid apartments, anxiously awaiting the issue of a conference as singular as it was unexpected, and at the bare idea of which only M. de Crivelin had been so visibly agitated. With whom was it? What did he say? And what powerful argument had been made use of to induce him to give a similar interview at such an unseasonable hour? Adèle fancied that some terrible accident must have happened to her lover; Madame de Crivelin lost herself in a labyrinth of confused and impossible suppositions.

"During this time, let us see what was passing in the bedroom, in which M. de Crivelin was closeted with the dirty servant.

"You have recognised me then, Eugene?" said the stranger.

"You here!" said M. de Crivelin. 'You living!'

"When you believed me dead, that's pleasant, isn't it? What would you have? it's all right. Order me a glass of wine

and a slice of ham, and you'll soon see if I am a ghost or not.'

"Come, come, Jules, it is not for this that you are come here; speak, speak then, unhappy man.'

"I'll tell you what it is; for these last six hours, I have been waiting in your ante-chamber—I am dying of hunger and thirst—I want to eat and drink.'

"What is all this about?'

"I want to eat and drink, I tell you. Come, go and get me something yourself, if you are afraid of your domestics soiling their hands by serving me.'

"Crivelin left the room without replying. He returned in a few moments with a plate, which he placed before his strange guest.

"Now," he said to him, 'speak, what would you have?'

"Jules sat down to his supper, and while eating, spoke as follows:

"Listen to me, Eugène; you remember a letter you wrote to me seventeen years ago—here it is.' The epistle ran thus:

"You see, Jules, your mad career has terminated as I foretold. From disorder you have passed to faults, from faults to crime; and now, a disgraceful condemnation hangs over your head. Since you have been enabled to effect your escape from prison, profit by your liberty, and fly, but fly alone. Drag not with you an innocent child, who has but just entered the world, into that wandering existence which you must hasten to conceal in a far distant land. Leave me your daughter. When the vengeance of the law overtook you, misfortune overtook me also: my daughter is dying. If God preserves her, yours will be to her a sister; if it pleases the Almighty to deprive us of her, your Marie shall take her place. I send you some money, sufficient to enable you in another country, to regain the position you have lost in this.'

"That's your writing, Eugène, is it not?'

"It is.'

"Eight days later,' continued this man, 'you departed, carrying with you the two children into Italy, both aged then about two years; you were on your way to rejoin your wife, who had been obliged to quit you in order to receive the last adieu and pardon of her mother, who died at Naples.—You had married her against the wishes of her relatives, and this noble family had forbidden your presence at the reconciliation. Your mother-in-law being dead, you rejoined your wife. As to me, the better to as-

sure my flight, I had deposited on the banks of the river a letter, in which I stated that I was unable to survive my shame; and a month afterwards you received the news of my death. At that very time your daughter died at Ancona, and you made the usual declaration of it to the authorities, under the name which you then bore. You then continued your journey, allowing all the strangers whom you encountered on your way, to consider the child which accompanied you, as your daughter. You yourself, charmed with her grace, her beauty, and her affection for you—you, I say, called her your daughter; traveling slowly, dreading the moment when you should be obliged to tell your wife that her child was dead.—Then, a sudden thought came into your mind. Your wife, led by her brother, M. de Crivelin, to the death-bed of her mother, had quitted Adèle three months after her birth, at that age when the features of children change so perceptibly with almost every succeeding month. Could not Marie, the daughter of Jules Marsilly, dead as you thought, replace in a mother's eyes, the lost Adèle? Your wife fell ill in her turn; the news of her daughter's death might prove fatal to her; you decided upon deceiving her; Marie Marsilly became Adèle Ligny.'

"Since you know so well the sentiments which dictated my conduct,' said M. de Crivelin, 'can you blame me?'

"I blame nothing,' replied the drunkard, 'I merely recount facts.'

"He drank a couple of glasses of wine, and proceeded as follows:

"Your *ruse* succeeded beautifully, it succeeded even beyond your hopes; not only was your wife delighted with her charming little daughter, but her uncle, M. de Crivelin, who could never pardon you for having become his brother-in-law, became dotingly fond of the child, and eight years afterwards, left her his entire fortune, naming you her guardian, on condition that you added his name to your own. And this is why you re-entered France under the name of Eugène Ligny de Crivelin.'

"But I have never deceived any one; I have never denied my name.'

"You are incapable of doing so. Only by degrees you dropped the name of Ligny, and called yourself de Crivelin; and, as I had seldom heard mention made of this name in my youth, I should never have suspected that the wealthy M. de Crivelin was my old college chum, Eugène Ligny, had

not I seen the other day, posted at the doors of the Mairie of my arrondissement, the marriage banns of Mademoiselle Adèle Ligny de Crivelin, with the Count Bertrand de Formont.

"When I saw this, I asked myself how it was, that the Adèle who died at Ancona was alive and well in Paris."

"It is a falsehood," said M. de Crivelin, who fancied he saw a loop-hole by which he could escape from his embarrassing position.

"My good man," said the brigand, with a slight laugh, "do not play a character which you are ignorant of. I passed through Ancona the day after your daughter's death, and every one was talking of your despair. Besides, if necessary, we could procure the acts; so just listen to me quietly."

"The rascal finished his second bottle, and continued as follows:

"You can understand that, once upon the straight road, the history of your romance has been very easily made. You put my daughter in the place of yours, and now you have perhaps almost reached the point of persuading yourself that she is indeed your own child."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed M. de Crivelin, "she is my child, my hope, my happiness. Come, what do you wish, what do you demand?"

"Let us first put the question in a correct point of view," said the visitor, "and then, perhaps, we shall be able to come to a proper understanding."

"First of all, you have stolen my daughter; that, if I do not mistake, is a crime by no means approved of by law. Afterwards, in order that she might inherit the fortune left her by your brother-in-law, you have produced an extract of birth which you have applied to my daughter, when the proof of your own child's death lies at Ancona. *Secundo*, in order to publish the banns of the pretended Mademoiselle Ligny de Crivelin, you have made use of a title equally false. These facts are incontestable. Now let us reason:—

"For having affixed a signature not my own at the bottom of a piece of stamped paper, I have been condemned to fifteen years' hard labor at the galleys. I am miserable and dishonored, and I owe my absence from the bagné at this present moment but to the general supposition that I am dead. You, on the contrary, for having falsely used an authentic act—for having deprived others, the rightful heirs, of an

immense succession by means of this act, you are rich, honored; you swim in opulence and luxury: this is not just."

"But what would you do, unhappy man? Would you carry off my Adèle and her mother? for my poor wife is a true mother to her. Would you destroy her? Oh! I would prefer, fifty times over, to tell the truth; for the tribunals would acquit me, I am very sure."

"That remains to be seen," replied the visitor; "but the question is not yet exhausted, and here is an important point:—The will left by M. de Crivelin is made in favor of Mademoiselle Adèle Ligny. If I prove that the heiress is not the Demoiselle Ligny, I ruin her, I ruin you, I ruin your whole family. This is a piece of folly I have no desire of committing. Besides, I am too indulgent a father to inflict such useless cruelty for nothing. But you know that it is written in the moral code of all honest men that a benevolent action is never lost; in consequence of this maxim I appoint myself your benefactor. This fortune, which I could snatch from you all, I leave you; this is just the same as if I bestowed it. This happiness, which, by one word, I could destroy forever, I respect; it is as if I caused it. Your wife, who would die of this discovery, I let live; it is precisely the same as if I had saved her life from drowning or fire. This cherished daughter, whose prospects in life I could blast forever, I permit to marry her lover. What is this I do, then? I make you rich and happy; I save your wife's life; I marry my daughter to a man of honorable name and noble family. Upon my word, one cannot act more virtuously, more benevolently than that. Why, my bounty actually overflows, and, as it is said that a benevolent action never goes unrewarded, why you shall give me a million of francs."

"A million! just Heaven!" cried M. de Crivelin.

"A benevolent action never goes unrewarded," said the rascal.

"But you forget," said M. de Crivelin, "that I could send you to the bagné."

"The villain rose, his eyes flashing, his mouth foaming with rage."

"No menaces of this kind," he shouted, "or I force you to beg for mercy on your knees; or I compel your wife and my daughter to come here and kiss the dust of my shoes. I give you two hours to make up your mind; in two hours' time I shall be here."

"Thus speaking, M. de Crivelin's visitor quitted the house."

"This is a very sad history," said Riponneau.

"Oh," said the old gentleman, "this was but the commencement ; for in the adjoining room were the mother and daughter, whom one of those good faithful domestics who never fail to tell you whatever is disagreeable, had warned that M. de Crivelin was closeted with a man who had all the appearance of an assassin, and that that circumstance had much alarmed the good people of the antechamber. This charitable intelligence, joined to the agitation which Madame de Crivelin had perceived in her husband's manner, induced her to lend an ear to what was going forward in the neighboring apartment. On seeing the dreadfully agitated state into which her mother was thrown, on hearing the stifled cries which burst from her overcharged bosom, Adèle listened in her turn, and both learned at the same time the horrible secret which struck them both with an equal blow ; the secret which whispered to the mother, This is not thy daughter ; to the daughter, This is not thy mother. This was the reason why, on entering his daughter's bedchamber, M. de Crivelin found them both weeping, sobbing, and holding each other convulsively embraced ; for Madame de Crivelin no longer wept the dead child which she had scarcely known ; she wept for the child she had brought up, whose mind, in her divine maternal power, she had fashioned on the model of her own—the child that she had passionately loved, and that had returned her love with an affection no less ardent and sincere.

"It was then above all that the drama began with its anguish, its transports and its tears ; and during the eight days that has lasted, Monsieur, all has been despair, anguish and terror in this house. And yet, on the following day, they were obliged to go to a magnificent dinner given by the Count de Formont's mother ; and, in order that the secret of their misfortune should not transpire out of doors, these three happy persons whom you have envied went there ; and, as they were all three more serious than usual, and looked pale and cast down, they were overwhelmed with joyous felicitations upon the fatigue caused by their splendid *fête*. Their healths were drunk ; the future bride and bridegroom were toasted, and these happy people were obliged to smile, and talk,

and laugh—tears in their eyes, sobs rising to their throats, and despair and anguish rankling at their hearts."

"But what have they done ? what do they mean to do ?" inquired Riponneau.

"A large sum of money has rid them for the present, of their terrible visitor ; but he is liable to return again at any moment, and, what is more, in a few years' time, his punishment will be nonsuited, that is to say, that because he has been enabled to evade the *bagné* during twenty years, he will be as clear in the eye of the law, as the man who may have remained all that time fastened to his chain ; and then he will no longer speak with the moderation of one who is fearful for his own safety—he will be the absolute master of the family."

"In the mean time, impelled by the fallibility of their preceding existence, they live during the day as they ought to live, to prevent suspicions, but they weep at night. It is there, at their melancholy fireside, that all three watch and weep—there pass those long conferences, mingled with bitter tears, and vows never to separate from each other. This is not all, Monsieur, Adèle loves M. de Formont, she loves him because he is brave, generous, and noble-minded—because she is proud of being loved by him ; and it is precisely because she is loved with this pure and noble affection, that she is unwilling to deceive him—she is determined that the happiness of this loved being shall never be destroyed by the apparition of that miserable drunkard, who might rush into the presence of her husband, and declare himself the father of his wife. Adèle will not marry the Count de Formont."

"But what can we do ? what can we say ?" have cried Monsieur and Madame de Crivelin.

And this poor child has replied ; "As it is for me that you suffer thus, it is for me to take upon myself the blame and misery of this rupture."

"She has kept her word, Monsieur ; during these last eight days, she has endeavored by show of affection and indifference, very foreign to her own naturally open and affectionate manner, to estrange her lover from her side ; she endeavors to chill his affection for her by her coldness and reserve ; you may judge what this costs her. As I said before, the hour comes when the comedy finishes, and the drama of real life begins, and then the torments she has

caused her lover, fall back with agonizing power upon herself. In the morning, she weeps for the pain she must cause—in the evening, for that which she has caused. And this is not all; every day M. and Madame de Crivelin behold their child sinking beneath the unequal combat she sustains against herself—against her love—against the misery she causes, and that which she feels within her own heart. This morning, when the physician called, he found her suffering under a violent attack of fever, and there, now she is ill. This is nothing in the eyes of the world—a mere nervous indisposition, which, in a few days, will have altogether disappeared; and the Crivelins are no less a happy family. And you, you, the very first, you must stamp your feet, and beat the walls with your fists, because the pleasures of these happy people importune, and afflict you. Do you desire their pleasures, young man? Oh! at this very moment, how willingly would they exchange their rich apartments, their sumptuous equipages, and their millions, for your garret, your umbrella, and your eighteen hundred francs a year!"

#### MR. B. R. HAYDON.

BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON, forty years a wanderer in the wilderness of high Art, fell by his own hand, in his own painting-room, on Monday last. His health is said to have been good, but his mind had been unsettled for some time past; and his pecuniary affairs, from the failure of his recent exhibition, very much embarrassed. Something was done, it appears, to relieve the pressing nature of his necessities, as soon as they were known; and the generous aid afforded by Sir Robert Peel (and at such a time) will be remembered, to his honor, whenever the history of Mr. Haydon's life is written at any length, or the Calamities of Artists shall be taken as a subject for some later D'Israeli to describe.

Mr. Haydon was born on the 26th January, 1786, at Plymouth,—where his father was a bookseller of good reputation. He was educated at Plymouth Grammar School; and afterwards removed to Plympton, where his education was completed in the same grammar school in which Sir Joshua Reynolds acquired all the scholastic knowledge he ever received. Haydon, in after-life, was fond of referring to this circumstance; nor unwilling, indeed, to have it said, that his father, who drew a little himself, had given him the Scriptural name in the thought that, as Plympton had sent a Sir *Joshua* into the world, Plympton might send her Sir *Benjamin*, to follow.

The boy evinced a love for Art at a very

early period; and is said to have exhibited his first fondness for his calling on the occasion of a print which the servant had given him, to keep him quiet. Thus early initiated, he found materials for his purpose in his father's house. He drew, read, and resolved; and, Reynolds' "Discourses" attracting his attention, he became, before he was eighteen years of age, an enthusiast in high Art, whose first word was Raphael, and his second, Michael Angelo.

Thus irrevocably a painter, he left for London, on the 14th of May, 1804; and entered his name as a student of the Royal Academy. His skill and attention were soon noticed. Prince Hoare introduced him to Fuseli—an introduction which had something to do, perhaps, with the after errors and eccentricities of his character and style. Fuseli was fearless and outspoken—and Haydon became the same; Fuseli in painting was violent in action and exaggerated in expression—and Haydon was, at once, his admiring imitator. Thus injuriously misled, he never recovered from the false worship of his early faith; but, through the whole course of a long and active career, mistook Fuseli's exaggeration of attitude and drawing for the tranquil grandeur of Michael Angelo and Raphael.

He was in his twenty-first year, when he sent, in 1807, his first work to the Royal Academy Exhibition. The title alone will show the daring of the lad—"Joseph and Mary resting with our Saviour, after a Day's Journey on the road to Egypt." *Anastasis* Hope became the purchaser; and thus urged on by the reputation acquired by his first work, he stripped for a greater effort, and lay by for a year to vindicate the predilection of his friends. Nor was his next work, his "Dentatus," an unworthy effort at such a time. The story was well told—the drawing, in parts, good—and Lord Mulgrave (a patron of the Arts) had bought it while it was as yet raw upon the painter's easel.

His next great work was the picture of "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem,"—begun in 1814, and shown to the public, for the first time, in 1820, in an exhibition of his own in Bond-street. He was proud of this picture,—and perhaps with reason; though the circumstance of its remaining upon his hands may have inspired his spoken predilections in its favor. He re-exhibited it in 1829,—and with some pomp of description in the catalogue. "It has not been nursed," he says, "in warm galleries and fine lights; but has been lying about in dust and darkness, in cellars and warehouses, for eight years; and yet every one will admit its color is uninjured and the surface uncracked. The reason is, the only vehicle used was fine linseed oil, unmixed with any other material; and no juice or varnish of any description has been put on its surface. I never varnished but two pictures—'Romeo and Juliet' and 'Dentatus'—and they both are cracked.' Three of the heads in this picture will attract attention—Wordsworth,

Hazlitt, and Keats; an odd combination,—but all Haydon's doings differed from those of other people.

Still undaunted in his pursuits—and with the large picture of Christ upon his hands—he began a second, "Christ in the Garden," and a third in the same high walk, called "Christ rejected." Contests of all kinds were welcome to his nature; and he engaged in a controversy about the Elgin Marbles—wrote with spirit and vehemence—attracted attention, and lost friends. He now (May 1821) married. New difficulties beset him; and people became afraid to employ a painter so turbulent in spirit, and so monstrous in the size of the canvas he selected for his pictures. His debts increasing, he became an inmate, for a time, of the King's Bench Prison. Here, he was a witness of the celebrated Mock Election which took place there in July, 1827;—and, struck with the picturesque character of the scene, he embodied it on canvas, and found a purchaser for it, at 500 guineas, in King George IV. He had friends to assist him, at this time; and, once more at ease, he began a picture of "Eucles"—a subscription being set on foot to take it off his hands by a public raffle. Sir Walter Scott interested himself in the subscription; and mentions, in his Diary, that he had sat to Haydon for his portrait. "He is certainly a clever fellow," he says, "but too enthusiastic,—which distress seems to have cured in some degree. His wife, a pretty woman, looked happy to see me—and that is something. Yet it was very little I could do to help them."

The success of the "Mock Election"—the work, he tells us, of four months—justified another attempt in the same line; and he commenced a second picture, called "Chaining the Members—a scene from the Mock Election." This he exhibited at the Bazaar in Bond-street, in 1829; and found a purchaser, at 300 guineas, in Mr. Francis, of Exeter. Another picture of the same period was his "Pharaoh dismissing Moses, at the dead of the night, after the Passover"—bought, we believe, by Mr. Hunter, an East India merchant, for the sum of 500 guineas. "I gave, when very young," he has been heard to say, "early indications of a spirit inimical to the supremacy of portrait:"—but, his wants increasing, with his family, he took to portrait-painting for a time, and advertised his price for a whole-length to be 150 guineas. People refused to sit, however; and his additions to the portrait branch of his art were few or none.

The Great Banquet at Guildhall, at the passing of the Reform Bill, was the next subject of magnitude that engaged Mr. Haydon's attention. He brooded over it for a long period of time—and made a sad jumble of a scene in itself a jumble. The perspective, we remember, was very bad. Another picture of the period was his "Napoleon musing at St. Helena;"\* of which he painted, we believe, at

least four copies—one for Sir Robert Peel, a second for the Duke of Devonshire, a third for the Duke of Sutherland, and the fourth for we forget whom. This is a suggestive picture; coarse in its execution, but well conceived. It has been engraved,—and was popular as an engraving; but a second picture of the same character, "The Duke on the Field of Waterloo," was a poor companion. His last works were "Curtius leaping into the Gulf,"—"Uriel and Satan,"—and the pictures which formed his recent Exhibition at the Egyptian Hall. He had been working at a picture of "Alfred and the Trial by Jury," on the morning of his death.

Haydon's history is a sad lesson; and, properly told, will be of greater service to artists than his pictures can. He was too much of an enthusiast—too haughty—too vain—and too much like poor James Barry, to succeed. His treatment of Sir George Beaumont was foolish in the extreme. Beaumont had given him a commission for a picture from "Macbeth," of a certain size, and for a certain position in his room. Haydon, then a young man, accepted the commission, with thanks,—and began a picture three time the size appointed. Remonstrance was ineffectual. Genius knew no fetters—and wonders were to be wrought. When the work was done, great was Haydon's astonishment at finding that Beaumont was not delighted with him for exceeding his commission, and painting a picture for which his patron had no room. But peace to his faults! With more of care and less of enthusiasm, he might have achieved a reputation less likely to be impaired than the fame he fancied he had won from a future generation competent to understand the solid principles of his style. Forgotten, however, he cannot be. His "Lectures" will assist in securing his name; and if they are found insufficient, Wordsworth has helped him to an immortality:—

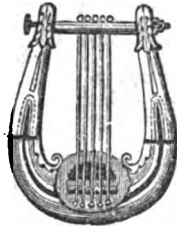
To B. R. Haydon, Esq.

High is our calling, Friend! Creative Art  
(Whether the instrument of words she use,  
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues)  
Demands the service of a mind and heart,  
Though sensitive, yet in their weaker part  
Heroically fashioned—to infuse  
Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse,  
While the whole world seems adverse to desert.  
And oh! when Nature sinks, as oft she may,  
Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress,  
Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,  
And in the soul admit of no decay,  
Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness—  
Great is the glory, for the strife is hard!

*Athenæum.*

BOOK-KEEPING—A friend who has suffered largely by lending books, begs us to state that the reason people never return borrowed books is, that it is so much easier to retain the volumes than what is in them.

\* Published in the Eclectic Magazine.



## THE BLIND GIRL'S LAMENT.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

It is not that I cannot see  
The birds and flowers of spring,  
'Tis not that beauty seems to me  
A dreamy, unknown thing :  
It is not that I cannot mark  
The blue and sparkling sky,  
Nor ocean's foam, nor mountain's peak,  
That's'er I weep-or sigh.

They tell me that the birds, whose notes  
Fall rich, and sweet, and full,—  
That these I listen to and love,  
Are not all beautiful !  
They tell me that the gayest flowers  
Which sunshine ever brings  
Are not the ones I know so well,  
But strange and scentless things !

My little brother leads me forth  
To where the violets grow ;  
His gentle, light, yet careful step,  
And tiny hand I know.  
My mother's voice is soft and sweet,  
Like music on my ear ;  
The very atmosphere seems love,  
When these to me are near.

My father twines his arms around,  
And draws me to his breast,  
To kiss the poor blind helpless girl,  
He says he loves the best.  
'Tis then I ponder unknown things,  
It may be—weep or sigh,  
And think how glorious it must be  
To meet Affection's eye !

---

## MORNING.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow  
Shadows, nursed by Night, retire ;  
And the peeping sunbeam, now  
Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,  
Plaintive where she prates at night ;  
And the lark, to meet the Morn,  
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roofed cottage ridge,  
See the chattering swallow spring :  
Darting through the one-arched bridge,  
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top  
Gently greets the Morning gale ;  
Kidlings now begin to crop  
Daisies in the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets, uncloyed,  
(Restless till her task be done,)  
Now the busy bee's employed  
Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling through the creviced rock,  
Where the limpid stream distils,  
Sweet refreshment waits the flock,  
When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

Colin, for the promised corn,  
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe,)  
Anxious, bears the huntsman's horn,  
Boldly sounding, drown his pipe.

Sweet, O sweet, the warbling throng,  
On the white emblossomed spray !  
Nature's universal song  
Echoes to the rising day.

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From the Literary Gazette.

## SONNET TO YOUTH.

Why should the young despair, or turn aside,  
As through lost fortitude, from seeking good ?  
Take courage, Youth ! pursue the paths pur-  
sued

By all who virtue love : truth be thy guide.  
What though with much temptation straitly tried ?  
Temptations have been and may be withstood ;  
'Tis better to subdue than be subdued,  
O'er self to triumph is man's proper pride.  
Why should the young despond ?—they have not  
felt

The soul grow stern, the world become a void ;  
Sweet influences still their hearts can melt :  
Theirs too are treasures they have ne'er em-  
ployed ;  
Science and thought with them have never dwelt.  
How much of life remains to be enjoyed !

U.



"DEEDS, AND NOT WORDS."

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

Oh, call back the thought, let it die on the tongue,  
That would answer in anger the old or the young;  
Though thy purpose be good, and thy passion be  
strong,  
Will discord convince if you're right or you're  
wrong?  
Let reason and truth be your motto through life,  
And your path shall be free from its sorrow and  
strife;  
For the maxim, I hold, that true honor affords,  
Is, sincerity prove, and by *deeds*, but not words!

No matter how cheaply the service be bought,  
'Tis the *act* and the *deed* that with honor is  
fraught;  
And the humblest attempt can more kindness display  
Than all the fine promises words can convey.  
If to preach were to practise, how easy 'twould  
be  
To relieve all the wants and distress that we see;  
But since that vain boasting no honor affords,  
Your sincerity prove, and by *deeds*, but not words.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE GRAVE OF TWO SISTERS.

Fairer—than sleep beneath this stone,  
God never lent to earth;  
Nor e'er recalled to serve his throne,  
Spirits of purer worth.

A fond and lovely pair, they grew  
Sisters in more than name;  
Twin minds, twin hearts—that never knew  
A separate thought or aim.

Nor parted now—one fate!—one home!  
They slumber side by side;  
Till the last hour of time be come  
None ever shall divide.

Thus fares it still—our treasures vanish,  
Resumed as soon as given:  
Back to the skies, earth's sorrows banish  
Each angel guest from heaven.

And sad, indeed, would be our doom,  
Were friends to meet no more:  
Parting in mystery and gloom,  
Upon the fatal shore:

Were there not sent, to calm our fears,  
Glad tidings from the skies,  
Of worlds, where God shall wipe the tears  
For ever from all eyes.

From Sharp's London Magazine.

LYRIC

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED OPERA, ENTITLED

LIFE ACCORDING TO LAW.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Sabbath holy!  
To the lowly  
Still art thou a welcome day.  
When thou comest, earth and ocean,  
Shade and brightness, rest and motion  
Help the poor man's heart to pray.

Sun-wak'd forest,  
Bird, that soarest  
O'er the mute empurpled moor,  
Throstle's song, that stream-like flowest,  
Wind, that over dew-drop goest,  
Welcome now the woe-worn poor.

Little river,  
Young for ever!  
Cloud, gold-bright with thankful glee,  
Happy woodbine, gladly weeping,  
Gnat, within the wild-rose keeping,  
O that they were bless'd as ye!

Sabbath holy!  
For the lowly  
Paint with flowers thy glittering sod;  
For Affliction's sons and daughters,  
Bid thy mountains, woods, and waters,  
Pray to God, the poor man's God!

From the fever,  
(Idle never  
Where on Hope Want bars the door,)  
From the gloom of airless alleys,  
Lead thou to green hills and valleys  
Weary Lord-land's trampled poor.

Pale young mother,  
Gasping brother,  
Sister toiling in despair,  
Grief-bow'd sire, that life-long diest,  
White-lipp'd child, that sleeping sighest,  
Come and drink the light and air.

Tyrants curse ye  
While they nurse ye,  
Life for deadliest wrongs to pay;  
Yet, oh, Sabbath! bringing gladness  
Unto hearts of weary sadness,  
Still thou art "The Poor Man's Day."

From the People's Journal.

LABOR'S THANKSGIVING HYMN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

That I must work I thank thee, God!  
I know that hardship, toil, and pain,  
Like rigorous winter in the sod  
Which doth mature the hardy grain,

Call forth in man his noblest powers ;—  
Therefore I hold my head erect,  
And, amid life's severest hours,  
Stand steadfast in my self-respect.

I thank thee, God, that I must toil !  
Yon ermined slave of lineage high,  
The game-law lord who owns the soil  
Is not so free a man as I !  
He wears the fetters of his clan ;  
Wealth, birth, and rank have hedged him in ;  
I heed but this, that I am MAN,  
And to the great in mind akin !

Thank God, that like the mountain-oak  
My lot is with the storms of life ;  
Strength grows from out the tempest's shock ;  
And patience in the daily strife.  
The horny hand, the furrowed brow,  
Degrade not howe'er sloth may deem ;  
'Tis this degrades—to cringe and bow,  
And ape the vice we disesteem.

Thank God for toil, for hardship, whence  
Come courage, patience, hardihood,  
And for that sad experience  
Which leaves our bosoms flesh and blood ;  
Which leaves us tears for others' woe !  
Brother in toil respect thyself ;  
And let thy steadfast virtues show  
That man is nobler far than pelf !

Thank God for toil ; nor fear the face  
Of wealth nor rank : fear on y sin,  
That blight which mars all outward grace,  
And dims the light of peace within !  
Give me thy hand, my brother, give  
Thy hard and toiled-stained hand to me ;  
We are no dreamers, we shall live  
A brighter, better day to see !

From Tait's Magazine.

### A STEED AND THE DESERT FOR ME !

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

The court and the city may do for the crowd  
Who worship the world, for the petty and proud ;  
For the lover of lucre, the wooer of pelf,  
Whose God is of gold, and whose idol is self ;  
But for me, born (afar from the market and mart)  
Where liberty comes from the breeze to the heart,  
There is death in such spots, where I cannot  
breathe free :  
Oh ! a Steed and the Desert for me !—

The roses have fragrance in cities, 'tis true,  
Saloons may be sprinkled with essences too ;  
But the dew-drops that fall 'neath the stars and  
the moon,  
By Nature are fraught with a far richer boon  
Of scent and of hue ; for no art can bestow  
Their native endowments of perfume or glow.  
My rosebuds I pluck mid green bowers from the  
tree :  
Oh ! a Steed and the Desert for me !

I hate the harsh noise of the cymbal and drum,  
I hate the loud sounds from the timbrel that  
come ;  
The nightingale's song in the silence of night,  
And the lark's and the linnet's when sunshine is  
bright,  
Are sweeter and softer, and mingle so well  
With all the clear echoes of mountain and dell,  
That they seem to my sense earth's true music  
to be :  
Oh ! a Steed and the Desert for me !

Then give me the date-tree that shadows our  
tents,  
And the wild flowers that fill all the air with  
their scents,  
And the pure well of water that springs 'neath  
the trees  
Where the wife of my youth, with our boy on  
her knees,  
Sings welcoming songs as at nightfall I seek  
For the light of my life in the smile on her  
cheek.  
Away with your towns, where no freedom can  
be :  
A Steed and the Desert for me !

From the Athenæum.

### A NIGHT THOUGHT.

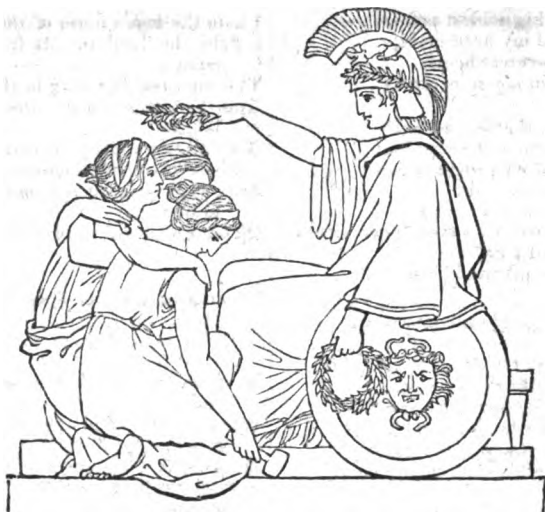
BY THE LATE MRS. JEVONS.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the Shadow of  
Death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.—Psalm.  
xxiii.

'Thou must go forth alone, my soul !  
Thou must go forth alone,—  
To other scenes, to other worlds,  
'That mortal hath not known.  
Thou must go forth alone, my soul,—  
To tread the narrow vale ;  
But he, whose word is sure, hath said  
His comforts shall not fail.

Thou must go forth alone, my soul,  
Along the darksome way ;  
Where the bright sun has never shed  
His warm and gladsome ray.  
And yet the Sun of Righteousness  
Shall rise amidst the gloom,  
And scatter from thy trembling gaze  
The shadows of the tomb.

Thou must go forth alone, my soul !  
To meet thy God above :  
But shrink not—he has said, my soul !  
*He is a God of love.*  
His rod and staff shall comfort thee  
Across the dreary road,  
Till thou shalt join the blessed ones,  
In Heaven's serene abode.



## MISCELLANEOUS.

**LITERARY IMPOSITIONS.**—The Count Mariano Alberti sold to a bookseller at Ancona several unedited manuscripts of Tasso, some of which he interpolated, and others forged. In 1827, he declared himself in possession of two till then unknown poems in Tasso's handwriting; afterwards he produced four other autographs; and then a volume containing thirty-seven poems, which he offered for sale to the Duke of Tuscany, whose agents, however, declared them to be spurious and modern. He then produced a file of Tasso's letters, which were regarded as genuine; till, in 1841, when, on his property being sequestered, the whole affair proved a tissue of almost unexampled forgery.

The literary world is now very generally of the belief that that very beautiful poem, John Chalkhill's *Thealma and Clearchus*, first published by Isaac Walton (1633), was actually the production of that honest angler.

The copies of the '*English Mercurie*' (regarded as the earliest English newspaper) in the British Museum, have been discovered to be forgeries, and Chatterton is supposed to have been concerned in their fabrication.

At least a hundred volumes or pamphlets, besides innumerable essays and letters in magazines or newspapers, have been written with a view to dispel the mystery in which for eighty years the authorship of Junius's Letters has been involved. These political letters, so remarkable for the combination of keen severity with a polished and brilliant style, were contributed to the '*Public Advertiser*,' during three years, under the signature of Junius, the actual name of the writer being a secret even to the publisher of that paper. They have been fathered upon Earl Temple, Lord Sackville, Sir Philip Francis, and fifty other distinguished characters. At present, an attempt is again being made to prove them the productions of Mr. Lauchan Maclean; but we need scarcely wish for anything like a positive or convincing result.

Some time before his death, Voltaire showed a

perfect indifference for his own works: they were continually reprinting, without his being ever acquainted with it. If an edition of the '*Henriade*,' or his tragedies, or his historical or fugitive pieces, was nearly sold off, another was instantly produced. He requested them not to print so many. They persisted, and reprinted them in a hurry without consulting him; and, what is almost incredible, yet true, they printed a magnificent quarto edition at Geneva without his seeing a single page; in which they inserted a number of pieces not written by him, the real authors of which were well known. His remark upon this occasion is very striking—'I look upon myself as a dead man, whose effects are upon sale.' The mayor of Lausanne having established a press, published in that town an edition called complete, with the word London on the title-page, containing a great number of dull and contemptible little pieces in prose and verse, transplanted from the works of Madame Oudot, the '*Almanacs of the Muses*,' the '*Portfolio Recovered*,' and other literary trash, of which the twenty-third volume contains the greatest abundance. Yet the editors had the effrontery to proclaim on the title-page that the book was wholly revised and corrected by the author, who had not seen a single page of it. In Holland some forgeries were printed as the '*Private Letters*' of Voltaire, which induced him to parody an old epigram:—

Lo! then exposed to public sight,  
My private letters see the light;  
So private, that none ever read 'em,  
Save they who printed, and who made 'em.

Steevens says, that 'not the smallest part of the work called Cibber's "*Lives of the Poets*" was the composition of Cibber, being entirely written by Mr. Shiells, amanuensis to Dr. Johnson, when his dictionary was preparing for the press. T. Cibber was in the King's Bench, and accepted of ten guineas from the booksellers for leave to prefix his name to the work: and it was purposely so prefixed, as to leave the reader in doubt

whether himself or his father was the person designed.

William Henry Ireland having exercised his ingenuity with some success in the imitation of ancient writing, passed off some forged papers as the genuine manuscripts of Shakespeare. Some of the many persons who were deceived by the imposition, subscribed sums of money to defray the publication of these spurious documents, which were accordingly issued in a handsome folio volume. But when Ireland's play of 'Vortigern' was performed at Drury Lane as the work of Shakespeare, the audience quickly discerned the cheat; and soon afterwards the clever impostor published his 'Confessions,' acknowledging himself to be the sole author and writer of these ancient-looking manuscripts.

Poor young Chatterton's forgery of the poems of Rowley, a priest of the fifteenth century, is one of the most celebrated literary impositions on record. Horace Walpole, in a letter written in 1777, says, 'Change the old words for modern, and the whole construction is of yesterday; but I have no objection to anybody believing what he pleases. I think poor Chatterton was an astonishing genius.'

In all probability the exact nature of Macpherson's connexion with what are called 'Ossian's Poems' will never be known. Although snatches of these poems, and of others like them, are *proved* to have existed from old times in the Highlands, there is no proof that the whole existed. Macpherson left what he called the original Gaelic poems to be published after his death; 'but,' says Mr. Carruthers, 'they proved to be an exact counterpart of those in English, although, in one of the earlier Ossian publications, he had acknowledged taking liberties in the translation. Nothing more seems to be necessary to settle that the book must be regarded as to some unknown extent a modern production, founded upon, and imitative of, certain ancient poems; and this seems to be nearly the decision at which the judgment of the unprejudiced public has arrived.'

A species of literary imposition has become common latterly, namely, placing the name of some distinguished man on the title-page as editor of a work the author of which is not mentioned, because obscure. This system, done with a view to allure buyers, is unjust towards the concealed author, if the work really merit the support of an eminent editor, for it is denying a man the fair fame that he ought to receive; and if the work be bad, the public is cheated by the distinguished name put forth as editor and guarantee of its merits. Still, however, the tardiness of the people themselves in encouraging new and unknown writers of merit, is the reason why publishers resort to this trick to insure a sale and profit.

Several ingenious deceptions have been played off upon geologists and antiquaries. Some youths desirous of amusing themselves at the expense of Father Kircher, engraved several fantastic figures upon a stone, which they afterwards buried in a place where a house was about to be built. The workmen having picked up the stone while digging the foundation, handed it over to the learned Kircher, who was quite delighted with it, and bestowed much labor and research in explaining the meaning of the extraordinary figures upon it. The success of this trick induced

a young man at Wurzburg, of the name of Rodrick, to practise a more serious deception upon Professor Berenger, at the commencement of the last century. Rodrick cut a great number of stones into the shape of different kinds of animals, and monstrous forms, such as bats with the heads and wings of butterflies, flying frogs and crabs, with Hebrew characters here and there discernible about the surface. These fabrications were gladly purchased by the professor, who encouraged the search for more. A new supply was accordingly prepared, and boys were employed to take them to the professor, pretending that they had just found them near the village of Eibelstadt, and charging him dearly for the time which they alleged they had employed in collecting them. Having expressed a desire to visit the place where these wonders had been found, the boys conducted him to a locality where they had previously buried a number of specimens. At last, when he had formed an ample collection, he published a folio volume, containing twenty-eight plates, with a Latin text explanatory of them, dedicating the volume to the Prince-Bishop of Wurzburg. The opinions expressed in this book, and the strange manner in which they are defended, render it a curious evidence of the extravagant credulity and folly of its author, who meant to follow it up with other publications; but being apprised by M. Deckard, a brother professor, of the hoax that had been practised, the deluded author became most anxious to recall his work. It is therefore very rare, being only met with in the libraries of the curious; and the copies which the publisher sold after the author's death, have a new title-page in lieu of the absurd allegorical one which originally belonged to them.

**DETACHED THOUGHTS FROM JEAN PAUL RICHTER.**—We should never mourn for one that dies at fifteen. There die the first dawns of love with the spring-flowers in its little heart. I would visit the grave of such an one in the spring, merely that I might be glad.

Spring passes away, and so must thou. Is thy cheek of roses fairer than the rose which must also fade? Thy song, other than that of the nightingale, which is also silenced? Lie down calmly in thy dust, thou human flower. That dust will yet be the pollen of a fairer one; and earth has no more that it can do to thy blossoming soul.

**DRUNKENNESS IN CORK.**—What will greatly surprise English readers is the following return from Cork, the home and head-quarters of the great Apostle of Temperance. "According to the *Cork Constitution*, the number of drunkards committed to the City Bridewell, for twelve months, ending the first of April, in each of the following years, was as follows:—

Year.	Drunkards.	Year.	Drunkards.
1841 . . .	2087	1844 . . .	2452
1842 . . .	2842	1845 . . .	3374
1843 . . .	1607	1846 . . .	6622

Something more potent than Mathewism is required at Cork.

## SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

## Great Britain.

Autobiography of John Aubrey, (1625) by John Britton.

The Enchanted Knights; a Romance, from the German of Musaeus.

Notes on the Wandering Jew; or, the Jesuits and their Opponents, by John Fairplay.

Biographical History of Philosophy, by G. H. Lewis. 4 vols. 18mo.

A Selection from the Remains of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, by Frederic H. Ringwood.

Trade and Travel in the Far East; or, Recollections of Twenty-one Years passed at Java, Singapore, Australia, and China, by G. S. F. Davidson. A very amusing and instructive work.

Bells and Pomegranates, No. 8 and last, by Robert Browning.

The Aristocracy of England; a History for the People, by John Hampden, Jr.

The Church in the Catacombs; a Description of the Primitive Church of Rome, illustrated by its sepulchral remains, by Charles Maitland, M. D.

A new edition of Sir H. Spelman's celebrated work, History and Fate of Sacrilege.

Political Works of David Ricardo, by J. R. McCulloch.

Lectures on Systematic Morality, by Rev. W. Whewell, D. D.; a kind of Commentary on the author's "Elements of Morality and Polity."

Notes and Recollections of a Professional Life, by the late Wm. Ferguson, M. D.

Second volume of Bopp's Comparative Grammar of Sanscrit, Zend, Greek, Latin, Lithuanian, Gothic, German, and Slavonic Languages, translated by Lieut. Eastwick and Prof. Wilson.

Ecclesiastical Reminiscences, by Rev. Mr. Waylen;—a work on the U. States.

The Percy Society are about to issue the Poems of the Earl of Surrey, Wm. Browne, Dr. Donne, and Taylor, the water poet.

The Camden Society announces a translation of Polydore Vergill's History of England; the Autobiography of the Countess of Pembroke.

The Parker Society have announced Archbishop Parker's Correspondence, and the Works of Bishops Ridley, Pilkington, and Hooper.

A book of Highland Minstrelsy, by Mrs. D. Ogilvy.

Female Characters; by the late H. Thornton, Esq., M. P.

Poems, by Camilla Toulmin.

## Germany.

## CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

Hellenische Alterthumskunde, aus dem Gesichtspuncte des Staats. Von Wilh. Wachsmuth, Dr. der Phil., &c. 2te. umgearbeitete und vermehrte Ausgabe. Halle, 1844, 46. (A thoroughly revised and enlarged edition of one of the profoundest works which modern research has contributed to our knowledge of Greek antiquity.)

Die Historische Kunst der Griechen in ihrer Entstehung und Fortbildung. Von Friedrich Creuzer. 2te. Verbesserte und vermehrte Ausgabe, besorgt von Jul. Kayser, Gymnasiallehrer in Darmstadt. (2 Thlr. 10 Ngr.)

Historia Critica Tragicorum Græcorum. Scripsit Wilh. Car. Kayser, Westfalus, Göttingæ, 1845. pp. 332, gr. 8. (1 Thlr. 15 Ngr.) ("A very useful work, and an important accession to the treasures of Philological literature.")

Antimachi Colophonei reliquias, premissa de ejus vita et scriptis disputatione, collectas explanavit Henr. Guil. Stoll. 1845. pp. 124. gr. 8. (20 Ngr.) (Antimachus was by the ancients placed next to Homer. This edition of his Fragments is the most complete that has appeared, and is distinguished by learning, judgment, and philological tact and acumen.)

Aristophanis Comoediæ, Rec. et auno. instrux. Fred. Henr. Bothe. Ed. Lec. emendator. Vol. I. Acharnenses, Equites, Nubes. Vol. II. Vespæ Pax, Aves. Lips. 1845. gr. 8. (Pr. 2 Thlr. 20 Ngr.) (An edition distinguished by accurate and tasteful interpretation.)

Demosthenis Oratio in Aristocratum, Græcæ emendatiora edidit, apparatu critico, proleguomenis, commentario perpetuo, atque indicibus instruxit Ern. Guil. Weber, Prof. Gymn. Wimar. Jenæ. 1845. pp. 588. gr. 8. (2 Thlr. 20 Ngr.) (A copious and learned edition of one of the most perfect orations of Demosthenes.)

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Allgemeine Weltgeschichte für alle Stände; mit Zugrundelegung seines grösseren Werkes, von Dr. K. V. Rotteck. 5 Bd. Gesch. der neuesten Zeit, 1815–1840. Nach Dr. K. V. Rotteck's hinterlassenen Vorarbeiten verfasst und herausg. von Dr. Hin. v. Rotteck. Stuttgart, 1845, gr. 8.









